

SECOND DAY.

In the Tabernacle, Friday, Oct. 7th, 10 a. m.

Conference was called to order by President Joseph F. Smith.

The choir and congregation sang the hymn:

Our God, we raise to Thee
Thanks for Thy blessings free
We here enjoy;
In this far western land,
A true and chosen band,
Led hither by Thy hand,
We sing for joy.

Prayer was offered by Elder German E. Ellsworth.

The choir and congregation sang the hymn:

O ye mountains high, where the clear
blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the
clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to
flee.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL.

(Of the First Council of Seventy.)

During the short time that I hope to be able to occupy, I shall make an effort to bear my testimony to the truth of this work. It is a very difficult thing to do unless you have the spirit of testimony. My conviction has always been, and my instruction has always been given to the elders who were preaching the gospel, that when you are moved upon by the Spirit of the Lord, then is the time to testify that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith is a Proph-

et of God, for it is only under His influence that a testimony is of any effect upon the hearts of the children of men.

When I think of my labors in the Church, and the efforts that I have made to do my duty, I am surprised as well as astonished at the meager information I have acquired, and yet, I have an abiding, unfaltering faith, in God the Father and in His Son Jesus Christ. I expect to always have faith, as long as I keep the commandments of the Lord, and keep myself clean, pure and sweet, so that the Holy Ghost can be with me.

In thinking about the mission of our Savior, I desire to give a little evidence for my faith in God the Father and in His Son, Jesus Christ. I love the Lord because of His great patience. When I think of His patience in creating this world in which we live, which they claim took six thousand years, that of itself appeals to me. When I think of the patience of the Father and His Son with me, one of His children; how, through His providence, His care and protection, and the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, that I have been able to do as well as I have, I feel to thank Him for His kindness unto me. Sometimes, I marvel that I have done as well as I have. As my mother once said to my father, during the reformation, when he wanted her to repent, as all others were repenting, she said: "I am surprised that I have done as well as I have, and if I had it to do

over again, I could not do as well." Father hardly thought that was repentance. The Lord is very patient with His people, with His children. I often think of the time when I was in the South, laboring as an elder in Virginia. The president of the conference in which I was appointed was called into Colorado to continue teaching the people. He shed tears, because he wanted to stay in the Southern States mission, and "bind up the law and seal up the testimony;" he wanted to condemn all the people and close up the mission so the end would come. That was in 1883. We have had a great many elders who would have closed our missionary labors, as far as the world was concerned, but the Lord is not so short sighted and impatient; He has all eternity, and He proposes to save His children, "excepting the sons of perdition." Some of us become very impatient with each other because we fancy we are better than others, and we become angry with our fellow-men because they will not do as well as we do. I love the Lord because He causes it to rain upon the just and the unjust; because the sun shines for them as brightly as it does for any of His children. And while He is just, He is merciful. I thank God the Eternal Father that up to the present I have had the spirit of repentance, and while it has kept me pretty busy repenting, I hope I will always have that spirit. If it were not for repentance and forgiveness, I would become discouraged and discontinue my labors. I am going to read to you a little that has been culled from the Bible as to the mission of Christ. I would quote it, but I never dare quote scripture, for after I get through quoting you wouldn't recognize it. (Laughter.)

I am a little like father, when he used to quote scripture, he would say, "Well, if that isn't in the Bible, it ought to be in it." (Laughter.) So it is not safe for me to quote. Speaking of the mission of the Savior:

Is He not that Mighty Prophet that should come unto the world?

At his birth the air was filled with angels and over whose couch hung a celestial star.

Before whose infant feet the three wisest men of the world, representing the family of mankind, bowed in adoration and worshiped, as to God.

Whom Herod, the First, slew three hundred and three score children in Bethlehem, in order to reach His life

This is He whom John the Baptist proclaimed the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

At whose baptism the heavens were opened above His head, and the spirit of God descended upon Him in the form of a dove, while the voice of the Lord, like the voice of many thunders, proclaimed from the clouds, "This is my beloved son."

At whose words the tempest became still, the billowy waves placid, the winds hushed. Who healed the sick and leprous by a word; who by a look reanimated the lifeless limb of the paralytic. Raised the daughter of Jairus; healed the Centurion's servant; restored to life the son of Nain; cast out a legion of devils out of Beor, the Levite; restored the deaf and dumb; gave also to His apostles the same power to do miracles. Feeds at one time 4,000 men, and at another time 5,000 from a few pounds of bread or a few fishes which a lad could carry in a basket.

Moses and Elias came from the regions of the blessed and held communion with the Savior.

Who calls forth from the tomb of corruption Lazarus to life and health.

Who when praying was answered by a voice from heaven in the hearing of many people. "I have glorified my name, and will glorify it again."

Was it not the Savior, at whose trial nothing could be found against Him, and who when delivered to execution by Pilate to save Himself and appease the Jews, was publicly declared to be an in-

nocent man by the Procurator, in calling for water and washing His hands and saying that he was clear of His blood for he found no fault in Him.

