

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 36

Independence, Missouri, March, 1959

No. 3

The Christian



A bearer of great light, but oh
How oft his feet must tread the darkened way;
In search of sheep strayed from the flock,
And while within his pack there lies the oil and wine.
To soothe the traveler's wound; yet his own feet all
Bruised and torn, must not use up
The balm prepared for others' wounds.
His lips doth oft breathe forth a word of cheer
To aching hearts that near him pass,
While all the long night through with black despair,
He battles on, unhelped by human hands.
With arms unsteadied with the heat of noon,
Must he reach forth the cooling draught to burning
lips;
Nor must he slake his own consuming thirst
While yet there waits one other soul to drink;
He must be first in deeds which help his fellow men,
And last in that which pleasure brings unto himself.
He must, in blood drawn from the depths of his own
heart,
Write on the banner that he flings unto the breeze,
His slogan and his watchword "SACRIFICE."

—Selected

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ZION'S ADVOCATE

Official Publication of the Church of Christ

Headquarters on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Church of Christ (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri.

Entered as Second-Class Matter May 14, 1929, at the Post Office of Independence, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$1.50 In bundles of twelve or more, for missionary purposes, \$1.00. Canadian and all foreign rates, \$1.75.

Send all donations for the Temple Fund, the Storehouse, Consecrations, Tithes, Offerings, and subscriptions for the Advocate to: The Church of Christ, (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri

EDITORIAL

AS IT WAS

Forty five hundred years ago the sun shone down on a world of bustle, when men as ants for multitude scurried over the surface of the planet, each bent on earning the requirements of life or, if he was of the richer class, pursuing, perhaps, an endless round of self-gratification. The markets were filled with shop owners hawking their wares for the highest price; in the fields the slaves bent their backs in servitude; and everywhere was to be found the uniform of the soldier striding with an imperious air, shoving aside all who chanced in their way. And, of course, there was the ever-present beggar in rags and filth, with out-stretched palm for the occasional coin tossed disdainfully in his direction, more in pride than pity for a less fortunate.

On such a corner in a great metropolis stood two young men, handsome in a worldly way, of good stature for there were giants in the earth, mighty men of renown and, withal, wealthy scions of the ruling class, and they were discussing, mid gales of mighty laughter, a thing that had become a hiss and a by-word among great and small. For a hundred and twenty years crazy old Noah had been telling the people to repent for the God of Heaven was going to bring a great flood upon the earth and destroy all life.

"Why", said the younger, Jethro, "the crazy old coot ought to be locked up, if it wouldn't cost the country too much."

"Truly," spake Mahal, "the hot suns of six hundred summers has parboiled his brain. It was only yesterday that the chief scientist of the realm spit in old Noah's face amid the hearty laughter of the bystanders and told the old calamity howler that the merest infant knew that seedtime and harvest had always been."

"True," rejoined Jethro, "But no one listens to the crazy babblings of the old coot. For one hundred and twenty years he has repeated this strange tale without convincing even a beggar."

"And it is said," rejoined Mahal, "that old Noah has completed a boat to hold all the animals of the world. Perchance, rather than Noah putting the animals in his miraculous ark, the old goat will end up in the belly of the saber-tooth."

With roars of laughter that drowned the noises of the city, the proud sons of pre-flood days parted to go on their thoughtless ways.

Some distance away a procession was wending its way to the burial grounds. A costly bier was being carried along within which rested a huge old man in the eternal sleep of death, his waist-length white beard lying across his bosom, a magnificent old man with lines of strength still showing in a most remarkable face. Two women were walking beside the bier in an attitude of sadness which was not in accord with the festive mood of the main body of the procession. Rachel is speaking, "I wonder if there is a future life; if we will ever meet Uncle Methuselah alive again."

Amyrna answers in a low tone, "Our great men seem not interested in ought beyond the games and the wars. They ought to know. Perchance this is the end."

It was the same evening. A great party was being held in the palace of the Prince. It was the marriage of the Prince with the daughter of the neighboring kingdom, a uniting of power that would control the five billion people of the world. Truly it was a great political victory. Of course Mahal and Jethro were there; for the prisoners were to be thrown to wild beasts. A great event was the fight to the death between a tyranasaurus and five hundred of the prisoners. Who would miss so exciting a feature.

Jethro is speaking, "Only today old Noah was seen shouting to the crowds that the end was at hand. You should have seen the children mocking. Even babes know more than Noah." Again the roars of laughter shook the windows; only to be drowned by a mighty peal of thunder. A hush suddenly encompassed the revelers as a great darkness spread over the land. Even the slow-rising wind seemed hushed as by some great impending doom. The king, in anger, commanded that the revelers continue. But a minute later the storm struck in fury beyond the imaginings of man; the waters descended in a veritable waterfall, and the darkness was rent with the shrieks of men and animals caught in the falling buildings; as earthquake after earthquake shook the land; Rushing out to escape the tumbling buildings a frightful scene met their view; of a dark sky lighted by incessant lightning and a red glow as the neighboring mountains spewed forth in volcanic holocaust.

Forty days later a tremendous tidal wave hurtled over the highest mountain, washing the world clean of all life except a lonely ark lost in the great expanse of an endless ocean, but riding serene, untroubled by

the mighty waves that never reached it for power of the Spirit of God brooded over this portion of the turbulent seas.

Forty-five hundred years later, seedtime and harvest continues unabated. The teeming millions again have replenished the earth. It is a day when evil men and seducers have waxed worse and worse, for men are lovers of the flesh more than lovers of God. True, as in the days of Noah, a few lonely souls tell us that the world will be destroyed by fire; and preach, not an ark for 120 years, but a Zion for 130. True, it is the same, the nations of the world say in their hearts, behold these crazy old calamity howlers. Even our school children know that the flood is a myth, that man arose in his glory from a simian ancestor, seedtime and harvest continue unabated. The Spirit of God, they claim, is no longer with us. We are a good people. Churches dot the land from coast to coast.

Here and there are a few people who, even as Noah, are called of God to warn the world of the coming holocaust, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. But what are they doing: for, learn a parable of the ten virgins. All ten were sleeping until the call went out that the bridegroom cometh, and only five had oil in their lamps. Learn another parable: there were ten restoration churches; and, behold, they all slumber and sleep. Perchance five have oil in their lamps. The call goes out, Behold the bridegroom cometh. Let us pray that we have the oil of the Spirit of God. Awake! Awake! Let us us go to this coming Conference determined to expand the missionary effort to other of the heathen nations. Why should the Bicker-tonites baptize one thousand in Nigeria last year while the Temple Lot Church still slumbers? They have four missionaries in that country. We have only one. Let us awake and reach into our physical and spiritual pockets at this coming Conference and get some more missionaries into the field. Behold, it is a day of warning and the Church of Christ will either awake or else we will be on the outside with the rest of the virgins without oil in our lamps.

Elder Harvey Seibel

THE DELUGE

From the heavens streams down amain
For forty days the sleeted rain;
And from her ancient barriers free,
With a deafening roar, the sea
Comes foaming up the land.

Mother, cast thy babe aside;
Bridegroom, quit thy virgin bride;
Brother, pass thy brother by;
'Tis for life, for life ye fly!

Along the dread horizon raves
The swift advancing line of waves.
On, on, their frothy crests appear
Each moment nearer, and more near.

Urge the dromedaries speed,
Spur to death the reeling steed,
If perchance, ye yet may gain
The mountains that o'erhang the plain.

On that proud mountain's crown
The few surviving sons and daughters
Shall see their lates sun go down
Upon a boundless waste of waters.
None salutes, and none replies;
None heaves a groan or breathes a prayer;
They crouch on earth with tearless eyes
And clenched hands and bristling hair.

The rain pours on, no star illumes
The blackness of the roaring sky;
And each successive billow booms
Higher still and still more high.

And now upon the howling blast
The wreaths of spray come thick and fast;
And a great billow, by the tempest curled,
Falls with a thundering crash, and all is o'er:

And what is left of all this glorious world?
A sky without a beam, a sea without a shore.

By Macauley

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD UPON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Apostle Clarence F. Wheaton

"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."

"For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (Psa. 30:4-5).

