

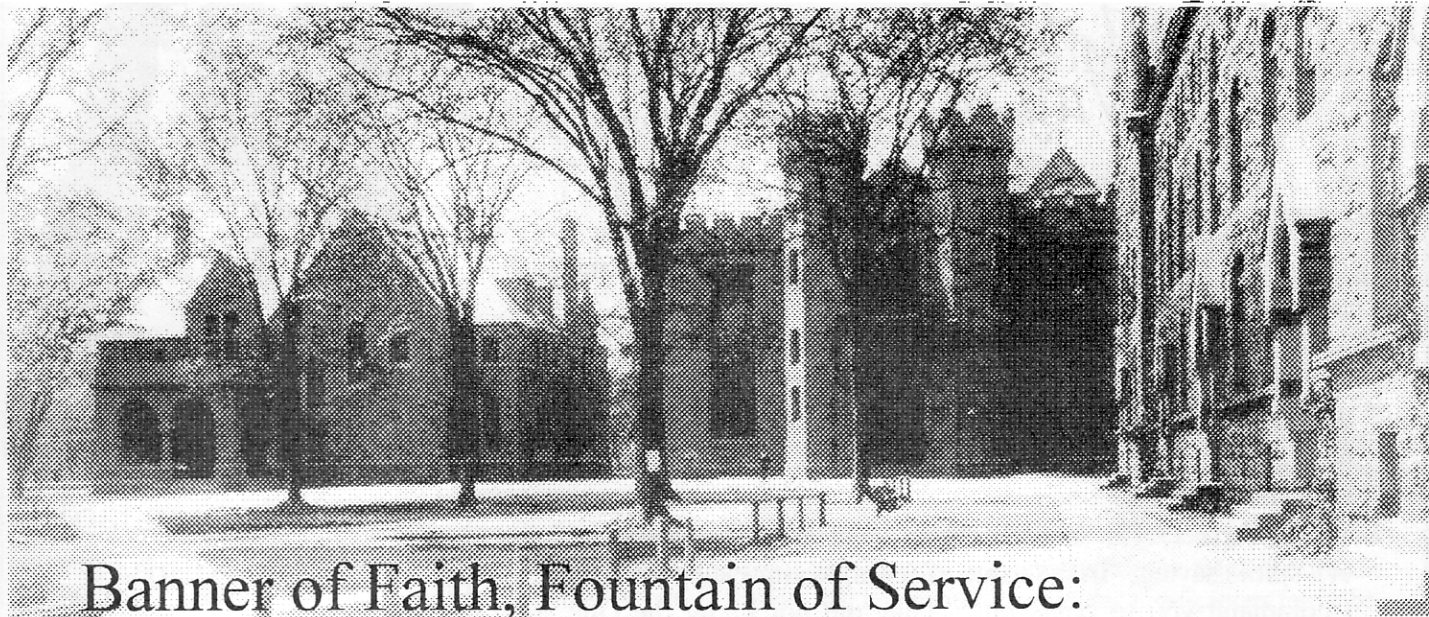


THE YALE STANDARD

Volume XIV, No. 1

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Isaiah 59:19

Spring 1997



Banner of Faith, Fountain of Service: The Original Dwight Hall

A hundred years ago, Yale's Old Campus looked a lot like it does today. What's now Dwight Hall used to house the University Library. Connecticut Hall was there. Durfee and Farnham Halls lined two sides of the quadrangle. Wright Hall had not been built yet, but was preceded by Rose Alumni House.

And adjacent to it, where the Giamatti bench now sits, stood a sturdy refuge of Victorian architecture with a broad corner veranda. Engraved in large capital letters above the portico was Matthew 23:10 in the original Greek: "One is your leader, the Christ."

From the day it was dedicated, Oc-

tober 17, 1886, the original Dwight Hall building was a central meeting place—a home—for Yale students intent on transforming their campus, New Haven, and beyond in the name of Jesus Christ.

Dwight Hall stirred with activity in the years from 1886 to around 1920. On Sunday evenings, anywhere from two hundred to five hundred men gathered to hear brief talks on Biblical teachings. There were also prayer meetings and committees for home missions and foreign missions. Students involved themselves with City Rescue Missions and Boys' Clubs to help meet New Haven's spiritual and social needs.

(Continued on page 8)

Lord Shaftesbury: God's Reformer


The room was large, but filling up rapidly. In it were nearly four hundred thieves of every description, from elegant dandies in black coats and white neckcloths, to scarred, fierce-looking toughs without shirts and stockings. Several of the most notorious and experienced stood by the door to deny entrance to any who were not professional criminals. Only two law-abiding citizens were admitted: Thomas Jackson, a London city missionary, and Lord Ashley, heir to the Earldom of Shaftesbury.

The thieves knelt quietly while Ashley opened the meeting in prayer, and then it was the noble lord's turn to listen as the thieves gave "graphic and picturesque" accounts of their lives of crime.

Ashley promised to help them emigrate, to begin their lives afresh in scenes where none would know their former occupations. One thief, though, on behalf of the rest, asked Lord Ashley, "But will you ever come back to see us again?" "Yes," replied Ashley, "at any time, and at any place, whenever you shall send for me."

Many of Lord Ashley's upper-class acquaintance disapproved of his work with the criminal and the destitute, but Ashley himself said, "I feel my business lies in the gutter, and I have not the least intention to get out of it." The story of how a British peer came to give his life to "those who had none to help them" is worth telling.


(Continued on page 6)



Archaeopteryx

Evolution?

Page 3



Much More than a Creed, Doctrine, or a Way of Thinking

“Whoever serves me must follow me; and where I am, my servant also will be.” John 12:26

It is important that we follow the Lord—not a creed, a doctrine, or a way of thinking—but the Lord Himself. We must be connected to Him, having a direct relationship with Him and not via anyone else.

In Acts 19:13, seven brothers went around driving out evil spirits saying, “In the name of Jesus, whom Paul preaches, I command you to come out.” They did not know the One whom they were preaching. They are among those to whom Jesus will say on judgement day, “I never knew you. Away from me” (Matthew 7).

We need to know Him, not the doctrine or the idea of Him, but Jesus Himself. What was the response of an evil spirit to the seven brothers? “Jesus I know and I know about Paul, but who are you?” And the brothers were overpowered by the spirit. There was no power, protection, or deliverance in their rebuke.

Do we walk about preaching His name but lacking the understanding of who Jesus really is? May we press on “to know Christ and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in His sufferings, becoming like Him in His death, and so, somehow, to attain to the resurrection from the dead” (Philippians 3).

