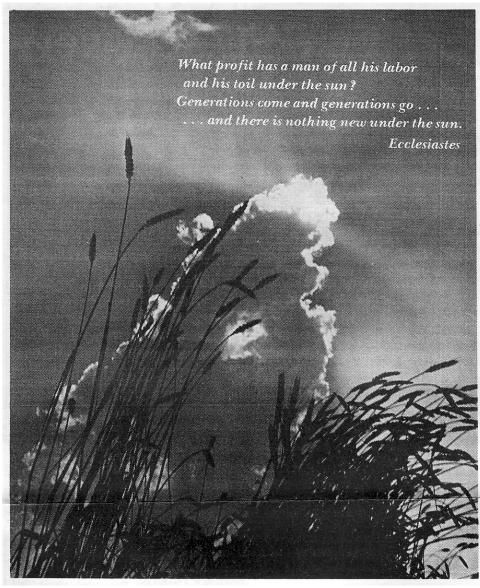
THE YALE STANDARD

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

Fall 1974



My son, if you will receive my words, and hide my commandments with you;

Vol. V No. 2

So that you incline your ear unto wisdom, and apply your heart to understanding;

Yea, if you cry after knowledge and lift up your voice for understanding;

If you seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures;

Then you shall understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

For the Lord gives wisdom: out of His mouth comes knowledge and understanding.

Proverbs 2: 1-6

Odyssey at Yale

At 6:30 in the morning of April 16, 1970, I received a telephone call from one of Yale's alumni representatives, a sanguine, early rising doctor, in Spokane, Washington, my hometown. Looking at the world through drowsy, half-opened eyelids I heard him say: "You've been accepted."

Four months later I boarded the first airplane of my life and headed East to begin my college career. I was completely mystified as to what Yale would be like. Everyone I talked to who could speak with any authority on the subject painted a different picture for me, and by the time of my departure the easel of my imagination was as befuddled as a quadruple exposure. I honestly did not know what to expect.

So it was with a whole mixture of emotions, excitement, apprehension, wonder, and hope, to name a few, that I arrived at Yale. In the coming weeks, realities replaced conjectures.

One thing I discovered was that everyone who had described Yale to me had been right — from his own point of view.

In those first days before classes began Yale seemed like an oriental bazaar to me, exotic, fascinating, a little bit of everything. I met people from places I had only read about before. The possibilities for exploring new interests seemed at least as numerous to me as the multi-million books in Sterling library. Yale was a good deal more than I had expected.

Continued on page 2

A New Life At Yale

Eluding the Mold

Each generation expects something special to occur within the small portion of history it is allowed to shape. Therefore, each has its own peculiar set of expectations. These seize people's imaginations, and nearly the entire generation looks forward together to the day when its expectations will be realities.

This present generation has steered quite an erratic course. It was born during the all-American, bobby-socks 50's. Then most people were searching for the pot of gold and happiness at the end of an economic rainbow. But the closer

we got to it, the more elusive it grew.

True, more people were better off in this country than ever before, in a materialistic sense; but we discovered that happiness, peace and love aren't made in the USA, or in Japan either, for that matter. We weren't fooled for long.

We started waiting for things that really count. Enter the flower children, and enter "luv". Each day, each minute should burst forth full of wonder. Flowers, people and clouds became things to be experienced. We were waiting for a visita
Continued on page 5

Freshmen who Changed Yale

Over the years, thousands of freshmen have come to Yale. They have studied four years, graduated, and passed into obscurity. But others, described in these short articles, have left an indelible mark on the university. One of the first of these was David Brainerd, a sophmore who stirred Yale during the 1740 Great Awakening, confronting each student with the Gospel. In 1802, freshmen prayed and initiated a revival that converted half the campus, setting the stage for a series of revivals equalled by no other university in the world.

