

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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No. 9

Retrospection

by

Evalena Sills



Delightful youth has had its day;
Maturing years have slipped away,
Approaching eve entices me
To retrospection full and free.
Stinging pain, exultant pleasure—
Each has dealt its portioned measure.
I've bowed beneath a chastening hand
To rise again and understand
An all-wise Father planned it so
Through crucial test the soul might grow.
Some cadence sweet, divinely tuned,
Shall solace each remembered wound.

In retrospection's candid light
Have I reached potential's height?
Have I my blessings magnified,
Then sharing, found them multiplied?
In trial's mesh have I been loathe
To weave its strands to greater growth?
O time of youth in vigor spent,
Let mem'ry echo your content.
O mellowed years so lately flown,
Reflect the gladness you have known.
O twilight years in sunset hue,
In faith and trust I'll walk with you.

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 Phone: TEmple 3-3995

EDITOR

Kenneth J. Smith, 209 South Crysler, Independence, Missouri 64050

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Harvey E. Seibel, 1914 South Osage, Independence, Missouri 64050
 Roland L. Sarratt, 4305 South Main, Independence, Missouri 64050

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EDITORIAL

THE IMPORTANCE OF BUILDING THE TEMPLE

If we fully understand the necessity of building the Temple in our day, we will have perused and digested the prophecies as well as the history of God's dealings with mankind. None will deny the evident facts and undeniable signs that are now preceding the second coming of our Lord and Master in these last days; and that an important work must precede the advent of Jesus to the earth for the last time. It will be evident to us that the part and place the building of the Temple is to play in this work just preceding his coming is important and cannot be minimized in the least degree. A good deal of the preparatory work will be done inside of the Temple of the Most High, if the prophecies correctly foretell the circumstances and conditions of this marvelous event.

Striking in character is the work and there will be no mistake concerning its accomplishment; so mighty is the results that will follow its completion. The whole earth cannot escape the knowledge of its fulfillment.

Few, even those in the world about us, are attempting to deny the nearness of the second coming of the Savior. Preparation of the bride, "the lamb's wife", the church, or the people is imminent.

Those that seek to minimize the importance of the building of the Temple and point with scorn to the authority oft times referred to in Latter Day Revelation, little realize or perhaps have no knowledge that our basic analysis runs not only through Latter Day Revelation but goes deep in solid foundation in both the Bible and Book of Mormon. We have the words of Jesus himself, "And it came to pass that he commanded them that they should write the words which the Father had given unto Malachi, which he should tell unto them. And it came to pass after they were written, he expounded them. And these are the words which he did tell unto them, saying, This said the Father unto Malachi, Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." (III Nephi 11:2-6)

The above quotation taken from the Prophet Malachi, was ordered to be written on the Nephite Records by Jesus at the time he visited this continent, shortly after his resurrection. That this prophecy had no reference to anything occurring previous to Jesus' ministry is undeniably proven by the fact that the Lord stated after repeating the prophecy that, "... These scriptures which ye had not with you, the Father commanded that I should give unto you, for it was wisdom in him that

they should be given unto future generations." (III Nephi 11:29)

The "Future Generations" just mentioned, must mean those living in the latter days because of the fact that neither sacred nor profane history show any record of the fulfillment up to the present day. We believe this is corroborated in Latter-Day Revelation given in September, 1832, where it reads: "Therefore, as I said concerning the sons of Moses—for the sons of Moses and also the sons of Aaron shall offer an acceptable offering and sacrifice in the house of the Lord, which house shall be built unto the Lord in this generation upon the consecrated spot, as I have appointed; and the sons of Moses and of Aaron shall be filled with glory of the Lord upon Mount Zion in the Lord's house, whose sons are ye; . . ." (Doctrine and Covenants 83:6)

The prophecy of Malachi and the promise just quoted from Latter-Day Revelation are striking in similarity and refer to one and the same thing. To give further evidence that without a doubt it is the temple that is to be built at Independence, that is to be honored by the presence of the Son of God, we read again from Latter Day Revelation given in August, 1833: "And inasmuch as my people build an house unto me, in the name of the Lord, and do not suffer any unclean thing to come into it, that it be not defiled, my glory shall rest upon it; yea, and my presence shall be there, for I will come into it, and all the pure in heart that shall come into it, shall see God; but if it be defiled I will not come into it, and my glory shall not be there, for I will not come into unholy temples." (Doctrine and Covenants 94:4)

Some of the preparatory work that is to be performed in the temple is found in the reference, "Verily I say unto you, that it is my will than an house should be built unto me in the land of Zion, like unto the pattern which I have given you; yea, let it be built speedily by the tithing of my people: behold, this is the tithing and the sacrifice which I, the Lord, require at their hands, that there may be an house built unto me for the salvation of Zion; for a place of thanksgiving, for all saints, and for a place of instruction for all those who are called to the work in the ministry, in all their several callings, and offices; that they may be perfected in the understanding of their ministry; in theory; in principle; and in doctrine; in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God on earth, the keys of which kingdom have been conferred upon you." (Doctrine and Covenants 94:3)

Added to the above preparatory work to be performed in the temple, we find the important additional work to be done in the city, New Jerusalem, which from its character must of a necessity be performed also in the temple. The endowment of the apostles, which endowment promises to usher in a special administration of the ministry, to equip the Twelve with power like unto the apostles of old, whereby the dead may be raised, the lame made to walk, and the power necessary to carry the gospel to the nations of the earth. We simply impose this question. Can we separate the importance of the building of the Temple from our teachings to our people

and the people of the entire Restoration Movement? We live in the most important period of time in the history of man. Will the city of New Jerusalem be built without first building the house of the Lord? Without a shadow of doubt, when the Lord returns to the earth again in these last days according to Malachi, a temple will be standing in its proper place to receive him. Will it be removed to the west? Or, will it be removed to any other spot, even in Zion, than that pointed out and dedicated? The time is now for all those truly converted to the establishment of the Cause of Zion to rally around the old paths, teaching the basic principles, to prepare a people who will be ready to meet the Master of men, when he comes again to the earth to claim his own.

KJS.

ATTENTION ALL CHURCH OF CHRIST (TEMPLE LOT) SUNDAY SCHOOLS

In the meeting of the General Sunday School held during the General Conference of 1967 it was moved and seconded "that the General Sunday School adopt or formulate a Pre-teen and Teen Pen Pal Club." (See page 19 in the May 1967 issue of the Supplement to the Zion's Advocate.) In order that we may carry out the adoption of this, it is requested that all Sunday School Superintendents make this known to their individual Sunday School charges. I sincerely hope that all the Sunday School Locals will respond with the enthusiasm as the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) Sunday School of Southgate, Michigan where the idea originated. They are ready to write to their young Brothers and Sisters across the lands. There is nothing to buy or sell, and the only dues you owe are the letters you should answer when you receive a letter.

All you have to do to join "The Pen Pal Club" are the simple rules listed below:

Give your name, age, school grade and if you are male or female.

Would you like to write to a boy or girl and in what state or other country where there are other Church of Christ (Temple Lot) Locals?

If there are other children in Wales or England that would care to write we would be happy to send you the addresses of other boys and girls.

How many would you like to write to? Give number.

