

# 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 29

Independence, Missouri, September, 1952

Number 9

## *The Shepherd's Harvest*

It's harvest time again, and the good earth  
Gives a full measure in the Lord's command—  
The fields o'erflow with seas of golden grain,  
And farmer's wives have canned the food on hand.

The cattle in the barns rest in content,  
While scent from new-mown hay is in the air,  
And pumpkins in the fields gleam like round moons  
And corn is in the shocks most everywhere.

The Shepherds for our Lord labor for love  
Their harvesting for Him is spirit-gold,  
They do not hesitate, Christ set the rule  
To bring home the lost sheep (strayed from the fold).

The Lord is the Great Shepherd over all  
His chosen ones (He knows the true in heart)  
They will not falter, though the road be hard,  
He walks with them, and never will they part.

Harvesting is not just "part" of the year  
For the Shepherds who labor for the Lord,  
They count each golden moment harvesting  
When they bring home the lost, filled with His word—

How glorious and beautiful the day  
When harvesting is o'er, and all is done,  
And heaven here on earth, established be  
Where shepherd and the sheep shall dwell as one.

GRACE SPRING LAU

## CONTENTS

Editorial .....	Page 130	Two and Two .....	Page 136
Testimonies .....	Page 131	They Worshipped the Unknown God.....	Page 137
Letters .....	Page 134	False Doctrine Preaching .....	Page 138
With the Church In an Early Day.....	Page 135		

## ZION'S ADVOCATE

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Order all Quarterlies from the General Sunday School Association Treasurer.

## EDITORIAL

### WOULD YOU BE ASHAMED?

"And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."—Mark 8:34-38.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, **and his own life also**, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—Luke 14:26-27.

Such statements as the above are as hard to receive, today, apparently, as in the time when the Master uttered them, despite the fact that those who now say, "Lord, Lord", are many times as great as in those earliest days.

It is manifestly true that Jesus' reference to "this adulterous and sinful generation" was typical of any succeeding "adulterous and sinful generation". This being so, we should not be made to wonder at the statement that this present generation is clearly indicated, especially if we understand that we are living in that time just preceding the second advent of Christ into the world. In other words: this is the generation in which is to be fulfilled all that must transpire before the Lord shall come again.

Oh, yes, it is true that men have looked for that event from the time of the original apostles down to our day, but they did not understand the things which Jesus told them must first come to pass, and that the end would not be until "by and by". Perhaps it is just as well, for it, no doubt, served to keep their hopes alive.

But now we see these things happening before our very eyes—this is the hastening time (who will deny it?) The nations are in constant turmoil such as they have never seen before—do you see any let up in sight? If you do, at least to any appreciable extent, you see more than I or any important government officials of whom I have read or heard. Search, if you will, and determine if you can find more than just a hollow hope that peace will come; and if you search a little deeper, me thinks that you will find there the fear that a year or two at most will produce the critical era of our time in world affairs. And even then, should the brink be averted, what hope for real peace?

I tell you: there will be no peace for the world until Christ's righteous kingdom is established in its fulness.

The point we wish to emphasize is the gravity of conditions in the world, both spiritually and temporally, and yet, though it be perfectly obvious to all, the nations will not humble themselves to seek Divine guid-

ance. There is only one real reason for such national stupor, and that is because the great bulk of the individuals who comprise the nations would rather walk the easy way, the popular way, the way of the world—but the end of that road is death.

Well did Jesus prophecy of our day, saying:

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.—Matt. 24:37-39.

Wickedness reigned in the hearts of all the people, in Noah's day, and that is the reason the floods came, but more than that, they had first forgotten God, and were so engrossed with normal activities of life, in the pleasures thereof (eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, etc.), that they were lulled into a "carnal security"—feeling utterly independent of God.

Could it be generally true, now? It could, and is.

Oh, there is a form of acknowledgment, in official circles and in many public statements, but only a form! In prayer, the most devout petitions are uttered that God might be on our side, rather than that we might be on His side. Many will refer to the Deity in vague terms more to make an impression of piety than as a humble confession that there is a God of heaven to whom we owe each breath.

But there is nothing which so clearly defines a people's retreat from God as when they will so lightly take his name, and that of His Son, upon their lips, and either in anger or otherwise, profane their Creator. How easily such language slips out; but could they at that moment catch a fleeting glimpse of the day of reckoning in which every idle, vain, and profane word or deed shall come up before their eyes in the presence of consuming holiness, then would they wish that tongue might cleave in two and never utter sound again.

So, in this they feel no shame, but let you speak of the goodness of God and the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ—then comes SILENCE! Or if he be of Error's Church, how scornfully does he heard the Word, and denies the Lord in his spirit.

This is the spirit of the time in which we are living—the time of anti-Christ in fullest measure. But it will end in utter consternation for those who "know not God" when Christ shall appear in the glory of His Father, and truly we may ask: "Who may abide the day of his coming?"

Suppose his coming found you:

In the habit of attending various of the world's "pleasure palaces", wasting time, money (which could more profitably be used in furtherance of God's kingdom, or aiding the poor and oppressed), and your spirituality, (then where is the "oil" in your lamp)?

So busy in worldly pursuits (making money; filled with the "cares" of life) that there is no time for the "sweet hour of prayer"?

Lending encouragement to the filthy language, or "stories", of men by listening to them, knowing that such discourse was forthcoming?

Suppose you, a servant of God (?), were found despitefully using your brother, or offending the gentle spirits of His "sheep" in angry public debate (thinks he: "my Lord delayeth his coming")?

WOULD YOU, THEN, MY BROTHER OR SISTER BE **ASHAMED?** Could you find entrance to the marriage supper of the Lamb?

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my Father's hand."

WILLIAM A. SHELDON

### MY TESTIMONY

Testimony of Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton in the Sacrament Service of 6-1-52 on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri. As recorded on the tape recorder and transcribed by Forest E. Maley.

For one, I would like to bear my testimony of the goodness of God. This summer marks 46 years since I became a member of the Church of Christ. I came into the Church of Christ as the result of God's blessings. As a young man I was very poor in health, and there was a time when the doctor said that I had only a few months to live. I lived in Kansas City and played on the streets of that city, and you know the unhealthy, unsanitary conditions that might exist there. And in the spring of that year I was seriously sick. I had gone out on the ball park with the youngsters and played ball until I got very hot, and peeling off my coat, I sat down and took cold. It settled in my lungs—I was weak in that way anyway—with the result that I failed in health, and got so bad it looked as though I would not be healed. During this time, after the doctors had pronounced me in this condition, and said I had only a short time to live, Elder John R. Haldeman of this church who was a relative of my mother came over for a visit, and suggested that I be administered to. At that time my parents attended the Methodist Church. And my mother said to Uncle Riley, "What do you mean 'administer to him'?" He said, "Call for the elders of the church and let them anoint him with oil and lay hands upon him." My mother said, "We don't have any elders in our church. We don't believe in those things." Well, he explained to her what the scriptures taught. And as I gradually got weaker and more infirm, she finally, as a last resort, called on the elders of the Church of Christ to come over and administer to me. As I was administered to, and I was blessed and I was restored to health and I am here today after all these years to testify of what God did for me then. The next year, I was baptized in the Church of Christ, and so I have been here for all these years. During those years I have seen many things which have witnessed to me that God is; that God does work with men according to their faith, and will bless them if they have that faith. Just like our sister (Sister Ruby Bryant), said here a while ago, when her well went dry she prayed that God would put water in that well and she had faith enough to

