

# 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.

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## The Two Stars

Harry S. Tordoff

Whenever I look at the Evening Star,  
At the blending of night with day.  
I think of the Wise Men, gazing afar  
At the star that showed the way.

What happens to the Evening Star  
When full darkness takes command,  
Is it silently pulled behind the Bar  
By the Master's unseen hand?

The star that was seen, so far to the east  
At the time of our Savior's birth,  
Has not been since, by man or beast  
Wherever they live on earth.

So that, along with our Evening Star  
Is no doubt, part of God's great plan.  
No matter where on earth you are  
There's proof of that unseen hand.

Like the Star that rode the eastern sky  
Guiding the Wise Men on,  
Our Evening Star will guide you and I  
To a happier, brighter home.

If you would think of star so bright  
As those three men of old,  
Thought of theirs on that wonderful night  
We would know it was truth they told.

That Star of old, guided three Wise Men  
To the place where the Christ Child lay,  
They bore Him valued gifts, and then  
Knelt by His manger to pray.

Although our star at eventide  
Looking down, so bright on earth,  
Literally speaking, does not guide  
It does have a spiritual worth.

In order to see it's brightness  
We must raise our eyes to the sky,  
And who, when he sees such vastness  
Can ever again wonder "Why"?

It's God who dots the Heavens above  
With the stars we see each night.  
It's one way He shows His perfect love;  
To withdraw them, shows His might.

So, as you watch the Evening Star  
Look behind it to God on His throne.  
Let not earthly bitterness ever mar  
The love Jesus Christ has shown.

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## ZION'S ADVOCATE

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Headquarters on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri

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

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: James A. Hedrick, 103 North 22nd Street, Blue Springs, Missouri; Lois Harris, 1920 South Osage, Independence, Missouri.

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### EDITORIAL

As we approach the Christmas season we find the world around us definitely aware of its nearness. The shops are crowded with eager shoppers, the shop windows are loaded with gift suggestions, the daily papers are full of Christmas advertising, and people are more tolerant and friendly than usual. What a pity this attitude doesn't prevail the year around! Yes, in a material way the approach of Christmas is quite evident. But what about its approach in a spiritual way?

On that first Christmas night when the angels appeared to the shepherds on the hillside near Bethlehem and proclaimed the birth of the Christ Child, they said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The hope of the nations was born there that night. The mission He came to perform was one of love and service for His creation, but it was not forced upon man against his will. Christ came to redeem that which was lost, if it would be redeemed. He came to bring peace to them who would qualify for that peace. From that day to this there has been but little peace in the world. Nations have risen against nations, people against people, and even brothers against brothers.

Today we hear much about peace and the desirability of peace, and yet, we find ourselves overburdened with taxes to pay for the greatest and most destructive weapons of war that man has ever known. The great expense for these as well as a large military force is justified in order that we might "keep the peace." Yet our peace and protection is not in military might but rather is in trust and service to the God of our land. He has promised protection to this nation as long as its people serve Him. This promise was made to those whom He brought to this land thousands of years ago, and He confirmed His promise to the "father of our country," George Washington, when He gave him the vision showing the birth, growth, and destiny of the United States which follows in part:

"Returning just after dark, he dispatched an orderly

to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter; 'I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the department seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite me, a singularly, beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought, itself, suddenly became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor herself become more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompanied the dissolution. I did not think. I did not reason. I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic; look and learn;' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world: Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America, the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel standing, or rather floating, in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand while with his left hand he cast some upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from each of these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary and then moved slowly westward until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving waves it sank from view. A third time, I heard the mysterious voice saying: 'Son of the Republic look and learn.' I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another, until the

whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.'

"At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an illumined spectre approach our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over town and city of the latter: the inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced 'UNION' bearing the American flag, which was placed between the divided nation, and said: 'Remember, we are brethren.' Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.' At this the shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose thick, black clouds, that soon joined into one. And throughout this there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moved with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic look and learn.'

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a loud powerful blast.

"Instantly a light, as if a thousand suns, shown down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw an angel upon whose head still shone the word 'Union', and who bore, our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from heaven by legions of bright spirits.

"These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then, once more, I beheld villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice, 'while the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last.' And taking from his brow the crown, which blazoned the word 'UNION', he placed it upon the standard while the people kneeling down, said, 'Amen'.

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I

had at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more facing on my mysterious visitor who in the same voice I heard before, said, 'Son of the Republic, what ye have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the third, passing which the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her.

"Let every child of the Republic learn to live for God, his land and the 'UNION'.

"With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and the destiny of the United States. In union she will have her strength, in disunion her destruction.'

"Such my friend", concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."—Excerpt from Washington's Vision—Wesley Bradshaw, in Inter Ocean Curiosity Shop.

We are approaching the end of the second century of our nation's existence. If the last of the vision is true as the forepart has proven to be, we are entering into a period of grave national suffering. The three dark clouds with communism as their basis are already before us and we wonder how long it will be before they join into one to envelop our own fair land bringing their horrible destruction.

The wise men of the nation and of the world sense the graveness of our situation and are warning us of its possibilities. A general of the Marine Corps recently spoke of the lack of patriotism among the rising generation. A former president of the General Assembly of the United Nations, General Carlos P. Romulo, fearing because of the complacency of the people of the United States, had this to say, "You must maintain your military might and economic strength, of course. But much more important, maintain your moral and intellectual and spiritual strength. This is the strength which has enabled the United States to lead the free world." (This Week Magazine—Nov. 22, 1959.) A popular evangelist of the day sounds forth his warning of the decay of America's morals and of its disastrous results.

Should we not become acutely aware, then, of the necessity of humbling ourselves quickly before God, lest what peace we now enjoy be suddenly taken from us? Should not our Christmas celebration be in deep contrition and repentance rather than in the rush for material gifts and treasures?

### PRAYER

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Matt. 6:9-15

## A TESTIMONY

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Church of Christ:

What wonderful words those are, brother, sister, Christ, and to think that He, the Christ, so loved the church that He gave Himself for it. It makes us wonder how much, or perhaps how very little, we have given in return. Or, having given, do we feel we have given enough and may now feel complacent. If God and Christ were not giving continually to us we would perish. Likewise, if we fail to live continually unto Him, we shall, by our own deeds, perish.

The servant of God, Daniel, said of himself that he served God "continually." Nothing less than continual awareness of God, of His being Lord and Master, of our own nothingness, and of our being fully dependent and unprofitable servants, can make us children of God.

Today we talked with a minister of the Church of Christ, a man vitally concerned with the welfare of the church. I believe the motives of everyone in the church is directed toward the same high calling, but being different individuals we must of necessity have different ways of pursuit.

There is some difference in opinion among devoted members of the church as to whether or not we should recount blessings, the one giving as reference the Scripture, "See thou tell no man," the other leaning toward such statements as: "They spake oft with one another", and "Make known His deeds among the people."

It seems to me that the greatest blessing that the Church of Christ is to its people is its teaching of faith. The happiest, the most soul-satisfying result of this teaching is the building of usable faith in its every member. What better conversation is there to be had among a people than the giving of glory to God amid the rejoicing of the happy recipients of blessings from Almighty God, the lover of our souls.

The greatest blessing of all must be to be filled with the Holy Ghost, thereby being enabled to live a holy life, wholly unto God.