Send all names with required information and Zip Codes to:

Elder Tony Grzincic
General Sunday School Supt.
15200 Poplar Ave.
Southgate, Michigan 48192

It is our desire that the children and teen-agers learn to know one another better. Then when they get a chance to come to conference or to attend another state reunion they are looking forward to meeting their friends. Perhaps this will be a good way for our young people to meet.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

Original Articles are the opinions of the author and do not necessarily reflect the teachings of the church or the opinions of the editorial staff. Even though some articles may in some cases be interpreted as controversial in nature, we believe that such articles if written in an affirmative manner in which a belief or an opinion is expressed, and evidences presented to support that belief, said articles should be presented to the readers.

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH

by

Lovita G. Seibel

How often, oh how often, Jesus voiced this rebuke to His followers; ". . . O ye of little faith. . ." (Matthew 8:26).

Physical and material trials and needs often left His followers staggering in the darkness of their human unbelief. A great storm had arisen and their fears rose with it as their boat foundered in the waves which broke relentlessly over it. They knew Jesus and His matchless power. They had a little faith. Enough to waken Him and say, ". . . Lord, save us: we perish." (Matthew 8:21). But even so, Jesus rebuked their "little faith". For these followers of His, knew Jesus to be the Son of God, the Messiah, even the creator of the world. A greater faith would have also recognized that the powers of wind, and sea, and storm, could not overcome the One who had created them. With such a faith they could have rested serenely, knowing that their boat would safely ride out the storm.

Another time Jesus rebuked them in a similar manner when their minds failed to perceive that He spake of the wicked acts and beliefs of the Pharisees and the Sadducees, calling their teachings "leaven". (Matthew 16:6-8) His followers' faith and understanding were so little that they thought that Jesus spoke of the bread which they had forgotten to bring. Seemingly they had forgotten the marvelous power that had fed the thousands from a few loaves on previous occasions.

While in Luke 12:27-28 Jesus gives a solemn promise of Gods' beneficence of His providential care over all of His creation. "Consider the lillies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

How very like these early Christians are we of the present day, also. We who claim and desire to be Jesus' followers, too. Surely His rebuke, "O ye of little faith", must ring with a clear and clarion sound in our ears, at this present day and time.

We believe it to be the "last days", even the time of which it is said, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, . . ." (Luke 21:26) It is a time when men fear because of many reasons, while faith in God, His promises, and protection, and blessings is fast disappearing, and grow weak among His followers.

This should not be! Instead we should all be boldly about our Father's business. That business includes all phases of the work of the church; including the support of the missionary effort to all the world, "And this

gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come." (Matthew 24:14) Also the building up of Zion, and the building and filling the Lord's storehouse for the poor, that it may be fulfilled according to Isaiah 14:32, which says, ". . . That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it."

This "business" of our Lord calls for our tithes and offerings in full measure. If we give less than that which is specified in God's word, surely our ears can scarcely tune out the Savior's cry of rebuke coming down through the ages, "O ye of little faith"!

God has given us a sample of a people whose faith was greater than ours. A people who dared trust His word. WE should study and learn about them, then take heart, gird to our faith and follow their example.

In II Chronicles, chapters 30 and 31 we learn of a time when Judah, in the days of Hezekiah, turned to serve the Lord. They cleansed themselves of their wickedness and idolatry, and turned to keep the law of God as given by Moses. When this had been done, King Hezekiah sent a commandment to the people dwelling in Jerusalem, to give the portion of the priests and the Levites. This was the tenth or tithe. Wondrously enough in verse 5 of chapter 31 we are told that as soon as the commandment came abroad, the people obeyed. Surprisingly it didn't stop with the people of Jerusalem. The faith and will to keep the God's commands were alive throughout the country. For verse 6 tells us that those who dwelt in the cities of Judah brought their tithes also unto God, as it says, ". . . and laid them in heaps."

This wonderful story goes on and on—how in the third month the foundation of the heaps was laid, and in the seventh month the heaps were finished. The wonder of it attracted King Hezekiah's attention and he made inquiry concerning the heaps of tithes and offerings.

Verse 10 of chapter 31 sums up the matter nicely. "And Azariah the chief priest of the house of Zadok answered him, and said, Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty: FOR THE LORD HATH BLESSED HIS PEOPLE; and that which is left is this great store."

It was such a great abundance "given of God" to a people with faith sufficient to tithe and bring offerings, that Hezekiah commanded that chambers be prepared in the house of God, in which to store that which God had so bountifully supplied.

If we follow their example and move out boldly with much faith, we can expect a like result of bounteous blessings, and the church can then more efficiently carry out the many phases of our Father's business.

1 God has commanded us to bring our tithes and offerings into His storehouse. With Nephi of old, we would do well to learn the truth of which he spoke when he said, ". . . I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." (I Nephi 1:6) And again Nephi says, "And if it so be that the children of men keep the commandments of God, he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them;" (I Nephi 5:59)

God will not suffer you to become impoverished when you faithfully pay your tithes and offerings. Jesus still says to us, "Do ye not yet understand, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets ye took up?" (Matthew 16:9-10)

O ye of little faith!

OUR RELATIONSHIP TO CHRIST

by

Elder John L. Randall

5 How great is our God and His Son our Savior that we are yet preserved to make correction in our lives, necessary to be received back into His companionship. Lets look at our transgressions so plainly described in His word, and then strive to overcome them remembering His arms are outstretched with gifts as well as blessings for for us. His gifts and blessings cannot be mixed with transgressions. Oh, that our minds shall be alerted to the better things (Spiritual that is). Oh, that we were persuaded to God's ways and not given to the pleasures of the world, the sins of our everyday experiences, such as, not going to God before making decisions of the interpretations of our God's word, such as we can only get from Him. We are slack in our real love for Him, and our brethren whom we must love if we are to correctly love Him. We also abuse our bodies which effects the clarity and purity of our minds, that also defects or is the lack of completeness, and barring the operation of the mind of Christ in us. It is only as we come to know the desires of Christ in us, by or practice of these very simple rules, shall we enjoy eternal life as promised to us. If the simple rules of purity and of love, as in the precious loving example of our Lord, as found in us, then shall we share together the blessings of heaven, as we were instructed by our Lord to pray and live for.

Sometimes our world becomes so small we come to see ourselves as we really are. We scarcely believe what we have become, because unnoticingly, we gradually arrive at our present condition. We say with our lips, or think casually with our mind to our God, that we are humble and faithful, but are not, and God knows it. And we can know it too, if we so choose. Then only by repentance (deep sorrow for our wrong, with a deep sincere effort to do right) can we ever come back to God and receive the choice gifts and blessings of promise.

By this type of repentance can we have the necessary protection from the (very near) coming destructive events.

God is saying to us, wake up, look, and listen and change your ways. Throw down your personal packages not in harmony with My will, and take up My ways. Learn of Me, then will I be with you, as your Leader, and also your Rearward. Then will you be my CHURCH, and not until. Then and then only will I protect you from all these unseen things that are just ahead of us.

Why did the people of the Nephites after the terrible storm came up, say, Oh, if we had only done differently (obeyed God), our friends, our relatives would not have been destroyed. We are just as terrible; we seemingly cannot or will not pay heed to our Lord's desires for us. How oft would I have gathered you, but you would not be gathered, says Jesus. Let us get down off our high horses, look around and see where we are, then look up to our Lord, ask him for a small sample of real life and we shall never want to go back to our past ways again.