drive her stock down to that well to get water and there was water in it. Now you can't tell me that God didn't do that. I know that He did. Because that's the way God works, that He in our extremities comes to our aid and our help. And in this matter of her son, God has a wise purpose in that which is taking place; and he will be preserved and he will come back some day with a story which will make her heart glad and make her rejoice that he has passed possibly through some of the experiences he has which might be preparation for service of ministry before the Lord in the days that are to come. Now I want to tell you this: that I **know**—I don't say I believe or I have heard that these things are true, but I **KNOW**—I **KNOW** that there is a God in heaven. I know that He sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world. I know that Jesus Christ lives. You say "How do you know? Have you heard somebody tell you that?" Oh, no, not altogether. Years ago as a young man I was sick again and it looked like I would not live, my spirit left this body, I was lying upon a cot where my body was covered with the loathsome disease of smallpox from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. There wasn't a spot on my body that you could lay a dime but what there was a scab or an infection. And when I got so bad after forty-five days of being in that condition, my life was despaired of and this people here were praying for me. I know they were. But there was an armed guard standing in our yard to prevent them from coming close enough even to give me the little sustenance of a prayer. They could send the olive oil. And that olive oil was used. And today there isn't a scar on my body from that disease. But during the time I was passing through that affliction it looked like I could never live again. And they would roll me from one side of the bed to the other. I was so weak they couldn't pick me up and carry me or move me, they would have to roll me in the sheets. And when those sheets were taken off, they were so filled with corruption and so vile they would be stiff like they were starched. And that's how my body wasted. And I continued to grow weaker. And finally there came a night when my mother laid her head, upon my chest. And she prayed and I know that her heart ached for her son and she wept, too. And as that took place, I left that body. I walked off. I turned and walked off just like I would get up out of this chair. And I walked off in the distance and looked back and saw that corrupted body of mine. It was nothing in the world that I would desire to go back to. I walked away and went out to the side of a stream of dark swift water and there I was shown a beautiful place on the other side. The most beautiful place the eyes of man has ever beheld. I looked and saw across that waters a beautiful city. And as I looked, it seemed as though I was just waiting for someone to come and carry me across to that beautiful place. What a wonderful satisfaction it was to my soul that there was such a place waiting for me across that water. And then a great light came down from heaven and I was surrounded in that light. And then I saw the Son of God come down that beam of light as a bird would float down gently through the air, and he stood before me, and he laid his hand upon my shoulder ever so gently, and with a smile on his face, he said, "Clarence, you're not going to die now. My father has a work for

you to do." And with those words, he patted me on the shoulder once more, he turned and left me and then **that light faded.** I went back to that little room. We were living on West Walnut Street at that time. I went back to that room. There laid that corrupt body of mine, and yet it was my house, that was where my spirit had to live. And I went back into that body and momentarily I began to receive consciousness again and my mother was sobbing as though her heart would break. And I whispered—just all I could do—I said, "Mother, don't cry." I said, "I'm not going to die." And she became startled, she looked up and said, "What makes you say that? You **are** dead." I said, "No," I said, "I'm not dead, I'm not going to die. I've seen my Lord and he said that I had a work to do and I would live to do that work." Well brothers and sisters, I'm here today as witness to you that Jesus Christ IS, because I have seen him. I have felt His hand upon me. And though I may not have lived always like I hope I might yet be able to live,—to that degree of perfection that I shall be worthy of eternal life in the presence of the Lord,—yet I tell you this, that I know Jesus Christ lives, that he is the Son of God. And I am conscious of that every moment of my life. When I swam along the seashore, and was cast upon the waves as lost and nearly drowned, and I was brought back out of a watery grave after having gone down for the second time and filled with water till I couldn't breath, I heard the voice of my Saviour speak to me and say, "Lay on your back and float, I will bring you in shore." I was brought in, and under the administration of Brother James Yates, the father of Bro. Joseph Yates sitting back here, the Lord blessed me, and I am here today again, as a testimony that God knows where we are even out upon the seas.

I have trod the jungle trails as you know. And I became so sick that I wept and told my wife, "I don't believe that I will ever live to come back to my home again." I didn't want to die in those jungles last year when I was there. But the spirit of God came. He touched my body. I was made strong that I might come back and here I am today. I know that that song we sing, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, I will go where you want me to go, over mountain or plain or sea", is a pledge of service. Yes, don't sing that song if you don't mean it, because it will bring you a test of your faith sometime, somewhere, along the way. I'm glad that I've had those experiences because it gives me a testimony I can strengthen you and other people with. And I hope some day when I shall stand in the presence of my God I will be able to look Him in the face and hear Him say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant enter into thy rest." And I know in order to do so, there is a lot of improvement I must make. I'll never be satisfied as long as I live with myself, until I stand before God and hear him say well done, and I know I have completed the task; that I have perfected the life which he has given me to perfect. Until then I must struggle on each day. And so I ask help, trembling as a little child, that he will lead me day by day. And so I ask an interest in your prayers, that God will not forsake me: That God will not turn His mercy from me: That I may be able to enjoy his blessings.

Only the other night my wife went to bed very sick. I was trying my very best to complete a manu-

script on which I had been working steadily almost 16 hours a day for the last three weeks. And she was so tormented with neuralgia in her eye. One of her glasses had dropped down so that it was causing her pain and distress in the eyeball, clear back on the side of her face. And she had gone to bed early and I was trying to type and something that she had said made me just a little bit cross and I am sorry for it and I was sorry at the time, and I took my equipment and went in the other room where Dick was not using his bedroom, he was off somewhere else. And I went in there but when I came back I realized the torture that my wife was in; I knelt down by the bedside. I asked God to forgive me, and I said, "Lord, you know the burden of responsibility resting upon my companion with the sickness here in the home, the sickness of her father and her mother, and her need and our need, and you know that if she gets down sick where we have to wait on her you know our condition will not be what we would like." I said, "Dear Lord, bless my wife. Heal her of this affliction, and restore her to health." And He heard that prayer even though I had done what I shouldn't have done, yet in my humility he heard that prayer. So God is just as much a God of miracles and a God of faith and blessing to us today—so far as I am concerned—as He was 46 years ago when I first come into this church. If we just have faith, God will do the rest. May God help you is my prayer.

Transcribed 6-15-52

### A TESTIMONY

Knowing the voice of many witnesses, the audible voice of God, the "still small voice of the Spirit," the voices of His servants, and not being forgetful of the prophets; that they all declare the coming of that great day of the Lord, when I must stand to be judged of the things here written, as a testimony of the love and grace of God; and asking that you pray for knowledge, whether they be true or not, as I have long desired to do, being one escaped from that darkness beneath which thousands have wandered in ignorance, let me now bear testimony that by the word of all those witnesses, I have a sure testimony: The Church of Christ (Temple Lot) and no other, by the light of truth has scattered those clouds of darkness, to my immeasurable happiness in Him whose Church it is.

But the word of Christ is sure, and we who came out from under that darkness, received, according to His promises given to those who by faith and repentance yielded obedience to the law of adoption; and it is my delight to speak of those blessings and mercies extended by my obedience and travail in seeking to give a reasonable service. (And surely the Lord preserved a remnant of righteous servants that we might have opportunity to hear his gospel in his appointed time.)

And now, my brethren in Christ, in relating these things I do not count myself a whit above the weakest in faith, for it has pleased God to give that gift among others to your unworthy brother; but rather there falls upon me the recognition of the greater responsibility, having received them. Even as we delight to sing of Him, I delight to speak of the fruits of those gifts, and

to shed forth the light they bring, that all may be benefited. Yet, it appears that the Lord sees fit to show forth his intents aforetime, and it is certain that the enemy of souls is ever as intent to mislead and trouble, that he may destroy even the instruments whom God would inspire, seeking to blast the bud intended to bear much fruit in righteousness. And thus it has been that often when lifted up in spirit to hear anthems of praise sung by angels, and by inspiration to write their glorious theme, and to hear the very voice of God speaking audibly, that cunning one found in them a pattern for perpetuation of his evil-conceived designs. And too, from my earliest memory comes the beginning of life-long preception that death had followed my daily walking upon the earth, threatened by many instruments of violence. The answer to why? is yet in the heart of God.

But here I will relate an experience most unusual to the majority of men:

To the best of my knowledge and belief, it was in my ninth year, when, on a beautiful summer morning as I walked alone on my way to school, I sang a song having the like tune of one God's people have loved to sing these many years—"Jesus My Saviour"—there come upon me a strange urge, that I should go by the wayside and pray, a thing I had never attempted before.

In obedience to that Heaven-inspired urge, I went aside to the grassy border of the road and kneeling there, prayed. Today, after the passing of more than fifty years, memory holds nearly the complete wording of my prayer.

Looking up into the eastern skies bright with the morning sun, I asked for the knowledge of the handiwork of God, as seen before my open eyes.

It was then, there fell upon me that Presence which, after obedience to the gospel of Christ, I knew to be the Holy Ghost; and which clothed upon and filled my whole being.

Year upon year added until my 21st, when on November 8, 1908, having heard the restored gospel preached by that faithful remnant of God's holy priesthood, I was inducted into that gospel by baptism, and by confirmation of the Holy Spirit.