Other students left their impact on Yale in the revivals of 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, and 1824. A single freshman shook the campus by starting the 1825 revival, followed by another awakening in 1827 and the great revival of 1831, "the most far-reaching and permanent in its effect of any that Yale has witnessed." During this century, Tracy Pitkin inspired Yale men by his death as a martyr in China. Before he left Yale, Pitkin had "raised up a dozen of the strongest men in Yale, many of whom followed him to China." Yale's missionary movement swelled and became the largest among all the Eastern colleges.

Yale today needs a revival. In spite of all its intellectual prestige, there is something lacking underneath.

Such revivals come when students ask for them. Often in the past, a few freshmen have agreed to meet together regularly and pray for Yale. Over and over again in Yale's history, God has answered by bringing large numbers of Yale

men to their knees. He has brought unsaved students to conversion and lukewarm Christians back to life.

Any student who enters Yale has a choice: he can "just get by," joining an activity here and there, or he can join God's purpose to totally transform Yale. If you take God's way, you will get involved in His business of changing men's lives. You can continue the work of students who molded Yale with the force of their lives and are known all over the world for it. You can be among those remembered by men and remembered by God. "He who does the will of God abides forever."

(Meet these freshmen inside)

Middle East in Prophecy

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A Yale Odyssey: From Start to Finish

Continued from page 1

Then came the settling-in process. First there was the business of moving into a dormitory suite with complete strangers. Early on I experienced a light case of culture shock. I was assigned to share a room with two other freshmen, one a gregarious, aggressive Brooklynite, and the other an often-morose musician from Chicago. I had expected it to be a very novel experience, which it was, but it turned out to be jarring as well.

Then there were studies. Earlier I had had visions of being pleasantly and scholarly immersed in my college work. But what I encountered was not the bracing academic challenge I had envisioned but a deluge of work that descended on me without warning. I was staggered by the amount of work involved in just keeping up.

I also found that all the personal problems that I had contracted in my ante-Yale years refused to disappear. Not only had they followed me all the way to New Haven, but they seemed to thrive in my new environment. I was constantly surrounded with people, but the loneliness that I had known earlier was still there.

Nameless fears that I had had in high school were augmented, the draft seemed to loom over me like a menacing cloud, and I now had another worry: grades; something I never had to be concerned about in high school.

Where was the romance? Where the glory of "going to Yale"?

I had so much studying to do in addition to my busary job — emptying dirty trays in the dining hall — that soon the only free time I could allow myself was Friday evening. On my second Friday at Yale I went to a widely advertised party which was held in some freshman's dormitory suite. I wandered in around 8:00. The room was dimly lit, about as crowded as Grand Central Station at rush hour, and as stuffy as a suana bath.

One girl in a long white dress was wafting around the room smearing everyone's forehead, nose, and cheeks with iridescent paint. Someone shoved a drink into my hand. As I took a sip and peered down into the cup I noticed that at the bottom there was a smudge of glowing red paint. It must have dripped off someone's nose into my drink.

I gagged, set my cup down and returned to my room. Looking at myself in the mirror as I scrubbed off the shining red war paint I told myself that things had to change. Suddenly I was tired, discouraged, and lonely all over again, but even more so.



Sitting down to sort things out I remembered back eight months. Back then, surprised by animation and unfeigned joy in a newly arrived teacher in my high school, I had become curious and began to ask him some questions.

"Why it's the Lord that makes me so happy," he told me.

Up to then the Lord had never made

me happy, sad, or otherwise. God seemed distant and unimportant to me, and how calculable an effect can a Being like this have on anyone's life?

Comparing the personal contact he had with God to the void in me, I realized how spiritually impoverished I was. One evening, convinced that I wanted what he had, I simply and honestly asked Jesus Christ to come into my life. I asked him to wash my sins away with the blood that he shed on the cross, and to let me know him on a one-to-one basis. Since then things had definitely changed. I knew that my prayers got through to God, that he loved me,

Through his word God showed me how to live a simple day-to-day life, trusting him and avoiding those things that would destroy my close relationship with him.