How many of us will actually take courage, search for our secret closet, ask for the answer to our problem, present ourselves for correction, then proceed on our unfinished journey back home to our God?

My prayers are for each of you no matter where you are. Jesus did not eliminate the woman at the well, with all the power of elimination He had. "NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE: GO AND SIN NO MORE." If this spirit is not in us, we are in need of adjustment. This does not mean that I condone sin in any one, myself included, any more than Jesus would; but unless the sinner has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost and that to the knowledge of sinner as the Book of Mormon says, page 445, verse 8, (God knows his punishment) we must continue to forgive him as repentance continues to show forth. The only real signs of qualifications in us as brethren is our love for each other and our prayers and concern for our brother's final destination. Then we can conscientiously and worthily take the sacrament.

Pray for me (one of the weakest) and I will assure you of my prayers.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved. (Psalms 15: 1-5)

HUMILITY

by

Roland L. Sarratt

In a day and in a land when opportunity in personal accomplishments are so great, it is often difficult for the young mind to decide which field of employment or career he should choose. The possibilities that lie before the young are much greater than they can estimate or evaluate and they seldom appreciate what golden roads of livelihood are placed within their reach through personal application.

Under these conditions, the instructions in humility seem so outdated and impractical. An attitude of meekness is considered a great hindrance when faced with the crowds of mixed personalities and persuasions. We are inclined to think that this is no time to hesitate in self-consciousness or in self-examination. We often build up a personal front that meets each situation adequately without too much involvement of personal concern. This, we think, is the safe route where we are not likely to be hurt.

It is even considered unkind to bring to our over occupied minds the simple facts contained within the prophecies concerning the time in which we live. We are inclined to think that it is not sensible to allow ourselves to become deeply concerned in fear that we be considered radical and that it would effect our association with those around us.

The situation that is placed before as a people, and especially the young, is quite acute and delicate. It is not a time to be over critical of each other and our young people. Rather, it is a time to bond ourselves in concern and sympathy for each other that we might help one another overcome the numerous stumbling-blocks that we encounter on life's road willingly and graciously. It is a time to overcome pride and adapt genuine humility. It is a time to realize that we all face similar tasks and trials and that no one person's burdens are especially greater than another's burdens. This is a time to cast aside self-pity and outgrow the introvert and childish disposition that causes us to route around the obstacle rather than to meet it directly. This is a time to break down the great wall of indifference between us and develop a comradeship in the welfare for each other. Your burden is mine and there is no time or cause to be offended by pity. We are all dependant upon the pity of the One who never needed to have condescended to our level but did it through love.

We as a people should be ready to break to pieces the crystallized self-righteousness that is characterized in the churches of the world. The declaration of the "Angel's Message" must not be hindered by the rigidity of our personal persuasions and traditions of the world that we have built up as a guide and defence. We must learn now or eventually that all things that stand in the way whether we consider them good or bad, must be given up or sacrificed if we are to be protected during the great destruction that is ahead of us. God

is no respecter of persons and He will not bend to conform to any set system that man seeks to establish as a way of life.

We have lived in a land of great abundance, but our greatest abundance is in liberty and the freedom of choice. The great bulk of humanity is choosing the "broad way". Now is the time to "come out of Babylon!" We can not be safe in partaking of the things of the world, but we must separate ourselves from the dispositions and attitudes that become popular and attractive. Satan has long since wound his "flaxen cord" around the necks of all those who put themselves at the mercy of man-made religions and organizations of the world. We are not exempt if we allow ourselves to be involved in the political and conniving efforts of men. Our souls become distressed if we are over conscious of the style of clothing and the adorning of one-self. The covetousness of personal possessions often stands in the way of a charitable act. We have not yet come face to face with the fact that we eventually are going to have to give up our personal possessions and great will be the sorrow if we are attached to them and their value.

We speak of humility and are sometimes given to say, "Thy humble servant", in reference to ourselves when addressing our Maker, but I am persuaded that we do not know the true meaning of the word as we will yet know it. Can you in your mind's eye visualize the destruction and turmoil that is coming upon this land and think of a place of safety? There is no physical location other than the place of Zion and it will be cleansed of all that which is inferior to it. Therefore, safety is not necessarily a place but a condition. Humility is definitely a part of that condition. We are given to be vain is our interpretation of humility, as we account it as a part of our personal righteousness. Humility, rather, is a realization and a deep awareness of a righteousness far greater than our own. This places us in one position—a beggar of God's mercy. From this position we can see all things in the true perspective that we will all some day be compelled to see. Faults that we haven't the character to rid ourselves of yet will be exposed vividly to our minds and to the sorrow of our soul when we become lowly in heart. It is not the destruction that hangs over our heads as a threat that motivates humility. It is the purity in the "Lamb of God" that stands before us as a continual pillar overflowing with goodness. His compassion towards us in spite of sin and inferiority defeats our self-esteemed individuality and forever makes us indebted through the atonement of His blood.

What then can be said of us when so much can be said of the Master of men? We leave you with the words of the apostle of old: ". . . I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." (I Corinthians 2:2)

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3:6)

Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil. (Proverbs 3:7)

ABOUT THE GATHERING OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL

The fulfillment of the great promises made to the whole house of Israel in our day, referred to in scripture as the latter day, is transpiring in many ways before our very eyes. Recently, we witnessed the miracle of the freeing of the great old city of Jerusalem by a mere handful of well trained Jews against overwhelming odds that astounded the whole world and fulfilled the scripture concerning the Gentile times. Astonishing to us because it marks an era of time; we therefore look further and find in many instances the gathering spoken of in 3rd Nephi, chapter 2 and the 107th verse, "And surely as the Lord liveth will he gather in from the four quarters of the earth, all the remnants of the seed of Jacob, who are scattered abroad upon all the face of the earth;" And especially are we interested in the return of the 10 lost tribes of the house of Israel that the peoples of the Restoration have talked about for many years. And the prophet Ether speaks specifically of these who are to participate in that great gathering from the north countries. Book of Ether, 6th chapter and 12th verse: "And they are they who were scattered and gathered in from the four quarters of the earth, and from the north countries, and are partakers of the fulfilling of the covenant which God made to Abraham." The prophet Ezekiel speaks of them in the 38th chapter and 15th verse as ". . . thou shalt come from thy place out of the north parts, thou, and many people with thee, all of them riding upon horses, a great company, and a mighty army;" Jeremiah tells us in the 23rd chapter and the 8th verse: "But the Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land."

Our interest is therefore whetted razor sharp when we read some of the legends or stories told by our brethren who are definitely identified by the Book of Mormon as being direct descendants of the house of Israel by blood descent.

The story of Jock Tame perhaps proves little in establishing the whereabouts of the Lost Tribes but definitely assists us to identify the possibilities in spite of the extreme claims as to circumstances. For nothing is impossible with God.