Since without faith it is impossible to please God, faith must also be of great importance. Since faith is required to approach God, anything that builds faith must of necessity be of God, and from God, regardless by what means or from whatever source it comes.

Faith is an unconscious thing. It is a thing we possess already although we are not aware of it. We only realize it when we find ourselves reaching upward with our whole inner being in times of helplessness and trouble.

Were it not for necessity, would we find God? And when the need has been satisfied do we forget God? Do we approach God because we have faith, or does faith come because we approach God?

The most regrettable thing is to have asked because He drew us to ask, call it faith, then after having received, to neglect to give thanks in both word and deed to that all-merciful God, who gave us the faith to ask, then gave us that which we desired.

I am troubled because I fear I am among the "unthankful, unholy". When our water pipe froze today, I, because of the conversation with the minister referred

to earlier, remembered the time when we had no water to freeze.

We carried all our water, for all household uses, chickens, sometimes for hogs, from a neighbor's well some distance away and across the road. We pumped the water by hand with a pump meant for an engine or a windmill. Here we watered our cows also, feeling thankful for the privilege of watering there, but wondering sometimes if our strength would endure when the cows insisted on scattering over the neighbor's premises, then taking a turn in both directions down the road.

We wanted so much to have water on our own farm with fences around it. We wanted a well with water in it. We had three wet-weather wells, dry the greater part of the year, only one of these accessible to the house, a cistern producing no living water.

Hopefully, so happily, we started digging our new well. Ray, my husband, and his cousin worked in the well filling the great tubs, my father and another man on top receiving and emptying the tubs, our old mare, Bird, and I doing the lifting at the end of a rope.

As I led Bird back and forth in the extreme heat, I prayed. I'm sure everyone else was praying too.

Days passed, the well became wider and deeper, but we found no water. Small seeps appeared, causing the walls to crumble and fall in here and there, necessitating our curbing the walls. We continued digging about twenty feet, at which time the curbing was slipping, but still we had no water.

Another dry well was it to be? All this work and expense we couldn't afford, the heart-breaking task of walling this great yawning thing which provided only enough water in its walls to prevent our further digging, since we couldn't hold our curbing.

They left a ledge around the well at the bottom for the slipping curbing to rest on, and were digging a little deeper in the middle in a desperate effort to reach a vein. Ray said that we would dig until noon, that we would have to wall it then because of danger of a cave-in.

I have said that we had prayed. I wish I had the thoughts of my dear mother and father and of all the others whose prayers were heard and answered that day. But I haven't, so I can only tell mine.

As I had walked back and forth leading old Bird I had asked of God. I had asked a little water, just enough to water the stock and supply our needs. I had promised never to complain about carrying or pumping the water.

Now, realizing it would soon be noon, I became desperate. I thought of the great oceans surrounding the earth, of clouds filled with water at the will of God, our Father, and of His Son, our Savior. I thought of the unlimited power of Almighty God and His boundless love and mercy. I thought of the innumerable times he had heard the prayers and granted the righteous desires, or what seemed to be righteous desires, to those who asked, both in Bible days and present days. This seemed a righteous desire, not to bother the neighbors and not have to ask them to share water they might need.

So I prayed anew. I asked the Father, in the name of Christ Jesus, the Lord, to put water into the well, that He would make it gush forth and roll up over the men's feet. The Savior could do it. I cried that He would.

At eleven o'clock I heard a shout, as none can give like Ray can. Old Bird and I were at the far end of the rope when Ray shouted, "Whoa", then "Mike, come here."

I couldn't come for a moment. I hoped I knew what had happened. I buried my face in old Bird's mane and wept my praise to God.

When we got to the well and I looked down, I saw Ray stooping over trying to stop a great gush of water with chunks of clay, and I saw the water swirling round over the booted feet of the men.

Then came the great excitement. Would we get it walled? The water was rising rapidly. But we felt we knew God would not give us this blessing then take it away.

We sent for Ray's father, two other neighbors, and as rapidly as safety would allow, lowered the tubs of rock into the well.

The water rose quickly to about four feet then more slowly. The men held their heads high while they reached down into the water to lay the rock wall. The matches floated out of their pockets and sailed about on the water. God gave us the well.

Our hearts swelled with humble thanks to God. But far greater than the gift of water was the joy we felt in the knowledge that God had heard our petition and had come to our aid.

I know we have not been always thankful. We have not been always sufficiently humble. We have sinned in His Holy sight. We pray to God that He will have mercy on our souls for not keeping before us always the remembrance of our trials, in this instance and many others wherein He came so mercifully to our aid, sinners though we were. Too often we are overtaken with concern over the worthless things of this life, forgetting the commandments of God, who hath promised that greatest of all attainments, the gift of life eternal, to the faithful.

Let us pray for one another. Let us always prefer our brother before ourselves. Let us learn what true humility is. Let us seek wisdom and knowledge only to serve God better. Let us be faithful to the gospel entrusted to us. Let us ask God to be a light unto our feet, and that He will show us how best to reflect that light.

Every man who strives to live that he may hear from his Maker the great Creator and God of all, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," shall surely, from his Lord, receive the wisdom and strength he lacks.

We are given certain things, then other necessary things are placed just out of reach, to cause us to exercise the powers given us, and, finding their limitations, to seek and to find the never-ending and unlimited power and love of our Heavenly Father and our Savior, and the lover and keeper of our souls.

Let us be workers together with God.

Your sister in the faith,

Ruby Bryant

## THE HOLY SPIRIT OR COMFORTER

Dear Saints and Friends:

As I sit here in my home this dark rainy morning, I realize that I am hungry, so hungry, not for the bread that perishes, for that bread that cometh down from heaven.

Although I have many good friends and neighbors, I do not have church privileges. "Well," some ask me, "while you were moving, why didn't you move where you could have church privileges?" My answer, "Because I was led to come to this place—there is work here for me to do."

So I open my last Advocate and read it from beginning to end, and I read of the innocent pleasures that our young people enjoy, and I am glad for them, but as I lay the paper to one side, I realize that I am still hungry. I can read in the Bible and the Book of Mormon of the many miracles they received through the instrumentality of the power of God, but the old bill-of-fare they enjoyed in former years is not enough—inasmuch as the same Gospel has been restored in these the latter days, we must have the same spiritual food because "God is no respecter of persons."

So I compare our present church papers with those of long years ago, in which so many testimonies of miracles and great spiritual experiences of the Saints were published, and this scripture comes to my mind. Proverbs 29:18, "Where there is no vision the people perish;" And I ask myself the question—"is it possible that we no longer have those wonderful spiritual experiences to share with those who are isolated?" We read where a certain prayer meeting or reunion meetings were such spiritual meetings; just what does that mean?

For 4,000 years God walked and talked with His people, and Jesus told them upon this rock He would build His church, the rock of revelation, the act of God revealing Himself and His will to His people. Then His people rejected Him and murdered the One who came to save them, and the Gospel was taken from the earth for 1,260 years. Now it is restored again. Brother, Sister, have you had that testimony that it has been restored? And have you had that testimony that there is a God in heaven and that He sent His Son here to bring the great plan of redemption to mankind?

I talked with a sister in the church, concerning these things and she told me she had never had any spiritual testimony whatever that this Latter Day work is true.

Saints and Friends, there is just one reason for this lack of knowledge. We have the promise that if we repent and are baptized by one having authority, and have the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, we shall receive it. God's promises are sure. If we have not received the Holy Ghost then the fault must ours. If we all receive the Holy Ghost we will all be of one heart and mind—there will be no divisions among us.