Charmain Wong, Branford '95

THE YALE STANDARD

Taejoon Ahn Yang Soon Cho Vivian Kim

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EVOLUTION

“... Could random forces have invented the marvelous eye forty times?”

Her evolutionary biology class made her so unhappy, my friend said. The professor decided to lecture not just science, but attitude, too. For two lectures, she jabbed at the very idea of a creator, sneering at those who would embrace one. The podium was hers, and my friend, one among a hundred listening, could do little more than sit uncomfortably and hope for the end.

I, too, remember being frustrated in biochemistry when evolutionary principles would be called on, uncontented, to explain life processes. It bothered me enough that one day, I called up the courage to ask the professor outright, “Why?” Why have biologists placed evolution among the inviolable truths of life? As I understand it, it is still unproven theory. Why wasn’t it presented as theory? One sentence to this point would have at least been fair. I can’t remember what the professor exactly replied, but it wasn’t satisfying.

As teachers of science, it is only reasonable for professors to present things as precisely as possible. To present evolution as fact, not theory, is no small shift of emphasis; that shift could alter one’s whole world view.

Naturalistic Macro-Evolution

I refer here to one narrow strain of evolution, which Darwin first offered to the world in *Origin of Species* in 1859, naturalistic macro-evolution.

Naturalistic macro-evolution holds that impersonal forces driven by chance are responsible for the inception of life and the diversity of life on Earth today, including you and me. It explains all life without the aid of any intelligent power beyond the scope of the material universe. At its purest, it allows nothing outside the material realm: everything comes from natural processes occurring according to observable, physical laws. At most, it concedes that if God exists, he doesn’t matter one bit to us.

This particularly is what I mean by “evolution.” To begin to broach all the hybrid theories of “guided macro-evolution” would open fields of debate this essay is not intended to cover. Though perhaps a narrow definition, naturalistic macro-evolution has the profoundest impact today, not the least because most biology professors subscribe to it today, and many, many students accept it wholesale.



People more qualified than I have written books detailing problems with naturalistic macro-evolution, such as its mathematical improbability, or the incredible gaps in the fossil record. A fleshed out discussion could easily fill several tomes. I do not pretend to have the definitive word on the topic. For

any objection I have, an evolutionist can think of some response, and then a non-evolutionist may answer the response, and so forth.

As with anything beyond our present grasp, whether be it metaphysical or simply outside the reach of scientific tools, the human mind can jockey justifications for its beliefs forever. Nevertheless, I do have a few thoughts to express.

Mutations

For naturalistic macro-evolution, mutations are bedrock. Darwin’s theory on a large scale is that thousands and millions of small changes in genes each conferred the slightest bit of advantage to organisms, so they flourished and eventually become a new species altogether. Over millions of years, according to current thought, a reptile began to take on mammalian characteristics, such as hair, and warm-bloodedness, and live-birth of offspring, and eventually became what we now know as a mammal. The changes had to be tiny steps, or else it would not be evolution.

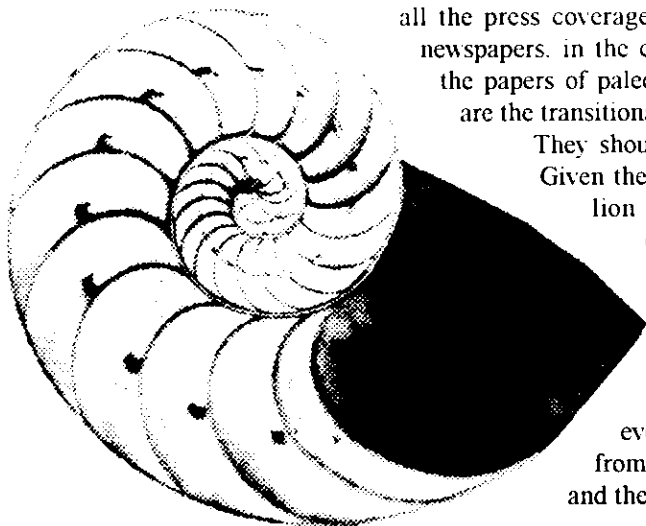
If a mouse were born from a snake egg, that would be closer to creation by divine intervention than evolution. Or even on a level lower, if a chameleon were to give birth to little chameleons having a feathered wing, that too would be more miracle than Darwinian evolution.

But how then, does a tiny change give advantage? Does one-half percent of a wing help or hinder? If a chameleon’s leg were to become slightly wing-like, wouldn’t it be hindered from scurrying across the sand, and climbing up bushes, actually making it *more* vulnerable?

Or as the famous evolutionist Stephen Jay Gould once asked healthily, “What good is five percent of an eye?” Some have answered that five percent of an eye is good for five percent sight. But five percent of a physical eyeball does not give you five percent sight. To have any sight

(Continued on next page)

As the Nautilus
grows and
matures, it
secretes a new
chamber
towards the
open end of its
shell and seals
off the old
section with a
wall called a
septum,
resulting in a
whole new
physiology of
buoyancy and
mobility.



requires, in addition to the physical eye, vision processing equipment neurons for intake of outside stimulus, and neurons to process the signals. Did all these areas of the organism mutate slightly by chance, at the same time and in the same direction, millions and millions of times to become the magnificently remarkable and complex eye we have today?

Another issue is raised when we consider the nautilus, a sea creature that in hundreds of millions of years of existence has yet to develop a lens for its retina, which according to the eminent evolutionist Richard Dawkins, it cries out for. If the mutational mechanism is powerful enough over Earth's history to form the amazing human eye and many other eyes (some Darwinists agree there are at least forty evolutionary lines for the eye), why couldn't it form a single lens on a nautilus in all that time?

Fossil Record

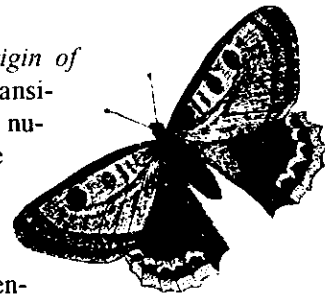
If mutational theory is evolution's bedrock, the fossil record is its banner. Everyone has seen artist depictions of a pre-human human based on a fragment of some hundred thousand-year-old skull. Everyone has seen the imprint of the *Archaeopteryx*, half-reptile, half-bird, with its neck forever wrenched backward. And there are others here and there that look to be "between" species. Darwinism posits innumerable transitionals that have since died out, replaced by more complex variants of itself.