Now, our entering in is compared to a "battle" and a "warfare", and such comparison is well taken; I am sure that all who have put on the armor will agree. But my own experiences cause me at times to recall the most desperate attempts of Satan to destroy certain of the Lord's chosen vessels; but here there is insufficient space for relation of these things; and lest all shall meet refusal for publication I will try to be brief, relating but some few, and these to show some views of the raging battle.

Why is it that sorrows are the source of, or the fountain from which springs poetic expression of truth? One betrayed by his trusted friend is moved to tell of it in verse. Beginning thusly, my first short metered and simply worded rhyming seems to have been the foreshadowing of that to come, and after years of "What's the use" thinking, and acting, it appears that the Lord suddenly remembered the lad whom he so greatly blessed, snatching him from the maw of Satan;

and again he told of his soul's longings, as, at first in poetic prayer: Ah, yes, the Lord heard it and gave answer. And soon there poured forth a stream of divinely inspired expressions of truth, as by a wondrous gift they came to gladden and encourage hearts of men.

But the enemy! Never forget this truth; when God proposes good, that never idle person is at hand, but our imperfect language forbids attempts to show the cruelty, the vileness, and the inconceivable power for evil, of my arch enemy. The time came when I cried out as did our Saviour: "My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me?" When in the night He spoke with that voice one hearing once will never forget, saying, "Wait, and entreat the Lord." He had made of my poems to be prophetic, and the enemy seeking my downfall, had used that gift to my deception, and great was my discouragement.

It was then a most wondrous vision of promise was manifested, the which I have told in rhyme, and will enclose a copy of it. My Father stood before me, but hidden by a "silvery sheen of glory", and after permitting me to reach forth "in there" to touch his warm body, gave into my hand his hand, which I was given power to lift and place upon my head.

But also there was instruction given, in poetic verse, as to how He would give me inspired "truths that ever live", and in my realization of its fulfillment, the precious truths of the gosjel so expressed now number near a thousand. Some, you have read in the Advocate, but still there are added weekly, to those hundreds which if printed, might even save a soul from the toils of Satan and the gates of hell.

At times, viewing the seeming uselessness of continuing to write in response to the Spirit of Inspiration, there being no means for publication, I have thought to ask the Utah church to publish my poems in book-form. They have money and to spare! But I MUST GO ON WRITING! I dare not bury my talent, though God alone shall know it once lived in my hands.

Your brother in Christ,

HERVEY A. SCOTT

## LETTERS

June 27, 1952

Elder Nicholas Denham  
810 South Liberty Street  
Independence, Missouri  
Dear Brother:

I have just returned home in time to attend the Michigan State Reunion at Flint, having had an enjoyable and encouraging trip to the northern part of Michigan.

I was privileged to induct seven into the fold in the Maple City area and transfer two. There are still more to answer the call, they having already asked for baptism, but it is better that they gain a little more knowledge, as they are mostly in their middle teens and are needful of greater teaching yet.

My primary purpose in writing to you this time

concerns the problem I have mentioned before—that of obtaining a few Books of Mormon.

I have an urgent need for at least two right now for strictly missionary purposes, and while remuneration will not be forthcoming at present, it is very likely that the story they tell will effect not only the reader but the doner as well.

I'll tell you of an experience I had while returning home from my labors in the north, and you will then understand why sometimes we can't expect immediate return of the "Bread we cast upon the waters", but wait upon the Lord.

Seeing that I have neither finances nor car to help me get about, I, of necessity do a lot of hitch-hiking, and the experiences that come from this method of traveling are often worth telling to others.

I had expected to hitch-hike from Traverse City to Flint, but Brothers Gould and Winegar made a visit to Maple City and, as they were wending their way to Flint by way of Brother and Sister Brantner's near Cedar Springs, I had the pleasure of riding as far as the Brantner's with them. Brother Brantner said he would take me down to Highway No. 21, where I could catch a ride to Flint, but he took me a great deal farther so that I might not get held up in Ionia which is the home of a state reformatory and where it is illegal to pick up hitch-hikers, owing to some having escaped and hitch-hiked to freedom.

Well anyway, I stood on the highway hoping to catch a ride after Brother Brantner let me out and he returned home. Becoming impatient at standing, I had walked about a mile when a man driving a State owned truck invited me to ride with him. He asked my destination and said that I could likely get a ride quicker on another highway leading to Flint, which highway he lived on himself. So I said that was okey with me and went along with him to within about a mile of his home. He directed me to a good place to stand to wait for a ride before he went on.

Within about two minutes of the time he picked me up, we were acquainted with each other's business. He wanted to know all about the "Temple Lot"—Joseph Smith—Brigham Young, etc., I told him it was a long story and would have to give just a brief sketch of the history involving his questions. Well, when we got to the place where I had to get out, he just pulled off the road and shut off the motor and told me to go on with my story, stating he was late for supper anyway.

We talked for a short time when a man came to the truck to get directions and I got out of the truck, but waited to bid the man Godspeed and thank him for his kindness. It was plain to see that he wanted to hear more but I found it necessary to let him go and I to continue my journey as it was only two hours 'till dark.

I stood waiting at the place he had shown me, debating whether to start walking or not, when, after about ten minutes later, who pulled up, but my late benefactor. He said "jump in, cause I'm taking you home with me to supper and then I'll take you home afterwards, I've just got to hear more of your story."

Well, I naturally obeyed his wishes and, while



eating my supper, had many questions to answer. I didn't have a book of any kind with me as Bro. Gould said he would bring them with him later in the week and thereby save me the trouble of carrying them, for which I was grateful, as I had to carry them over fifteen miles on my journey to the north and Maple City and they are heavy.

As I sat at the table unfolding the story of the Restoration, the family (having previously finished eating had gone in to watch the television except the man himself) came back to the room and gathered around to listen also, and to ask questions for about two hours. As the hour was late, the lady suggested that I continue my story on the way home.

I naturally protested their doing so much, but they insisted and were most eager to help. So I rode the remaining 45 miles in the luxury of a new Riviera Buick while my friends listened intently to the fascinating story I was unfolding to them.

So here is testimony of **one** of the many uses that the missionary has for the Book of Mormon were he able to carry one or two with him always. Yes, here is testimony that when the **true** story of Joseph Smith and the Restoration is told that there are those who hunger to hear "the conclusion of the whole matter."

I wonder what our people would do about it if this testimony were borne to them. I wonder if they would think it profitable to the cause of Zion, if they were to contribute now and then to this cause—that the missionary might, when such occasion arises, "give" a Book of Mormon and not have to say—I **wish** I had one to give.

There is a question common to my ears—Where can I get this book? It is the very question asked by these people that I have told you about. Well, I told them they would get one through the mail. And they shall, if I have to use my transportation money to get it for them.

But it would be nice if the money were available to purchase the great books of the Restoration that the missionary might feel free to "give" one away occasionally. If we are truly a "missionary" church—then this is a part of our responsibility.

Do you think that you or another could make a plea to our people to this end, that the cause of Christ might be advanced?

The wife and I had planned to be in Independence for the reunion but the old car gave out, so I guess all I can do is wish that God be with you at your gathering. Can I expect to hear from you real soon as I am not anxious to have the fires grow cold.

In Gospel bonds,  
DON W. HOUSKNECHT

### WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY

(The last chapter of this story described what is, perhaps, the most infamous incident of persecution perpetrated upon the saints of latter days, termed, "The Haun's Mill Massacre." The details were supplied "from official documents and other records, from affidavits of witnesses, and statements made by actual participants."—W.A.S.)

## The Honor of a State

### Chapter XX

The morning after Daniel's departure broke bright and clear. Long before the dawn of light, Margery and Mary were moving quietly about their household duties. Mr. Clark had rested through the night, and, as it is our intention to follow the events of his life further at this time, we will here say that after a lingering illness caused by his wound, together with anxiety in regard to his family and the condition of affairs in general, anxiety which his physical condition rendered him less able to resist, he finally recovered so as to be able to ride on horseback, and went to Illinois, leaving the family to follow him. This was done at their earnest persuasion, as his life had been threatened, and the family knew that spies were watching him, and he would not be safe until out of their reach.