December 24, 1958, was the last morning Angela and I were to spend in the environs of the Holy City of Old Jerusalem, at this Christmas Season. A sense of disappointment had engulfed me in spite of all the wonderful experiences we had had in visiting the hallowed places made sacred by the feet of Jesus, for I had not been able to find a certain tree-lined road or lane I had seen in vision more than thirty-five years ago. I had come to the conclusion that perhaps I was not worthy. I knew somehow that it was of a certainty, there, in the early hours before daylight, I was disturbed by fitful dreams of restlessness of spirit, and Angela, thinking I might behaving a nightmare, awakened me. Shortly, I told her that I was going to dress and take a short walk to watch the sunrise over the Mount of Olives, and possibly get a good sunrise picture, then we would have breakfast together. This was about six o'clock in the morning, and the gray dawn, with a slight fog, hung over the valleys.

Dressing and taking my camera, I bade Angela a brief goodbye, then quietly left the room so she could sleep a little longer. She was very tired from the climbing and sight-seeing of the day before, with its

long evening after the Christmas banquet, the night before. As I passed the dining room of the Y.M.C.A. where we were quartered I noticed a light in the kitchen and asked for a received a cup of hot coffee, which warmed me and gave me a needed stimulant.

In a few moments, I was in the street, walking briskly toward the Damascus Gate, one of the eight gates in the ancient walls of the city of Old Jerusalem, when, as I passed the shadow of the great wall of the Holy City, I beheld the rosy dawn in the east, across the Valley of Jehoshaphat (or Valley of the Judgment of God, Joel 3:2), with the Mount of Olives silhouetted in the background. It was magnificent! I have stood upon the Great Plains of America, upon Pike's Peak, on the Arizona Desert, on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the United States, in mid-ocean, and upon the beautiful Mediterranean Sea aboard ship, and thrilled at the glorious artistry of Nature in sunrises and sunsets, but never in all the years that have been mine upon this earth have these eyes beheld such beauty as was unfolded before me as I looked toward the Mount of Olives that morning. The beauty of it was so marvelous, so magnificent so overwhelming, that it caused my strength to be consumed, and a weakness so over came me that I felt momentarily as if I would sink to my knees from the very ecstasy of this glorious sight; and my soul was so stirred that I was made to weep as a child, for this was not just another sunrise. Mine eyes did behold the glory of the Lord, when "his feet shall (again) stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley," (Zech. 14:4), and the peaceful reign of His Kingdom shall be ushered in.

Words cannot describe the transcending beauty of that scene. I was trembling all over with the sheer joy of it, and sought vainly to get my camera into position to capture the scene so that I could preserve it in color for showing to many friends and loved ones who have lent courage and means to make it possible for us to make this pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and especially to spend this Christmas Season in the Holy City and Bethlehem. The street where I walked was far below the high walls of the Holy City and the Damascus Gate, so that I could only see just the top of the Mount of Olives and in my eagerness to get that particular view, I almost ran as I hurried along the street, blinded by the tars which streamed down my cheeks. Of this I was unashamed for I could not control my flood of emotions. Finally I reached a place which was just right, if only I could reach, quickly enough, a high elevation to get the view which would be the most desirable. I looked around, and behind me was Mt. Calvary, only a few yards away, looming above the Place of the Skull, exactly the height I needed, from which to take the picture, but there was no path, by which to scale its rugged cliffs. Nearby I saw a two story stone building with a flight of steps leading upward. These I hastily climbed, took a light reading, set my camera, and was just able to catch two hasty exposures as the sun peeped over the horizon and the glory of the rosy-petal pink of the clouds began to change to colors of gold and fire. I could not get the picture as I first saw it. Perhaps it was just as well. For that was evident-

ly something God gave me alone to see, which may not have been meant for me to capture in pictures.

So glorious was the scene I beheld, that I became oblivious to time and place. The spirit of the Lord rested upon me in great power as I realized where I stood, I sensed that it was no doubt from the Garden Tomb behind me, that Jesus must have ascended to the top of Mount Calvary that first resurrection morning, and, looking across the walls of the Holy City and beyond to the Mount of Olives, saw the same scene in all its eternal and living beauty, as the symbol of that day when all the dead shall arise, and breaking the bands of death, shall come forth to be judged and receive their reward for the works done in the flesh.

As I stood thus wrapped in the blessed mantle of His spirit, enthralled by this scene, His words came back to me which He uttered in the Temple only a few days before He was led from the Garden of Gethsemane to be tried before Pilate and crucified, and which have echoed down through the ages:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not;

"Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

"For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt. 23:37-38).

And with these thoughts, came the response of my inner-self, that if the glory of the coming of the blessed Son of God to usher in the thousand years of peace on earth, shall exceed what I had just beheld. I could not comprehend how mortal man could endure the glory of it.

People looked askance at me as they passed, no doubt wondering as to why I was weeping and so deeply moved. But I could not restrain the deep emotions which this scene stirred within my soul. All I could think of was the above words of Jesus, though in a somewhat changed form, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would He have gathered thee, but ye would not." Hurriedly descending the steps from this stone house, (as they were to a private residence), I prayed that God would help me to be worthy of beholding His glory in that day when He comes, which coming I was impressed would not be in the too distant future. To me, this one experience, of having seen this wondrous vision of the glory of God and His Christ, and the experiences which were soon to follow, was worth all and more that it had cost us to make this pilgrimage to the Holy City.

My thoughts went back to where Angela was still sleeping, torn between a desire to return and awaken her, to share this moment with her, or to just remain there under the spell of that moment to drink deeply of those spiritual fountains which had thus been opened for me, as a spring of crystal water in the desert to a thirsty man. But I realized that the transcending beauty of the scene, had for that moment passed, therefore, I might disturb her to no avail. So, torn

between my love for her and my desire to drink more deeply of this living water, I decided that I had best make an effort to reach the crest of the Mount of Olives before the sun rose higher, and while the morning was still crisp and fresh. So I hailed a nearby taxi and was driven to the top of the Mount of Olives in just a few minutes.

From the Mount of Olives, standing alone, looking toward the west, I was able to get a magnificent panoramic view of the Holy City as it was spread out before me. What a glorious sight. I was lifted up, and being lifted up, I again wept for joy, as from this high point my soul was exalted and filled with ecstasy as I was made to realize that I was standing on holy ground, and very close to where Jesus had made His last descent to pray in the Garden of Gethsemane, The Valley of Jehosphaphat, which lay between the Mount of Olives and the Old Jerusalem, was filled with shimmering clouds of mist, upon which the early morning sun was casting its soft shadows. The Holy City, was as a city in the clouds, floating above them as in a dream. For a few moments I drank in this wonderful sight, then considered the best way to descend to the valley below and to enter the city. The point where the taxi left me was near one of the old churches which was erected to the memory of the ascension of Jesus. At this early hour these churches were all closed. Angela and I had previously visited one of them on our trip there together our first day in Jordan.

When we had visited this Church of the Ascension before, we had seen they had a small slab of stone encased in a wooden frame in the floor, in which a foot-print could be clearly seen. They claim, that according to tradition, this foot-print was made by Jesus, in the soft earth at the time of His ascension into heaven, and now was hardened into stone, similar to the stucco reliefs in the temples of Palenque, in the Chiapas Jungles of Mexico. Thus, if this tradition is true, this was the very spot where Jesus had come, after His crucifixion and resurrection from the dead, and "shewed himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, (at one time on the Galilee, John 21:1 to 25), and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; and being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me." For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (Acts 1:3-5).

And further instructing them, and revealing the extent of their calling, it is related:

"And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight.

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel;

"Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

"Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the Mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey." (A little over a mile), (Acts 1:9-12).

After surveying for a few minutes this wondrous vista of the Holy City, I decided to walk around among the old churches for awhile before descending to the foot of the Mount. I started to follow a narrow street that led off to the other side of the Mount of Olives to the east, where I thought I might get a good view of the early morning sun as it thus arose majestically over the Dead Sea, which lay almost four thousand feet below me. Here again I was greeted by a transcendently beautiful sight. As far as the eye could see, the sun was shining down upon a blanket of misty clouds which hung over the sea. It reminded me of our first view of the early morning sunrise from Pike's Peak after we had climbed to its summit back in the summer of 1927. Here was a riot of color in the clouds. And far away, the tops of the mountains of Moab, and Mt. Nebo where Moses got his first view of the Promised Land, reared their heads in the morning light.