In relation to the fossil record, Darwinism stands or falls on whether the fossils representing vast periods of time reveal thousands and thousands of transitionals. Darwin said himself, "The number of intermediate and transitional links, between all living and extinct species, must have been inconceivably great."

But a close look at the record to date shows convincingly that "between" species are exceptions rather than rules, though the exceptions receive all the press coverage, in textbooks, in newspapers, in the classrooms, and in the papers of paleontologists. Where are the transitionals?

They should be everywhere. Given the estimated 10 million species on earth (with assuredly thousands in the depths of the seas and the earth as yet unknown), having evolved through time from a single bacteria, and the 130 years of fossil

hunting since the *Origin of Species* came out, transitionals should be so numerous, that single fossils such as the *Archaeopteryx* really shouldn't attract such focused attention.



And who has yet explained the "Cambrian explosion," the appearance of nearly all the animal phyla 600 million years ago without any adequate evolutionary precedents? In fact, the fossil record spoke so resolutely against gradual development that some Darwinists in the 1970's developed an adjunct theory called "punctuated equilibrium" to explain it, saying only the margins of a population change to become a new species (which is why transitionals do not show up in the fossil records), after which it rejoins at once the former population.

The well-known evolutionist Gould and a colleague authored the theory because, in his own words, "The history of most fossil species includes two features particularly inconsistent with gradualism: 1. Stasis (of species)... 2. Sudden appearance (of species)." I will only say here that punctuated equilibrium is controversial among biologists.

The Intelligence Of It All

If we step back and consider the millions of processes that support a self-sustained organism in perfect concert, with eyesight and all the interconnections and capacities in the brain that accompany it, with hearing and everything that accompanies it, with smell, with digestive abilities, with muscular contraction and expansion, with excretory abilities, it is hard not to notice the intelligence of it all.

Everything works so smoothly together to let a monkey jump from tree to tree, and to make a pianist run his fingers across a keyboard and bring out a sonata. Even yet, for an amoeba to swallow a paramecium, or a single bacteria to sustain itself, tens of thousands of processes must work together. Was all this intelligent complexity ground out by impersonal forces over time? Do the laws of nature hold some hidden genius to effect something so incredible as a living organism?

We can ponder genes and DNA for hours, and never get over how marvelous the system is. It is mind-boggling to think of all the proteins shaped according to genetic information, with the perfect mix of van der Waals forces and electrostatic attractions to twist around into that perfect shape to become things that combine into mitochondria and other organelles, and regulate mate-

rials that pass between sections of the cell, and even help the DNA, its creator, to replicate, or form other proteins.

Any cell biologist will tell you that a single cell in your body can be as complex as New York City on New Year's Eve. If you focus your microscope onto a cell and observe, you find mitochondria working to churn out ATP, and organelles of odd sorts and shapes swimming in various directions all to the beat of life. And for everything visible, there are thousands of molecular interactions invisible.

How could intelligence arise out of chaos? Robots show an intelligence. They can be programmed to put doors on car chassis, or bring medicine down a hospital hallway to patients. They can show intelligence because they have an intelligent engineer that created it.

The most complex of robots are nothing next to the layers of complexity of the simplest life system. Can the genius of genetic coding not have a mind behind it? The famous cosmologist, Sir Fred Hoyle, once said that the first living organism emerging by chance from a chaotic mix of chemicals is as likely as "a tornado sweeping through a junkyard might assemble a Boeing 747 from the materials therein."

Conclusion

Darwin was just a man, like you and me. Certainly, he owned a keen intellect, but he wasn't a super-man. Observing animal life on the Galapagos, he began to formulate a theory of how things became the way they are. He conjectured, scratched out lines of thought, tried to fill in gaps by using logic and imagination, without performing one empirical test—he did it all by deduction. This is the scientific way.

But like you and me, he was capable of error, of stretching too far on a certain point. And like our judgements, his should be open to honest criticism. Darwinism is a scientific theory, an extremely elegant one, but nevertheless a theory that should be treated as such. It is a little strange to me why it has achieved the status of the sacred, why high school teachers give it out as grade school teachers do the multiplication table, and college professors find it appropriate to express emotional hostility to those that oppose it, namely, those who believe in a divine Maker.

Besides, for all the apparent logic in Darwinism, what's really more logical, that I, with my body, with all my emotions and mental capabilities, with all my longings for God, arose from a bacteria, or that God shaped me with His hands?

Taejoon Ahn, Jonathan Edwards '96

(Much debt is owed to Philip Johnson's Darwin on Trial, Regnery Gateway, Washington, D.C., 1991.)

POWER — *to become a son of God*

When God is central in a human life, there is a steadiness and "a peace that passes understanding." Unlike ideologies and philosophies, which change with circumstances like the weather, God never changes. A person who knows Jesus does not have to fear anything, not even death, because knowing Jesus is eternal life. He does not have to feel guilty about past actions because God has forgiven him, "and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin." Instead of guilt, fear, or uncertainty, there is peace—a peace unlike anything in the world.

God's peace is not a result of trying harder or being religious; it comes from being "born again," an entirely new life which God gives. People often think to themselves, "If only I could start my life over..." and God does exactly that. This new life cannot be earned or worked for; it is a free gift. The gift is Jesus: "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." If you receive Jesus you will receive power—"power to become a son of God."

A person who is born again experiences a marvelous freedom, because "whosoever is born of God overcomes the world." He does not have to be conformed to the world in his thinking—to be fearful and worry along with everyone else. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," Jesus said.

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Shaftesbury

(Continued from page 1)

The famous men of Ashley's family had not been particularly self-sacrificing. The first Earl was a ruthless statesman who became Dryden's picture of evil genius in the poem "Absalom and Achiophel." The third Earl was a noteworthy apologist for Deism. Ashley's father, the sixth Earl, was an egotist, com-



Lord Shaftesbury (1801-1885)

mendably efficient as a chairman of committees in the House of Lords, but a brutal tyrant to his children. In childhood, Ashley preferred the "tender mercies" of the servants, who let him go to bed cold and hungry, to those of his parents, who bullied him constantly, verbally and physically.

The one person who treated him well was Anna Milles, the family housekeeper. She loved him and told him Bible stories, and taught him to pray. "She told him of Calvary and the Empty Tomb and spoke of the Lord Jesus as the risen Redeemer who could be a Friend." (Pollock 20) Ashley believed because of her witness and later said, "God be praised for her and her loving faithfulness; we shall meet... in the House where there are many mansions." Ashley's choice for Christ became the determining fact of his life.