The sun had not long been risen when friends from Far West began to drop in, and, of course, the theme of conversation was the events of the last few days, and speculations in regard to the future. Many and wild were the rumors afloat, but, wild as they were, they fell short of the reality.

In the afternoon, the funeral procession of David Patton and Patterson O'Banion wound slowly out of town towards the burying ground just opposite Mr. Clark's, and there amid the sobs and tears of bereaved ones, the discharge of musketry, and the hastily wiped tears of strong men, these loved companions of their earthly pilgrimage were laid to rest.

Brave men of God! What more could they do than to seal the testimony they had borne with their blood? What more than to lay down their lives in defense of the brethren they loved? This, dear reader, is what they did. Loyal to God and their country, they went at the behest of duty, in obedience to the laws of that country, to defend her citizens from unlawful attack. That these citizens whom they were called upon to defend happened to be of like faith as themselves, constituted the crime. If they had been of other faith all would have been well. The facts in the case are so obvious that comment seems unnecessary. The State authorities of Missouri were in full sympathy with the mob. They hated the gospel of Christ. Then, as now and ever, it denounced their sins and warned them of judgment to come. They were not willing to acknowledge its claims; they could not reason them away, and hence, as a last resort, brute force was used.

What more, we have asked, could they do? Nothing; for they stood in the lot and place ordained of heaven, faithful to the last. Could men do more? Aye, men have, since those days done more. Nay, they are doing more today.

It was not a difficult task for Peter to smite with his sword in the heat of passion, even with the sword the Lord had commanded him to buy; but how long, weary, and tedious had been those hours of watching with this same Master he was now so brave to defend.

It would have been no hard matter to have called fire from heaven upon his enemies, but ah, it was past  
(continued on page 140)

## 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.*

### TWO AND TWO

"And he called the twelve, and began to send them forth two and two, and gave them power over unclean spirits."—Mark 6:9.

"After these things the Lord appointed other Seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place where he himself would come."—Luke 10:1.

"And ye shall go forth in the power of my Spirit, preaching my gospel, two by two, in my name, lifting up your voice as with the voice of a trump, declaring my word like unto the angels of God."—B. of C. 44:7.

There has much been said through the years on the question of the missionaries traveling "two and two" but very little has been done about it. It is true our missionary force has been and is very small, and an effort has been made to cover as much territory as possible with the few we had. Yet when Christ sent out the twelve he sent them "two and two" his missionary force was not very large.

I have wondered if it would not be better if we were to follow the pattern set up by the Master when he began His work among men. I presume Jesus had a purpose in sending those men out in the manner in which he did, and no doubt it was the very best way for it to be done. I have not been able to find where there was any change made in the way of sending out the missionary. We also note that the instructions given to the missionaries of these last days were the same and he told them to go by twos, and it is just possible that they followed the instructions in the early days.

In most of my missionary work I have traveled alone, the plan of the Master was not followed, and since coming with the Church of Christ it has been the same. I have often thought there would be safety in the rule as established by the Christ in more ways than one, and they would be helpful to each other if they would endeavor to be in harmony, and seek to agree, and not one desire to be the ONE and keep the other in the background, as such has been done.

I have heard the excuse made for some taking their wives along with them, that Jesus instructed that they go two by two, but no where can I find where Jesus ever said for a man to take his wife, neither can I find where ever a woman was ordained and sent out as a missionary. I am not complaining because it is done, but am wondering if the prescribed rule as set up by the Master would not net greater results if it were followed? In some things much stress is laid on a strict adherence to the rule as set up in the scripture, yet we do not consider seriously the rule of going "two and two." Jesus said for two of those he had chosen to travel together, and to go "forth in the power of my Spirit". Could it be possible that that could be done today? There should be a closer tie and a better un-

derstanding among those who go out to tell the gospel story, and if two were together they could counsel together and in that way be helpful to each other.

As we let our thoughts drift back through the pages of history, and my early contact with gospel work, there rarely ever was a man who took his wife along as a traveling companion, the rule was "two and two", and result was attained. The Utah church send out women missionaries. Yes they have increased their membership, and rank high in numbers. Is it members we want, or is it to have a people developed to such a degree that they become that light set on a hill, reflecting the TRUE light of the gospel to men? In late years the Reorganized Church have been sending out women, they follow the lead of the world, as does the Utah Church. We often refer to the statement of the Master as found in the Sermon on the Mount, "strait is the gate, narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." Do we walk in that "narrow way"? or do we substitute our way for that which Jesus directed? "Follow me" (my instructions) is just as binding today as it ever was.

"Return unto me, and I will return unto you saith the Lord." Does that mean only the giving of tithes and offerings, or could it imply more? I am inclined the people of that day had neglected more than the giving of tithes they were to "RETURN" to the ways of the Lord, and to bring in their tithes and offerings, and then the blessings would be forth coming. "A wicked and perverse generation."

There is a possibility that when we as a people will be willing to "return" and follow the instructions given by the Master, and endeavor to unite in righteousness, not only in one thing but in all, we too will receive the blessings promised. If we as a people will adhere to the words of the Lord through Malachi and give the tenth, be it little or much, whether it be a dime or a hundred dollars and will consider we are robbing God if we withhold that which he has asked of us. It has been argued that that was a law given to the Jews or Israel, and does not apply to our time. If that be true why did Christ give it to the people of Nephi, and instruct them it would be for future generations? — III Nephi 11: There is no doubt but that we are a future generation that was referred to. "Try me saith the Lord." Have we as a people, that is all of us, tried the Lord, put him to the test, or do we seek to excuse ourselves in one way or another?

I doubt very much if a missionary would be left sitting by the side of the road were the WHOLE LAW OF GOD IN OPERATION, nor would the family of the missionary be left without the necessities of life.

If faithful in the little things, we will not be neglectful of the larger things. If a person has only one dollar and will consider that ten cents of it is the Lord's and gives it, that person will be blest, and will not suffer because he gave the Lord his portion. The Lord



never goes back on his promises if all do their part. But suffering has been entailed when the instructions of the Lord is not adhered to.

Why not be willing to "return" and try the Lord's way for a while? Yes, "Try me and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out such blessings, you will not be able to contain." The promises of the Lord are sure. If we will cease making excuses, and seeking to have our way, we will be able to claim the promises.

We have been torn asunder (divided) because of the inventions of men, all because the instructions of Christ have been ignored, and the seeds of contention have taken deep root. The Master plead for a united people in his prayer (John 17). He in many instances has asked his people to be ONE, but we have allowed ourselves to be tricked, and as a result many have fallen by the way.

The admonition "Return unto me" is pertinent today, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Isa. 55:8. It would be well to do things God's way, and become a favored people, and our light would shine out clear and attractive.

"Return unto me" in all our ways, and put the Lord to the test; "Try me". We have not really tried the Lord by implicit obedience to the instructions given to us.

May the good Lord give us more of his Spirit to help and direct us in the way he would have us go.

Your brother in Christ

WM. F. ANDERSON

### THEY WORSHIPPED THE UNKNOWN GOD

Unto you, who now "Jove" worship,  
Knowing not the living God,  
I now bring a saving Message:  
'Tis the word of the true God.

Ye whom He hath here created  
On this earth so great and fair,  
Are the children of this Being,  
Who His Kingdom would you share;  
He, by powers of eternal  
Mighty strength to save from sin,  
By His Spirit now inviteth  
All men to come unto Him.

Look about, above, and unto  
The far distant bounds of space;  
See in all, His power there working  
That He may save you by grace  
Only found in His Son, Jesus,  
Who in his appointed day  
Unto men shall be revealed,  
And they shall see His dear face.

Now in looking on His world  
And into the heavens blue,  
Thou canst see that here was working  
A great power with laws most true,  
Else these wondrous great creations

Would not yet remain in place;  
Therefore, knowing this, believe me  
When I tell you of His grace.

Which is love in its perfection,  
Waiting till the soul shall turn,  
Giving Him faith's recognition  
In full readiness to learn  
The redeeming laws of Jesus;  
In whom only, dwelleth grace,  
Power, and mighty strength to save him;  
Of these things I would ye learn.