The Editor

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS SPOT ON EARTH ADMIDST ETERNAL SNOWS

(Taken from an English Paper "The People" September 6, 1931)

A FERTILE PARADISE IN THE FROZEN ARCTIC WASTES

Cold, hostile barriers hide from the peering eyes of man a rich, fertile paradise in the arctic wastes. Here in a setting of eternal snow and ice are swaying palms, tropical fruits, sparkling streams and strange, unearthly animals.

A natural hot-house set amid the desolate ice and snow. It stretches as far as the eye can see, and its floor is green with luscious grass, its streams are warm and its atmosphere pure.

Waving palms on either hand; strange birds—birds no man has even seen before wing their way along the wonderful vale. And deep down, at the foot of a massive hewn cliff, the glimpse of human dwellings.

Such was the vision of an earthly paradise conjured up by the words of an old Indian. He stood before a group of white men and spoke his words with strange emotion. The black eyes in the old head were staring straight ahead; the bronzed, parchment-like face was set in serious lines.

For he was telling the Government authorities a story so fantastic that they would not believe him! Yet was it not true that somewhere amid the icy wastes of Arctic Canada he and his tribe had found a tropical and wonderful vale?

Since he told his tale to the authorities—recounted how he had come upon this green oasis in a desert of terrible cold—many men have tried to find this strange lost land.

Only two have succeeded. And of those two, one saw it but for ten minutes from an airplane, then lost it forever in a bank of clouds.

The other? The other camped on the edge of the mystery valley for nearly a week. He saw its fields, basked in its strange warmth, marvelled at its people.

A THOUSAND MILES OF ICE

His name was Jock Tame. I say "was" because he has just died in the snows where he spent most of his life as a trapper and guide.

It seems ironical that a few days ago—soon after his death—the announcement should have been made that an American expedition will set out soon to search for the Mystery Vale.

To appreciate the fantasy of Jock Tame's story, think of the weather and physical feature of Arctic Canada.

It is a thousand miles of desolate ice and snow, belted in the south by the frozen rim of the Arctic Circle, ending shudderingly in the north on the bleak shores of the crusted Arctic Sea.

Few men live there. Few plants grow.

Prospectors wash for gold in its rivers at the height of summer; trappers scrape a living with their guns; explorers sometimes come to search among the sheeted, shimmering white expanse of glacier and mountains.

But the place is too desolate, too cold, too God-forsaken, to encourage men to go there. It is in the center of that region that Mystery Vale lies.

"Ten miles outside its borders," says Jock Tame, "the wind is biting, the thermometer thumps below zero, and you tread on nothing but deep drifts of snow."

"Yet once inside that Mystery Vale and the whole atmosphere is warm, the breeze is balmy, and grass is soft underfoot."

It was a few months after the Indians came back with their queer story of Mystery Vale that Tame first decided that he would find the lost land. He thought he might find gold within its borders. At any rate, it would be an adventure worth experiencing.

Tame sought out the leader of the Indian band and got his story. It interested him, but the details he wished to get hold of the Indian was unable to tell him.

"Where is the valley?" Tame asked.

"That," said the Indian, "I cannot tell—nor any of my tribe. We found the valley. We watched it, looked down into its secrets, for many hours. Then we went back to our camp, intending to return later."

"But in the meantime a terrible blizzard came. It was a though God was wroth because we had discovered one of His secrets. For when the blizzard was ended and we tried to retrace our footsteps we found nothing but snow, and vast mountains, and glaciers.

"We searched for many days. We determined to settle in this wonderful vale as soon as we found it. But we never did find it. It seemed to have vanished. It was God's will. We came away."

It was the same story that the other Indians told. The details varied, but the one fact remained—the Mystery Vale had been lost in the blizzard.

Tame, however, had one clue. The Indians were able to tell him in which part of the country they had been at the time of their discovery, and he determined to set out immediately for this region and search for the strange land.

IN THE LAND OF VOLCANOES

It was an arduous journey across the most heartless stretch of that heartless country. He had with him a big supply of food, and a small sledge and two dogs.

They mushed across hundred-mile stretches of flat, white snow. Tame climbed wall-like cliffs hundreds of feet high and pulled his dogs after him.

"They call it pressure climbing in Alaska," he said. "You fix yourself inside a fissure in the cliff and by pressing your arms and legs as hard as possible against the sides you force yourself up. At each ledge I pulled on a rope fixed at one end round my waist, and at the other around my dogs. Another rope was used to pull up the sledge.

For days Tame and his dogs traversed every kind of country in his search for Mystery Vale, and at last he reached the region described by the Indians.

"My journey had ended, but my search was only just beginning."

"Where to start? What to look for? I knew nothing other than that I was searching for a valley set in between the great ice-covered volcanoes of this region."

"Which volcanoes? There were scores of them all around me, giants towering thousands of yards into the sky, overpowering me, over-bearing me with their very majesty of size."

"I didn't know where to start, but I had to start somewhere. So one morning I spun the coin and decided on its fall."

But chance was not in alliance with luck on that throw. Tame spent four hard days on the climb to the pass between the volcanoes he had chosen, and found at the end of his journey that snow and ice still surrounded him.

It was like that for several weeks. It happened like that so often that Tame resolved to pack his sledge and set off back for civilization.

He started out early one morning. It was on that morning that a terrible blizzard chose to blow. It was a blizzard as bad as that which had taken the vision of a Promised Land from the Indians; but this time Fate was kinder, and presented that land to Tame for him to feast his eyes on.

He mushed towards home in a thick white bank of driving snow and sleet. He was growing numb with cold, he felt tired, he wanted to rest.

HE HAD TO KEEP MOVING

But Tame knew that in this region he had to keep moving. He strode ahead—ahead towards home, he thought.

And suddenly the snow turned to rain. RAIN!—RAIN!—in a region that had never known such a phenomenon! The breeze turned balmy, and the atmosphere began to clear.

There was a flood in Jock Tame's heart, for he knew his goal was before him. He began to run. He saw he was on the edge of a cliff, and he looked keenly about him.

And there—below him, thousands of feet below him, was a carpet of lush green grass.

"The Mystery Vale!" exulted Tame. And he threw himself upon the ground and stared till the green of the grass, the gold of the ripened hay, and the dead white of the ice-rimmed mountains above were combined by the dizzy swimming of his brain, he was forced to shut his eyes.

Let him describe it.

"The height of the mountains fore-shortened the valley till it seemed small and cramped," he said. "But it must be twenty miles long at least.

"It was narrow and flat, and the winds that sweep its atmosphere up to the heights are like heated breaths from the furnace.

"Grass grows abundantly. Bison foam across the floor. And palm trees are to be seen on either side. Every plant is luxuriant and startling green. The melted ice from the top of the mountains splashes down on verdant pastures and forms itself into tiny streams that cut zig zag across the valley.

"Midway across the streams stood clear and deep I should say for the Bison stood only on its edge to get their drink, yet the rushing water slapped around their bellies.

"I lifted my eyes and looked along the length of this wondrous lost land, and my heart was full. This oasis in the midst of desolation was so awe-inspiring that I wanted someone to tell it to. But there was no one there, none save my dogs and they were sleeping peacefully in the strange warmth.

"How had this valley grown up? How could this land exist in such a cold and barren region? The solution came to me after I had taken stock of my surroundings.