As a young man, Ashley was uncertain of his abilities, and not at all sure what his life's work should be. Even after he was elected to Parliament for the first time in 1826, he remained unconvinced that he had the gifts of a statesman.

But Ashley's personal misgivings about his talents began to subside in his thoughts when he served on the House Select Committee on Lunacy. The treatment routinely given the insane in early nineteenth-century England beggars belief today. Strait-jackets, chains, and whips were all in common use, and cures were not usually attempted. The cruelties Ashley heard of sent him to the asylums to see for himself.

He tried to make his visits on Sunday because the keepers were out at that time and left their patients to "pain and filthiness," chained with only food and water in reach. Ashley noted there was "nothing poetical" in visiting cells of misery where the "stomach rebelled," but his efforts led to the passage of new laws regulating the asylums. He helped lay the foundation in England for the humane treatment of the insane, which we take for granted today.

Ashley became alive to the sufferings of the weak and friendless, and began to act upon what he saw. Looking out a window at the back of his house one morning, he noticed a little boy carrying a heavy load of brushes and rods upon his back. The boy was covered with soot and his limbs were distorted. A man walked beside him, beating him as they went; it was a chimney sweep and his apprentice.

Ashley investigated the trade and discovered the miseries to which the sweep's boys were subjected. Their bodies were rubbed down with salt water before a hot fire to harden the skin, and they were sent naked up narrow chimneys to clean out the soot. If a boy got stuck in a chimney, the sweep would start a fire to encourage him to struggle till he got free. Some boys suffocated, many got cancer, and nearly all grew up physically deformed. Some sweep's boys were in fact girls.

Though chimney-cleaning machines had been invented, most property owners would not pay money to have their chimneys straightened so as to accommodate machines. Sweeps kept their boys out of sight as much as possible to keep others from noticing their misery and raising a public complaint. Many before Ashley had fought to stop the use of climbing boys, and thirty-five years of effort would pass before he saw the practice abolished.

Though discouraged and puzzled by his continual failure over many years to free the boys, Ashley (now Shaftesbury) said, "I must persevere, for however dark the view... I see no Scripture reason for desisting; and the issue of every toil is in the hands of the Almighty." Later, many were grateful for his persistence. John Pollock notes:

"Long after Shaftesbury was dead a speaker at a public meeting was astonished at exceptional applause produced by a casual mention of the name. He asked what they knew of him. A man arose and shouted, 'Know of him? Why, I'm a chumbley sweep, and what did he do for me? Didn't he pass the Bill? When I was a little 'un I had to go up chimbleys, and many a time I've come down with bleedin' feet and knees and a 'most choking. And he passed the Bill and saved us from all that. That's what I know, Sir, of Lord Shaftesbury.'"

Tenacity was key to many of Shaftesbury's battles, including his fight to change working conditions in the coal mines. In 1840 he secured the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the working conditions of children. The commissioners visited the coal mines first, and their findings were so shocking

"I feel my
business
lies in the
gutter, and
I have not
the least
intention to
get out
of it."
—Lord
Shaftesbury



Rescued Children

that the Home Office tried to suppress their report. The work hours even for children in the mines were 12 to 14 a day. Children and women worked alongside men crawling and toiling along narrow shafts and up endless stairs carrying enormous weights of coal. Women stayed at this work "until the last hour of pregnancy." Along passages of the mine not

more than 18 to 24 inches in height, boys and girls moved carts of coal, pulling them like beasts of burden.

Because of the heat and dirt, most of the miners did their work naked, and even the women and children wore little clothing. Sexual and physical abuse were part of life in the mines.

The public reaction to the Commission's discoveries was enormous, and Ashley constructed a Colliery bill to free women and children from the mines. The sitting administration (made up of his own party) opposed him, and many delays ensued before he was allowed to read the bill in Parliament. But Ashley found that though men deserted him, God would not. He later reported that as he rose to deliver the bill before the House of Commons, "The words of God came forcibly to my mind 'Only be strong and of a good courage'—praised be His Holy name I was as easy from that moment as though I had been sitting in an armchair."

For two hours he unfolded the horror of the mines before a hushed chamber. Some members wept, and Ashley closed to cheering and a roar of applause. The social activist Richard Cobden, who had opposed Ashley's reforms in the past and sneered at him as an "aristocratic and canting simpleton," came over to shake his hand. He said, "You know how opposed I have been to your views. But I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech." The bill passed and the "slavery" of women and children in the mines was abolished.

Other parts of Shaftesbury's life show he was no mere social reformer, but a man actively seeking every opportunity to serve the Lord. He dealt not just in the spiritual needs of his own generation, but came to understand and support God's plans for the generations to come. In the 1830's, Bible prophecies studied with Hebrew scholar Alexander McCaul and others convinced Ashley and his wife that God purposed to restore the Jews to the Holy Land, and that the time was near. At an opportune time he proposed to Prime Minister Palmerston that a Jewish national home be created in Palestine under British protection.

Though Britain soon established an official presence in Palestine, Ashley's efforts for the restoration of the Jews came to nothing at this time. But he never abandoned his hope. To the end of his life he wore a ring sent to him by a Jewish be-

liever in Jesus, which was inscribed, "Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee" (Psalm 122). In 1876, three quarters of a century before the rebirth of Israel, he said of the Jewish restoration, "A nation must have a country. The old land, the old people. This is not an artificial experiment, it is nature. it is history."

When the American evangelist D. L. Moody came to England in 1875, Shaftesbury quickly concluded that Moody looked "amazingly like the right man [to evangelize the nation] at the right hour." Moody, an unpretentious man, was anxious to reach the working classes but afraid to address himself to the "higher" classes. Shaftesbury urged him to preach to the working poor in the East End of London, but also to hold evening meetings in the West End where those of high intellectual and social position congregated.

It turned out that the West End meetings were, if anything, more heavily attended than those in the East. The Haymarket theater area was "literally blocked with the carriages of the aristocratic and plutocratic" coming to hear Moody.