Through four years at Yale I was amazed to see how God provided for all my needs. When I needed clothes, and didn't have any money the Lord provided plenty to wear. Even though tuition went up and up and up I graduated without a terrific debt.

The Lord freed me from fears and solved problems that I had become so accustomed to that I was sure they were an integral part of me, and that I would

BORDEN OF YALE

THE YALE

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THE JOY OF THE LORD IS FOR YOU

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.

and that Jesus had died for me.

Yet when I arrived at Yale so much happened so fast that the importance of this experience began to dim. I had been rushing around so fast that I was in danger of running right past the only person who could be of any real help.

That certain Friday night made me acutely aware of the fact that, if I was going to graduate from Yale intact, I would need God's help and strength in my daily life. In my short weeks at Yale I had already seen how some turned to marijuana, drinking binges, immoral living, movie jags, and record — playing marathons when they needed help, or something to lift them out of discouragement and depression.

Soon I began to meet in earnest for morning prayer with several other students who had had the same experience I had, who knew their sins were forgiven and that Jesus had come into their lives in a real way. This equipped me for days full of classes, studies, and work. As I turned to God for help, I found that he was fully able to see me through mid-terms, finals, papers, and all sorts of rough spots. I went to Bible studies twice a week and learned much that no college course can offer.

have to live with them for the rest of my life. He also helped me much in my studies and as a result I graduated with honors.

As I look back on the past four years I see how important it was that I decided to believe and trust in God, and in his Son Jesus Christ. This faith became the foundation stone, the point of reference, for all I did at Yale. It strengthened me, gave me directions and opened to me a college career blessed by God — and now that I've graduated — the promise of a bright future.

I could spend the better part of a week recounting the way in which Christ used particular circumstances, people, and scriptures to help me and teach me. But I have a better idea. Discover what I discovered for yourself. Let my teacher be your teacher. Let my Savior be yours.

He was speaking to you, too, when he said: "Come unto me ... take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:28-30).

Lawrence M. Senger, '74



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THE YALE STANDARD

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Dreams Recycled: Where Have All the Answers Gone?

Continued from page 1

tion by that ethereal freedom that would release us from routine and change our lives into a series of unfolding delights.

Things were going to change and a whole new age would soon be ushered in. Some thought drugs would get them where they wanted to go. Others were more pragmatic and joined the SDS or Weathermen. Hundreds of student movements waxed and waned. Students marched and protested, and sometimes got shot at.

But somehow the whole thing soured. And the heralded golden age of the Aquarius generation never dawned, and the "disestablishmentized" society never materialized. Now, what has happened to the revolutionaries, and where have all the flower children gone?

They've turned another bend in the road, every one. They're settling down, retreating from the responsibility they took upon themselves to change the world. Now they want to be left alone. You live your life and I'll live mine. You're OK and I'm OK.

Expectations are no longer as lofty as they were three years ago. Today students have become deadly serious about their studies. It's important to get ahead, to go on to become a lawyer, or a doctor, or to get a good job, and find security and settle down.

But even this trend, like former ones will run its course, and then there will be a new generation that longs for something else, and feels that it has been endued with a singular wisdom because it realizes that what the previous generation waited for and expected wasn't worth the wait. Is anything? Yes.

Fruitful Expectations

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him" (Psalm 62:5).

The world, of course, has never yet seen an entire generation that has single-heartedly and determinedly placed all its expectations in God. But there have been glimpses of what this would mean.

J.R. Green said that John Wesley's outdoor preaching occasioned the conversion of such a large part of his generation in England that in a few years the whole temper of English society was changed.

Public executions served as popular entertainment, and robbery was so common that Horace Walpole wrote that: "People are almost afraid of stirring after dark."