Who was He, at whose crucifixion the heavens grew black as sackcloth, the sun withdrew its light, the stars shot from their spheres, the lightning leaped along the earth, the earth itself quaked, and the dead spring from their graves.

Who on the third day burst the bars of the tomb, received as He walked forth the homage of an arch angel; who appeared alive to His mother, to the women of Galilee, to Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, and to the apostles. Does not this prove Him the Christ, the Son of the living God?

That to me is evidence, preponderous evidence; it satisfies me but as J. G. Holland said, in one of his writings:

Better faith in a fable which inspires to good deeds, conducts our powers to noble ends, make us loving, gentle, and heroic, eradicates our selfishness, establishes within us the principle of benevolence and enables us to meet death with equanimity if not with triumph in the hope of a glorious resurrection and a happy immortality, than the skepticism of kingly reason, which only needs to be carried to its legitimate issues to beastialize the human race and drape the earth in the blackness of Tartarus.

My brethren and sisters, I have that faith, that unfaltering faith in the Lord; and I have the same kind of faith and the same kind of belief in the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is a difficult thing, from a human point of view, to believe that God appeared to a boy fourteen years of age and revealed this work; but when you take into consideration the teachings and revelations of the Prophet, this alone appeals to me as strongly as any evidence I have; that God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ appeared to the Prophet. Then John the Baptist appeared and conferred upon him the Aaronic

priesthood; and Peter, James and John, the Melchizedek priesthood. The most perfectly organized Church on the earth was organized. I have put this matter to the test. I stand before you as a Seventy, a witness of the Lord to the nations of the earth. I received that authority through William M. Allred, who was ordained by Levi W. Hancock, who was ordained by Joseph Smith the Prophet. I have learned this much regarding the value of the priesthood, that I would rather place my hands upon the head of an elder and ordain him a seventy than preach the best discourse that I ever delivered. I feel that I have accomplished a great piece of work for God and His Church, when I ordain a seventy and that man goes forth and magnifies his calling. It is a living testimony that God the Father recognizes that administration and that authority which I hold; and in my administration in the Church I have multiplied evidences that the Lord has acknowledged my authority and administrations. The sick have been healed under my administration. I remember, while in Los Angeles, an estimable lady interceded with me to attend one of their great Christian Science testimony gatherings. There were over three thousand men and women, and they were a very intelligent class of people. They were an educated people. The reader, that evening, was a judge who had been on the supreme bench in one of our states; he had been sick and afflicted with stomach trouble. He had resigned his position; he had given up his work and his profession; he said before that large congregation of people that he had been healed through Christian Science. He was as practical a man,

as I am. He told a straight story. I listened to the testimony of perhaps fifty or more of those people, men and women. After their meeting adjourned, the lady who invited me, said: "What do you think of it?" Why, I said, I could put those men to shame; I could bear testimony of the power of God, through administration under the hands of the priesthood, that would have surprised and astonished that assembly of people; they would have been astounded and would not have believed my statement.

My brethren and sisters, I believe in this work. I believe in the Prophet Joseph Smith. I believe in the living oracles. I honor the dead, but they are dead and performing their work behind the veil. We have the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve, and they are united, and with the help of God I want to sustain them. There are many things that I do not understand, that I cannot comprehend fully. I cannot see my way out at present; but this is God's work, and, with the help of the Lord, I want to sustain the Priesthood of God. I love the people, and I say: God save the people. When I look over this body of men, I do not discover that you are very distinguished in appearance. Why, you are no better looking than I am, and I look pretty bad. (Laughter.) I am only a remnant of what I ought to be. I am not very well groomed, and I do not look distinguished; neither do you. (Laughter.) You can't boast very much about your appearance. We are a hard working people, and we would not take a very good picture, unless you take the better side of us; but I tell you, in the name of the Lord, we have got clean hearts; we love the Lord;

we love truthfulness; we desire to be honest, truthful, and virtuous. You can't judge us by our appearance. If you knew the hearts of this people, there would not be the bitterness there is against the Latter-day Saints.

In conclusion I will tell you a story, and then will close. When I was in California I was very low spirited and broken down in body; and I tried to die, but I made a miserable failure of it. (Laughter.) One day when I was laying on the sand, near the ocean, I happened to pick up a paper, and it gave me new life and new energy. It was a funny picture; it was a picture of a great big monkey, it represented, "Fate—The Old Monkey." It was an editorial. I haven't it with me, but I have read it a good many times, and I desire to make a comparison. There was a very prominent citizen that had an intelligent monkey. He was a mischievous fellow, and he just went around the house knocking everything down that he could get hold of. He knocked over everything that he came to; he discovered that the things he knocked over did not get up again. He was just as mischievous as fate seems to be with us. Finally, this good citizen took the image of a little man, made of some kind of material, and placed it on a very strong base. It was so arranged that when you knocked it over it would come up again. So he set this little man in the room. The monkey came around, took his right hand and cuffed it over. To his surprise it wobbled a little and staggered, and then rose up and seemingly looked at him. Then he took his other hand and cuffed it again, and it came up again. Then he took the hand of his right leg