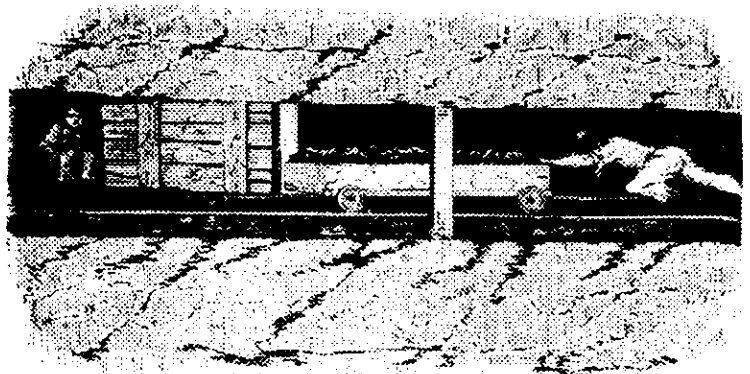
One of those converted in the West End meetings was Edward Studd, a retired plantation owner from India. His son C. T. Studd became a Christian through his father's influence. Along with six other men from Cambridge University he abandoned wealth and athletic fame to become a missionary in China. The choice of these "Cambridge Seven" profoundly influenced college students of their generation.

This article is at best a sampling of Shaftesbury's life and work. He is perhaps most commonly associated with the Ragged School movement, which educated generations of Britain's orphaned and abandoned children. Many of these children became influential citizens in their own right, in England and abroad. Shaftesbury's program for thieves' emigration has already been mentioned. Within one year of his meeting with the thieves, three hundred of them had found employment in England and abroad. Some abandoned their lives of crime on the basis of the meeting alone.

Shaftesbury's advice on how to live the Christian life is worth drawing on today:

"Christianity is not a state of opinion and speculation. Christianity is essentially practical.... No [one], depend upon it, can persist from the beginning of his life to the end of it in a course of self-denial... in a course of virtue... in a course of prayer... unless he is drawing from the fountain of our Lord Himself. Therefore, I say to you again... let your Christianity be practical."

Marena Fisher, Graduate '92



Children working in a mine.

Dwight Hall

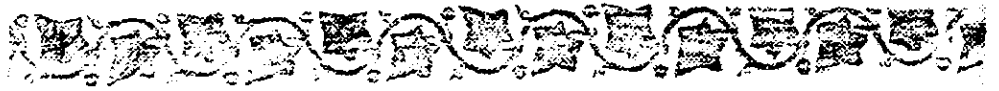
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The Dwight Hall lecture course "brought eminent speakers to discuss religious questions of live interest." Henry Drummond's visit in 1887 was especially notable. Over 400 students attended each lecture; students and faculty alike were captivated by his frank, sincere, and reasoned presentation of Christian truths. He especially challenged those of high athletic, social, and intellectual prominence to use their influence to win men for Christ, and some of them became leaders in the Dwight Hall work.

At his suggestion deputations were sent out from Yale. Groups of students would travel to other colleges to strengthen ties with other Christian students, or they would visit preparatory schools to tell incoming freshmen about the opportunities for Christian service at Yale and about the vitality and earnestness of the work there. They particularly reached out to offer the Yale freshman class every opportunity to live "clean, consistent, and useful lives" from the outset of their college careers.

One reason for Dwight Hall's influence was the tenor and quality of the men closely associated with it. Their lives of Christian service had honed their sense of purpose and built character in them that would serve them for the remainder of their lives.

Many students involved in Dwight Hall work later served as missionaries to foreign countries or actively promoted missions in the United States. For one, Horace Tracy Pitkin '92, missionary to China, was martyred in Pao-ting Fu in 1900. It was largely because of his death that Yale students took an active interest in China. Eventually, the Yale-in-China mission was conceived and filled by a steady stream of students who founded schools, universities,



*** FREDERICK MARQUAND ***
BORN AT FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT, APRIL 6TH 1799.
DIED AT SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT, JULY 14TH 1882.

HIS LOVE FOR YOUNG MEN AND HIS INTEREST IN YALE COLLEGE
LED TO THE ERECTION OF THIS BUILDING, TO BE KNOWN AS

*** DWIGHT HALL. ***

IN HONOR OF ONE WHOM HE GREATLY REVERED, AND TO BE USED
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY AS A PERMANENT HOME
FOR THEIR CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY IN THEIR SOCIAL RELIGIOUS WORK;
A WORK TO BE CARRIED FORWARD IN THE NAME OF CHRIST,
BY YOUNG MEN AND FOR YOUNG MEN.



The original dedicatory plaque, now located in the present-day Dwight Hall.

'98 willingly provided caring guidance and counsel to any student during his years at Yale from 1899 to 1923. "He created in generations of students a respect for moral reality, intellectual honesty, and complete consecration to the Christian cause."



The original Dwight Hall did not spring up as an overnight surprise. Its roots reached well back into Yale's origins and formative years. Yale was founded by 13 Congregational ministers in the New Haven area to prepare young men "for service in church and civil state." Yale's graduates had included missionaries of the Gospel for a century and a half before Dwight Hall was ever built.

Henry Burt Wright '98 produced a review published in 1901 entitled *Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale*. Dwight

The following years Yale University experience ebbs and flows of Christian activity involving professors and students. However, the 1880's were the beginning of a new order in the religious life on campus. The customary religious activities continued, but there was a greater earnestness and fresh efforts in prayer meetings, Bible studies, and voluntary Christian work.

The students themselves took the initiative in this new movement, though not without the supporting counsel of Christian faculty and alumni. In 1879, Dill Boomer '80 had the idea of the Yale Christian Social Union (YCSU), inspired by a YMCA meeting he attended in Baltimore. With three friends, and advised by Professor Cyrus Northrup, he planned and began a voluntary Christian organization on campus. Beyond the weekly class prayer meeting, they aimed to strengthen the relationships among the Christians in the four classes through a monthly Sunday meeting, and to challenge the freshman class to purposeful Christian service. Attendance at the individual class

prayer meetings averaged in the thirties out of a class of about 140.

After the YCSU merged with the YMCA in 1881, students began many lines of Christian work that changed the campus and the community. Wright notes that

ΚΑΘΗΓΗΤΗΣ ΥΜΩΝ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΕΙΣ Ο ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ

Matthew 23:10

and hospitals, much needed in the inland areas. Sherwood Eddy '91, a missionary to India (and later to China and the United States), was equally well known as a personal evangelist and as a crusader for social justice. Professor Henry Burt Wright

Hall's own namesake, President Timothy Dwight, had prayed for revival at Yale for seven years. The revival that finally ensued, and so changed Yale in 1802, was the first of five revivals Dwight was to see in his last 16 years as Yale's President.

Bible studies were "foremost... in so far as depth of influence is concerned." The Bible studies became more organized, so that students were systematically learning about the teachings of Christ; yet they were expressly devotional and practical in nature. The Christian activities grew out of the desire and commitment to put Christ's teachings into practice.