How shall we know if we receive the Holy Ghost?

St. John 15: says, "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name. He shall teach you

all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

If we have not received this evidence dear Brother, Sister, there is just one reason: we have not repented of our sins, and the spirit of God will not dwell in unholy temples. The work of the Holy Spirit is to lead us into all truth and reprove the world of sin. One of our greatest sins is selfishness; the hardest to be understood, especially when it concerns the first person singular. In that event others must conform to our frame of mind and life, otherwise, division is the result. He that will not deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me is not worthy to be called My disciple.

When we set our stake so solid we can't, or won't pull them up, we cut off our own avenue of learning and the opportunity for the spirit to lead us into all truth. Unless we use the Gospel we can never know it's power. Paul says, "This Gospel came not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance."

Moroni 10:18-21, "And now I speak unto all the ends of the earth, and if the day cometh that the power and gifts of God shall be done away among you, it shall be because of unbelief. And wo be unto the children of men, if this be the case; for there shall be none that doeth good among you, no not one. For if there be one among you that doeth good, he shall work by the power and gifts of God.

"And wo unto them who shall do these things away and die, for they die in their sins, and they cannot be saved in the kingdom of God; and I speak it according to the words of Christ and I lie not."

Brothers and Sisters, if we have had visions, dreams, or miracles in our lifetime, let us show our appreciation before our Heavenly Father and bear our testimonies that others might be strengthened.

I have had many spiritual testimonies in the past—two that are quite outstanding—I have seen the Savior and I have heard the angels sing.

We are told in the Scriptures that the time is coming when we shall have a pure language, then, I suppose we will not need the gift of tongues any more, but now I am going to relate a meeting and what the gift of tongues meant to a certain individual seeking the truth.

#### Testimony of Bro. James Whitehead

Given in a Social Meeting, Nov. 10 (Many Years Ago)  
Reported by Bro. E. Stafford.

Speaking of the many evidences given by God to His people of the truth of the work in which they are engaged, and encouraging those present, having received such testimonies to bear them in humility to the glory of God and to the education and strengthening of each other in their most holy faith, he said:

"I will tell you of an incident that transpired under by observation:

"There was a large concourse of people—something like a thousand—both in and out of the church, assembled at a conference in Manchester, England, in 1841. One Sunday morning they had preaching services and in the afternoon the Saints began to bear testimony to the truth of the work in which they were engaged. In the course of the meeting, a young sister arose and began to speak in tongues; then a brother rose up and gave the interpretation in English, which

proved to be a prophecy. After that prophecy there was a young gentleman arose and said: 'My friends, I am not one of you. This is the first time that I was ever in a meeting of the Latter Day Saints, but I have heard much about them. I have heard that they had the ancient gifts and blessings, but I could not believe it. I concluded to come and hear for myself.'

"He pointed to the young sister who had spoken in tongues and said: 'that lady did not know what she said. I am satisfied that she did not understand the language that she spoke in, and the gentleman that gave the interpretation to what the lady said did not understand the language she spoke. I tell you what the language was—it was Hebrew. I am what you would call a converted Jew, and I am well acquainted with the Hebrew language. I never heard anything so beautiful and true as that which I heard this afternoon; I am satisfied that the gentleman did not understand the language, but he interpreted it as correctly as I could have done myself. I am convinced that the Lord is with this people and that they have the ancient gifts of the Gospel. I am ready to join this people.'

"He was baptized into the church and went to Nauvoo. I was acquainted with him there and he was strong in the faith."

"Oh, my brethren, let us arise and shine, for the light has come and the glory of the Lord shall rise upon Israel. When we were coming over the mighty deep (we started on the 5th day of February, 1842), we had a very stormy time. After we had started from Liverpool and had sailed two weeks, we had not gained five hundred miles. The Captain said: 'If the wind does not change I shall have to change my course and put into some place for food, for the provisions will not last to the end of our voyage.'

"There was a prayer meeting called in the ship, and we had as glorious a meeting as I was ever in in my life. There was a sister arose and spoke in tongues, and it was interpreted as follows: 'This night before midnight, there will be a storm such as will make this vessel shake in all its timbers, but there will not be a soul lost; and from that time the wind will change and be fair until we come to our destination.' When the half-hour bell rang at half past eleven the storm began and lasted until half past four in the morning. I have never, neither before nor since that time, witnessed such a terrible scene; it seemed as though the windows of heaven were opened and let the rain down in torrents. The wind was fierce and howling, and was dead against us. The Captain ordered all the hatches down and everything made tight. He said to me in the morning, 'My friend, I expected to go down to the bottom. I expected that all my men were washed overboard for they had to wade in water up to their knees; but in the morning at the call of the roll, there was not a single soul lost.' From that hour the wind changed to fair. We went on with all the speed the ship could make until we came to the Island of Cuba, and then there was a calm and we went on softly to our destination." (E. Stafford) Autumn Leaves, February, 1890.

These spiritual experiences give us a priceless knowledge of the powers of Heaven, but to relate them increases the faith of those who hear. We can help to preach the Gospel by bearing our testimonies.

Lily Shirk

## NEWS FROM THE LOCALS

### NEWS FROM YUCATAN

Those of us of the Church of Christ who live here in this arid peninsula of Yucatan have been greatly favored with such wonderful blessings in recent days that we have been made to more strongly realize our unworthiness and deficiency in our service to our God and to our fellowmen. We have been looked down upon with compassion and mercy in times of distress and anguish by our Heavenly Father many times; we have felt the sweetness of being loved by those of like faith and, oh, how difficult it is to overcome our weaknesses and repay that love with genuine Christian love.

August marked the beginning of a new era for our group in Ticul. Our prayers and our efforts, our yearnings and our tears, along with the liberal contributions of our loved ones in the United States and others were transformed into a nice chapel which was dedicated with a grand spiritual feast, in the evening, August 23. If you do like to sing gospel songs and like to feel at home with people, then we know that you would have enjoyed being with us on said occasion.

Our Bro. Glenn Gill from Independence, Wis., was with us most of August and was surely a help before, during, and after the dedication. He left us August 26, but he left a nice feeling among us here.

### Sunday Services

Services are held in the new church every Sunday morning. Our Sunday School session is attended by a nice group of young and old. Our Worship Services are held Sunday evenings. We have preaching at least twice during the month on Sunday evenings. Our prayer services are also a treat and they are held regularly on Wednesday evenings.

Saturday evenings we are in church where we take the time to practice the tunes and analyze the contents of our songs in our little hymnal, "La Voz De Sion." We all learn a lot from these songs and we are trying to be careful that when we sing we understand what we sing and that the wording of our songs are in harmony with the teachings of Christ.

Our interest is also focused towards those in other towns who are interested in the gospel. Once or twice during the month we take the time to go and visit our brothers in the jungles. When we go there, services are held under the big trees. No benches are available and sometimes we have to use parafine candles for lights which are, of course, very dim and sometimes are blown out by the wind. Our young Bro. Fernando Chang G. and myself have visited our folks in the jungle village of Chunhuhu and we have found folks there who want us to go there and spend more time with them and teach them and their little ones the Gospel of Christ. This same situation we have found among our few at Kopte and another town just a few miles from here where we have been offered a home to hold services in and the family that has done this is more than willing to help.