Now there needs must have been power  
Striving 'gainst our Holy God,  
And His children He created,  
To destroy His fatherhood;  
Or, ye now would my God worship,  
Who e'er leadeth but to good;  
Yea, there was a power of darkness  
In rebellion of a Son,

And by his dark, cruel power  
He would drag men's souls with his  
Down to God's just retribution,  
E'en so great is his dark power;  
But, my fellow-men, created  
In the likeness of the Son  
Who gave glory to His Father  
In obedience, and in love,

If you would learn to be like Him,  
Love being in you as a fire  
Kindling in your hearts a burning,  
Pure and holy rich desire,  
Listen to my voice and judge you  
Whether my words seemeth true,  
Sweet and precious in your souls,  
Or if I but beguile you;

Thus becoming without ransom  
Of the Christ, who will be true,  
And Who giveth me His Spirit,  
Witnessing that I speak true;  
By that Spirit none can utter  
Other than of things of it,  
And my words to you declared  
Are of Records—Holy Writ.

If thou wilt bow down, and humbly  
Call upon this God of power,  
Who alone can give salvation  
And redemption, in this hour  
Thou shalt know my words, now spoken,  
Whether they be sweet or sour;  
Or in other words, delicious,  
Filling all your hope of soul;

For, I have the Spirit's promise,  
That He will give heed to those  
Who in faith and humble pleading,  
Seek to thus their God appease;  
(But obedience is appeasement)  
There are, like you, humble men  
I would point you to—God's servants—  
They will show Him unto thee.

Go to them and learn, ye people,  
Hear of them who angels taught  
Of a Saviour; who with yearning  
Gave His life—a plan He wrought—  
As a sacrificial Saviour  
On the altar of sin's Lamb;  
They will teach and lead you surely;  
They, by God, inspired be.

This God sees, and hears each secret  
Thought of all the hearts of men;  
By the power of His presence  
He has lived and ever been  
Through the ages of eternal  
Time, before He built the earth;  
And eternally He liveth,  
Never shall He see an end.

And it is His greatest glory,  
When, by love He saves a soul  
From captivity of Satan;  
This the bright and shining goal  
Jesus visioned from His glorious  
Throne, yet left His Sonship right  
To endure pains like we suffer,  
And to endure death's dark night.

HERVEY A. SCOTT

### FALSE DOCTRINE PREACHING IN TEXAS OUR REPLY THERETO

Our good Brother W. E. Simpson, of the Church of Christ, sends to us from Sunray, Texas, a brief report of some of the substitutes for the Gospel of Christ, being taught in his community. Following is a sample of the Heresies referred to:

**"The Holy Ghost is not and has not been on earth since the day of Pentecost."**

James E. Yates, of San Diego, Calif., submits Scriptural answers in reply.

"Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the Doctrine of Christ, **hath not God.**" Second John 1:9. (All emphasis placed upon Scripture quoted in this article is by the writer).

"And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but unto him that blasphemeth **against the Holy Ghost** it shall not be forgiven."—St. Luke 12:10.

Please note carefully, that the **Promise that the Holy Ghost is to be given to God's people**, when they have been thrown into the prison for teaching His truth, or when hailed before powers and magistrates, to enable them to answer all charges against them as they should,—**is not limited to any time, or place!**

"And when they bring you unto the synagogues and powers, take no thought how, or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say;

**For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour** what ye ought to say."—Par. 11-12.

But our Texas Pulpitier, teaches that the Holy Ghost was not to continue after Pentecost; and he evidently considers himself sharp enough on his own, so that

he would not need the help of the Holy Ghost. **Oh! Egotism! to what heights of foolish folly** thou leadest thy victims of Satan's deceptions! But every **Heddy, soaring, deceiver, shall surely fall at the time of the great judgment!**

**Functions of the Holy Ghost to continue "FOREVER."**

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may **abide with you forever!**

Even the **Spirit of Truth** (or, the Holy Ghost) whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; for he dwelleth with you, and **shall be in you.**"—St. John 14:16-17.

But some who make loud claims to be preaching the Doctrine of Christ, are in reality, preaching Anti-Christ, and the **"Doctrines of Devils,"** as is clearly stated in I Timothy 4:1,—**"giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils"**.

#### Further Proof

These self-appointed, preachers of heresy, who deny the word of God, and blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, when they read where the COMFORTER is to abide with you "Forever",—they immediately try to **"wrest the scriptures"**, as did **Christ's real opponents**, in the New Testament times, by **making the claim** that the **Comforter is not the Holy Ghost.**

**Let us note the following, Christ's own words:**

"But the Comforter, **which is the Holy Ghost**, whom the Father **WILL SEND** in my name. (Modern deceivers say **will not send**),—He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—St. John 14:26.

Preachers who are spiritually blinded by their own false teachings, can not see this great truth, nor understand it.—See Par. 16-17, of chapter 14.

If those who may note the **"false doctrine"**, as such, as is being taught by those who:—**"Abideth not in the doctrine of Christ,"** and who for that reason:—**"Hath not God."**—If, I say, any can not see that the Scripture cited, have the false doctrine **nailed down tight as such**, please note the following brief conclusion, against the **Devil's doctrine** that the Holy Ghost **ceased to function after Pentecost:**—(Of course, preachers who admit that they have not been called to preach, through the **Holy Ghost**, would very naturally **repudiate the Holy Ghost.** Such repudiation is tantamount to blasphemy, when taught as a **wicked substitute for the Gospel of Christ.**)

God's truth always "pricks" the hearts of sinners who have a conscience, when their sins and their deceptions are unmasked.

**Note the word of the Lord**, as declared, **even at Pentecost:**

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the Apostles,—Men and Brethren, **what shall we do?**

Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins,—and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost,—For the promise is unto you,—and to your children,—and **to all that are afar off,—even as many as the Lord our God shall call.**—Acts 2:38-39.

### The Duty of All People Who Are Confronted with False Doctrine

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetuous, proud, boasters, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy—having a FORM of Godliness, but **denying the power thereof**, from SUCH, TURN AWAY."—II Tim. 8:1-5.

The Holy Ghost sustains the "**Power of Godliness**" in the Church of Christ. Or, it is by the **Power of the Holy Ghost only**, that Godliness can be sustained among the people of the Lord.

The Word of God enjoins upon us all, that when involved with any so called church, or with any religious profession, of those who: "**Abide not in the Doctrine of Christ**", whether it be **False Doctrines** concerning either,—**Popes**, or "**First Presidencies**," or **Prelates**, at the head of the church instead of Christ, with "**FIRST APOSTLES, SET in the church**" under Christ **as should be**,—whether it be any **clique**, or **organization**, or affiliation which **deviates from any part of the true doctrine of Christ**,—the word of God enjoins upon all who desire to be protected by the Lord from Satan's wiles, that we shall "**from such turn away**."—II Tim. 8:1-5 There is no other safe way for any man or men or peoples, to be divinely shielded from **increasing**, and **deepening deceptions**, than to: "**TURN AWAY**" from those who sponsor **false doctrines**, ANYWHERE, and EVERYWHERE.

Some false teachers acclaim other heresies,—such for instance as that there can be no instant, or sudden changes by conversion wherein one who may be walking in the **wrong road**, may be turned **at once** into the path of life which is "**strait and narrow**."

A little truth, mingled with enough heresy to poison it, is further offered by the **Texas teacher of false doctrines mentioned**, as follows:—"The idea of a complete change of heart,—loss of desire to sin, as depicted by some leaders of social groups calling themselves churches, is utterly ridiculous. One has to line up with Christ and gradually grow into what we call; **religion**. In other words: the idea of anyone saying he had an instantaneous conversion from sin is plain **downright silly**."

Our reply: According to that measuring line, St. Paul's conversion would show him to have been a terribly "**silly**" man. Why should we say more, on that heresy?

Here is another raw heresy, containing even a less amount of seasoning truth:—"We have groups that believe in divine healing of their sick,—laying on of hands to receive the Holy Ghost, speaking in tongues, and a lot of rubble like that, which is too silly, for **intelligent people to comment on**."

Our only mention of the foregoing heresy is, that any man claiming to believe the Bible, who will so flagrantly deny its plain teachings, as in the above heresy, is a consummate bigot, on his own, and destitute of God's light.

When under the influence of the Holy Ghost, the Lord's people were prophesying, etc., Peter declared: "**These men are not drunken, as ye suppose**, . . . but

this is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel,—and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit, upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And on my servants, and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit, and— they shall prophesy." Acts 2:14-18. Also **quench not the Spirit**"—I Thes. 5:19, What Spirit could Paul have referred to hear other than the **Holy Spirit, "The Comforter"**, which is the **Holy Ghost**? Of this same Holy Spirit and its workings **Paul warns all:—Despise not Prophecys**."—I Thess. 5:20.