Practical Christian service often transformed the theory into personal understanding. Wright wrote. "A college man, although he is supposed to be undergoing a training calculated to fit him for the duties of life and contact with men is nevertheless, almost entirely deprived of the latter unless he takes pains to reach out of his own little world in which he is for the time being situated. When he attempts to lead other men to Christ the meaning of his own religion is forced upon him. Christianity ceases to be a theory and its value in the transformation of character and the saving of men is forever graven on his mind."

He also wrote about the benefits of working in City Rescue Missions to help the under-privileged, drunkards, or homeless. "Where before [a person] may have thought lightly about drinking and sins of a worse nature, after he has been fighting these sins all one year in the mission, he cannot, knowing to what depths they may lead a man, feel lightly towards them again."

With more activity, the students felt a growing need for a central meeting place to coordinate their Christian work—one that would include offices, a library, and assembly rooms. Just as Murray Hall had been built for the YMCA at Princeton in 1879, so now students proposed to the Yale Corporation a similar building as a center for religious activity on the campus. President Noah Porter said that the erection of the building "would be hailed by the best friends of the college as full of promise and blessing." With his support, and through gifts from alumni Frederick Marquand and Elbert B. Monroe, the building of Dwight Hall began in July 1885 and was completed the following year.

So the movement arose, and the original Dwight Hall was built to aid and forward it. But the life of any authentic spiritual movement is not found in a building, or an organization. It is in the lives of such students who lived out their faith convictions in practical service. They took to

heart Christ's command, "Seek first His kingdom and His righteousness." From Dwight Hall, fruitful service sprang, not from general humanitarian impulse, but from a central devotion to Jesus Christ.

As one who spent my Yale undergraduate years as a believer, I see some parallels between these students of a century ago and the Christians on campus today. They met, prayed, studied the Bible together, and tried to help people in various ways.

I see some differences, too. The students in Dwight Hall had ideas that could be taken up again with real blessing. They took up the missionary call of the Great Commission, and got involved in inner-city work in New Haven, for Jesus' sake. They visited high schools and prep schools to talk with seniors about serving Christ in

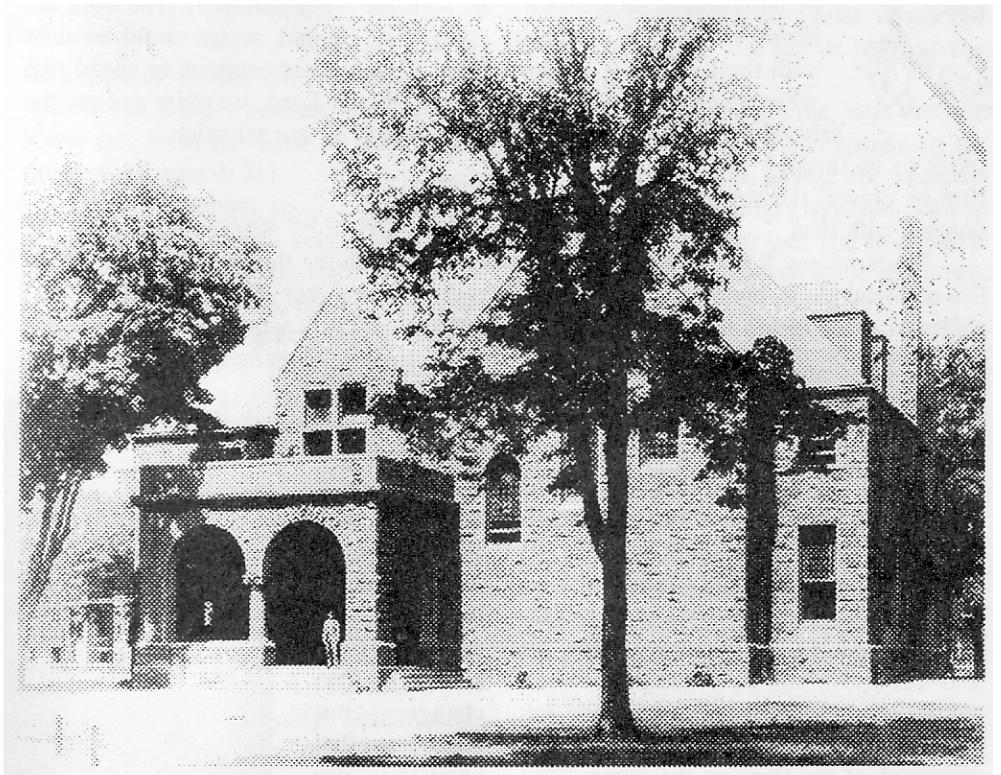
college years, and visited Christians on other college campuses to encourage each other and stand together.

Most of all, I was struck by the way those students discarded the "every-man-for-himself" attitude that is so easy to adopt. They decided to care about each other, about their classmates, about their campus and city.

When they did, God met them—right on the Old Campus—and used them to transform Yale and the world into a better place.

Yuna Lee, Saybrook '94

Reynolds, Fisher, and Wright (eds.): Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale, 1901. George Stewart (ed.): Some Annals of the Yale Christian Association, 1937.



Front view of the original Dwight Hall

Page one and nine Dwight Hall photo credits: Courtesy of Yale University Picture Collection, YRG 48-A-43, Box 21, Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University Library.

Quotations for "Lord Shaftesbury: God's Reformer" taken from John Pollock's Shaftesbury: The Poor Man's Earl, 1985. Edwin Hodder's The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, 1886. G. F. A. Best's Shaftesbury, 1964. Barbara W. Tuchman's Bible and Sword, 1956.

Seek Him and He Will Be Found

After you accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior of your life, you may have heard about "quiet times." You might have wondered what it is exactly, why we as believers should have them, how, when, where, and what the results of having them are. I would like to take you through what the Bible says

about spending time with the Lord as well as share some of my experience.

What is it? Quiet time is a time of the day we purposefully set apart for nothing other than meeting with the Lord. It is a time when we choose to still ourselves before God so He may speak to us through His word and we to Him by prayer, thereby building our relationship with Him.

Deuteronomy 8 says, "Man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God." Just as the Israelites daily looked for the manna the Lord gave them while they were in the desert, so we also depend on the Lord to give us our daily bread. His word which is food for our spirits. I got insight into this verse during my first year of medical student, after seeing my first cadaver. It dawned on me that the life of a man did not come from his body. Everything was materially on the table, but the man was not, his soul and spirit. His body had only been a temporary tent for the man who had left this world to be judged by the Lord. I was convicted of the truth of the verse: "The Spirit gives life; the flesh counts for nothing" (John 6).