The writer has always been in favor of the idea of moving forward. The Bible says that Christ not only placed in the church preachers but also teachers and so forth. We are told that we all have a little talent of some sort which, if we put to work, can be of much profit to the body or the church. We lack sufficient personnel to do all that needs to be done down here. I have heard people say that we are not going forward fast enough like we should if we put our efforts together. Sometimes people get discouraged because "they find no one to listen to them." But our church does not have sufficient missionary experience which is vital in the achievement of our end. We sometimes place too much responsibility on just one weak shoulder.

We hardly realize what all the needs of a mission are. Because we do not comprehend, we turn our backs to the facts and the needs. Most of us are too afraid to try new methods. We are the "old erudites" and we "have" all the dope. We are told that a man of words and not of deeds is just like a garden full of weeds. We talk too much, have so many ideas, but we use them not. We have shed tears over the situation. We have asked the Lord to help us understand what it is to be awake and active. We have been too hypocritical in singing, "Awake Ye Saints of the Lord, Awake", because we, "the saints", are yet sound asleep.

### Missionary Choir

We have a few talents down here. One of these is good voices and I have talked to several of our members of the effectiveness of a missionary choir. Most of the time I have been ignored. In my own weak way I have done what I could. As a result, we have here a group of young folks who give of their time to song practice and rehearsal. I never went to music school and I know I don't do a good job, but we have been holding programs with appropriate songs by the choir, readings, and sermons and the like, each time renting a loud speaker and the results melt our hearts with joy and gratitude to God. People become curious at first and they take interest later.

The evening of Oct. 26 can be used as an example. Eight of our folks from Dzan traveled over the rough roads to Ticul, some of them with babies in their arms, to the missionary program held here in our Chapel. They were all part of the singing group. The time came for the service to start and the seats were almost filled. There were visitors from the big Roman Church, people who are members of other denominations, parents of those little ones who attend the little improvised Church of Christ Mission School and even members of the Masonic Lodge.

The program was all full of enthusiasm. The songs by the group were saturated with the Spirit of joy and love. "More Like the Master I Would Ever Be" beautifully harmonized with the thoughts expressed in the Psalms which were read and nicely interpreted by those of the young folks who took part. The sermon on "Sacrifice", based on Rom. 12:1, John 3:16, and II Cor. 5:15 added to the joy and spirit of adoration and submission to God. Then the songs, "I Will Sing of My Redeemer", "Count Your Blessings," "Guide Us, Oh

(continued on page 188)

## 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.

### HAVE WE THE RIGHT SYSTEM OF MISSIONARY WORK?

By Margaret Macgregor

It is very easy to reject some of the errors of a body with which we have been connected, and slip unquestioningly into others. This was abundantly manifested in the great Reformation of the 16th Century, and again by the different factions that arose after the dissolution of 1844. The Church of Christ is proceeding cautiously, examining everything that they may be sure they are building according to the pattern. But have they examined their missionary program sufficiently, or are they just quietly gliding into the beaten path of the Reorganization?

What I shall have to say on this subject will be regarding the system adopted by the Reorganization for carrying on its missionary work. I am aware that in questioning a time-honored custom among the saints I am treading on dangerous ground so far as popular opinion is concerned. But popularity is not what we are seeking—If so we would not have joined the Church of Christ. The only question worthwhile is, Is it right?

Like thousands of other Latter Saints I looked upon our program of missionary work as the one and only system appointed by and approved of God, and willingly submitted to its enactments and sacrifices, believing the Lord required it of us. I now question it. This way of carrying the gospel to the nations and of building up the church looks to me like an imposition on a trusting and self-sacrificing people. For the noble men who go out forsaking home and loved ones for what they believe to be the requirements of the gospel I have nothing but admiration; and for the loving and self-sacrificing women who consent to their going I have the greatest sympathy and love. But for the system itself—well, that is quite another matter.

Let us re-examine the Scriptures upon which our program has been leaning for support for so many years and see if we have not placed a strained interpretation upon them. Whatever God orders and man carries out as directed, will be wholesome and helpful in all its results. When we sacrifice and the results are not satisfactory, it is time to examine our sacrifice and see if it is the thing God requires, lest, like that of Cain, it is not accepted by the One to whom it is offered.

This question of sacrifice has even been a vital one in the church. And it must ever be, for did not our Master sacrifice his life for us? But perhaps no other virtue has been so imposed upon and abused by the church as that of self-sacrifice. It is not a question of the willingness of the human heart to sacrifice to the uttermost, but a question of what the Lord requires as

an acceptable offering. That this matter is important is seen in the awful mistakes made by loving hearts sacrificing for God and the church. The beautiful young Catholic girl, with all the natural longings for companionship, love, home and children, lays them all on the altar of sacrifice, thinking God will be pleased to have her enter a Convent and live a life of seclusion and virginity. But is He pleased? Is this an acceptable sacrifice? Truly she will be blessed for the good she does while enduring this unnatural life, but could she not do equally as much good and live normally? We think so.

The devout priest of the same organization, with like zeal and faith, takes the vows of celibacy, feeling that he is crucifying the flesh and denying himself the pleasures of the world in refusing the enticements of love, companionship and parenthood. But does the Lord require this of him? We think not. The wives and maidens of Utah bowed their necks to an almost unbearable yoke, crucified the natural desires of the heart and sacrificed all that was sweet and pure in the home at the behest of the church, that they might gain eternal life and glory in the beyond, as they believed.

Was it the Lord that asked them to enter this unnatural life and live in this unspeakable misery? They surely thought it was; but we think it was only the church.

How often, oh, how often the church has invaded the home, thinking it was doing God's service in requiring its people to sacrifice the best and dearest thing in the world.

#### The Home

The first organization on earth was that of the home. In Paradise, before the church was known or needed, God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him." Gen. 2:18. Marriage and home were instituted in Eden before sin entered the world. They are heavenly institutions, approved of God and required by human nature. If it was not good for man to be alone in Eden where he had celestial surroundings and the companionship of God and angels, what shall be said of him in this present existence where he requires every possible assistance to help him along the rugged path of life? With sin came the necessity for and the establishment of the church; but not so with the home; it was celestial fruit and grew on heavenly ground before man needed a church or a priesthood to carry it on. It was one of the few blessings of Paradise which man was permitted to retain when the Lord drove him out of His presence.

Why then should the church incessantly invade the rights of the home in order to promulgate its own interests? The elevating influence of a good home

needs no eulogy. The good and great of all nations acknowledge it as the best, the developer and preserver of character, and the foundation from which all governments and societies receive their strength. Destroy it and you undermine all the others. Build it up and you increase the good of all. It then follows that the best home conditions will enable the people to do the best work outside of the home. Good home conditions make for a good government and a good church. If the chief executives and promoters of our country's welfare were required to sacrifice home and loved ones in order to do their work, how long would the country prosper?

Is it different in the church? If to promulgate the gospel the minister must forsake the companionship of wife and children, and wander homeless and alone from place to place through life, or until incapacitated for service, can we expect as wholesome results as if he had the backing of his home, the companionship of the helpmeet provided by God, and his own prattling children on his knee? Or is the minister different from the rest of humanity?

### The Missionary

On the occasion of the first marriage it was said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh"; evidently meaning that when a man marries he separates from his parental home and lives with his wife in a home of their own. But the missionary not only leaves his father and mother, but his wife and children also. Nine-tenths of his time is spent in other people's homes. At home he is an occasional visitor who often feels out of place in the realm where he should be the presiding presence, the responsible head, the counselor, provider and companion. But he has sacrificed all this for the mission field. Frequently, when he returns, the younger children do not know him, and his wife is nervous in her anxiety to please him.