**More, and deepening heresy**, by the false teacher in the south, whose heresies we here put under the spotlight of the word of God:—

"It is absolutely a waste of time, for a sinner to pray,—How could he call upon God **as Father**, when the devil is the sinner's father?

Our reply: Jesus said: **men ought always to pray, and not to faint**."—Luke 50:1.

That Divine Authority, should be sufficient against the impudent assumption of any self-appointed preacher.

#### More heresy and inconsistency:

"I for one, refuse to bow my head when I happen to be in the presence of one of those group-leaders who call themselves preachers, when he prays. To do so, would be for me blasphemy,—for his prayer doesn't get above the ceiling."

Our Reply:—

That attitude is a sufficient repudiation of its own Christian policy. **Heresy, and Lame Logic**:—"The power of man to pray for healing, and to have his prayer answered, was done away with, during Paul's dispensation." Otherwise, why didn't Paul heal Timotheas so he could go on the journey?"

Our Reply:—Regardless of any, or all, humanly poised interrogations, the written word of God's truth still stands: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders, and let them anoint him with oil, and the **prayer of faith** shall save the sick, and the **Lord shall raise him up**."—James 5:14-15.

**Heresy, Fathoms Deep**:—"I was not called to preach, nor has any man been called since Paul received his call. All that is necessary, is to make the start, and study the word as you go along."

Our Reply:—"Not called to preach"?—That is quite obvious! God recognizes none who "**taketh this honour unto himself**", but he that is called of God, as **was Aaron**."—Heb. 5:4.

**Harmonious (?) Heresy**:—"Musical instruments in God's house, are a sacrilege. There will be no fiddles, —pianos, etc., in heaven."

**The Scriptural Response in Refutation**:—"Praise ye the Lord with harp, and the psaltry, and an instrument of strings. Sing a new song,—play skillfully, for the word of the Lord is right.—Psa. 33:1-4.

Howbeit, in vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrine, the commandments of men.—St. Mark 7:7.

Again: Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day shall not come, except there come a **falling away first**, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth, and exalteth himself, etc.—II Thess. 3:3-4.

All the people of the Lord, must still keep themselves on the alert to guard against the snares of wicked deception, being constantly presented against Christ, and as an enemy of souls.

JAMES E. YATES.

### WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY

(continued from page 135)

the strength of Peter's endurance, to acknowledge himself the disciple of that friendless, bruised, and bleeding man, arrested as a criminal, and soon to be tried before the highest court of the Jewish nation! Even before a maid servant he quailed and denied all knowledge of him.

Be not, however, hasty in condemnation of him whose courage failed not when the free breezes of heaven were around him, and, as yet, in every test of a mental, moral, or physical nature, he has seen the lowly Nazarene triumph over his enemies, if in this greater trial his courage failed. Poor and humble Jesus was, but what of this? Had he not healed the sick with a word, or a touch of his divine hand; had not the wise and the learned been confounded and utterly routed every time they sought to ensnare him; had not the devils obeyed him, and the very elements been stilled at the word of his command? Poor, did he say? Had he not power to create and to multiply the fruitage of the earth, to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead?

But here was a new phase of his life revealing itself to Peter. This was the hour of his humiliation and suffering, and yet the supreme hour for which the others were but made, the hour when he took upon himself the sin of the world that he might redeem the sinner and reconcile the world to God.

It was one thing to follow this man, when all things were made subservient to his will, and while there fell from his lips divine wisdom, each sentence of which attested the truth of his divinity, but another, and a very different one, to follow him in the hour of his humiliation, when his judgment was taken away, and when, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

What had he to plead? Think of it calmly for a few minutes. For himself, everything; but bear in mind he was not there for himself. Hitherto the works which he had done were the works of divine compassion. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that was bruised." But this work, this that from henceforth even to the end was to be done, was to bear the sin of another. He took upon himself the sin which set the world at liberty; he bore the stripes by which we are healed, and because of this he had nothing to plead.

We said the brethren of those early days bore

much, and they did; but we think we are justified in saying that those who, in after-years, embraced the faith, because of their conviction of its truth, and who fearlessly defended it despite all opposition, have borne more; for we honestly believe that the Church, even today, has to defend the truth from the suspicion, and many times the direct charge of the greatest moral obloquy and odium which ever rested upon the gospel of Christ from the creation of the world unto the present day.

Men who would not shrink from marching up to the cannon's mouth in defense of truth have shrunk from the name of Mormon as from the contagion of leprosy, have even said, "If I knew you had the truth, I could not purchase at such a fearful price."

If it be a comfort to the champion of the truth today to know that this moral sawing asunder is far harder to bear, then surely they are entitled to the full measure of that comfort; for any one who has the moral conviction to stand by the truth when resting under the shadow of this great latter-day apostasy, has in him the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Jesus said to those of old, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized." Rejoice then if it be this baptism that we suffer because of the wrong-doing of others. But far better than to suffer as an evil-doer.

Two days after the funeral before referred to, Margery started according to previous arrangement to travel overland to Quincy, where she expected to be joined by Daniel, if she did not find him already there. Many inconveniences attended a journey at that late season of the year, but it was undertaken none too soon, in order to escape detention and trouble upon the road.

On the morning of October 30, it was reported in Far West that large bodies of armed men were approaching the town. The reports proved correct, and before night the town was surrounded by more than two thousand armed men. When a flag of truce was sent out to inquire respecting their intention, the answer returned was:

"We want three persons out of the city before we massacre the rest."

The person specified, who were Adam Lightner, John Clemenson and wife, refused to go, saying:

"If the people must be destroyed, we will die with them."

The day wore on and the sun disappeared behind the western horizon, but still the attack was delayed. By this time news had reached Far West of the terrible tragedy at Haun's Mill, and as the night settled upon the besieged town, many felt that before another day their fate might be told by others, even as now their own lips grew pale and voice trembled while repeating the dreadful details of that other massacre.

But despite all this mental agony, despite the unknown fate awaiting them, not a murmur of complaint, not a wish that they had never forsaken their comfortable and peaceful homes to cast their lot with God's people was expressed; but from many a family altar,

from many a private circle of prayer, the voice of melody was heard as they praised God in psalms and spiritual song and committed themselves into his hands.

The condition of Mr. Clark forbade his removal and all the family who were now left remained with him outside the town. Their fences were thrown down, stock driven off, and their fields of grain destroyed or taken to supply the needs of the mob.

Mrs. Clark, with the bravery of a loving wife and mother, kept all this, as much as possible, from the knowledge of her husband. After family prayer, she put the younger children in bed, and securing the doors, extinguished the light, when she and Mary took their position by the front window, that, in case of a night attack, they might be in some measure prepared. They could not talk lest the sound of their voices should disturb Mr. Clark, who slept but lightly; and thus, in watching and prayer, the long night wore away.

The first gray dawn found them still at their post, like loving guardians of the sleeping household.

With various emotions of hope and fear, the people in Far West greeted the coming of the day. There was as yet no clue to their fate, and they had little to hope for them the men who were drawn up in large outnumbering forces against them.

We have no positive facts in relation to the events of the two days following. It is claimed by some, that George M. Hinkle betrayed the brethren into signing a treaty after he had by stratagem delivered the leading men, among whom were Joseph and Hyrum Smith, as prisoners. This charge we have heard denied. Be this as it may, the ultimate result was that the Saints were forced to submit to the following conditions, embraced in an address of General Clark which he delivered to them on the 6th of November and which we give below:

Gentlemen, you whose names are not attached to this list of names, will now have the privilege of going to your fields and providing corn, wood, etc., for your families. Those who are now taken will go from this to prison, be tried, and receive the due demerit of their crimes. But you (except such as charges may hereafter be preferred against) are now at liberty, as soon as the troops are removed that now guard the place, which I shall cause to be done immediately. It now devolves upon you to fulfill the treaty that you have entered into, the leading times of which I shall now lay before you.

"The first requires that your leading men be given up to be tried according to law; this you have already complied with.

"The second is, that you deliver up your arms; this has been attended to.