The 19th century historian Lecky credits this vibrant evangelical outburst with saving England from her own version of the bloody French Revolution. Harry Emerson Fosdick said that: "Without the evangelical revival there is no explaining John Howard's prison reforms or William Wilberforce's anti-slavery campaign."

Such reforms were real, not just visionary, and they left a mark on their time and projected benefits into the future.

Previous generations, like our own, have never lacked problems, nor schemes to solve these problems, nor expectations of a better society. What they have often lacked however, is the moral strength and divine assistance which are necessary to effect permanent and just solutions to these problems. These come only from the living God, and cannot be substituted by anything else, no matter how noble in concept, that finds its origins in man alone. That is why the hopes of most generations never become anything more than ephemeral expectations.

Expectations which spring from faith in God are fruitful, not frustrating.



The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem:

What profit has a man of all his labor and his toil under the sun? Generations come and generations go, while the earth continues forever. The sun also rises and the sun goes down, and hastens to his place where he rose.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: to the place where the rivers began, they return again.

The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun.

The living know that they shall die, and have no more portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.

Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth, before the time of trouble comes and the years draw near when you shall say, I see no purpose in them.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Ecclesiastes

The generation that saw the dawn of this century believed that the happiness of mankind would flourish in an era of continuing peace—but its hopes were dashed by the outbreak of the First World War. The generation of the 20's trusted in the continuance of booming prosperity, but its dreams were crushed by the Great Depression.

Then came the Second World War, then the Korean War, then the long war in Vietnam, and now we hear delusive talk of "a generation of peace" again.

Who sets the style for a generation anyway, who determines its dominant mood and hope?

When it is not God, then it is ultimately Satan, the counterfeit "angel of light" who deceives the whole world.

Who lifts a generation up in false expectation, and then suddenly betrays it with an unexpected turn of events?

It is the one the Bible calls "the father of lies." He never delivers what he promises. When he says "peace," he means war. When he offers the pleasures of sin, he intends anguish, guilt, emptiness and sorrow.

The flood tides of expectation which

sweep across each generation place overwhelming emphasis on some supposed good, while ignoring truths that have the power to lead to great good in this life, and to everlasting life when it is over.

The claims of the Gospel—"I am the way, the truth and the life"—the claims of the Savior, and the love of God for men—those issues that should have first place in a generation's heart are labeled with some pejorative epithet and then consigned to a forgotten and unlit corner.

But when they are rediscovered and brought forward again, as they have been from time to time in American history, especially from the founding of the Colonies until early in this century, they bring love, joy, peace of mind and soul, and high purpose to many men and women.

Otherwise, there are few individuals who face things as they really are, refusing to be caught up in the euphoria or despair, the over-excitation or the indifference, that rules their time.

When the liberating truths of the Scriptures are mocked or ignored the be-all and end-all of earthly existence becomes not much more than survival with a style, and the particular style is decided for you

by your generation.

There is something much better for you than to be shaped by the moods, and the mode, and the drift of the day. There is a great work yet to be done in this generation. Our country is languishing because it has forgotten God. It has cast the Bible aside. The soul of our society is slowly being corrupted and few take notice. There is an important work to be done, and those who will do it must come from this generation.

Why not pause for a minute, and think of eternity, and ponder this simple, mighty truth: "God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

It is when God's invitation is acted upon, and a definite decision to believe is made, that the futile expectations and prejudices of a man's hour no longer comprise his particular set of limitations.

Jesus said: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice, and will open the door and let me in, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." He is one man Who is always true to his promise.

Larry M. Senger, "74

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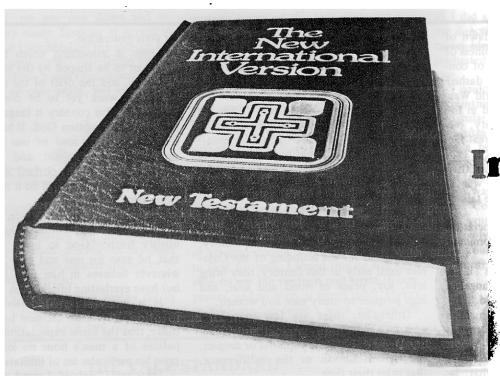
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THE YALE STANDARD

Frequent Revivals Mark Yale's History

Are You Ready?