In fact the missionary has no real home, and neither has his wife. They have laid home with almost all that it means on the altar of sacrifice. But was it required? Did God, who said, "it is not good that the man should be alone," ask this man to give up that relic of paradise and wander hither and thither, like Noah's dove, finding no place to rest his foot? Was this his plan for perpetuating his work? Is the work of the church of such a character that God is driven to the extremity of asking his servants to forsake his first institution to establish his second? Does God tear down one part of his work to build up another? If Paradise was not good enough for man without a companion of his own, how about the mission field? Is it better than paradise?

But with all the sacrifice entailed, is the work accomplished by the missionary the best that could be done? It reminds one of what a sister said about a man just elevated to an important position in the church. "He is a good man", said she, "But he will never accomplish the work. Did you ever see his garden?" She laughed. "He will put in a little plat in one corner, and then run off to another corner, work hard and put in another little spot, and he will run all over his yard putting in a little patch here and another there, but you never saw such a garden! He will bring nothing to perfection." This good man had been a missionary for many years and had probably learned his gardening in the field.

Educators tell us that in school work it is not wise to change the teacher often, as the children lose about three months with each change in unlearning the methods of the old teacher and getting into the ways of the new. Possibly this is what Paul meant when he said, "Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." And it is a fact that Paul continued, year after year during life, to cultivate the field of his own planting. But our missionary is given a field big enough for one hundred men to work properly, and about all he can do is to run here and there, preach a few sermons and go off again, and next year another man comes along and does the same thing, and the poor people suffer the consequences.

The flower of the church is sought out for missionary work. These brave men go out, full of zeal and devotion, to give their lives to the work of the Lord. They lay on the altar of sacrifice their temporal prospects, and with them their home and loved ones. Few of them know how much they are giving up, nor what they have to meet; and when they do realize what it means many of them pack their grips and go home. The unnatural life of the missionary opens the gate for numerous temptations which the average man never meets; and to their honor be it said that many of them remain true and loyal to their high ideals through life, and steadfast in the work which they believe God requires at their hands. With others it is, as expressed by a missionary's wife, "Not every man can be constantly away from home and retain his love for it." And yet, love for his own is man's greatest defense in the hour of temptation.

This situation was described by one of the Twelve as follows: "I have often almost shed tears when we have been appointing the missionaries to their fields. We take a man from Maine and send him to California; and we take a man from California and send him to Maine, and the family of each is left behind. The result is there are wrecks all along the way of life. And I believe that when the records are all in that the responsibility for many of these wrecks will be laid at the feet of the Quorum of the Twelve."

Will not the church which upholds such a system have to share that responsibility with the Twelve? What right has the body to place these men of God in temptations which would never affect them were they surrounded by the wholesome atmosphere of their own homes?

In conversation with the daughter of a missionary who failed morally, I asked, "Was your father always inclined that way?" She answered: "No. He was a most wonderful father and husband. After work he would get down on the floor and play with us children, and he simply would not go out in the evening unless mother accompanied him. But after he went into the field all this was changed."

The sad ending of this happy home is pathetic. The wife, a refined and beautiful woman, went into a decline and died. The husband, shorn of his priesthood rights, in disgrace among his brethren, deprived of financial support from the church, and broken in spirit, soon failed in health, and being unable to support himself was taken to the County Poor House, when he

was carried shortly to the silent city of the dead. From thence he shall be called forth to meet the Judge of all the earth, who will weigh the evidence in the case and decide whether this man was more sinned against or sinning, and will lay the responsibility where it belongs.

A prominent member, on hearing of the moral lapse of one of his church representatives recently remarked, "This is the worst church for that kind of thing I ever knew." Why? It is not so much the church nor the men that are at fault as it is the system under which its missionaries labor. But the church suffers severely when her men fail under the strain she places upon them, for the undermining of God's first institution, the home, makes fearful havoc on his second, the church.

May not some of the unfortunate history of the latter day movement be traceable to this unqualified demand upon the ministry to leave home and its associates to preach the gospel? They naturally were lonely and longed for companionship. They could not have their own, and breaking through the bounds, polygamy was born. Some religious bodies have broken down the home entirely, and declared for community life. But it always ended disastrously. God started family life right, and every effort man has made to change that order has been a step backward.

Should the missionary run home frequently it is soon remarked: "What's he doing around home so much?" "Why is he out of his field?" "He's hanging around home half his time," are some of the things his brothers and sisters will say about him. It is considered much worse for him to "hang around" his own home than to "hang around" that of some one else, though he may be doing as much for the church in the one place as in the other. That "allowance," no matter how small it may be, gives the saints the feeling of possession and the right of dictation over the missionary. The church is keeping his family, and what right has he to be home except at Christmas or on other rare occasions? These criticizing inquiries lead the wife to think of her "allowance" as "the price of Him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value." Matt. 27:9.

In Emma Burton's splendid book we read the trite expression of a missionary's wife when looking at her husband's photograph: "He was my Grant then, but now he is the people's Grant." P. 193. Some missionaries do not even unpack their grips when they come home. They are so accustomed to living in a valise that they just naturally continue it at home, and perhaps they think it is not worth while. And the wife is so unaccustomed to having this stranger around that she may not have held in reserve places for his belongings.

The problem of "the homeless man" is one with which social service workers are wrestling. Just what to do with this misfit in society is the question they are trying to solve, and yet we are making "homeless men" of our whole missionary force, and making ourselves believe God orders it. God never acts abnormally. He either works naturally or supernaturally. A soldier in active service, and a missionary, are about the only men who allow their employers to intrude so much upon their home life. In the case of the former

the country assumes responsibility for the care of the family, and takes possession of the man. In the latter case the church does it. The results are about the same—a few years soldiering unfits the majority of men for any other mode of life; and so with the mission field. In both cases the men are separated from their families.

One faithful old missionary who had traveled long and far asked the question: "What about the family relation in the next world?" When answered: "It will be whatever is best, therefore I am not worrying about it," replied, "I am concerned about it. I have had very little home life in this world, and if there is none in the next then it is an eternal loss."

Another gray-haired apostle said to a younger missionary: "Make a home for yourself. When I was a young man I thought of nothing but preaching. Now I am old and I have not a roof over my head. I don't think I would do it again."

A missionary, on the shady side of sixty, when asked if he did not find it hard to be continually away from home, replied, "That is not the worst of it. The worst is that we get used to it."

Why is it that these faithful old missionaries experience this sense of loss when the shadows are lengthening at the close of the day, and the sunset of life draws near? They look back with pleasure on the other sacrifices they have made, but this home question presses heavily on the heart. Is it a responsibility that has not been discharged?

"It is not the things that you do, dear,  
But the things that you leave undone,  
That brings this weary heartache  
At the setting of the sun."

### The Missionary's Family

Let them tell their own story. No one else can tell it so feelingly and eloquently as they.

One apostle tells of his boyhood spent in a home where his father, also an apostle, was almost continually absent on a mission. The burdens of "the man of the house" fell on the boy's shoulders when he was little more than a child. These he carried bravely, painfully, in cold and distress, with a burning indignation in his heart at the injustice of it all, until he was fifteen years of age, when he rebelled outright. In words like these he expressed himself: "If my father cannot stay home and take care of his family, I refuse to do it for him any longer." And he left home.