Climbing to a small hill near by, I prepared to take another sunrise picture, and as I did so, I was hailed, in Arabic, by a group of men who were busy slaughtering a sheep in the shadows of a building close by, telling me not to take pictures of them. A young lad, who was on his way to school and who spoke English, joined me, to walk along with me, and told me they wanted: "baksheesh," that is, money for taking their picture. I told them I was interested in getting pictures of the sunrise, and went ahead and took the picture I wanted.

This lad was about 12 years old, a Christian Arab, very friendly, who was on his way to catch a bus to take him to a mission school in the Old City. But like all boys in these places, he was ready to make some fils (Arabian pennies), showing the tourists the Holy places, so he continued to accompany me and to guide me to places of interest. At one place the lad told me that if the police knew he had brought me there that they would get after him. This place was just below the top of the Mount of Olives on the side facing the Old City and about a kilometer down.

It was perhaps in this vicinity that Orson Hyde, of the first Council of Twelve in these last days, knelt and prayed in October 1841, when he was here on a mission for the early church. The inspiration of this scene is reflected in the beautiful and inspiring prayer that he offered for the return of Israel to Palestine. These thoughts and many others crowded my mind as I stood thus upon the side of the Mount of Olives.

Here to my surprise I found myself in the midst of an overgrown battlefield of the late War of Liberation. As I stood contemplating the scene before me, a young man approached, and my young guide told me he was deaf and dumb from birth. As I offered to shake hands with him he drew back as if afraid. I still proffered my hand and with a feeling of deep sympathy, beckoned him not to be afraid; and when he hesitantly took my hand, I felt directed to offer prayer of compassion for him to Israel's God, and to my God, that he would be healed of this condition. When the prayer

was finished, to my surprise and wonderment he spoke in the Arabic a few words, almost inarticulate, in which, being interpreted by the surprised young lad, he had expressed a desire for me to petition his government to help him. This I could not do of course, but pointing upward, told him that my petition had been directed to a Higher Power, the Lord. With that he nodded his head and passed on.

Turning to the boy, my voluntary guide, I persuaded him that I did not need a guide and that it was wrong for him to miss school to go with me, and that to be a good Christian he should get all the schooling he could while he was young. Unfortunately, I had run out of small coins, after having paid him what he had asked for an old coin which he had found and evidently carried for a long time, and could not give him the "baksheesh" which I felt he was entitled to for his good company. So here he left me, gathered up his books, and went on his way to school.

I was again permitted to pursue my solitary meditations and thoughts which had been with me since before arising and starting this trek, as I stood drinking in the scene before me. Here I was in the midst of one of the battlefields of the late War of Liberation fought by the Jews and Arabs, which culminated in 1948, resulting in the establishing of Israel, as a sovereign State, for the first time in 1800 years. I realized it was near this same place so long ago, that the Roman Legions who were to take Jesus prisoner, must have been camped. Over these same hills, where Jesus and His disciples had walked so many years ago on their way down to the Garden of Gethsemane, the Ishmaelites (Arabs) and Israelites (Jews), both the seed or offspring of Abraham were again locked in their age-old quarrel for supremacy, as the children of promise according to the covenant of the Lord made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Yet they could live together in peace, if they would. There is sufficient area where they could all live a fruitful life as brothers, if they would do so; but because of ambitious men who seek political power, the strife was, and is, continually stirred among them.

These were my thoughts, as I stood there, and wondered how many lives had been lost in these trenches and the open fields between the Mount and the Holy City which lay across the Valley of Jehoshaphat at my feet. For as I stood there leaning against a small pine tree, my vision encompassed the whole of the City with its massive walls. Immediately before me was the Dome of the Rock which covers the very place where Abraham had bound Isaac, upon an altar and was willing to sacrifice him as commanded of the Lord; for the Lord had said to him, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." (Gen. 22:2). Here also, Solomon built the first Temple, over this very Rock, about 690 B.C. as related in Chronicles, "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite." (II Chron. 3:1). This Temple was destroyed by the Babylonians in 587 B.C., thir-

teen years after Lehi and his colony of Israelites had departed to America to escape the Babylonian captivity as he had been warned of the Lord. (I Nephi 1:3 to 33). After the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, from the Babylonian captivity, Cyrus, King of Persia, gave Nehemiah authority to return, about 520 B.C. and rebuild it, and this Second Temple was in turn destroyed by the Romans during the Jewish Revolt in 70 A.D., and from then to this day, this Temple has never been rebuilt, just as Jesus said, "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." (Mark 13:2). And indeed it is true. For this rock protrudes out of the ground, a part of the bed-rock about 3 to 9 feet high, about 50 feet long, east and west, and 40 feet wide. And not even one foundation stone of the Jewish temple remains. Over the site of this Rock (Moriah), Jews, Arabs, Christians, Turks, Crusaders and Moslems have fought and rebuilt temples; and today it is the shrine of the Moslems over and around which they have erected the Mosque of Omar (the Dome of the Rock) from which they claim Muhammad ascended into heaven.

All these historical events, and more, passed through my mind as I stood there on the side of Mount Olivet, and drank in this scene of ageless beauty and moving events. From this point I could see the tower of the Church of the Dormition on Mount Zion beyond, now in Israel, with the ancient synagogue nearby with its Upper Room where Jesus and His disciples prepared and partook of the Last Supper together, and where also they say David was buried. In the foreground was the massive walls of the city, with its Temple area, the Golden Gate, now sealed, which had given entrance to this area, and further north the Sheep Gate, through which in ancient times the Rabbis came out to the sheep market nearby to select the sheep for sacrifices from the flocks gathered there, and through which the Roman Legions led Jesus as a prisoner after the betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane. And still further north across the corner of the Wall of the City, I could see in the bright morning sunlight Calvary and the faint outline of the beautiful Garden Tomb nestled close to its side. How long I stood there, entranced by what my eyes beheld, I do not know. This was the scene which Jesus must have looked upon that afternoon long ago, when he too descended along this same hillside to the Garden of Gethsemane to pray. Here I waited for the mist and clouds to pass, and the light to be right for my color pictures, and took them. My soul was so stirred by this magnificent sight that I wept with emotion, unashamed, lost in reverie, for here I was living over again, and again, the experiences I had had many years ago, when I, in vision had seen Angela and I

visit this same area, concerning which I have written in the Zion's Advocate and in tract form in bygone years.

I was brought back to reality by the snap of a twig a short distance away. Turning, I beheld a man, about middle age, who had evidently been silently regarding me for some time, and I had not heard him approach. He was dressed in the khaki uniform of an officer, and wore a red fez upon his head. When I realized he was there, my first thought was that he was

of the police, and thought perhaps I was trespassing. So I approached him, introduced myself, and asked if I were in a prohibited area. He assured me that I was not, and offered to guide me down to more advantageous points of interest. As we descended he pointed out to me several of the shrines, some of which I had seen in company with Angela on our previous tour of this area a few days before.

At one point on this Old, Old Path, my guide paused and very reverently said, "This was the spot where Jesus wept over Jerusalem," as it was said in the scripture:

"And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; . . . And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it," etc. (Luke 19:37-41).

I also wept, as did my guide, and again my thoughts recalled my words of the earlier morning hours, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would He have gathered thee but ye would not." We continued to descend the path, and passing through the grounds of an old church, by permission of the monks there, he opened a gate which led to a narrow road, enclosed with high stone walls on either side.

For some reason, I was immediately made aware that I was upon familiar ground. Yet never before, in my life had I put foot upon this road, not even when Angela was with us a few days before on our previous trip to this vicinity. Then, as I looked about me for some familiar object by which I could recognize my surroundings, all at once I knew where I was. It was the old way from Mount Olivet, which Angela and I had traveled in vision, so many years ago! I stood there for a long interval trying to orientate myself, when I realized that my guide was standing patiently to one side, watching me with a kindly smile and a questioning look in his eye. Again the tears came, and I could see moisture in his eyes as well. I was almost afraid to form the questions I felt compelled to ask him. But as I studied his expression, I felt a confidence to ask my questions without fear that he would mock me. The road, as I have said, was familiar to me, the way it ascended and descended the Mount from where I stood, as well as the worn stones in it, and what was left of the ancient cobblestone pavement. There was one question which puzzled me. It was these high stone walls on either side which enclosed it. I ventured my question: "My friend, how long have these walls been built which flank this narrow road?" He answered, "These walls were built about one hundred years ago, because of the claims of contending religious parties to the ownership and access to the road." On one side the Christian churches and the Garden of Gethsemane, and on the other an old Jewish Cemetery which contained the Prophet's Tomb. In this way the road was made public property for free access to people of all religions.