"On either side, I noticed volcanoes. Underneath probably some thousands of feet below the floor of Mystery Valley, hot air from the bowels of the earth was probably circulating. And that hot air must be heating the valley floor, melting the snows, warming the atmosphere—making possible for tropical plants to live in this Arctic region."

Tame spent all the next day trying to get into Mystery Vale, and was foiled. The cliffs were too steep for him to lower himself with a rope.

Fruit was dangling temptingly before his eyes, but he was unable to grasp it.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PARADISE

He looked up the valley searchingly. He saw it twist around out of sight, and glimpsed on the corner the beginnings of a thick luxuriant forest.

It was for there that he made.

He climbed mountains and glaciers and made his way round towards his object. Gradually he got nearer to the corner. And as each bit of new land came into view some new and wonderful sight was revealed to Jock Tame's eyes.

He saw new rivers and streams, stretches of forests, lakes, and herds of strange, shaggy animals. At night strange cries—not human, yet like no animals he had ever heard were wafted up to him.

One morning he was awakened by a terrible shrieking. It was a half-bellow, half-scream of pain and torment. Somewhere below him, where he could not see, an animal or strange human was fighting for its life and letting the world know of its pain.

"As I made my way round towards the curve in the valley I had a feeling that soon I was to see something more awe-inspiring, more wonderful than anything modern man has yet seen. It was not some new freak of the landscape. I was going, I felt to see something—human. What I do not know. But the strange animals so fantastic and horrible in their shapes; those strange birds with their great heads and massive wings, birds that flapped slowly across the valley like great airplanes, all the while moaning fitfully; and those horrible—and, I felt, human shrieks, they were, I know, presages of what I was to see. One night a great storm came and whipped dust and stones around my camp. Yet down in the valley it seemed that nothing was disturbed." Soon Tame came almost to the point where he could see right up the new curve of the Mystery Vale. Ten more miles and he would be there. He pushed on.

The night before his object came in view there was a strange iridescence in the sky that flamed the whole valley, and great licking tongues of fire that seemed to dart out of the black rocks.

Amid all the clamour of the birds when this phenomenon occurred was a stranger, more terrible sound. It was a monotonous, musical chant—or so, at least it seemed.

"It may have been the wind. It may have been the mere howl of wolves that had been twisted into more significant sound by my eardrums.

"But to me it sounded human not the sound of present-day singers, but the chant of primitive people. I thought, as I heard it, of the negroes deep in the heart of the African forests."

Tame was up next morning and on his way, eager to gain a point from which he might view the valley.

"Another day," he thought, "and I shall see the greatest sight of all time."

But when that day had ended Tame was only two miles from where he had started that morning. And he knew then that he could never go further.

Before him stretched a sudden chasm miles deep, miles long. Impossible to cross. Impossible to go round it.

It was as if Nature had built this chasm as a means to blindfold the traveller—to hide from him her secret—to stop him from looking up the other half of Mystery Vale.

Jock Tame turned back. He had seen most of what he had come to see. There were other things which Fate chose to keep secret. He accepted Fate's ruling philosophically.

HE TOLD THEM OF THE WONDERS

He munched his dogs for home. He passed out of the warm borders of Mystery Vale, into the cold, the bleakness and the snow and ice of typical Northern Canada.

He munched ahead steadily. He was eager to get back to his fellows to tell his strange story.

And, strangely enough, he told it only twice.

He reached a settlement, two trappers' huts, six days later, and that night, before the glowing fire, he told his hosts of what he had seen. He told them of the wonders, the marvels, the miracles of Mystery Vale.

They listened sceptically. Then, when he had finished, they said:—

"Yes, the Indians have told us stories like that before. But we can't believe them. You've had a mirage. You'll recover soon. Why, we've searched the whole of Canada for this Mystery Vale and never found it."

After that Tame only repeated his story once, and it was from that source that this narrative is written. He was prepared to swear to the truthfulness of his tale. He found that his details agreed with those of the tale told by the Indians.

"Out there," he declared, "is the greatest secret Nature has ever hidden—a hot-house in the center of the coldest region on earth."

"An impossible story," lots of sceptics will say.

Yet the probability of its truth is more than fully demonstrated by the fact that some of the world's greatest scientists are leaving soon for Northern Canada to search for this valley.

"It is extremely likely that such a valley exists," they say, "and in such a valley in such a region, who of us can say what men and animals might live there?"

I hope they find this valley and bring home real proof of Jock Tame's story. The only sorrow of it is that this cheery little trapper should have died just when he might have led these men to the valley. And, more unfortunately still he died without divulging the whereabouts of Mystery Vale.

My Testimony

Although I lack yet a few years of reaching three score years and ten, I have felt the necessity of giving testimony of the fact that the Gospel of Christ and the authority to proclaim such to the souls of men, has been restored to earth and is now resident in certain men, chosen and appointed to represent God. The same which was delivered to Joseph Smith by the power of God in Angelic administration and thus to the children of men, and that he (Joseph Smith) fulfilled the mission given him without fear of man in his heart, I have no doubt, and that he or any other such man since that time who has or does now live according to the principles and teachings of that Gospel restored, are of necessity good men, and the divinity of its message is born to me by the power of God and is not of the opinions of men.

Its power for good in shaping the character of men is given abundantly and proven. The effects within the Church when its principles are adhered to is shown plainly when adapted to human necessity.

Obedience and a complete dedication to its principles are shown by an increased love for Christ and our fellow men, a positive and closer communing with God, a greater and more intense hatred of that which is evil, a sincere devotion to the cause of holiness and righteousness are the fruits which will prove our claim to the divine origin of the doctrine we proclaim, and if I fail not in these principles I can lay claim finally to a treasure of unmeasured worth and rejoice in possessing it, and I bear this testimony under the comforting and abiding spirit of my heavenly Father and pray that no part of it be a stumbling stone, to others.

Apostle Don W. Housknecht

Therefore, the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy and holiness shall be upon their heads;

And they shall obtain gladness and joy: sorrow and mournings shall flee away. (2 Nephi 5:90, 91)

Words of Wisdom

By

William Richardson

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

Most Church quarrels and differences, arise over some one's rights, not over some one's prayers.

Kind words cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions not only to the one spoken to, but by the one speaking.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

Great works and accomplishments are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

I find the doing of the will of God, leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.

The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way.

It is not doing the thing we like, but liking the thing we have to do that makes life happy.

I cannot think but that the world would be better and brighter, if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness, as well as the happiness of duty.

Dwight D. Eisenhower once said, "Our American Heritage is threatened as much by our OWN indifference as by the powerful foreign threat." What about Our Heritage of the Angel message, of the restored gospel of Christ as promised to the remnant of Jacob, and its preservation from 1830 down to our present day by the faithful few? A thorough review of the restoration history from 1844 to 1867 (the date of the return of the dedicated spot of the new Jerusalem) then from 1867 to our present day, will reveal the many many struggles and demonstration of faith exemplified by those whose duty and calling it was to preserve our heritage in Christ and His true Church on earth in the latter day dispensation.

Can we as believers of the Angel Message afford to be indifferent to our covenant, and our most priceless Heritage? Should not each and every member of this Church rededicate our lives in humility, first to Christ, and His restored gospel in its purity, secondly to our American Heritage (Joseph's Land)?