and knocked it again, and then with his left hind leg; then he got on it with all four hands and took one hand up at a time. To his surprise, the little man rose up. The intelligent monkey almost became a monkey maniac. He kept at it and kept at it until he hated and despised the little man; and whenever they would move the little man near the monkey, he would get off in the corner and chatter and become angry. He wouldn't have anything to do with the little man. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is similar, or like that little man. You can knock it down one hundred times; you can knock it down one thousand times; it may wobble, but it will rise up again, and it will keep rising up until God has accomplished His work. This is God's work, and I look in sympathy upon men who oppose it. I stood on the street last night—something I hardly ever do—and listened to a man abuse the Church; and I had to laugh. I was a good deal like father was once when he was praying. In the midst of his prayer, he burst out in a loud laugh, and he said, "O Lord, forgive me; it makes me laugh to pray about some men;" it always amuses me when I see a man or a coterie of men try to break down this Church. I would say to these kind of men: You had better let the Church alone; you had better let the people alone; because you can't destroy the Church. I read somewhere in the Doctrine and Covenants,

"Cursed are all those that shall lift up the heel against my anointed, saith the Lord, and cry they have sinned when they have not sinned before me, saith the Lord, but have done that which is meet in my eyes, and which I command them. But those who cry transgression do it because they are the ser-

vants of sin and are the children of disobedience themselves."

If there is anything we are doing, as members of the Church, that is dishonest, untruthful or intolerant, God has not commanded it. We have got to be honest; we must be truthful; we must be moral, if we are saved in the kingdom of God. I do not know just what will come out of our complex situation, but I do believe this, most ardently, that "every tub shall stand upon its own bottom." I believe that every man, woman, and child will have to have a testimony and a knowledge that this is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or they cannot stand.

I pray the Lord to bless you. With all of my weaknesses, with all of my difficulties, I would like to see the color of a man's hair, and I would like to look into the eyes of the man that questions my loyalty and integrity to this Church. You may have to carry me; you may have to be patient and long suffering with J. Golden Kimball, but don't you question my integrity. I think I have given some evidence of my faith, loyalty and integrity. I learned my lesson, in this Church, as every man will learn it; I learned it by being a stranger in a strange country. I learned it by traveling without purse or scrip, and I want to tell you, in the name of Israel's God, the Lord is amply able to provide for His servants. You do not have to "trust in the arm of flesh." The Lord has answered my prayers; He has opened up the way before me; He has raised up friends upon the right hand and upon the left. That is how I secured my knowledge and information. I know, just as well as I ever expect to know, until I see with my eyes, that

Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph is a Prophet of God, and that this is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I sustain the Church. I support as best I know how the Presidency of this Church, the Council of the Twelve, and the general authorities of the Church.

The Lord bless you. Amen.

ELDER BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.

(Of the First Council of Seventy.)

That man must be accounted fortunate who in this presence, within the limited time allotted to the speakers, can present just one idea, clearly and distinctly, to the congregation. Whether I shall be able to do that or not, I cannot say, but certainly I shall attempt to do no more than that.

When Joseph Smith was about fourteen years old, in the year 1820, he was much confused by reason of the disagreement that existed in his own neighborhood, between the various sects of religion; and in the midst of it, his attention was called to that splendid scripture which says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." He resolved to put that doctrine to the test, and retired to a secret place in the woods, where he called upon the Lord in earnest and fervent prayer. In response to this petition, a most splendid vision was opened to his mind, and he was taken into the presence of God, the Father, and Jesus, the Christ, and beheld them in the midst of a glory that surpassed the brightness of the sun at noonday. He saw that they, in form, were like men, that each was

distinct from the other. They made known to him that men had departed from the truth, as originally taught by the Christ, but they gave him to understand also that the time was at hand when the Church of Christ would be re-established in the earth, that the gospel would be restored to men, and told him that he was to be a chosen instrument in the hands of God to accomplish some of His mighty purposes in the earth. A most wonderful revelation, correcting the errors that existed and, at the same time, giving promise that there should be, and that soon, a revelation of the truth in its fulness. How glorious that is—if it is true! How many theological questions it would settle. How it would clear the field of theology of error—if, only, it be true!

Subsequent to this, the Prophet was visited by an angel, not some phantom, a creation of the fancy, but a real personage, a man of flesh and bone, raised from the dead, a man who came from the presence of God and made known the existence of the American volume of scripture, by which I mean a volume of scripture which was brought into existence through the revelations of God to the ancient inhabitants of this land—the Book of Mormon—wherein is described the visit that the Christ made to this western world. After His resurrection from the dead and His ministry in Judea, the Christ came here, according to this record, and established His Church, gave authority to men to teach the truth, and gave that same fulness of the gospel to the inhabitants of this western world that He had given to the people in the East. This gives an enlarged view of the earthly mission of the Christ, and