With his information given me, I ventured my next question, "Tell me, was there olive trees on the sides of this road prior to the building of this wall?" And the

answer was, as I had expected it, "Yes, from Bible times, this had been the main road from the Old City to the top of Mount Olivet, and great olive trees grew on its sides similar to those in the Garden of Gethsemane; some were destroyed by the Turks, others were cut to make way for the walls." So, there it was, just as I had seen it in vision over thirty-five years before. When he told me this, I could not hold back the flood of emotion and tears and as he looked at me in concern, I related that thirty-five odd years ago, I had walked up this road in vision, and in that vision I had seen the old olive trees on either side. I enjoyed the spirit of the Lord very much in telling him about this experience, and discerned that he was of the seed of Ismael (Arabian), though a Christian, I said to him, "My friend, you may not realize it, but under the skin we are brothers. You having in your veins the blood of Abraham and Hagar, the bond woman. I have in mine the blood of Manasseh, the son of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt by his brothers and who later married the daughter of the priest of Pharaoh, who was also of Ismael, thus we are both descendants of Abraham, you as an Arab, and I as an American Indian, therefore we and the Jews are brothers!"

For a few brief moments he reached out and clasped my hands in his in acknowledgement of what I had said. He with his red fez of the Christian Arab, me with a beret on my head; and silently we shed tears together. I then learned that he was not a policeman but one of the government guards of antiques, and that he felt impressed to show me the holy places which were not shown to the usual tourist.

We continued our journey a short distance further, when he paused before a small marble column set in a niche in the wall. It was about eight inches in diameter, and two feet high. This column of beautiful reddish gold colored marble, marked the spot where Judas betrayed Jesus, (Luke 22:39-53), and he said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" A little further along, the wall ended and there was just a low parapet, with a iron fence above it. Here my guide again paused, and told me that it was here that Jesus, when he "rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and pray lest ye enter into temptation." He "was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast," which was the distance from the place that my guide told me the disciples had slept, to the marker where Judas had betrayed him.

Beyond the iron fence was a large mound of natural rock with hollows where the disciples had lain to protect themselves, as they slept, from the raw night breezes which sweep up the valley from the Dead Sea. I tried, without success to find a position where I could take pictures of this place. It was in vain, and when my guide saw the situation, he again beckoned me to follow, and we passed down the walled road to a gate and entered the grounds of the Garden of Gethsemane, where the gardeners were busy stirring the soil and watering the beautiful roses and other flowers which grew among the ancient olive trees, which some say have stood there since the days of Christ. Here

(continued on page 43)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

NOTE: We solicit articles for this department written in an affirmative manner. An affirmative article is one in which a belief, or an opinion, is expressed, and evidences presented to support that belief. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE THE OPINION OF THE AUTHOR AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH OR THE OPINIONS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

WHAT THE CHURCHES OF MEN TEACH ABOUT THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST

The writer was once asked what his church, (the Restoration Church) taught about the Atonement of Christ, and if we believed in the Atonement? What would have been your answer to this question? Does the Restoration church teach differently to the churches of the world? Let us first try to ascertain what the churches of men teach on this subject. The Catholic church teach, as they have for more than a thousand years, that if one dies without having been inducted into the church they go to Hell where they burn in its flames for ever and ever. Little children are no exception, if they have not been as they teach, baptized, (sprinkled with water.)

About the Sixteenth century, the Reformation had its birth through such men as Martin Luther, Calvin, Knox, Jonathan Edwards, Wesley, Spurgeon, Roger Williams and others.

We should think these men who left the Catholic church to reform certain of its teachings would have changed their teachings on the Atonement of Christ and the final destiny of man. However, history does not record any change in this teaching; and reformation teachers vied with each other in painting the most horrid word pictures of those burning in Hell. Jonathan Edwards is reported to have taught, "When a million years have passed, it will just be breakfast time in Hell." These preachers seemed to have never shown why if God is a God of love and mercy and justice, that he should cause men to burn for ages in Hell, and then bring them out to the judgment, judge them, then send them into the Lake of Fire and Brimstone?

When the writer was studying in one of the leading protestant church schools for the ministry, this subject was a part of the course in Theology. In this, we were taught the same as the Catholic church had taught for centuries. This failed to take into account how the atonement affected those dieing in infancy and childhood, or those who were not capable of reasoning, which we sometimes refer to as Idiots; of those who never had an opportunity to hear of Christ or his atoning death. To the churches of men, there are only two places to go after death. One is Heaven, the other is Hell. If we have not as they say "professed religion and joined the church, we die and go to Hell, every last one, babies and all. If we join the church, we are taken to Heaven at death, every last one regardless of what kind of life lived after joining the church, or having been sprinkled with water as an infant. So, if we miss Hell by an inch, we land in Heaven. If we miss Heaven by an inch, we land in Hell. This is the teaching of all the churches of men, Catholic and Protestant.

There has been some discussion of late regarding Purgatory of the Catholic church. We find from history that this teaching came forth many hundreds of years after the church began, in order to bring more money into the church; just as the sale of Indulgences was to bring money for the building of St. Peters church in Rome, which caused Martin Luther to break with the church. Purgatory was and is for members of that church because as they teach, one cannot live a life so pure that there are a few sins they commit which have not been confessed to the Priest (Father); therefore at death they must go to this intermediary place, (Purgatory) where they may be cleansed of all unconfessed sins so as to enter Heaven. We have heard of the story of the Irishman whose father had died and for his release from Purgatory he had paid considerable money to the Priest, but was told that he was out all but one foot. The Irishman rebelled against paying more money for as he said his father was always quick on the trigger, and he believed he would jerk his foot loose and come out.

Another teaching stressed at the time the Restoration church came forth, was that all infants dying without baptism were consigned to hell to burn along with the most incorrigible sinner. Into this situation, came the boy of Palmyra in 1820, where in the woods on a spring morning, he was told to join none of the churches for their teaching was an abomination before God. We need not enter into a discussion of his having talked with an angel, or having told this to the preacher in the village and being rebuffed by him because he thought God had not spoken to man for 1,800 years. The leaders of the Restoration church began at once to teach that all men are punished for their own sins and not those of another. That men will be rewarded for all the good they do, and be punished for all the bad deeds they do. That when men have paid the penalty for their sins, they shall come out of the prison house (hell). They quoted such scriptures as Christ's words, "Behold I come quickly and my reward is with me to give to every man as his works (life) has been." Agree with thine adversary whilst thou art in the way with him lest he deliver thee to the judge and thou be cast into prison and thou shalt not come out of till thou hast paid the uttermost (last) farthing." They also quoted such scriptures from Isaiah as chapters 24, 42, 47, 49, 61, in which it was prophesied that Christ would go into the prison house and say to the captives, go forth, after the opening of the prison doors; which showed as the early restoration preachers taught that when men had paid the penalty for their sins, they would be delivered from the prison; and they cited the manner of our courts of the land assessing penalties according to the crime committed; one who was convicted of stealing a hog would not be required to spend as long time in prison

as one who murdered, raped, or robbed. They taught that Christ went to Hell, (prison house) and preached to the spirits in prison and cited such scriptures as David, Psalm 16, in which he said; "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption," and Peter's words, I Peter 3:18, and 4:6, that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison, . . . that they might be judged according (as) men are judged in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." Also, Christ's words to John on Patmos; "I was dead, am alive and have the keys of hell and of death."

The preachers of the world charged that the restoration preachers taught a second chance after death; but were answered that it was not a second chance, but every one born into the world, who reached the age of accountability, know right from wrong, must have at least once chance to hear the gospel of Christ. If this was not possible in this life, then somewhere they must be given this opportunity; or else God would be unjust to send them to Hell where they would burn for ever and ever, unless they had opportunity to either accept or reject the proffered atonement Christ made for the sins of all men.

The preachers of the world still charge that the restoration preachers teach a second chance after death. The preachers of the restoration church offered scriptures in support of their claims; this is what they do today; feeling they were not responsible for teachings of David, Isaiah, Peter, Christ, but must accept the plain statements given by inspiration of God.