I saw it is even more important to take care of our spirits than our flesh; just as we eat to take care of our bodies, we meet with God to take care of our spirits.

Why do we have them? Some may wonder why we need such times. They may ask, "Isn't being saved enough?" To answer that question, we may consider why Jesus died for us. He died, yes, to take away

our sins, but not just for that. He died so that by removing our sins from us, we may have a relationship with Him and the Father. If we stop having that relationship, then we miss the whole point of salvation.

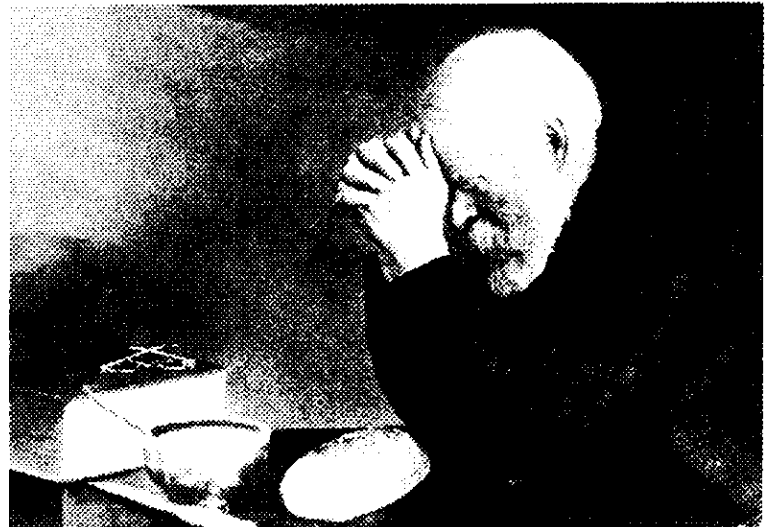
Jesus says to His people, "Here am I... If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and eat with him, and he with me" (Revelation 3). The Lord did everything He did so we could be near Him. If we do not continue to spend that time with the Lord, we miss out on the main reason for our salvation.

How do we approach the Lord? We can approach the throne of God not by our righteousness but by Jesus', who was tempted in every way, just as we are, yet never sinned. Therefore we can approach God with confidence, and get help in our time of need. And if there are specific sins in our lives, we don't have to stay away from God, but we can change our minds on that point and agree with God and ask for forgiveness on the basis of His promise. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins" (1 John 1). Then we can return to having fellowship with God.

I remember many times when I felt "too sinful" to go to the Lord, and yet I chose to believe the above verses. Surely enough, I received that forgiveness and

restoration from the Lord and was able to go on with Him.

When do we have quiet times? The Psalmist in Psalm 5 may give an example. "In the morning, O Lord, you hear my voice, in the morning I lay my requests before you and wait in expectation." I have found that it makes a big difference whether I start the day off with God or not. When I see the Lord as He is each morning, it sets the tone for the rest of my day. It determines so much of what I think in those free moments during the day, what I expect from the Lord, my attitude toward work and people. When you take time with the Lord, He orders your steps for the day and often things fall into place in ways you could not have planned.



Often, though, "I don't feel like having quiet time" for what could be various reasons. I remember many "cloudy" days when it seemed nothing was going right, within and without. I readily identified with the writer of Psalm 42, who wrote, "My soul is downcast within me." And yet I found that I could also say, "Why are you

downcast. O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God."

Though in my soul I did not feel like praising the Lord, in my spirit I decided to praise God in songs both old and new. At first I didn't feel any different, but later, I knew the victory that came by believing and declaring to myself and the foe that Jesus is on the throne.

If I based my relationship with God on feeling rather than the fact of His promises, I wouldn't go to Him half the time. But we can always worship the Lord on the basis of the facts.

"I have found that it makes a big difference whether I start the day off with God or not."

Where? Jesus went to the mountainside to pray. It was on mountains Jesus revealed Himself to his disciples and where God spoke to Moses. We can look for "mountainsides"—a place where we won't be distracted by other people or cares and can attend to God so that we may hear and see Him. While at Yale, I would spend time with the Lord in my dorm room or when that wasn't possible in any empty class-

room in WLH, CCL cubicles, Sterling courtyard, and even the stacks at times—anywhere I could give my attention solely to the Lord.

What can you expect as results of your quiet times? We can expect to know more of God and His ways as we spend time with Him. God has promised, "Call to me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know" (Jeremiah 33), and "I will put my law in their minds and write in it on their hearts.... No longer will a man teach his

neighbor, or a man his brother, saying, 'Know the Lord,' because they will all know me, from the least of them to the greatest" (Jeremiah 31).

I can remember special moments of insight into God, when very familiar passages would suddenly come alive to me and speak right to my heart, right to my situation. Recently I had been praying about a seemingly impossible situation. One night the Lord gave me Mark 6:4-6, where Jesus could not do any miracles in his home town except lay his hands on a few sick people

and heal them. This was "all" Jesus could do!

He showed me that for Him it is a small thing to heal the sick, though in my mind it seems like such a hard thing. I had read those verses before, but this time the Lord handed words to my heart, and they took on added meaning.

We can expect such times as we read His word. "For the word of God is living and active, sharper than any double-edged sword, it penetrates even to dividing soul and spirit, joints and marrow; it judges the thoughts and attitudes of the heart" (Hebrews 4). We can ask in prayer for His word in a particular situation for ourselves and others.

By getting to know God through taking time with Him, we start living the eternal life now as Jesus says, "Now this is eternal life: that they may know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent" (John 17). Let us begin living that eternal life today.

Jesus, being the vine, and we the branches, promises, "If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be given you. This is to my Father's glory, that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples" (John 15).

"You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. I will be found by you," declares the Lord" (Jeremiah 29).

Paulina Kim, Ezra Stiles '95

TIME TRIAL

(Continued from page 12)

pedal now. Lord, your will be done. What did it matter anymore? I was going to ride the way the Lord wanted me to ride. I had already lost so much time in the opening two miles that a record was impossible. Did it matter if I passed anyone? Did it matter what my time was...?

Well, I ended up passing six of the seven riders who started ahead of me in the course of the race, and with 200 meters to go I peeked at my stopwatch: 17:35! *Unbelievable!* I sprinted to the line: 17:49! I pumped my fist in the air as I crossed the line. *Yes!* Arrogance unleashed. *I am the elite!*

But as I rolled along to cool down a sobering thought struck me. Who was I fooling? I had failed out there. Everything

had gone wrong. I had been in the process of self-destructing.