It won't be long now! Soon you will actually feel Yale's terrain beneath your feet, only to be beset by an eager crowd of suitors, offering anything they think might suit you.

Why this rush of attention? You're a freshman of course, and freshmen have significance in many peoples' lives. To the coaches they mean new prospects of beating Harvard; to Naples Pizza they mean more new customers; to the Yale Political Union they mean the possibility of a few more conservatives; to x number of other organizations they mean more new members-not to mention dues; and to the old campus they mean less green grass. The fact is that you, a freshman, are wanted. You will be asked to join, join, join! Just sign up and watch your spare time dwindle away to nothing.

But the choices do rest with you. You will have decisions to make in the first weeks at Yale which may well be the most important in your Yale career. They will set your direction for your years at Yale, which in turn will form the basis for later life.

There are extraordinary pressures on freshmen to enter into things which will eventually take a marked toll on their lives. Yale, not unlike other colleges, is an ocean of temptation. Drugs, sex, Eastern meditation and the like all work together, and few freshmen come through the year unaf-

The other year, out of 11 freshmen on one floor of a dorm, only one was smoking marijuana upon entering Yale. By November only one of the 11 was not. The one exception was a student who knew that he could count on the power of God to keep him. He had used drugs quite frequently in high school, but was completely delivered when he received Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior.

Each of us during our first weeks at Yale made a decision to commit our college years, our future, our lives to Jesus Christ. It was a decision we will never regret...for all of eternity. He supplies wisdom, hope, and faith in times when the best qualities of men would fail.

King Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, gave this excellent advice: 'For the Lord gives wisdom: out of His mouth come knowledge and un-derstanding." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." (Proverbs 2:6, 3:6)

We invite you to come and hear how Jesus Christ has changed our lives and helped us through our college years, and how He can do the same for you.



(Plaque in Dwight Hall Library)

Henry Burt Wright 1867-1923 HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF GOD ABIDETH FOREVER

Scholar - Teacher -Evangelist - Friend

"A university can be wholesome only when a large group of determined men set their faces in that direction-we will take no rest until He establish and make Yale a praise in the earth.

Today the average Yale undergraduate goes through his four years of college thinking that Yale has always been more or less what it is now. He would be confirmed in this belief by every aspect of his undergraduate life. Yale's history will show that through most of its nearly three centuries, Yale was thoroughly different from what it is

Yale was first envisioned by John Davenport, who founded New Haven in 1638, intending to "drive things in the first essay as near to the precept and pattern of Scrip-ture as they could be driven." This Christian colony soon set aside land for a college "to fit youth. . . for the service of God in Church and Commonwealth.'

Ten ministers confirmed John Davenport's dream by founding Yale in 1701. The first rector, Abraham Pierson, accepted the position, saying that "he durst not refuse such a service to God and his generation." Under Pierson's direction, the first Yale men met together twice a day for prayer, at sunrise and in the late afternoon.

Yale was only a few years old when Jonathan Edwards entered

the college at the age of thirteen. In 1720 he graduated from Yale with the highest honors at the age of seventeen. At graduation he was "filled with an inward, secret delight in God," and he resolved "to live with all my might while I do live." Jonathan Edwards played a major role in the Great Awakening, which transformed the country in 1740, and became "the most significant Protestant voice between the Reformation and the twentieth century."

The famous English evangelist George Whitefield, then 25 years old, visited Yale during the Great Awakening. He preached to "enormous crowds" on New Haven Green and then at Center Church. The first Yale revival occurred the following spring. Its results were permanent; students professed an active and intense Christian faith for years afterwards.