On February 16, 1832 Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had a vision, as they reported, in which they saw Jesus Christ, in the bosom of his father, testifying that he still lives for they had seen him. In this experience, they were shown the final destiny of all men. Those who had kept the celestial law, coming forth to celestial glory as exemplified by the brilliance of the sun. Those who had not kept all the celestial law, coming forth to a lesser glory, as exemplified by the moon; while those who had heard the gospel through Christ in the prison house, would come forth to a still lesser brilliant glory as exemplified by the stars; offering Paul's words "For one star differeth from another star in glory. So, also, is the resurrection of the dead." While all who had been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, tasted of the heavenly gift, who had fallen away, would come forth without any glory at all; being sons of perdition. The preachers of the world taught opposite these teachings in 1830, and so teach today.

The question naturally arises, if the Church of Christ teach today as the early preachers of the restoration taught? For answer we refer to the vote of the entire church in 1941, in which it was stated; the Church of Christ with headquarters on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri, is a continuation of the church organized by Joseph Smith in 1830, and in harmony with its teachings in doctrine, faith, practice and organization. "This was also a line of defense in the Temple Lot suit.

One of the members of the church, who from standpoint of years in the church, wrote a few months ago,

that the teaching of degrees in glory and punishment had been taught in the Church of Christ from 1832 until the present time." There is perhaps no one in the church better qualified to state what the church has taught from 1832 to the present time, than this member. In view of these, we believe we are in keeping with the church of the early restoration, as well as the church today, in believing there will be degrees in glory and punishment in the hereafter.

In closing, may we repeat the query made to us: "Does your church believe in the atonement of Christ?" My answer was: we believed in the atonement of Christ perhaps stronger than other churches believe; for we believe that every person born who reach the age of accountability to know right from wrong, must have opportunity to either accept or reject the proffered gift of Christ's atonement. That it embraces provision for all children, and those incapable of reasoning to be saved in the kingdom of God; that we do not believe babies will be consigned to the flames of Hell, neither those who are feeble minded; but since his atonement is an infinite atonement, it must embrace all men; all from the creation of Adam, until the last soul born into the world in flesh. That all men will be rewarded for all the good they do; for we read that Christ said even a cup of cold water given in his name would be rewarded. Also that all men must pay the penalty for their sown sins, not for those of another."

Elder Laurie V. Aldridge

A CALL TO YOUTH

No. 7

"Oh, Merciful God Have I Fallen So Low?"

There are only two ways which mankind can follow, the one is to follow Jesus, the other is to follow the way of evil. Each one of us must make that choice, "which way shall we go?"

The Apostles of old had placed their feet on the right way, having left all to follow Jesus, and to do His will. In this study we wish to consider some of the incidents in the lives of two of these Apostles to see if we can learn a little more about the guide marks which point out the two ways of life. These two Apostles are Peter and Judas.

Peter had walked with Christ and ministered for Him and the church for three and a half years. He had witnessed countless miracles brought about by the matchless power of Jesus, and had learned the priceless truths of the gospel from His lips. It had even been revealed to Peter that Jesus was the Christ the Son of the Living God, and this knowledge came to Peter from the Father in Heaven. Peter, with the other disciples had been sent by Jesus to preach the gospel in the cities of Judea, and on returning they came to Him again, rejoicing in their work of the ministry for the sick had been healed, and even the devils were subject to them.

Yet notwithstanding all these wonderful experiences, when the time of trial came and Jesus was taken before the Jewish authorities, such human fear and

weakness came upon the Apostles that they left Jesus and fled for fear of the Jews.

Peter followed Jesus and His captors afar off, and entering the courtyard waited to see the end of the matter. But when he was accosted by some who accused him of being a follower of Jesus, Peter's human fears overcame him and he denied Jesus thrice even with cursing. Then as the cock crew Jesus turned and looked at Peter! Oh, what an eloquent look of love that must have been, and yet such a look of sorrow! For that look sank deep into Peter's heart while the crowing of the cock reminded him that Jesus had warned him that such denials would spring from his lips ere this night was over. Peter had not believed it possible that he should fall so low. Now struck by the enormity of his falsehood, and recognizing the look of suffering love on Jesus' face, his great shame cut to the quick and Peter went away and wept bitterly. Such is the contrition of a truly repentant soul.

Peter never forgot his fall, but because of faith and repentance his sin did not conquer him. He continued to serve and by the help of the Holy Spirit Peter preached so great a sermon condemning the Jews of the foul deed of the crucifixion of Christ that many people were turned from their sins and three thousand were added to the church in one day.

The contrite soul who has faith to repent does so with godly sorrow, and such repentance brings forth forgiveness, and such a soul is strengthened in righteousness.

But let us consider Judas. He, too, had walked with Christ and witnessed all the marvelous and wonderful works and miracles, he also had part in preaching the gospel as had Peter, James, John and the other of the twelve.

One wonders how he could have fallen so low as to be willing to betray his Master and Savior for thirty pieces of silver! But the downward path—the broad way that leadeth to destruction is easier for anyone to follow; while the deceitfulness of riches, and the things of this world are such that we may not be aware that we have gotten onto the wrong path until it's very steepness carries us along with such a headlong rush we come to the point of destruction before we realize it. So it was with Judas.

The deceitfulness of riches combined with covetousness is what started Judas on the wrong path. The twelfth chapter of John tells us that Judas was entrusted with the common funds when Jesus and His Apostles traveled together, and that he stole from the bag small amounts for his own good and pleasure. Then again, when Mary anointed Jesus's feet with costly ointment, Judas grumbled saying, "This ointment could have been sold for 300 pence and given to the poor. But John tells us that Judas did not say this because of any real compassion for the poor, but rather that he might have it for his own desires.

Judas's final act of avariceness and covetousness came in his willingness to betray Jesus into the hands of murderers for thirty pieces of silver.

We are told he made the agreement and then

sought opportunity to betray Jesus, so the deed was one of premeditated intention.

All the time Jesus patiently endeavored to help Judas and lead him into ways of righteousness. Jesus knew what Judas was doing but still He loved him, and even as He was betrayed when Judas led into the garden to take Him, Jesus went forward to meet Judas and greeted him as "friend" in a last loving effort to reach Judas's wicked heart.

It seems very probable that Judas expected that Jesus would use His miraculous power to escape from His enemies. Certainly Judas had witnessed many wonderful things and up to that time did not doubt Jesus's power. But also Judas must not have understood or believed the various statements which Jesus had made from time to time concerning his death.

The shocking realization of what he had done came to Judas when he learned Jesus was condemned to the cross, he rushed to the priests to try to undo his evil deed. They laughed in his face! The headlong downward rush of despair and sorrow was upon Judas. The primrose path he had followed with the alluring sunset of promise ahead, had suddenly changed into a skull and crossbones dripping red blood in death. Death for Jesus on the cross, death for Judas on the end of a rope hanged by himself.

There is no doubt but that Judas's sorrow was exceedingly real. He was completely aghast at the results of his awful deed, but his sorrow was not mixed with faith, for if he had not understood Jesus's predictions of His death, neither had Judas understood nor believed Jesus's predictions of His resurrection. With faith gone Judas could not have a godly sorrow unto repentance.

Had his faith remained as did Peter's Judas's sorrow could have been that of true repentance. Had he gone to the foot of the cross and acknowledged his sins with a contrite cry, "Oh, Merciful God I have fallen so low!" the boundless love of Christ would have forgiven him and given comfort to his soul.

THE LIFE DECREED FROM THE BEGINNING

Perplexed by sorrow, pain, and daily cares
How oft we hear some puzzled human cry,
"Whence came mankind, what purpose has this life,
Oh, whither does it lead, and why am I?"

"If God be there, then why does He permit
So many dreadful deeds; crime, bloodshed, war,
Fear, shame, disease, pain, poverty and death,
Quakes, floods, great storms which sweep from shore
to shore?"

Oh hear ye! Let the Lord make answer now,
For He is just and true with love abounding
In mercy for weak, wicked, sinful man,
Whose sins enmesh him in his sad surrounding.

God hath created of one flesh and blood
The teeming billions of our human kind;
To have dominion over all the earth,
To serve Him with their strength, and heart, and mind.

All things are known by God from first to last
And He hath planned for each of us a place;
Still He has given each his own free will;
The choice is left up to the human race.

Two paths are set for us; one right, one wrong.
In choosing self to serve, we soon shall find
Our service rendered to proud Lucifer
Who first chose self, and he our wills doth bind.

Entangled by his flaxen evil snare
We are enslaved by hate, and force, and greed;
While all the ills of earth rule o'er our lives
Thus snared, men cannot by themselves be freed.