How rich and how promising are the blessings to the faithful to their covenant, of this people.

NOTICE

I am interested in obtaining the books: Volumes 1 and 2 of "Young Peoples Church History" by Vida E. Smith.

Apostle Donald W. Housknecht
205 E. Shiawassee St.
Fenton, Michigan 48430

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BOOK OF MORMON STORIES

by

Ora Derry

3. Wickedness Among The People

With the death of King Shule, his son, Omer reigned in his place and he was a good king trying to keep the commandments of the Lord. Among his children was a son named Jared who was very ambitious. He rebelled against his father and went to live in the land of Heth. By his flattery and smooth talking, he won away half of his father's kingdom. Then gathering his followers, he went to battle against his father and took him captive making him serve in captivity half of his life.

While in captivity, Omer had two other sons who were very angry with their brother Jared for the way he had treated their father and all the other wicked things he was doing. So they went against him in battle by night, killing off all of Jared's army and they were about to kill him too, but he begged for his life and promised to give the kingdom back to his father.

After Jared gave the kingdom back to his father, he was very sorrowful, for he loved the power and the glory that went with being King. One day his daughter asked him, "Why are you so sad? Don't you remember the records our fathers brought with them across the sea that tell how men back in olden times had done to gain kingdoms and power?"

"Call Akish," she said. "I will dance for him and will please him. If he shall ask you if I may be his wife, you can tell him to bring you your father's head and you will give me to him to be his wife."

Akish saw Jared's daughter dance and he wanted her for his wife. Jared said "Bring me my father's head and she can be your wife."

Then Akish called all the relatives together at Jared's home, and had them take an oath of secrecy to stand by Akish in whatever thing he should do, never to tell what was done and also to help wherever needed. They all swore to keep this oath or if they did not they would be killed.

This was the start of the secret orders upon the promised land that have caused the downfall of many nations and was the final destruction of this Jaredite nation. They will be the destruction of any nation who has these secret powers in their government to use their evil plans to gain power and authority over others.

By using the power they had gained by the secret oaths among this people, Akish overthrew the kingdom of Omer and they sought to take Omer's life. But the Lord warned Omer in a dream to flee out of the country. So Omer took all his family except Jared and his family, and left the country, traveling many days, until they reached the seashore where they pitched their tents.

After King Omer left, the people made Jared King again but he did not get to enjoy his power for very long, for the secret orders he had used to get the throne for

himself was his downfall. Akish wanted power too, so Jared was killed as he was sitting on his throne and Akish took over the kingdom.

Akish was a wicked king and did many things displeasing to the Lord. He was jealous of his own son and had him put in prison with little or no food until he died. Another of his sons was angry with him because of the way he had treated his brother so he raised a small group of people and fled out of the land. They went to dwell with King Omer in the land of Ablem.

As Akish wanted power, the people wanted wealth. So the sons of Akish gained the greater part of the kingdom away from their father by giving them money. Then began a war between Akish and his sons which lasted many years until nearly everyone was killed off. Only thirty people and the few who had fled to live with King Omer were left and King Omer was restored to his old kingdom.

In his old age, Omer anointed his son, Emer, to be king in his place and after two years of peace in the land he died having lived many years with many of them full of sorrow. Emer followed in the steps of his father and as the years went by the Lord took the curse off the land. The people prospered and grew into an exceeding strong nation, a rich nation with all kind of fruit and grain, of silk and fine linens, gold and silver and all kinds of precious things. They had great herds of cattle, of oxen and sheep, swine and goats and many other kinds of animals that were useful for food for the people. They had horses and asses, elephants, cureloms, and cumoms, that were useful in their work. Thus the Lord blessed them when they kept His commandments and tried to do His will.

Emer filled his days with righteousness and in his old age anointed his son Coriantum to be king having had peace in the land all his days and he also was permitted to see the Son of Righteousness. Coriantum was like his father in his dealing with the people. During his reign, many great cities were built throughout the land. Coriantum had no children by his first wife, who lived to be an hundred and two years old. After her death he married a young woman and they had children among whom was his son Com who reigned in his father's place.

Com reigned for forty-nine years when his son, Heth, was born. By this time the people had again spread over all the face of the land and were becoming an exceeding great and wicked nation. Heth began to accept the secret plans of darkness and he used them to gain the throne from his father. He killed his father with his own sword and reigned over the kingdom.

The Lord sent prophets among the people crying repentance or a curse would be placed upon the land. A famine would come that would destroy them if they did not repent. But the people did not believe the prophets and King Heth had them cast out and some were put into pits and left to die.

Then came the famine over all the land—no rain anywhere. Poisonous serpents came upon the land and

poisoned many people. The flocks and herds fled toward the southland before the poisonous serpents. Many of them perished on the way and the people who followed devoured them all. The Lord caused the serpents to hedge up the way so the people could not pass into the southland. When the people saw that they would all perish, they began to repent of their iniquities and cry unto the Lord for forgiveness. When they had humbled themselves sufficiently, the Lord forgave them and sent rain once more into the north country and they had fruit and grain in all the land.

They had learned that the Lord meant what he said, "The nation who lives on this choice land must serve the God of the land who is Jesus Christ" or they will be destroyed.

Isolation Corner

by

Nellie Walberg

Hello Brothers and Sisters:

That word "isolation" can have a lot of meaning, according to how you look at it. At first, you may think of it as a meaning "cold, hard, without much comfort", the opposite of warmth. But isolated saints need not feel this way!

What a blessed privilege we have, in that whenever we welcome the presence of Jesus, the place becomes warm and inviting. We are separated from worldly distractions long enough to meditate, pray, and study God's word. I am reminded of a poem:

"Shut in with God, in a quiet place,
There in the spirit, beholding His face—
Gaining more power to run in the race—
How I love to be 'shut-in' with God!"

And then, Brothers and Sisters, a strange thing takes place in our souls: we begin to feel a yearning for souls in need of salvation: we desire to visit that lonely, elderly person we had almost forgotten. We may arm ourselves with tracts to take among our neighbors and friends: we forget matters of contention or worry and feel a deep-seated enthusiasm for the Gospel of Christ and the work of the Church. We are concerned to the point of action in personal witnessing and tithe paying. We experience numerous spiritual experiences and divine intervention in our daily life. We "walk in the spirit" with the Master!

We cease to be "I-solated" but become "U-solated"—fit for the Master's use! Let us sing the song:

"Send me forth, oh, Blessed Master, there are souls in sorrow bowed;
Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care—
And with joy, I will obey the call and in His blessed name—
I will take the Blessed light of the Gospel there."

The Prophecy of an American Indian

I stand in the dying sunset,
And mine is a vanishing race;
Now hearken to me, you white man,
As I meet you, again, face to face.

My fathers were they who first met you,
Where the tides of the Great Waters flow;
Far, far to the east as the arrow flies,
Ten thousand moons ago.

My fathers who ranged through the forests,
My fathers by river and sea;
Who roamed through their vast dominions
Like the winds of the heavens, as free.

They were brothers to storm and the sunshine,
They were brothers to oak and the pine;
They were shadows that stole with moccasoned feet,
Through the glades where the wild grapes twine.

And they hunted the deer and the turkey,
The wolf and the fox and the bear;
They fished in the brooks and the rivers
And they speared the great salmon there.