"The third stipulation is, that you sign over your properties to defray the expenses of the war; this you have also done.

"Another article yet remains for you to comply with, and that is that you leave the State forthwith; and whatever may be your feelings concerning this,

or whatever your innocence, it is nothing to me; General Lucas, who is equal in authority with me, has made this treaty with you—I approve it—I should have done the same had I been here—I am therefore determined to see it fulfilled. The character of this State has suffered almost beyond redemption, from the character, conduct, and influence that you have exerted, and we deem it an act of justice to restore her character to its former standing among the States, by every proper means.

"The orders of the governor to me were that you should be exterminated and not allowed to remain in the State, and had your leaders not been given up, and the terms of the treaty complied with before this, you and your families would have been destroyed and your houses in ashes.

"There is a discretionary power vested in my hands, which I shall exercise in your favor for a season; for this lenity you are indebted to my clemency. I do not say that you must go now, but you must not think of staying here another season, or of putting in crops, for the moment you do this the citizens will be upon you. If I am called here again, in case of a non-compliance of a treaty made, do not think that I shall act any more as I have done. You need not expect any mercy, but extermination, for I am determined the governor's order shall be executed. As for your leaders, do not once think—do not imagine for a moment—do not let it enter your mind that they will be delivered, or that you will see their faces again, for their fate is fixed—their die is cast—their doom is sealed.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to see so great a number of apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are; and oh! that I could invoke that Great Spirit, the unknown God, to rest upon you, and make you sufficiently intelligent to break that chain of superstition, and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism, with which you are bound, that you no longer worship a man.

"I would advise you to scatter abroad and never again organize yourselves with bishops, presidents, etc., lest you excite the jealousies of the people, and subject yourselves to some calamities that have now come upon you.

"You have always been the aggressors. You have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected and not being subject to rule, and my advice is that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

The above will give our readers a fair sample of the truth, justice, and clemency to be expected from men such as those who drove the Saints from their homes in Missouri. Well might they invoke the Spirit of the "unknown God"; for he was indeed unknown to them, though many of their companies were led by men professing to be his ministers.

Were not the events which we are here recording matters of history, it would be deemed beyond all bounds of reason and probability. Nor could we wonder at this, for despite the record it almost exceeds the bounds of belief.

### Chapter 21

When Daniel and his companions rode away, there was time in the silence and darkness for thought and reflection. Turning in his saddle and giving his horse the full liberty of the reins, he watched the light streaming from the window of his fathers house until intervening objects and distance hid it from view.

The road for some miles lay over a level stretch of country, and as they rode along, two abreast, each seemed busy with his own thoughts. Daniel was separated from the present, and living in the past.

How far away in the past now seemed the days of his early manhood, those days when life was all before him; when love, peace, and joy of the gospel message so filled his soul to overflowing that he thought all mankind would receive it with joy, if only they could have it presented to them. How soon had his own experience convinced him of his mistake.

Some, indeed, under his ministry had received it with gladness, and even now, as he thought of those sheaves gathered in for the Master, his heart filled with gratitude; but many heard it with indifference, neither opposing nor rejecting, acting only as though it was not a matter in which they had the slightest concern; while yet others had opposed it as though possessed by a spirit of hatred to the principle of truth.

Foot-sore and weary he had travelled thousands of miles, at times hospitably entertained, at others refused both shelter and food, but never had he been forsaken. Not an instance could he now recall when the Lord had not stood by him and supplied his every want. What, indeed, if his circumstances now were more trying than any in which he had hitherto been placed? Was not God able to defend him, to protect to the uttermost and cause even the wrath of man to praise him?

Trust and peace settled down upon his soul, and lifting his heart in silent prayer to God, he commended himself and his with all the interests of the work he loved into the care of that God who was able to care for him.

They had ridden some twelve or fifteen miles when word was passed to halt, and in the stillness each heard the tramping of horses' feet approaching them, above which they could hear ever and anon shouts of laughter and snatches of song. This it was which had prevented their own approach from being heard by the enemy (for enemy they were well assured they were).

The moon had not yet risen, though a bright starlight lit up the night. Fortunately, just off the road was a small patch of brush and low-growing trees. Dismounting, they led their horses into its shelter and silently awaited the coming up of the party now plainly to be seen a short distance down the road.

As they passed, the theme of their conversation was the Mormons, and the burden of it the vengeance they would soon wreak upon them. It required trust in God and courage for the brethren to move on, leaving these going directly to their homes, where were the objects dearest upon earth to them. Neither did they remount until each one, kneeling, had asked the blessing and protection of God upon those left behind.

Remounting, they went some miles further, until warned by the approach of light, they rode into a strip of timberland and prepared to spend the day, knowing that if they would escape encounters and trouble with the mob, it would not be wise to pursue their journey until night.

When further away, the intention was to travel by the most unfrequented road, in as straight a line as possible for Quincy, Illinois. Such preparation as was possible in the haste of their departure had been made; but long before their journey was completed their provisions was exhausted, and they were reduced almost to starvation, living for days upon parched corn in small quantities, and bark from the slippery-elm tree, while the only food for their horses was a small allowance of corn and what they could obtain by browsing, and an occasional patch of dry grass. Many times they lost their direction, and after travelling all day, the night would find them but a few miles ahead upon their journey.

The suffering occasioned by these things, however, was small in comparison with their anxiety of mind in regard to those left behind. So great did this become, that it was resolved to lay the matter before the Lord and ask him to reveal to them the condition of their friends; and he who never refused to hear the prayer of faith, gave them an answer of peace and an assurance that their families were safe. Comforted by this, they journeyed on.

One morning, just after they had started on their way the wind which had been blowing through the night increased to almost a gale, and the snow fell thick and fast. They traveled on all day, almost blinded by the storm and chilled by the cutting wind, coming towards night to a strip of timber where they were glad to camp and enjoy the luxury of a fire.

Hunger pressed them and when they lay down upon the bare ground for the night, some of them were discouraged. They did not then know what they afterwards learned, that but for the storm which seemed so pitiless to them, their pursuers would have overtaken them long before night. Though only a few miles behind them, the snow had utterly obliterated their tracks, and vowing vengeance when they should overtake them, they were diverted from the track followed by the brethren and never crossed it again.

Thus, all unknown to them, the Lord protected them. The next morning, after prayer, which morning and night was never forgotten, one of the brethren (we believe it was Samuel Smith, for he was in this company) told them that before night they should be supplied with food, and late in the afternoon they reached the hut or wigwam of a friendly Indian.

The squaw was cooking some wild game, and upon their making their condition known to her, she gave them very sparingly of the broth at first, and afterwards shared her provision freely with them.

This was the end of their present sufferings; for the next day brought them to Quincy, where the brethren who had preceded them received them and provided their immediate wants. Of course, the first inquiry of Daniel was for his wife and her friends; but we will take the privilege of preceding him to the house where they had obtained temporary shelter.

Margery was lying upon a bed in one corner of the



room very pale, and, but that from time to time her eyes opened and turned towards the door, you would have thought her sleeping. At such times a close observer would have detected an intense look of yearning, longing, in their depths, as though these windows revealed the hope which flooded her soul, even as the crimson and gold of sunset floods the evening sky long before the sun has disappeared. Her soft, brown hair was smoothed back from her pure white brow, nestling in wavy folds close to her temples, and one hand, thin and pale, rested outside the cover, in its very position betraying the weakness of its owner.

The furnishings of the room was, as might be expected under the circumstances, of the plainest kind; but all that loving hands could do had been done to give an air of comfort to the surroundings. At a table near the open fire-place, Mrs. Boyd was engaged in some domestic occupation, while just beyond through a door opening into an adjoining room, you could see, resting in pure-robed whiteness, the outline of a tiny form, and instinctively you knew that death had preceded you.

It was but a babe lying there, a beautiful waxen little form, whose soft, brown eyes had only opened upon this new and strange world for the brief space of twenty-four hours, before the lids drooped as if weary, and the fluttering breath came fainter and fainter, until, like a zephyr sinking to rest, it was stilled forever.

Only a babe! Is there a mother who will read this sentence without comprehending what it means? One who will not realize how large a share of the hopes of Margery lay enfolded with that little form? To others it was but a day old, but to her it seemed such a long, sweet dream, that when it faded away, when its light went out in darkness, she felt that the brightest and best of her own life had gone with it. It seemed so long to her since every thought, every feeling of her soul, had clustered around the fruition of this one hope, that its sudden uprooting tore the fibers of her heart and left her like a forest tree uprooted by the storm, and she knew that her strength was spent.