We who heard the call of James Kelley to the apostolic quorum and heard his acceptance of it will never forget it. With bowed head and tears rolling down his cheeks he told of his sufferings as a child as the son of an apostle, and said, in effect, "Nothing but my conviction that it is the will of God would induce me to accept this office, for well do I know what my wife and children will have to suffer."

The story of the missionary labors of Glaud Rodgers was published in the "Autumn Leaves" some years ago, and was read by the saints with hearts glowing with admiration for that noble character who spent

seven years away from home on one mission. Years later when I became acquainted with some of his family, I learned the part of that mission work that was not published, and to my mind it was by far the greater part. The suffering, the loneliness, and the effect on the childish mind eternity alone will tell.

Very few missionaries' sons take up missionary work with the zeal and courage with which their fathers did. One little lad expressed his attitude as follows: "When I get to be a big man I will not do as papa does. I'll just preach the gospel to the people once, and I'll tell them that is what they have to do or they'll go to hell. And then I'll go home." How different this is from the ambitions of the sons of men in other avocations. They usually want to do just what papa does.

The missionaries' families are expected to be the very best, and if they do fall below the average in some instances we soon hear some one say: "Oh, yes; it is always the way; the preacher's sons are the worst." Oh, consistency! They take away the husband and father, and leave the mother to do double duty, and they expect better results than where both parents are at home to care for the children. No work can long prosper under the blessings of God, whose promotion brings to His ears the cries of bleeding hearts crushed by the weights of their sorrows. Only a few years ago manufacturers of certain goods thought it absolutely necessary for them to sweat their profits out of suffering women and children. Today such a thing is not permitted, and they still make profits.

### The Missionary's Wife

What is she? She is not a maiden. She is not a widow. She lives alone and largely manages the affairs of home and family. Her children are what are known in judicial circles as "the children of one parent." She has a husband whom she rarely sees, but to whom, usually, she is devoted. Her husband does not even provide for her directly. She gets her "allowance" from the church. It has taken this responsibility from the husband and sends the money direct to her. She is denied association with her husband, and she can not go out with other men as a girl or widow would, for she must be very discreet in her conduct.

As a result of her peculiarly unnatural situation she is generally a rather forsaken-looking person; a lonely, burdened woman, sometimes termed "odd" or "queer". Her husband notices this and perhaps wonders why his wife is so different from the girl he married, and why she is so much less interesting than the happy, jolly women he meets abroad.

"The allowance" is for her support, but it is a very uncertain thing. Its continuance depends on her husband's attitude. Should he prove faithful, and continue in accord with the appointing powers other things being equal, the "allowance" comes. But should he fail in personal conduct, or fall out with those in charge, he is dropped, and the "allowance" stops. In the first instance she gets back a man broken in character, disgraced in the church, discouraged, and alienated in

affection. But in either case he comes to her out of touch with the means of making a living. She has had no opportunity of laying by for a rainy day, as the "allowance" covers only present needs. The business world is changed since he left it and he may find it hard to get work he can do, especially if he is up in years or in poor health. The missionary's wife must look forward to this possibility while she is making her sacrifice and while she sees all around her others making provision for old age or disability. For while her husband may forget temporal things, with her they are ever present.

The average woman can scarcely imagine the things for which this woman pines. One missionary's wife said, "I wonder if ever I shall have the the privilege of making dinner and waiting for my husband to come in from work to eat it." Another: "When I see a man and wife walking together on the street it makes me so unhappy that I go home in misery because I cannot have the same privilege." Another, after a struggle with her boy just entering his teens, sobbed out her sorrow in these words: "It just seems to me that we are sacrificing our own children for the children of other people." The daughter of James Yates, writing me on the occasion of the death of her mother, said: "One of the greatest sorrows of mother's life was in not being permitted to work with father in church work, after their long years of separation while he was a travelling missionary, and she a faithful mother at home with her growing family."

The normal condition would have been for that woman to have been with her husband through life, that he might have helped her in raising the family, while she could have given expression to her longing for spiritual work by assisting him in his labors. But each make the great (I was about to say, supreme) sacrifice because they believed God required it of them. But did he? Is it God, or is it man, zealous, short-sighted man than binds these heavy burdens and grievous to be borne on the shoulders of faithful woman, which gives her this feeling of disappointment with life as it comes to her, when she is about to cross over to the better land, because she has not been permitted to be a companion to her husband and a helpmeet in his labors?

In some instances the wife travels with the husband. In which case they usually have to share another's home, and to some extent feel that they are a burden to the people, though their treatment may be the very best. But there is something in the human heart that craves a home of its own, and no substitute can fully talk its place. If their mission be to the Islands it will be for a term of years and the natives provide them with a home of their own. How beautiful! This is real missionary work, and the reports from that humble mission show that the missionary's wife is no second rate laborer when she is given a proper opportunity. Have the natives solved the problem for us? They at least have wrought a wonderful improvement on the other system.

(to be concluded next month)

## "AND I WASH THEE NOT"

By Robert L. Maley

"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." John 13:8.

"... when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed." Isa. 53:10.

"... He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Luke 3:16.

The simple force of our first text is to Christians at once terrible and comforting. Terrible in the thought of the separation of the "unwashed", and comforting in the assurance to those "washed" that they shall have a "part" with the one who made our world and us.

To be "washed" (Dictionary; cleaned from moral pollution) was the factor bringing the assurance of a "part" with Him (Christ).

Pertinent at this point is the observation that Christ's reference was to an occurrence beyond that of the moment (the washing of the feet). This is revealed by the rejoinder of Peter who, grasping the portent of the remark, says, "Lord not my feet only, but my hands and my head."

The "hands" and the "head" of a person have an important significance at this point: Our hands are organs of performance or action, and our head is an organism of design and decision. That Peter should request a washing of his hands and head adds weight to the special implication that having our "head" cleaned from moral pollution and our "hands" as well, would establish us in a singular manner apart from the things of human squalor and debasement and affords us a part with Christ.

"If I wash thee not" becomes then a profound utterance based upon the knowledge that Christ had of the operating factors in human existence.

That one should be washed in head and hand is not an operation of ablution in water but a purging of an inner sort. Of necessity this is the only feasible solution of the problem presented by this text, any other affords only the ludicrous and confusing. The effect must be upon the intellect of man, affecting his powers of conception and design with resultant effect upon the organs of performance.

The statement of John enlightens the problem at this point for he says, "He shall baptize (wash, cleanse) you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Here then is the proper resolution of the matter: The purging by the Holy Spirit (Ghost) is the saving thread. Being so "washed" we shall have a part with Him.

The assurance of this washing is the hope embodied in our sacrament observance. "That we shall have his spirit to be with us" (Moroni 4 and 5) washing, purging, making certain that "part with Him" is our hope and desire.

May we in full realization say with Peter, "Lord, both my head and my hands!"

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### NEWS FROM LOCALS

(continued from page 183)

Thou Great Jehovah", which some of our young interpreted before they were sung by the choir, contributed so much to help us all see the need that we have to

consecrate our lives more fully and sincerely to our Lord. But, most of all, our joy reached the top when our visitors expressed their thankfulness to the group for having been invited and they asked us to please let them know when we have another such wonderful time. The loud speaker which was installed on a post outside the church carried the program to the ears of those who were too shy to come out and yet who, protected by the dark against ostracism, we are sure, also enjoyed the Spirit that was there.