Many there be who walk this downward path,
A pleasant camouflaged, attractive lure,
Where rosy sunset at the nether end
Gives a false promise which shall not endure.

Pleasures of sin are but a veil of lies
To obscure the end which waits their final breath.
The rosy sunset changes at the last
To skull and cross bones, which drip red blood in
death.

But oh! How blest are ye if thou dost choose
To walk the straight and narrow upward way;
Though rough the path, and rugged be the climb,
To reach the realms of Everlasting Day.

Where God through love supreme has long prepared
Great things, of which our minds cannot conceive.
All this He does because He first loved us,
And longs our earthly sorrows to relieve.

If we accept and live that righteous life
Which God first planned and by Him was decreed;
We'll do His will and humbly bow the knee,
In reverence walk where'er God's hand shall lead.

Lovita Seibel

"MINE EYES HAVE SEEN"

(continued from page 39)

he sought to go through a gate so that we could get a better view of the place where the disciples had slept, but the gardener directed us to go inside and get permission from the monks who were in charge, (they were of the Franciscan Order). At first they refused, but at the insistence of my guide, who continued to speak persuasively to them in Arabic, they gave a reluctant consent, and impatiently waved us toward the front of their church to a gate which would give us entrance to this sacred spot.

So, with this consent, we left the Garden proper and followed along the outside wall to a high iron gateway, where we found the hidden bolt that locked it. As we started to enter we were hailed by a workman at the instruction of another priest from across the road, and forbidden to enter. Again my guide used his persuasion, and again received reluctant permission. It was explained later that the ordinary tourist was not permitted to enter these grounds, therefore the reluctance to give us permission to enter. Here pictures were again taken and the historical significance of this place

was told me by my guide. What a thrill! What an experience! For here in this guarded and revered plot, I was actually permitted to set my feet on ground where I had stood in vision so long ago, and to see, this time, with my natural eyes, the same spots. On a part of this area the Church of All Nations is built, by contributions from every nation. A corner of this beautiful structure covers a part of the massive rock formation where the disciples slept, a part of the rock protruding through the wall and into the main auditorium.

Leaving this area, we walked together to the tomb of Mary the mother of Jesus where a church is erected. This place, Angela and I had visited on our previous tour together, so I did not feel inclined to see it again. Outside this place, my guide and I conversed about our families and the things they are now doing. We talked about our Lord, and the many interests this historic area holds for all of us. He pointed out the Sheep Gate (Stephen's Gate), and indicated that it was along the way we had just passed that "the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away to Annas first; for he was the father-in-law to Caiaphas, which was the high priest that same year." (John 18:12-14). And that he bade me goodbye and we parted.

Never will I forget the experiences of this blessed morning. Where did this man come from? Did the Lord direct our paths so that they would meet just where they did? Could he discern that I was searching for some particular place? What is the answer? I know not, except that if it had not been for his kindly approach and the subsequent trip to these out of the way places, off the tourist's beaten path, I would have left the Holy City with a sad disappointment; for I would not have seen these places he guided me to, which I had in vision, seen so many years ago without his aid.

So, I left him there, and climbed the hill to the Sheep Gate, and as I stood without the walls studying its architecture, I saw some of the Jordanian guards with their spiked helmets, and a group of touring Swedish soldiers of the United Nations group about, and some of the natives in their native costumes, so familiar to those worn in Bible times, pass in and out through the gate. Of these I took pictures, and then I too passed through the gate; and after proceeding a short distance, turned to take a photo of the same gate from within the wall. To my delight shepherds from the hills were coming through the gate with a band of sheep on the way to market. I took pictures of this scene too which was so typical of the time when Jesus "was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." (Isa. 52:7). For it was through this very gate that the Son of man was taken to judgment before Pilate, and later along the same street, now called the Via Dolorosa (The Way of Sorrow) he carried his Cross to Calvary to be crucified. Along this street I now passed, and came to one of the ancient arches over it and sought to take another picture. As I walked along this Old Way I noticed an absence of the cobble stone pavement which I had observed in my vision. This was explained later by an article which appeared in the Jerusalem post. In part it reads:

"Donkeys used to be the only means of transport in the streets where no cars or bicycles can maneuver; this was picturesque (though) unpleasant for the shoppers who were knocked against the wall by those overladen beasts or who failed to notice the trail of manure. Even camels were apt to peer into the first floor windows. This has all been dealt with. The cobble stones have been cemeted over to facilitate the washing of the streets."

However, or some of the streets the cobble stones were still to be seen. Another interesting fact concerning this early morning walk was that, though I had followed the Via Dolorosa with its "Stations of the Cross" from the place of Pilate's Pretorium where Jesus had been put in prison, to the church of the Holy Sepulchre the day before; as I now continued my way from there, I some how missed the street which went to the "Holy Sepulchre" with the city walls and came out at the Damascus Gate, just as I had done in vision so many years before. Later, in reading a small booklet, we had obtained at the Garden Tomb, I learned that "the belief that Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre were situated 'without the gate' on the north side of the city wall, was sufficiently established and widespread to cause the cartographer Christianus Adrichom, in his detailed plans of Jerusalem, (dated 1584) executed and dedicated to, the then Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cologne, to place and depict the scene of the passion in almost the precise position now occupied by Gordon's Calvary and the Garden Tomb. It also shows the successive "Stations of the Cross" on a "Via Dolorosa" which diverges from the traditional one, and runs in a nearly direct line from Pilate's Pretorium through the Damascus Gate to the "Place of the Skull." (See the Garden Tomb, page 36-37). So, again, and unwittingly, I was guided, this time not by a man, but by the Spirit, to find the right Way of the Cross which led "without the camp" through the Damascus Gate to Calvary and the Garden where Jesus was laid in a "new sepulchre" which was hewn out of the solid rock by Joseph Arimathea.

Looking at my watch, I was astonished to learn that I had been away from the hotel for four hours. I hastened there, knowing Angela would be awake and worried. There I found her walking the floor, crying, and greatly distressed for fear I had fallen, gotten lost, or that other mishap had befallen me. When I told her my experiences, her tears turned from apprehension to those of joy, and she said, "I am glad that I did not go with you, I am glad that you had this experience and that you had it alone. Thank the Lord! We were together again, both weeping as two little children, with joy that we were together again without mishap and that I had had a confirmation of my vision of so long ago. That is, most of it; for in that vision I had had the experience of pointing out to her the various points of interest which I have above related. This I could not have done, had I not made the pilgrimage alone, first. Now, look forward to seeing the conclusion of this part of the experience. We may be able to cross again into Jordan at Easter time. Will I then show her these places? I hope so. Then what? In the vision, this scene was changed, and we returned to our home in Independence, Mo., and beheld the Temple of the Lord

there, and the coming of the Lord, and the gathering of his people to the Zion in Joseph's land, from every nation under heaven. With them I sang a new song, part of which was, "O Zion Lift Up Your Gates and Sing, For Your King Has Come, Hosanna in the Highest, Hosanna To Your King." When will this be? I know not. But this much I do know that that day will be more glorious than anything thus far experienced by mankind. I have been told in prophesy that I would live to see the coming of the Lord. Who knows? Whether it shall be in the body or out of the body, it makes no difference. The thing that counts is, is to be there, with you, and all the holy prophets, the saints of God, and the heavenly concourse of angels, to meet him in that day when he shall come to his Temple. Therefore, may the Lord keep you, and preserve you all, in the unity of the faith in Christ, till we meet again.

Written from the Holy Land January 6, 1959.

Most sincerely your brother in Christ,

Clarence L. Wheaton
Member of the Council of
Twelve Apostles, Church of
Christ (Temple Lot)
Independence, Missouri

CONFERENCE ANNOUNCEMENT

Ten o'clock in the morning, Monday, April 6, 1959 has been appointed as the opening of the Ministers' Conference of the Church of Christ with headquarters on the Temple Lot.

Easter will have been well past by that time, so you may wear your new Easter clothes to conference. Undoubtedly some will wish to arrive before Sunday and I feel safe in saying that all visitors will be most welcome in the meetings of our two Independence Local churches. The major meetings of the morning in these two places will very likely be sacrament services as is customary the first Sunday of the month. That will give the visitors a chance to meet with the local people in their local meetings and renew and make new many acquaintances and friendships.