No fear of the lightening's terrors,
No fear of the wolf's hungry cry;
Where the smoke of their many wigwams
Wheeled calmly against the sky.

So lived my fathers, Oh, pale face!
They were children of vast and of wild,
They were happy within their borders
In a land that was undefiled.

Then, one day, from over the waters
A speck loomed dark 'gainst the sky;
And shadows ran swift through the forest,
Where the night owl hooted its cry.

And my fathers went down to your fathers,
While the keel grated harsh on the sand;
And they welcomed your fathers, Oh, pale face,
With the pipe of peace in their hand.

So the moons went by in succession,
And greater your people grew;
And far was the smoke of their wigwams,
While back in the forest we drew.

Then we saw that our lands were taken,
And the greed where your footsteps led,
And our faith in your fathers was shaken,
And we fought and together we bled.

But vain was the terror of war-whoop,
And your scalps held high in our hand;
For ever the smoke of your wigwams
Spread farther throughout the land.

And ever we fled before it,
While the forests were lined with our dead,
And we turned our face towards the westward
To the land where the sun burns red.

Then you fought with the sons of your mother,
Her sons who came over the sea;
Who would crush the hopes of your future
And strangle your Liberty.

But you threw them across the far waters
To the land of the rising sun;
And again you builded your empire
With the fruits of your victory won.

Then peace and then wars in succession,
And the moons they were bloody with strife,
While out of the throes of rebellion
You welded your national life.

And so you waxed strong in your power,
While your muscles were knitted of steel,
And the world bowed low in her homage,
As she came to your footstool to kneel.

Then you threw back your wide, golden portals,
High lifted your liberty's torch;
And over the sea came a tidal wave
Of millions that crowded your porch.

And you set them to dig in your ditches,
This brood of an alien race.
While you lifted your cup to pleasure
And toasted her painted face.

Then wealth poured into your coffers,
And it flowed in a golden tide;
While you drank the wine of your madness,
Drank deep of your power and pride.

And your daughters cared not to be mothers,
For papooses, cared not, on their knee.
And trained in your schools of learning
From such shackles they fain would be free.

So they grew to be independent,
For who would be tied to a home
When the jazz and the dance were calling,
And the white lights where they might roam.

Now they go about in their motors,
Or with Pekinese tied to a string;
Far better a tour with Baedecker
Than a child in the world to bring.

While lone on New England hillsides,
Stands your homes of Colonial pride,
Whose children have gone to the cities,
Whose fathers and mothers have died.

And ever the tide grew larger,
The tide with the alien cry;
While deeper you drank to your madness,
And higher the cup lifted high.

So you bartered away your birthright,
For the pottage of pleasure and lust,
The birthright your fathers had died for,
Your heritage held in their trust.

Then one day you woke from your stupor,
And rose from your orgy and feast;
And saw on the west coast a brown man,
And a dark skinned one on your east.

And you saw the tide of their children,
As it broke on your own barren shore!
Then you lifted your voice in terror,
And you slammed in their faces your door.

And you read on the wall the handwriting,
And the letters were large and plain;
In one body you next tried to fuse them,
But your melting pot melted in vain.

And some there be that are vipers,
While with hatred their eyes now burn,
You have taken them into your bosom,
And deep they shall strike in return.

For hearken you Anglo-Saxon,
Though your belching guns may boom,
You shall follow our fathers' footsteps
And your remnant shall march to its doom.

You shall stand with us in the sunset,
You shall follow our dying race;
In the house that your fathers builded,
An alien shall stand in your place.

Ah, well for your closed eastern portals,
For your well guarded Golden Gate.
But I from the shores of the spirit land
Shall mock you and cry—Too late!

Read at Alumni Luncheon Classes '76 to '86 Dickin-
son College, J. Warren Harper, '80.

And awake, and arise from the dust; O Jerusalem;
yea, and put on thy beautiful garments, O daughter of
Zion, and strengthen thy stakes, and enlarge thy bor-
ders for ever, that thou mayest no more be confounded,
that the covenants of the eternal Father which he hath
made unto thee, O house of Israel, may be fulfilled.
(Moroni 10:28)

Let's Make Life What It Seems

by
Harry Slocum Tordoff

I love life immensely
I love all it means;
And all of me intensely
Makes it what it seems.

That might seem a funny view point
If it isn't analyzed,
For from the earthbound standpoint
It can be criticized.

Just let us look at the average life
That is lived for rewards on earth;
It might be free of trouble and strife
And it might seem filled with mirth.

Filthy lucre pockets might fill,
Sickness keep away from a door;
Cruel rumors be always stilled
And you ask, "Who could ask for more?"

But who can say with truth in their hearts
"This alone can satisfy me,"
Who can say, "This life imparts
True complacency?"

To live without hope of a better world
To live without faith in hereafter,
Where we can go with banners unfurled
Admire the welcoming laughter.

To me is a very false way to live
For we're giving no thought to God;
Our hearts get hard, our minds like a sieve
And we get to be a part of the sod.

Just ask yourself this question,
"What does this life consist of,
Is this earth the only bastion
Of what we here call love?"

If it is, I sometimes wonder
For such a trivial span,
Did God make an awful blunder
When He lent this life to man?

If this earth is all to look to
For the length of life we'll see;
If what upon this sod we do
Is all our destiny.

If when we die that is the end
And we're assured of nothing more,
Then the criticizing ones, my friends
Have an argument for sure.

But let's look at the brighter side
Let's think of what Jesus saith
When He promised His followers they'd abide
In a mansion after death.

Can you think of anyone
More trustworthy than He,
The Father's ever loving Son
To guide your destiny?

And if He made that promise in year thirty-four
That we'd know immortality,
Nineteen hundred years or more
Can't change its veracity.

That's what I mean by the statement I made
Of making life what it seems,
For one can join His cavalcade
If faith but intervenes.

An abundant faith in God, above
That overpowers everything,
Gives us a glimpse of eternal love
That will make a sad heart sing.

So, let us make life what it seems
Through a faith that is sublime
And through that faith find what it means
To say, "Eternity is mine."

The Lord Is My Shepherd

by
William L. Riggs

The Lord is my Shepherd and always shall be,
He lifted me out of sin and set me free;
He forgave my sins I'd committed before,
And I am sure He remembers them no more.

The Lord is my Shepherd and my daily guide,
In His loving care I will always abide.
He is the great Physician who heals our ills,
And He heals without strong medicine or pills.

The Lord is my Shepherd, He watcheth o'er me;
He can always find me, wherever I may be:
He leads me to green pastures where I can feed
On Spiritual food that I so badly need.

The Lord is our Shepherd, He loves us all,
He watches us to see that none of us fall;
If we have faith and will continue to pray
He'll lead and guide us along the narrow way.

The Lord is my Shepherd and Heavenly King,
I depend on Him for every good thing.
Lord keep me and protect me in my last days,
And I will certainly give You the praise.

The Golden Stairway to Heaven

By Lucinda Scott

(Inspired by the personal testimony of
Sister Marie Jones)

'Tis a beautiful story that we have been told;
And it's just as real, as those of old.
The road of life is a straight road ahead,
Where heavenly sunshine, soft breezes spread
The glory of God, on left hand and right,
That brings to man's vision such peaceful delight.