### Tears of Regret

Nevertheless, our joy was turned into tears of regret that we are so limited as to what we can do; people are hungry for the truth but are too afraid to admit it. We have to find some way of reaching them. One person alone cannot be a teacher of English, a pastor, a missionary, a counselor and adviser, a chorister, and organizer and a teacher of kindergarten, and be expected to be housekeeper and all the other things which enter into a man's life all together. Yet, all these things are needed.

I have proposed that our church sponsor a school. We have some capable young men who, because of the lack of financial means, are not able to be our missionary teachers. Yet, were we to have a little school for the little ones (not a college like some one misinterpreted) each child that would attend said school would furnish the opportunity of reaching one more family for the Church of Christ.

We have a chance to go forward right here and yet, our selfishness and egoism and maybe something else will cause this opportunity to be lost. We claim that we are to follow the orders given to us in these last days: that the Gentiles are to assist those of the House of Israel in the establishment of Zion. Yet, from 1830, the year the church was restored, till now we have just talked about it.

Please, the call is urgent! Consider your mission here and its needs very seriously and prayerfully and do something about it. If you have some kind of apathy toward the writer, please, don't let it get in the way. The lack of means to do their part will cause even those we now have to fall away.

Please, pray for us here that our efforts will not come to naught like has happened in some places. Pray unto the Father that we may overcome our narrow-mindedness and make good use of the liberty that God has given us through Jesus Christ, or Lord. Remember that here are a few who are willing to give of their time and talents to a righteous cause and that your help can do much. We have started a work here and we all believe it to be a great work. Therefore it cannot possibly be just one or two people's job but ours as a group, as a body. Think of the little ones whose little innocent minds may be given a good start in life through the teaching of the great principle of love to mankind and of obedience to the Most High.

May we get our hands behind the plow and work while its yet day for the night cometh when man works no more.

May our Lord open the way for the right things to be affected.

Yours in the Gospel,

Fernando Ojeda

### MAPLE CITY, MICHIGAN

We are building slowly but will soon have the church enclosed and expect to finish the building by next summer. Bro. Edd Mallory is putting in the large doors with some of the young men assisting him. We are having a chili supper in the church to raise money for the local.

Bro. Price and I celebrated our Golden Wedding anniversary, Sunday afternoon, October 18. There were about 200 present including our children and grandchildren and friends. They came from Detroit, Jackson, Lansing, Leslie, and Traverse City. We received many useful presents.

Our daughter from Ohio has just returned to her home after visiting here for two weeks.

Sr. Minnie Price, Reporter

### COLLINS NEWS

We are very glad to report that our attendance has been good here at Collins and that we enjoyed the visitors from other locals and places. Our visitors included Bro. and Sr. Joseph Yates's daughter, Joy, and her three girls from Florida, two of Bro. Yates's sisters, Sr. Evalena Campbell and Sr. Orin Caviness and Bro. Caviness, Bro. and Sr. McIndoo and their daughter and her husband, and Bro. and Sr. Shaw all from Phoenix, Ariz., Bro. Andy Yates and Bro. and Sr. O'Day from California, Bro. and Sr. Alex Smith and son from Ava, Mo., Bro. and Sr. Sam Kidd and son from Raytown, Mo., and Rolland Sarratt from Independence, Mo.

While some of the visitors from Arizona and California were here, we had a social gathering one evening at the home of Bro. and Sr. Everett Martin. Everyone seemed to have a good time visiting with each other and singing sacred songs and eating pop corn, apples and other goodies.

Our recent speakers have been Bros. Leon and Joseph Yates who taught us many good things. Bro. Leon spoke about many people seeking security in these days. He showed how real security is obtained only in and through the gospel of Jesus Christ and that through this we may lay up treasures in heaven where there will be everlasting security. The gospel is the only foundation on which to stand to have peace of mind, comfort, and security in these perilous times. The standard requirement of the gospel of Christ is to be humble and full of love and to repent daily that grace and peace will be ours through the knowledge of Christ. Hope in the excellency of eternal life is what helps people to press onward and to hold fast to the rod of iron or the word of God, which will help them gain eternal life. Without this hope, one would be most miserable; the resurrection would be meaningless to him.

Bro. Joseph Yates, our pastor, gave us much good needed counsel. He told how man has his own free agency to choose whom he will serve or whether he will accept the gospel of Christ. God does not force

anyone to accept it, but His Spirit will not always strive with man. Bro. Yates read from Galatians, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." We are promised that if we seek first the kingdom of heaven, all things will be added to us. It is the nature of the natural man to put his family and cares of life first before God's work on earth. Many have talents, some make much of them and others do not use them and will in time lose them. Those who are diligent, God makes rich, and those who know, much is required of them and greater is their reward. Everyone has some talent and should use it.

We were all made sad by the death of the wife of Bro. Vincent Yates. Some of us attended the funeral which was held near Preston, Missouri. The family has our love and sympathy.

Bro. and Sr. Leon Yates will soon leave us to go to their mission field in Mexico. We are praying for their protection and health and that they will be able to do much good in their ministry to our brothers and sisters of the far South whom we have learned to love.

Sr. L. M. Sarratt, Reporter

### INDEPENDENCE WEST LOCAL

It has been some time since you have heard from our little group. The summer days are nearly over. Fall with its time of harvest is here. The autumn flowers with their brilliant colors are all around us. Not to be outdone, the trees are starting to turn many beautiful colors. All nature is putting forth one last grand display before the cold blast of winter comes and puts all nature to sleep for another year.

We have enjoyed a goodly portion of the spirit of God in our meetings and we are truly thankful for his loving watchcare and guidance over us. The sermons have been full of instructions that if we heed, will help us to live better lives and we will be better prepared when our time comes to answer for the deeds done in this life. Many of the speakers have taught of the coming forth of the church and what the church taught, telling it in language that children could understand and know. So all of us have been fed the true things of the gospel.

Many of our number have been ill, some for a few days while others have been ill for a long time. Bro. Aldridge has been poorly for a long time and this last heart attack took him to the hospital for several days, but we are thankful he is able to be at home again. Bro. Caldwell has been in the hospital also at Windsor, Mo., and he is still in considerable pain at this time. Bro. Flint seems some better since returning from the field. We are thankful that God has blessed each one and I am sure they would all appreciate your prayers.

After Bro. Anderson returned from Nigeria, he was very ill for some time, but he improved enough to go out into his field in May and was gone until a few weeks ago. One of the first tasks he performed after he came home was to bless his great granddaughter, Michelle Diane, the daughter of Bro. Orvill Rupe and his wife.

The women's department held their first meeting with Sr. Lorraine Welton after our summer vacation. Since then we have had a food demonstration at the Gas Company, with about sixty guests present, which contributed to our finances, and we plan to have a food sale which will add to our building fund.

Several of our group including our pastor, Bro. Kenneth Smith, went to the Buffalo, Mo., Reunion and a few weeks later another group of our number attended the reunion at Lima Center, Wisc., where we all felt the out-pouring of the Spirit of God at all of the meetings.

We were permitted on a Sunday morning to have a taped church service that had been recorded by Bro. Arthur M. Smith in his far away field in Wales. We enjoyed the singing of our Welch brothers and sisters and it seemed good to hear the voice of Bro. Smith again. After the closing of the service, the Welch saints sang a song or two following which Sr. Smith sent greetings to us here in Independence.