The storm would abate and the arms made strong by love would lift her up, but in vain. There was not enough vitality left for the healing of the wounds. Margery knew that she would soon follow her babe, that the separation would be brief. Knowing this, all her thoughts, all her feelings, turned towards Daniel, and silently but unceasingly she prayed for his coming.

Her senses were intensely quickened. Not a sound, not a step escaped her hearing; and it was this intense longing for his coming which lingered in the depths of her eyes as from time to time she unclosed them in the hope that they might reveal to her what her sense of hearing had not.

Mrs. Boyd went carefully to the bed, and seeing that Margery was awake, she sat down by her, stroking her hair gently; but her own heart was too full to trust herself to speak. Friends had been with them through the night, and as the morning light came, they had robed the little form in the garments each stitch of which had been set with a heart-throb of love; and when all was done that the hand of friendship could

do, they had gone home for a brief season of rest, and Margery and her mother were alone.

"What time is it, Mother," she asked, as unclosing her eyes, she looked up into her mother's face.

"It is almost two o'clock, and nearly time for your brothers to be here."

Margery did not ask where they had gone. She seemed intuitively to know, but taking her mother's hand in both of hers, she said:

"Mother, you must not let what I have to say grieve you, but rather let it be a comfort to you in the days which are near. Do not let them make any preparations yet for laying my baby away, because I feel so sure that he will rest on my arm and lie near to my heart, that we shall sleep together. Don't let this grieve you," she added, as a convulsive sob shook her mother's frame. "It is not because I would have it thus but it is right and best that it should be so or God would not suffer it.

"I have for some time had a permonition of this and talked with Daniel's mother about it before I left her. At first it seemed very hard to me, but I thought then that I should have to leave both Daniel and my baby. For his sake even now I wish it had pleased God to have so ordered it, but, mother, he who loves us, who knows the end from the beginning, is better able to judge for us and appoint our ways than we are to appoint our own.

"It reconciles me to going, and I believe when I am gone it will reconcile him to my loss, for he would always have felt such an anxiety lest the baby should not have tender, loving care.

"We have talked so much to each other about this, have formed so many plans with reference to his future, and all this time God was silently, wisely planning for us. I have had an intense longing to see Daniel once more, but this is past, for it has pleased God to assure me that he will soon be here. I saw them coming, and before the sun goes down he will be with me. And now, mother, you must not grieve, for the Lord is only calling us one by one to the home prepared for us. Those who bid you farewell here will be there to give you welcome; and if we could only realize the blessedness of those who depart we would not weep for them.

"There is in the gospel of Christ that which should make us rejoice and praise his name that he ever counted us worthy to suffer for him. It has been to me a constant joy since I first received and obeyed it, and while it has blessed me in life, it does not leave me in death, but the path grows brighter and clearer as I draw nearer the other shore."

For a time she lay as if absorbed in thought, while Mrs. Boyd withdrew her hand, and, bowing her head upon the pillow, strove to overcome her emotions and check her tears.

The room was very silent, and through the west window the beams of the sun penetrated and fell aslant the bed. Margery stretched out her hand then as though she would warm it in their light, then following their rays to the opening where they had entered, she looked out upon the landscape and said: "Mother,

though God will soon take me to another and a brighter world than this, this is a very beautiful one, and I am glad that I shall not remain forever away from it.

"There are upon it so many spots, made sacred to me by memory, that I feel I shall long to come back and revisit them, even as the traveler, when weary of other lands longs for the brown hills, green meadows, and limpid streams of his childhood's home.

"I remember when I was a child that I used to watch the birds in springtime building their nests in the lilac bush and under the eaves of our old home. I felt sad when the cold blasts of winter drove them away, but I always believed they would come back with the spring. I feel sure, too, that they did; for when they first came there was such a chattering and twittering among the branches, such a rapid, joyous fluttering in and out as they never made again the same year. So when we come back, mother, how it will move our souls to gladness to revisit the spots we have most loved.

"I can almost fancy even now that I am standing by our yard gate, waiting to hear the clatter of horses' feet bringing my lover to me, and, later on, the music of the running stream. I hear it even now where I was buried into Christ's death and sufferings. Oh! when I shall come back with him I will seek that spot to rejoice and praise his name anew, that, as I was planted in the likeness of his death, I shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection!

"The scene is changed. We have no home now. The birds will return to build their nests anew in the old familiar places, and the stream will ripple between its mossy banks as in those far away days, but we will go back no more! We are pilgrims and strangers, dependent upon strangers for the roof to shelter us and a spot of earth where we may bury our dead. It is not now a gentle maiden waiting the coming of her lover, but a mother, bereaved of her child, a wife, a dying wife, waiting the coming of father and husband whose heart is to be wrung with anguish and to whose lips this bitter cup is to be pressed. But, mother, its bitterness is all swallowed up in victory, because death leads to immortality and eternal life, since it must precede the power of the resurrection. If trials still await you, bear them patiently; for you shall come forth from them as gold seven times purified."

Again Margery paused, but this time it was in a listening attitude. Soon a bright smile stole over her pale face and her eyes lit up with a glad light. "They are coming, mother," she said. "The boys are coming and Daniel is with them. I knew he would come; for God has never yet deceived me. Dry your tears, mother, and help him to bear up under the terrible blow which is to meet him on the very threshold."

Mrs. Boyd, whose heart was almost breaking, and who, during all this time, had not uttered a word in answer to Margery's rapid, and, as she thought, feverish utterances, was glad to leave the bedside and bathe her tear-stained face. She was not prepared to believe, as Margery did, that she was going to die.

The physician who had been with her when her

babe was born, and who had called again in the morning, had no such apprehension, or if he had, had given no intimation of it.

But, notwithstanding her disbelief in this, some power stronger than herself withheld her from checking Margery in her talk, or making light of her fears, which under other circumstances she would have done.

"If Daniel does, indeed, come soon," she said, as she went to the door, "what can I think, how shall I account for it?"

Upon opening the door she stood face to face with him.

(to be continued)

Jean Ingelow once said, "I have lived to thank God that not all of my prayers have been answered." This statement seems an utter misunderstanding of prayer. There is no such thing as an unanswered prayer. Each will be able to recall times in his childhood when he went to his earthly father asking for things which were not best for him—things which might have proven disastrous if they had been given. In his wisdom, in his concern for the well-being of his own—even in his limited vision of life ahead—the earthly father knew the thing asked for would not be good, and though it was hard to do, though it hurt him as much as it hurt his child, he gently but firmly said, "No". The same is true of the Heavenly Father. He wants what is best for His own. Sometimes He, too, must say, "No," to some cherished hope, but even then, in His matchless grace, He shows the better way.—From **"For Love, For Life"**, by Nell Outlaw (Revell).

The cults of comfort are in error, and they have no worthy answer to trouble when they tell us to dodge it by metaphysical gymnastics, or to **think** it away. The Omar Khayyams are useless, too; they have no answer but to suggest that we damn "this sorry scheme of things"; they want a world that is all pleasure and no pain. These light, easy answers are based on the false assumption that the goal of life is happiness, peace of mind, and comfort. It isn't.

Holiness, not happiness is the goal of life. So, when God molds a man, He puts weights on him, gives him burdens to lift, crosses to carry, hardships to endure, tribulations over which to triumph. All is a profound mystery, to be sure. A little boy wanted to know why vitamins are always placed in spinach and never in ice cream, where they should be. Don't ask me why, but for some strange reason our sweetest songs come out of our saddest thoughts; the Negro spirituals are the sad songs of a sad race, and they are the loveliest music in America! Arnold Toynbee, the historian, traced it through history in his monumental study. In a chapter entitled "The Stimulus of Blows", he shows how hardy civilization has come to birth in response to challenge: "The greater the challenge, the greater the stimulus." Without weights, even civilization cannot keep going. A little boy was leading his sister up a mountain path. "Why," she complained, "it's not a path at all. It's all rocky and bumpy." "Sure," he said, "the bumps are what you climb on." —From **"Ride the Wild Horses."**, by J. Wallace Hamilton (Revell).