David Brainerd, a sophomore at the time, quickly became a spiritual leader in the Yale revival. Although tradition forbade speaking to upperclassmen unless first spoken to, Brainerd went from door to door, freely presenting the Gospel to every student on campus. After leaving Yale in 1742, he became a missionary to the Indians, preaching and living among them. Revival spread to these Indians, who willingly left their pagan religion to receive Christ.

During the American Revolution, Ezra Stiles became president of Yale (1778). Stiles was a frequent visitor to the Jewish synagogue in Newport, Rhode Island, one of three synagogues in all of America at that time. He invited every Jew who passed through New Haven to dinner at his house. He would go out of his way to meet a rabbi-he met five in his lifetime-and he often discussed with them the suffering Messiah of Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53.

The "French Infidelity," a philosophy born during the French Revolution, had obscured the Christian foundation of Yale when Timothy Dwight became president in 1795. "The frank and direct way in which he met and overcame the infidels immediately upon his accession was characteristic of the man. They thought the faculty were afraid of open discussion, but when they handed Dr. Dwight a list of subjects for class disputation, to their surprise he selected this: 'Is the Bible the word of God?' and told them to do their best. He heard all they had to say, answered them, and there was an end. He preached incessantly for six months on the subject, and all infidelity skulked and hid its head." During his seventh year as president, Dwight saw a "quiet but thorough"

David Brainerd: Beloved Yankee

One Yale student who did not "pass to be forgotten like the rest" was David Brainerd. Although he died before the age of 30, his biographies still are being printed, and his personal journal is considered a classic in American Christian literature. Though he was expelled from Yale and never graduated, one of the houses of Yale Divinity School bears his name. He left an impression on the college so great that men throughout the world connect the name "Yale" with the name "Brainerd."

When David Brainerd entered Yale at the age of 21, he was apprehensive about what he would find there, "fearing lest I should not be able to lead a life of strict religion in the midst of so many temptations." So he began to pray for help. "I was spending some time in prayer and self-examination, when the Lord by His grace so shined into my heart that I enjoyed full assurance of His favor. Passages of God's Word opened to my soul with divine clearness, power, and sweetness...with clear and certain evidence of its being the Word of God." This assurance stayed with him throughout his years at Yale.

Just when David felt himself growing "cold and dull" during his sophomore year, "a great and general awakening spread itself over the college, in which I was much quickened and more abundantly engaged." He became concerned with the spiritual welfare of his classmates and "without paying regard to the distinctions of higher and lower classes visited each room in the college and discussed freely and with great plainness with each

David Brainerd became one of the key figures in the "New Light" movement at Yale, whose ideal was "a living faith preached by a living preacher." He opposed the dead formality of traditional religion and aroused the ire of the Connecticut legislature. Its leaders were horrified that "some undergraduate students have made it their practice, day and night, and sometimes for several days together, to go about in the town of New Haven as other towns, and before great numbers of people to teach and exhort, much after the same manner that ministers of the gospel do in their public preaching." They urged Yale to crack down on these students. During David's junior year, he was expelled from Yale.

Within a few months, David Brainerd became a missionary to the Indians, the most despised people of his day. He refused several pastorates in comfortable New England towns to go to these tribes, learning their language and sleeping "on a little heap of straw laid upon some boards" for a time. After about two years of hardship, disappointment, and illness, revival began among the Indians. When preaching about the love of God, David said, "I stood amazed at the influence, that seized the audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent or swelling deluge...Old men and women who had been drunken wretches for many years, children, and persons of middle age' began crying "Guttummaukalummeh, i.e., 'have mercy on me.' . . . It might have convinced an atheist, that the Lord was indeed in the place."