It was the Lord who set that record for me. Simply because I surrendered to His will. Even looking at it rationally, you can't say it was my doing. Statistically, 17:49 was an outlier, my personal equivalent of Bob Beamon's long jump in Mexico City. I was improving five and ten seconds at a time. A great ride for me, on a good day, would have been 18 flat. That was realistic. In fact, even the official was surprised. She thought she had made a mistake, "Did you time yourself? What did you get?" But we both agreed: 17:49.

In our day-to-day lives we often forget to think of the Lord. Especially at places like Yale, where we are encouraged to think highly of ourselves, we tend to forget that every blessing we receive comes from Him. Perhaps we acknowledge that God

has some hand in the big events of our lives, but don't we secretly feel we are masters of our own daily destiny—our exams, our papers, our experiments, and our time trials?

I think the real message of my time trial was not that God cared whether I did a record time. Rather, He reminded me, in "words" I could not ignore, that He is always with us.

I have found it both humbling and wonderful to realize this, as did a king named David many years ago, who wrote, "Who am I, O Lord God... that you have brought me this far?" (1 Chronicles 17) and "Those who know your name will trust in you, for you, Lord, have never forsaken those who seek you" (Psalm 9). Funny to realize, wonderful to understand, that the Lord can be sought everywhere and anywhere, even on a bike.

Dan Gewirth, Postdoctoral Fellow, MB&B

TIME TRIAL

...of FAITH

As a break from academics, I race bicycles, and one event I do regularly is the time trial, or race against the clock. A local bicycle club runs an eight-mile time trial out in Woodbridge every Saturday morning in the summer.

The time which separates the good riders from the rest on the Woodbridge course is 18 minutes. Thus my goal for the past three years—to break the 18-minute barrier. I knew it was theoretically possible, because three years ago on a particularly fast day, inspired by a friend and well before I became a Christian, I did an 18 flat. But that one extra second eluded me. In fact, I had not come close since.

Last summer I decided to emphasize time trialing more than in the past, and, on three consecutive Saturdays in June, I went from 18:30 to 18:20 to 18:13.

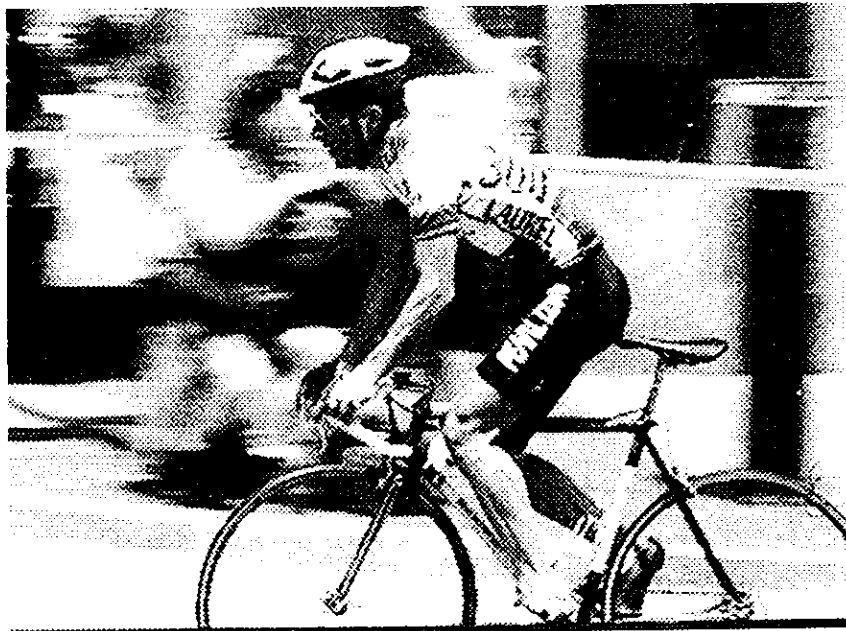
Inspired by this progress, I bought a truly magnificent wheel for my bike, made of carbon fiber and formed with air-foil shaped spokes, hoping that money and aerodynamic technology would make up for my physiological and psychological limitations. The next week I used this wheel, and for my many-hundred-dollar investment I saw improvement, all right—about four seconds worth.

In dollars per second, that worked out to more than... well, I'd rather not say. My friends in lab—who knew the "per second" cost—thought it was the funniest thing they'd ever heard. How humiliating! Yeah, I hung up my fancy wheel, and forgot about time trials.

But in mid-August I decided to try again. They say preparation is the key to

success in time trialing, but things didn't work out the way I had hoped. I didn't train on Thursday or Friday, and the whole week I had been getting to bed late and waking up early to work in lab.

Friday was particularly bad. My experiment that day bit the dust, and Friday



night was one of those horrible nights you inevitably have before an important exam—parties in the street, the feverish sleep, and then the early morning car alarm symphony. Not only that, but while pedaling on Whalley Avenue out to Woodbridge early Saturday morning, a car nearly hit me. Then the official

who runs the race didn't show up on time.

Have I gotten up early for nothing? My legs felt like lead. As I warmed up for my ride I didn't think of setting records: I wondered how slow I was going to go. *Should I bag it?* Despair hit

me. *When will I have another chance to do a good time?*

I rode up to the starting line. As the official counted down the seconds I tried to put on a brave face—*come on... hold it together... just ride... PLEASE CONCENTRATE!* "Three, two, one, go!" I went. Can you imagine the horror of this ride? I felt so slow! *Can this be happening to me?*

Riders in the time trial start at 30 second intervals, seeded slowest to fastest. I am rarely caught, but for the first time in years I felt the fear of impending humiliation. Half a mile down the course, as the road slowly began to rise, I almost sat up from my tuck in frustration.

Turmoil in my mind. *No, get back down! But I'm going so slow! Don't argue! Don't think! I'm failing!* I wasn't even gaining on my "minute-man." Usually I can catch him in the first two miles. Now he was going to hold me off until the turnaround. I could feel it—I was falling apart. No form. No focus. Panic....

Failure.

But then a single thought—honestly, one I never contemplated in bike racing before—crossed my mind: *Lord, if this is what you want, then your will be done.* I had failed. There was nothing more to do but surrender. My preparation, my efforts—useless. I decided that if the Lord

"This had been my goal for the past three years—to break the 18-minute barrier."

wanted me to ride like this, then I would have to accept that, bitter as it might seem.

Amazingly, as soon as I said those words, I didn't worry any more. *Lord, your will be done.* Yes, that was it. Just

(Continued on previous page)