On the roadway of life, for reapers await,
On right hand and left, God's harvest so great.
Our roadway of life, is lined up on each side,
With the harvest of God, 'tis both long and wide.
Our Stairway of Gold, can be reached if we glean
Our share of God's harvest, 'tis plain to be seen.

While strolling along life's roadway we see,
If we look to Him, we will find the key
To all the bright beautiful treasures of heav'n,
For to all who seek, these treasures are giv'n.
Our road from heaven, can be found if we look
Within the pages of God's Holy Book.

On this roadway from heaven, with songs in our heart,
We'll find our treasures, each one set apart;
A Stairway of Gold from heaven to earth,
Is stretched out before us, 'tis of great worth;
As we gaze towards heaven, 'tis a beautiful sight,
For at the top, we'll find pure delight.

This Stairway of Gold is for each one to climb;
Each step we take, Jesus' steps sublime
Will meet us half way, coming down from the skies;
Thro' tender tear drops falling down from our eyes,
We'll see Christ in His glory, full of heavenly love,
As He comes down to meet us, from His home above.

On this Stairway of Gold, His dear face we'll behold;
With wide open arms, each one He'll enfold
With great mercy and kindness, compassion and love,
To enlarge in our hearts that great love from above.
With His dear arms around us, He'll show us the way,
If we follow His steps, and His words obey.

This Stairway of Gold, from heaven above,
Tho' unseen by us, it is paved with love.
Each step that we take, He'll guide all the way,
If our faith is strong, and unto Him we pray.
Each step that we take, brings us nearer our goal,
Where our love for Him will be perfectly whole.

To Bring Forth The Best

by

Harry Slocum Tordoff

Do you think the grade is steep and rough
As life's rugged road, you trod?
Do you feel you've had about enough
Of the heartache that covers this sod?

Does it seem you've been beaten at every turn
In whatever you tried to do,
And even your loved ones felt no concern
Over things that happen to you?

Does it seem the very meaning of life
Has been ruthlessly taken away,
And worry, discontent and strife
Fills each hour of your day?

Then look at it this way, my worried friend,
And you'll know why these things take place,
For nothing's made perfect unless we spend
Time seeking the Master's grace.

A piece of iron ore that's mined
From the very depths of the earth
Isn't too much good, we find,
Till it's milled to determine its worth.

And then by mixing other things in it
Heating till molten and white,
We bring forth the best that is in it
Steel, we can temper, just right.

But the treatment required to do it
Calls for a lot more heat
And a hammer and strength to wield it
'Else the purpose, we'll defeat.

Life is just the same, that's sure
We must be like fine tempered steel;
Strong and able to endure
Regardless of how we feel.

Look to God, the Blacksmith supreme
Let Him temper us with His will;
That we might be flawless, fine of grain
And with all of His wisdom filled.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom:
and with all thy getting get understanding. (Proverbs
4:7)

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and
the knowledge of the holy is understanding. (Proverbs
9:10)

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the
lowly is wisdom. (Proverbs 11:2)

O Man of Little Faith

by
Roland L. Sarratt

O man of little faith,
Why seek for fortunes mount
While standing knee-deep in blessings
Far greater than you count?

O man of little faith,
Your complaints continuously make;
Hardship, you've never really known;
How great is your fate!

O man of little faith,
Life's been kind to you;
What more will you take
When your deeds of good are so few?

O man of little faith,
When to God's kindness you awake,
Put on the new man with dedicated heart
And all your sins forsake.

BAPTISMS

Tricia Kay Cunningham, daughter of Carl and Jeanette Cunningham of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was baptized June 25, 1967, by Elder George Brantner. On July 2, 1967, she received the laying on of hands by Elder Brantner assisted by Elder Henry Van Duine.

Edward Cunningham, Tricia Kay's young brother, was baptized and received the laying on of hands July 9, 1967 by Elder George Brantner.

Gary Alan Housknecht and Rhea Kay Housknecht, son and daughter of Apostle and Mrs. Don W. Housknecht of Fenton, Michigan, were baptized by their father July 9, 1967. They received the laying on of hands the same day by Apostle Housknecht, Elder Howard James Toulouse and Elder Harold H. Polack.

Edward William Tyler, Hester Paschall Tyler and Heston David Paschall, Jr. all of Puryear, Tennessee, were baptized by Apostle Joseph W. Kidd June 25, 1967. They received the laying on of hands by Apostle Kidd assisted by Elder T. W. Paschall.

Ruth Irene McCallon of Independence, Missouri, was baptized July 16, 1967, at the Temple Lot Local Church in Independence, by her brother, Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton, Sr. She received the laying on of hands by Elder C. Leroy Wheaton, Jr. assisted by Apostle Wheaton and was received by the Temple Lot Local.

Grace Emma Eddy, wife of Merlin Charles Eddy of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and their son, Merlin Lyle Eddy, were baptized August 13, 1967, during the Wisconsin Reunion at Sparta. They were baptized by Apostle William A. Sheldon and received the laying on hands by Elders Glenn W. Gill and Don E. McIndoo.

Roberta Sylvia Brockup, wife of Elwood Leroy Brockup, was baptized August 20, 1967, by Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton, Sr. She received the laying on of

hands by Elder C. Leroy Wheaton, Jr. assisted by Apostle Wheaton. The Brockup family has recently moved to Independence from Fort Wayne, Indiana and has been received by the Temple Lot Local.

Belinda Nast, daughter of William and Gladys Nast of Independence, Missouri, was baptized by Elder Nicholas F. Denham at the East Independence Local Church August 13, 1967. The following Sunday, August 20, Sister Nast received the laying on of hands by Apostle William F. Anderson assisted by Elder Denham.

BLESSINGS

Guillermo Gale, Dean John and Julia Lee Millington, the children of Dean and Daisy Millington, were blessed under the hands of Elders George Brantner, Henry Van Duine and Laverne Lussenden June 5, 1967, at Cedar Springs, Michigan.

Peggy Kathleen Wheaton, daughter of James L. and Peggy J. Wheaton, and Duane Allen Wheaton, Jr., son of Duane Allen and Nancy Lee Wheaton, were blessed under the hands of their grandfather, Elder C. Leroy Wheaton, Jr. and their great-grandfather, Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton, Sr. June 11, 1967 at the Temple Lot Local Church in Independence, Missouri.

Shawn Dane and Sable Dawn Brockup, son and daughter of Elwood Leroy and Roberta Sylvia Brockup, were blessed under the hands of Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton, Sr. and Elder C. Leroy Wheaton, Jr. August 20, 1967, at the Temple Lot Local Church in Independence, Missouri.

Liana Lee, Deanna Rose and Sheila Ann Lussier, the foster daughters of George and Lovita Reed of Bemidji, Minnesota, were blessed under the hands of Elders James M. Case and Thomas Maley June 27, 1967.

REFERENDUM VOTE

The following is the result of the tabulation of the recent vote on the 1967 Referendum Bills.

Bill No. 1	Yes	251
	No	23
Bill No. 2	Yes	218
	No	45
Bill No. 3	Yes	225
	No	52
Bill No. 4	Yes	236
	No	44
Bill No. 5	Yes	234
	No	39