Our private wire to the Dining Hall Committee reveals that they have some pleasant surprises for us this year. However, as in years before, I'm sure they will gladly receive any donations for food, etc. Look for their names in the Directory shown elsewhere, in this Advocate.

Another committee to look up is the Reception Committee. They're supposed to help visitors locate places to sleep while at Conference. They can do a lot better job of helping you if you let them know you are coming and when you expect to arrive and how long you plan to stay. Also tell them who is in your party, age, male or female, and how many can bunk together.

If anyone can bring a skill at shorthand and typing, that also will be most welcome. There very likely will be an effort to do something new and different with the matter of secretarying the conference this time. One of the elements which has been present in the conference secretary operation since before some of the voting membership were born is beginning to fray a little and

rip out at the seams. The old firehorse is slower answering the gong and skids a little on the corners. So skillful and willing hands will come in handy. Previous practice has been to use whatever qualified help shows up.

When you get to conference this year, look for the little white church with a fresh coat of paint (put on last fall), the cheerful grins, the extended hands of welcome and the joyful clamor of old and new friends and acquaintances greeting one another.

Unfortunately, all who read this will not find it possible to be at conference. You may still participate and be a powerful force for good. Your prayers may well be the thing which will tip the balance in favor of progress and spiritual growth. Satan also knows we will have a conference.

Pray for the conference that God will favor it, for the work's sake. Pray that God will give us brains, wisdom, judgment, foresight, patience, restraint, charity; and the best conference this church has seen in years.

Insofar as this conference may be disposed to follow the decision of the last conference to print the conference minutes in full and publish all the reports, I have a request to make.

Please make out all reports and communications to the conference in typing and double spacing between the lines to simplify their preparation for publication. This is a request . . . not a law. All reports and communications will be gladly received. These, if intended for the attention of the conference, may be sent either to Wm. A. Sheldon, Secretary of the Council of Twelve, or simply to Secretary of the Conference, Box 472, Independence, Missouri.

Respectfully,

Forest E. Maley
General Church Secretary

DIRECTORY

Officers and Committees of
The Church of Christ (T. L.)

Council of Twelve Apostles:

William F. Anderson - missionary at large.
619 S. Chrysler St., Independence, Missouri.
Field Address: Itit - Eto Western Nsit
Uyo, % Post Office Box 12,
Abak, Nigeria, West Africa.

Thomas E. Barton — missionary as circumstances permit. Hayden, Colorado.

Archie F. Bell — missionary to Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, Northern California, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah & Washington. Ava, Missouri.

B. C. Flint — Missionary to Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Upper Michigan & Wisconsin, associated with Wm. A. Sheldon. 209 S. Chrysler St., Independence, Missouri.

Leon A. Gould — missionary to Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota. Rt. 1, Bemidji, Minnesota.

Don W. Housknecht — missionary to Massachusetts, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, Delaware and Canada east of a line between Manitoba and Ontario. 205 E. Shiawassee, Fenton, Michigan.

T. J. Jordan — missionary to Canada west of a line between Manitoba and Ontario, British Columbia and Alaska. 142 Pioneer Village, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

R. R. Robertson — missionary to Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. Puryear, Tennessee.

William A. Sheldon—missionary to Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Upper Michigan and Wisconsin, associated with B. C. Flint. 1011 S. Cottage, Independence, Missouri.

Arthur M. Smith—missionary to Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas. Ava, Missouri.

Clarence L. Wheaton—missionary to Israel, Palestine. c/o LeRoy Wheaton, 412 S. Hocker St., Independence, Missouri. (Field address, 17 Kiryat Moshe, Petah Hikvah, Israel.)

E. Leon Yates—missionary to Arizona, Colorado, Southern California, and the Republic of Mexico. 2040½ Hammond Drive, Tempe, Arizona. Field address: c/o Fernando Ojeda, Calle 29 - 217, Ticul Yucatan.)

Council of Bishops:

D. Ray Bryant, Cowgill, Missouri.

Walter B. Davis, 10 South 123 Lorraine Drive, Hinsdale, Illinois.

Nicholas F. Denham, 810 South Liberty, Independence, Missouri.

Vance H. Harris, Business Manager, 1920 South Osage, Independence, Missouri.

Ed Podhola, 3021 Chandler, Lincoln Park 25, Michigan.

John A. Sweem, Hamilton, Missouri.

C. LeRoy Wheaton, Secretary, 412 South Hocker Street, Independence, Missouri.

Officers and Committees:

Numbers in parentheses () indicate the number of years to serve from the 1958 Conference. An asterisk (*) indicates that the address has been given earlier in the listing.

General Church Secretary: Forest E. Maley, 11805 Roberts, Rt. 6, Kansas City 22, Missouri.

General Church Recorder: Lois Harris, 1920 South Osage St., Independence, Missouri.

General Church Chorister: Marion D. Sprague, 424 East Walnut St., Independence, Missouri.

Editor Zion's Advocate: Harvey Seibel, Sr., 1242 Old Messila Road, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Associate Editors: Metta Anderson, 619 South Crysler St., Independence, Missouri.

Ora B. Derry, Route 3, Box 342, Independence, Missouri.

Dining Hall Committee:

Katherine Matthews, 1406 South Spring, Independence, Missouri.

Byron Wentworth, Route 1, Bemidji, Minnesota.

Leslie P. Case, Route 1, Box 375, Lee's Summit, Missouri.

Reception Committee:

Denver G. Chapman, 1112 W. Short St., Independence, Missouri.

Marvin M. Case, 616 Westwood Court, Independence, Missouri.

Nicholas F. Denham *

Auditing Committee:

James M. Case (3), East Gudgell, Independence, Missouri.

Leslie P. Case (2) *

Rolland D. Sprague (1), 424 East Walnut St., Independence, Missouri.

Referendum Committee:

K. J. Smith (3), 209 South Crysler St., Independence, Missouri.

Denver G. Chapman (2) *
Ora B. Derry (1) *

Relations Committee:

Arthur M. Smith (3) *
E. Leon Yates (2) *
Leon A. Gould (1) *

Board of General Church Historian:

Archie F. Bell (3) *
Arthur M. Smith (2) *
C. LeRoy Wheaton, Jr., (1) *

Library Board:

Leslie P. Case (3) *
Vance H. Harris (2) *
James M. Case (1) *

Board of Publications:

Robert L. Maley (3), 324 North Meridian, Valley Center, Kansas.

K. J. Smith (3) *
Leon A. Gould (2) *
Arthur M. Smith (2) *
Vance H. Harris, Chairman, as Business Manager *

Archeological and Visual Aids Committee:

Fernando Ojeda (3), Calle 29-217, Ticul, Yucatan, Mexico.

Harold B. Schultz (3), 301 Cherry Street, Texarkana, Arkansas.

Robert L. Maley (2) *

Oren Caviness (2), 2233 North Dayton Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

E. J. McIndoo (1), 1121 West Culver Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

Forest E. Maley (1) *

The United Workers

Chairman: Doris M. Sheldon, 1011 South Cottage, Independence, Missouri.

Assistant Chairman: Martha Bell, Ava, Missouri.
Secretary: Lois Harris *

Treasurer: Bertha Case, 1106 East Gudgell, Independence, Missouri.

Member-at-Large: Francis Yates 2040½ Hammond Drive, Tempe, Arizona.

General Sunday School Association

Superintendent: Leslie P. Case *

Assistant Superintendent and Treasurer: Rolland D. Sprague *

Secretary: Caroline Hedrick, 1101 West Orchard, Independence, Missouri.

Quarterly Committee:

Robert L. Maley *

Robert Case, 337 South Avondale, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Thomas S. Maley, 615 Sheridan Avenue North, Minneapolis 11, Minnesota.

Marion D. Sprague *

Irene Case, Route 1, Box 375, Lee's Summit, Missouri.

Feel free to communicate with any of the above officers or committees on matters pertaining to their work, or the welfare of the church and its work. Should you find your name listed above, you might consider presenting a report to the Conference to convene on April 6, 1959 at 10:00 A. M. on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri.

Respectfully,

Forest E. Maley *
General Church Secretary

A REVELATION**Written by Hervey A. Scott, October 17, 1958**

Behold and hear, O my people: even they who name themselves by my name, for I, the Lord, speaketh out of the heavens unto you; and it is by the voice of my Spirit, that speaketh that which he heareth, and that which he speaketh is the voice of thy Lord and Redeemer.