Continued on page 2, column 4

NEW LIFE AT YALE Meet with us: Sunday Wednesday Thursday 7:00 P.M. Phelps Hall

Continued on page 2, column 1

Yale's History Marked By Frequent Revivals

Continued from page 3, column 4 revival begin among his students in

Benjamin Silliman, an instructor at Yale during the 1802 revival, described the scene: "Yale College is a little temple; prayer and praise seem to be the delight of the greater part of the students while those who are still unfeeling are awed into respectful silence." Silliman himself was converted during this revival. Soon afterward, he began counseling newly-converted students and leading Bible studies. One biographer said of Benjamin Silliman, "Throughout the rest of his life the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions [from 1802] influenced all that he undertook. Only in this way was he able to accomplish the work which caused him to be described by another Yale president as 'the of American scientific father education."

The revivals did not cease after Timothy Dwight died in 1817. The years 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825 were each marked by spiritual awakenings among the students. The revival of 1827 was marked especially "by the conver-sion of a knot of very wicked young men, whose piety at a subsequent period became equally eminent." The movement started at Yale and spread to New Haven; for every Yale man converted there were nine New Haveners converted. "Its effect upon student morals and order was so great that for a year not a single student was disciplined by the faculty." Revival again swept over Yale in 1835, 1836, and 1841. The revival of 1841 was so important to the students that they cancelled the Junior Ball that year. . A revival also began at Yale

during the national revival of 1858. Beyond 1900, the career of William W. Borden (1909) saw the formation of Bible study classes totaling a thousand members out of 1300 undergraduates at Yale. Borden became a Christian early in life, and though he was a million-

decided to become missionary. He came to Yale with that purpose in mind, but between that time and the mission field he did a prodigious amount of work at Yale. He excelled as a student and as a personal evangelist, founded the Yale Hope Mission for New Haven's derelicts, began Bible studies and made it his habit to pick the least likely men on campus to talk with and invite to these meetings.

After working at a tremendous pace in America for three years after graduation, he spent the last year of his life in Egypt in missionary training. He died there of meningitis at the age of 25. Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, the renowned historian and one of Borden's closest friends, said of him, "His rugged yet simple faith in Christ as Saviour and Lord, and in the Bible as God's inspired Word, is a tonic to me.

But by the 1920's, Yale had begun a different course. "The temper had changed beyond recognition from my student days," he wrote.

Latourette's own life, however, was an outstanding exception to this trend. After graduating from Yale, he co-ordinated the thousand-man Bible studies for a time. He later went to the mission field in China, but illness forced him to return to the States. He eventually came back to Yale. "Here I saw dimly, but decisively, the divine purpose in my life," he wrote later. Despite his fame as an historian-he wrote 83 books and received 17 honorary degrees-scholarship was secondary to him. His chief interest was students. For years he held a special Bible class for freshmen, and three informal groups of students met by the fireside in his study every week. He also took time for counseling-he dissuaded one young man from committing suicide and guided him into a new life in Jesus Christ. Until the end of his life in December, 1968, Dr. Latourette considered himself a missionary and friend to the students at Yale.



Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette

"What lies beyond this present life I cannot know in detail, but I know Who is there and am convinced that through God's grace, that love which I do not and cannot deserve, eternal life has begun here and now, and eternal life is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

BEYOND THE RANGES

An autobiography by Kenneth Scott Latourette. Eerdmans, 1967.

Freshman Pitkin-

Tracy Pitkin graduated from Exeter and came to Yale at the age of 19. He was not content with drifting with the college crowd. His friend Henry Luce said of him: "Immediately upon entering college, he identified himself with its religious interests. Not a few men made shipwreck of their college Christian life, or at least made it null and void of power, during those four precious college years, just because they waited to see how things 'went' religiously in college, not realizing that the position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the religious trend of one's whole college life. Not so Pitkin." Tracy Pitkin took his stand immediately and held it till the end.

A student who lived across the hall from him said: "His sincerity was shown once when, speaking of the cause to which he gave his life, he said, 'I would die for it.' And how little I could comprehend then a Boxer uprising, and his name among those who gained a martyr's crown.