We were saddened to learn of the death of the daughter-in-law of Bro. and Sr. Joseph Yates. She was the wife of their oldest son, Vincent. She leaves six children ranging in age from 14 years to 21 months. We pray that God's watch-care will be over them in this hour of trial and may He be very near those who will have their care.

Ora Derry, Reporter

### INDEPENDENCE DIARY

October 23. The Mothers' Club held a ham dinner to raise funds for their activities which include sponsoring the children's music club. An evening of pleasant association was enjoyed by all who attended.

October 30. A Halloween party was held for the children and their friends at the home of Bro. and Sr. Nolan Matthews. The party was sponsored by the Mothers' Club and the hostesses were Sr. Kay Matthews, Sr. Leona Thompson, and Sr. Irene Maley.

Our speakers have been Bro. Clarence Thompson, Bro. Harvey J. Bell, Bro. J. M. Case, Bro. Denver Chapman, Bro. Vance Harris, Bro. Richard Wheaton, Bro. Forrest Maley, and Bro. Nicholas F. Denham.

Thoughts gleaned from the services include:

If we keep looking at ourselves in the mirror and striving to attain righteousness we will not have time to find fault with others or to carry tales. Often our motive in looking for faults in others is to make ourselves seem better in comparison, but the only standard by which to measure ourselves is the example of Jesus Christ.

We must study the scriptures and draw a line between sin and righteousness and get on the side of righteousness while we are yet in the flesh if we hope to gain eternal life. We can draw even a fine line by diligent study and prayer with full purpose of heart.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." We do not need to spend our time trying to promote

the things we think are necessary but are not clearly outlined in the Bible and Book of Mormon.

"Ye are the salt of the earth. But if the salt has lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted. It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and be trodden under foot of man." Salt is used principally to season other food. In order to season, it must be different than the food. If we are to season the world we must be different than the world. Our motivating force should be the Holy Ghost.

What preparation are we making, individually and as a people, for the events that are just ahead? In Washington's vision he saw war clouds hovering over Africa, Europe and Asia and they all rolled together and engulfed America. The clouds are now hovering.

Caroline Hedrick, Reporter.

## BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

### Paula Lynnette

Bro. and Sr. Leslie P. Case announce the birth of a daughter Sunday, November 1. She has been named Paula Lynnette. Jimmy, Donnie, and Linda are the other members of the happy family. The grandparents are Bro. and Sr. J. M. Case of Independence and Bro. and Sr. Harvey J. Bell of Grand Junction, Colo.

Little Paula will share birthday honors with "grandma" (Sr. Harvey J. Bell) who was born on a November 1 Sunday morning.

## OBITUARY

### Louise Palfrey Sheldon

Louise Palfrey Sheldon was born May 4, 1871, at Brookfield, Mo., and passed from this life October 18, 1959, at Independence, Mo.

She was the daughter of Bro. and Sr. Frederick Palfrey. Her father was born in England and came to this country in his childhood. Her mother was born in Albany, New York. Both of her parents lived and died in Independence. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. George Vandell, two brothers and one sister having preceded her in death, a stepson, Arthur Sheldon of Independence, Mo., and two step-daughters, Mrs. Alice Wright of Kansas City, Mo. and Mrs. Gladys Smith of Independence, Mo.

She was married to Thomas J. Sheldon, November 22, 1909. She and her husband transferred their membership from the Reorganized Church to the Church of Christ in 1918 where they were both very active.

Sr. Sheldon served as Editor-in-Chief of Zion's Advocate for a number of years.

For the past year, because of rapidly failing health, Sr. Sheldon has made her home with her step-grandson, Bro. William A. Sheldon and family. Some time ago she fell and broke her hip from which she never recovered.

She had a wide circle of friends and will be greatly missed.

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**THE WINDS OF FATE**

One ship drives east and another drives west  
With the selfsame winds that blow.  
'Tis the set of the sails  
And not the gales  
Which determine the course they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,  
As we voyage along through life:  
'Tis the set of the soul  
That decides its goal,  
And not the calm or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

This poem was written by Mrs. Wilcox on the steamer, Richard Peck, between New Haven and New York, following her husband's observation that one ship went west and another east in the same wind.

# THE HELPING HAND

This column is for the benefit of the Sunday School work.

Contributions of interest, study helps and programs for the advancement of Sunday Schools are solicited.

Material will be reviewed and edited.

## AND BECOME AS A LITTLE CHILD

"Ye must repent, and be baptized in my name, and become as little child, or ye can in nowise inherit the kingdom of God." III Nephi 5:40.

Strange words indeed when it is a common belief in the world today that little children are in need of baptism. By studying more closely the above reference from the Book of Mormon, it can readily be seen that there are three major qualifications we must fulfill to "inherit the kingdom of God."

First—Repentance. Repent of what? Repent of all our sins and misdeeds done in this life.

Second—Baptism. Baptism of water for remission or washing away of our sins and of fire by laying on of hands for the Holy Ghost.

Third—Humbleness. Becoming humble as a little child. Trusting and obedient to the God in Heaven. Children have no pride or pretention.

### Natural Man

Following are some scriptures which show the final destiny of little children and those persons who have reached the age of accountability and who have humbled themselves as little children. These scriptures are plain enough without any further comment.

"For the natural man is an enemy to God, and has been, from the fall of Adam, and will be, for ever and ever; But if he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit, and putteth off the natural man, and becometh a saint, through the atonement of Christ, the Lord, and becometh as a child, submissive, meek, humble, patient, full of love, willing to submit to all things which the Lord seeth fit to inflict upon him, even as a child doth submit to his father." Mosiah 1:119-120.

"But men drink damnation to their own souls, except they humble themselves, and become as little children, and believe that salvation was, and is, and is to come, in and through the atonement blood of Christ, the Lord Omnipotent;" Mosiah 1:118.

"Behold, I have come unto the world to bring redemption unto the world, to save the world from sin: therefore whoso repenteth and cometh unto me as a little child, him will I receive; for of such is the kingdom of God." III Nephi 4:51.

"At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, And said, verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Matt. 18:1-6.

"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Mark 10:13-15.

### Little Children

"And the word of the Lord came to me by the power of the Holy Ghost, saying, Listen to the words of Christ, your redeemer, your Lord, and your God. Behold, I came into the world not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; . . . little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin; . . . I know that it is solemn mockery before God, that ye should baptize little children . . . ye teach, repentance and baptism unto those who are accountable and capable of committing sin; yea, teach parents that they must repent and be baptized, . . . and their little children need no repentance, neither baptism . . . little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; . . . if little children could not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell . . . he that supposeth that little children need baptism, is in the gall of bitterness . . . should he be cut off while in the thought, he must go down to hell. . . . We be unto him that shall pervert the ways of the Lord . . . Little children can not repent; . . . For the power of redemption cometh on all they that have no law; wherefore, he that is not condemned, or he that is under no condemnation can not repent; and unto such baptism availeth nothing . . . for repentance is unto them that are under condemnation, and under the curse of a broken law." Moroni 8:9-28.

"For behold, he judgeth, and his judgment is just, and the infant perisheth not, that dieth in his infancy;" Mosiah 1:117.

"Little children also have eternal life." Mosiah 8:60.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

### INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDERING

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

Send ALL remittances for the Sunday School Association to: General Sunday School Association Treasurer, Church of Christ (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri.

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