And the Spirit now sayeth, Yea! This is the word of Him that dwelleth in the heavens, whose voice is to all men, yea, with a cry of repentance; for the day is at hand when the Lord shall descend with a shout, from his hiding; and who shall judge the quick and the dead;

Therefore, thus saith He who is the Father of all that yield obedience unto His law and commandments, yea, unto they who look upward with faith unto a hope in His coming to judge all men, according to their works;

Yea, with a voice of repentance, for with many I, the Lord, am not well pleased; for there be those who give not their service nor their hearts unto the salvation of men; for they seek after the things of this world, and not to bring souls into my Kingdom; and My Spirit is withheld.

Think you that in this life only, the riches of my Kingdom shall be given? Nay, I say unto you who regard the portion received is sufficient, Look thou upon the blessings of old, given unto my faithful servants, for by their faith the might of their God was made manifest; yea, unto their being lifted up and clothed with the glory of angels, and by their hands worked mighty miracles; and among you of this generation, it has come to pass that when one sick is healed by thy hands thou art satisfied.

But I say unto you, yea, unto the humble and contrite of spirit, thou shalt see and hear of the greater gifts prepared for this generation, and thou shalt be moved to exclaim Surely, the gifts of promise are coming upon the earth!

For, behold and listen to the words of your Lord and Redeemer: There shall shortly come to pass the promises given of old, wherein much of truth shall come forth; and yea, great shall be those truths, even truths of old, written by mine ancients, and hidden up unto a day when by them many shall be moved to read and know of their Redeemer, giving obedience, for they shall not be left without witnesses of Him; and through faith shall these be prepared unto my service, for by their ministry shall Israel come to a knowledge of my gospel; and looking forward unto His coming, find refuge in the day when Zion shall be established upon the land of which has been spoken through all the generations.

But I say unto you, O my people, great shall be the coming tribulations, and peace shall flee from the nations, when men shall seek safety and find no place of safety. In those days there shall be hunger until the faithful of my people will divide their last crust; but among the wicked shall there be every kind of evil, with death and destructons, that they may find sus-

tenance, but to no avail; for my wrath is upon them who honor and serve me not. Be ye therefore repentent, of of an humble spirit, that ye shall not be found unworthy of my bounties; and loving me and thy neighbor, enter into the gates of the pure in heart.

UNITED WORKERS

Dear Sisters:

As we have done in the past, we will petition our coming Conference for time in which to report our accomplishments of the past year and to plan our program for the future.

In keeping with the above, we hope the Secretary of each local organization will send or bring in the report of the local's activities. If the report is mailed, send it to the Secretary of General United Workers, to the Church address.

We hope also to add to our Old Folks Home Fund by counting the pennies we have saved or collected during the year—remember?

And if you have any ideas, old or new, which will contribute to the progress of our work and promulgate Christ's Church here on earth, let us hear about them at our Conference meeting.

Don't forget that any woman who is a member of the Church of Christ is a member of the United Workers and will be expected at the meeting.

Your Sister Secretary,

Lois Harris

NOTICE

We would like to remind you that all members of the Church of Christ are also members of the General Sunday School Association whether or not there is a local Sunday School in their vicinity.

To enable all who wish to attend our convention during the Church Conference, the officers of the General Sunday School Association are asking for your preference of time (date and morning or afternoon session), to request for our meeting.

This meeting will be for the election of officers and the display and discussion of Quarterly material and other business. We feel that this meeting is very important because it concerns the future generations of the Church.

We plan a seminar discussion of Sunday School Helps and Procedures to follow our business session. We hope this will be very interesting and helpful to all of us.

We would like to have a written report from the local Sunday Schools. Please send them before conference convenes to:

General Sunday School Ass'n.
Church of Christ (Temple Lot)
P. O. Box 472
Independence, Missouri
Caroline Hedrick, Secretary

NEWS FROM MINNEAPOLIS

We of Minneapolis are glad once again to greet our brothers and sisters from the pages of our Advocate.

The blessings of this past year have constantly reminded us of the hope that is in Christ. Through the laying on of hands for the sick we have seen a child's enlarged throat healed overnight, a young man's sore and aching joints healed in hours; and a beloved sister of ours, who suffered a stroke, which left her unable to read or co-ordinate well, is now back with us every Sunday, because of the blessings promised to those who would believe that He can heal them.

We must be always mindful that these blessings could not have been ours without the constant watch-care of our gracious Heavenly Father.

Our annual business meeting was held January 11, 1959. An outstanding treasurer's report was given by Sister Gill. She was re-instated as treasurer. Our pastor Brother T. Maley, in his report made mention that the gospel cannot be enjoyed except as we pass it on to others. Brother Maley was sustained in his office. The Social Committee was chosen for the expressed purpose of organizing programs and social gatherings to be held the fifth Sundays of March, May, August and November. We cordially invite all those who wish to attend.

An illustrated talk was given by Brother Maley January 18. By using a black board he outlined God's plan. Brother John Gill gave an interesting talk on, "How Must I Better Live," the Sunday of January 25. In the afternoon of January 25 Brother Maley was the speaker at Vesta, Minnesota. The meeting was held at Sister Krause's home. very enjoyable time was had by all attending the meeting.

W E D D I N G

Sprague and Geller

Jon (Jack) DeLos Sprague, son of Brother and Sister Roland Sprague, and Julia (Judy) Mae Geller, daughter of Sister Laura Lamb of Bemidji, Minnesota, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on December 1, 1958. The wedding was held at the bride's home with her grandfather, Brother B. N. Wentworth, officiating. The ceremony was attended by the families of both the bride and groom. The attendants were the bride's sister, Patricia Lamb, and the groom's brother-in-law, Brother Alvin Harris. The bride wore a white bridal gown and carried a white Bible. The bridesmaid wore a pink formal.

Immediately following the ceremony, a beautiful wedding cake and other refreshments were served to a large group of relatives and friends. They received many nice and useful gifts. Jack is serving in the U. S. Army and stationed at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. At present they are making their home with the groom's parents at 424 East Walnut, Independence, Missouri.

We wish the best of everything for this young Brother and Sister.

Note by the editor: This wedding announcement was lost among the many papers and only today came to light, otherwise it would most certainly have appeared in an earlier issue.

O B I T U A R Y

Peter Earl Marquette was born July 6, 1893, and passed away January 22, 1959. He was married to Gladys May Brockman at Sparta in 1925. Born to this union were three children, Peter Earl, Jr., who died in infancy. Two daughters Sister Evangeline Clifton, and Sister Wanda Stavlo, both of Sparta.

Brother Marquette was baptized into the Church of Christ on July 12, 1943, in which faith he passed on.

He leaves to mourn his passing his wife Gladys, two sons by a former marriage, James and Robert Whitley, twelve grandchildren and a host of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held in Sparta in charge of Brother Glen Gill.

A TRIBUTE

It is with deep regret that we report the passing of Sister Maira Hoare of Ely Cardiff, a well-beloved member of the Church of Christ (Temple Lot).

She was born in Kayne, England 1887, and joined the Reorganized Church on the 3rd day of October 1925, receiving baptism at Gilfach Goch. She transferred her membership to the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) November 1, 1957. Although she was not able to attend services, owing to ill health, she paid her contributions just the same.

The memorial services were held at Gilfach Goch; Elders Silvanus Mason and George Allen officiating.

We wish to pay, as a Branch, our last respects to one who has lived a glorious life and has had a victorious death. I have known this Sister myself over thirty years, having stayed at her home many times. Whenever I met this Sister or visited her home I could not help but feel the spirit of Zion. She was never more happy than when visited by members of the Church. May God help us to emulate this good Sister who has gone to a well-earned reward. As Saints we do not sorrow as those without hope. To the Saints, Death is just a going home, if we will be honorable to Him in life He will be honorable to us in death. It is comforting to the Saints that when death overtakes us, the spirit is separated from the body and the spirit of the righteous enters paradise, a place of rest and happiness. To the world death is the King of Terrors, but to the Saints death is just a going home. She had kept the faith and finished her course. So we can say of Sister Hoare that she has not scraped her way into the Kingdom of God but merited an abundant entrance. Although we know she has gone to a well-earned reward, she will be sadly missed.

Elder Silvanus Mason
Carmarthenshire, Wales

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

	Price Each
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 1, Childhood of Jesus.....	.20
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 2, Jesus' Ministry.....	.20
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 3, Jesus' Ministry cont.....	.20
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 4, Life of Jesus.....	.20