Another classmate said of Pitkin: "He did not postpone his life, he lived then. Before ever setting foot in China, he had raised up a band of the strongest men in Yale (many of them followed him to China) and planted the missionary interest so deeply in the religious life and organization of Yale that it never died out." Other colleges besides Yale felt the influence of Pitkin when he visited them after his graduation. He spoke at the major colleges in all the states from Ohio to Colorado, calling for missionaries to the Far East. Later, he himself went to China as a missionary.

Pitkin had not been in China long before a fanatical political-religious sect called the Boxers began taking over the country and burning Christian missions. On July 1, 1900, a mob organized by the Boxers attacked Pitkin's mission compound from the front and back. The mob burst in the gate very soon and captured Pitkin in the schoolyard of the mission. "There he suffered death by the sword, which severed his head from his body." Pitkin died defending the women and Chinese children at the mission.

David Brainerd: Beloved Yankee

Continued from page 3, column 3

A chief's daughter was converted, along with her husband, "whom she had brought to hear of the Jew who had died also for the Lenni-Lenape Indians." She said later that Brainerd "was the first white man she could ever love, having suffered so much from them, for she had always been afraid of them." Husbands were reunited to their wives, and an ancient conjurer was converted, who later became an evangelist. "Love seemed to reign among them," said Brainerd, "They took each other by the hand with tenderness and affection, as if their hearts were knit together."

Just as David Brainerd had helped to bring the Great Awakening to Yale, he spread the revival among the Indians of New York State, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Although he was suffering from tuberculosis, he continued his work until shortly before his death at age 29. His name is remembered until this day at Yale and all over the world. Decades later, one of his Indian converts could tell ner grandchildren of their beloved Yankee missionary: "He slept on a deer skin or a bear-skin. He ate bear-meat and samp [corn meal]: then we knew he was not proud. . . . He was a young man; he was a lovely man; he was a staff to walk with..." (from Beloved Yankee by David Wynbeek, Eerdmans, 1965 and The Life and Diary of David Brainerd by Jonathan Edwards, Moody Press)

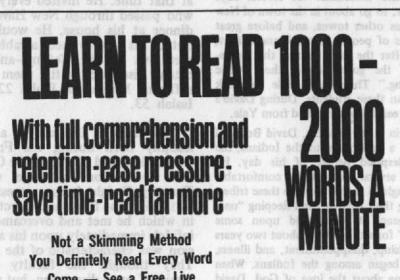
Freshmen Started Revival: Their Teacher Converted

A small group of freshmen that arrived at Yale in 1801 came with a peculiar purpose. They wanted to take Yale out of its philosophical confusion and convert it to Christ. The freshmen "agreed to meet day by day in earnest prayer that the college might be included in the general awakening," a revival that was spreading over the whole country. They prayed for fellow students and for the faculty.

The result was not spectacular at first. There were no special services, and classes continued as usual. One by one, however, Yale men were "born again" and joined the movement. Half the college was converted before the year was over, including one of the teachers, Benjamin Silliman.

Before his conversion, Silliman was mainly concerned with his own social position: "I find no propensity in my system stronger than a wish to be highly respectable and respected in society." But his conversion changed his whole attitude. He wrote in his private journal. Dispose of me according to thy own good pleasure; employ me in thy service, save me in thy own way."

Silliman's conversion was no emotional impulse. After his first year as a Christian, he wrote: "This year has been attended by mercies,-yes, innumerable and of incalculable value. I have enjoyed a state of health unexampled for many years, with great vigor of body and activity of mind." At age 84, one year before he died, he wrote: "My life has been prolonged to fourscore and four. I trust, heavenly Father, that I am deeply grateful. To recite my mercies would be to recount the story of my life." A group of mere freshmen changed the life of a man later called "the father of American science," whose name Silliman College



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