

the people. I rejoice that in the great field of the things which are essential, that the Lord has spoken, and that there is ground for absolute unity existing among us; and I sincerely trust that for this other field, in the realm of non-essentials, there will be liberty, and tolerance; and in both—in the exercise and administration of both essentials and in the realm of liberty—the great principle of charity—which is the pure love of God—may abound.

In conclusion, my brethren and sisters, let me once more bear witness to you of the truth of the great latter day work, and proclaim once more my love and devotion for it. I love the gospel of Jesus Christ. I believe and accept it with all my heart. If it is possible for the consciousness of man to be awakened to a knowledge of the truth of a thing, then I know, as I know I live, that God lives; that Jesus is the Christ; that men can form a companionship with the Holy Ghost; that forgiveness of sin is true; that the resurrection from the dead is a true doctrine; that the divinity of the Church is beyond question; that the power of the Holy Priesthood is divine; and that man may hope for immortality and eternal life in the realms of freedom under the law of God. I testify to you that my soul has a witness that all these things are true, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT SEYMOUR B. YOUNG
(President of First Council of Seventy.)

My brethren and sisters: Indeed I am deeply appreciative of the honor that I have in this privilege of addressing you for a few minutes this morning. I have listened with very much pleasure, and I hope some profit, to the remarks

of my brethren, and especially the introductory remarks of our President at the beginning of this conference. A spirit of universal charity, of forbearance and brotherly love, has been characteristic of the speakers on this stand, and I take it that no better theme could be introduced, and that no better thought could be inspired by any other line of doctrine that could be taught.

For the past few days, before the beginning of this our semi-annual conference, I have had the pleasure of being associated with the International Irrigation Congress, meeting with men who seem to be deeply interested in the welfare of these great communities of our western country. The Irrigation Congress brought to this city some very choice men, representatives from about thirty states of the Union, also from Canada, from Old Mexico, from some of the southern republics, and from far distant Japan. These gentlemen were unanimous in expressing their views in regard to the great benefits already attained, and that will be consummated in the future, through irrigation of the arid west, and through the reclamation services in which our great government is taking so prominent a part for the benefit of settlers upon the arid lands of this once desert country. All of those gentlemen that I heard express themselves were in one accord in stating their sincere regard, and appreciation, for the welcome extended to them by the people of our beautiful city, and especially commending the authorities of the "Mormon" church for the splendid reception in this great building, on the first day and the first session of the congress.

The National Irrigation Ode,

composed by Prof. J. J. McClellan, and that was rendered here by the excellent band of singers and musicians accompanying; the splendid performance of the choir, under Professor Stephens, all were regarded as efforts that were very fine indeed, and received from the members of the congress, and from visitors generally, high encomiums, and praise unstinted. I heard one gentleman say, who was a representative from California, "When I listened to the organ recital that was tendered to us by Professor McClellan and heard that touching part in the Pilgrim's Song of Hope, the vox humana, so like to a human voice, it brought tears to my eyes," said he; and many more testified to the pleasure they had.

Sixty-five years ago, the first Anglo-Saxon people introduced irrigation here on this very spot. The "Mormon" pioneers, under Brigham Young, our great pioneer President, started the scheme of irrigation. It was necessary before a plow could be made to enter the soil that the water be turned on to the ground to permeate its hard, encrusted surface, that had been undisturbed for centuries. When the water was thus turned on to the parched, arid soil, then it was possible for the plow-share to penetrate and to turn the furrow, that the seeds might find covering as they were planted. I remember very well hearing President Woodruff say—for he was one among the very first to plant seeds in the ground on this soil—"Why, Brother Young, I could have cried, and so my brethren felt, because we were planting all that we had into an untried soil, and but for our perfect faith in God we would have felt no hope to ever see products from that seed." The selfish thought was

that it should not be planted, in order that if the time should come, that life must be preserved, they might be compelled to eat those precious grains of corn, wheat, barley, and vegetables to preserve life. But, their faith was greater than this; it was broad; in fact, unlimited, because the Prophet of God who led them, under the same inspiration that had come to the martyred Prophet Joseph Smith, was prompted to say, "This is the place," and, when he had said that, the brethren planted in faith and the harvest came. The second year, in '48, when the germinating seed was beginning to show green stalks of grain above the surface, then came the swarm of crickets to devastate and destroy wherever they had access to the growing crops. The green fields, after they had passed over, appeared as if a fire had consumed and left its black mark upon every spot of ground visited by these devouring hosts. The people fought them with brush, and by other methods tried to sweep them from the land, or stay them in their progress, but it was an impossibility; they could not be stayed by the hand of man. That was the appearance, that was the thought, and that was really the experience of the people. Saturday night, at midnight, they ceased their labors through sheer fatigue. Sunday morning they assembled, fasting and praying for deliverance, and as they came from their place of worship the heavens were darkened with flocks of wild birds, and some asked the question, "What are these coming now? Are these a new enemy to complete the entire destruction of our labors?" But when the sea-gulls alighted upon the green fields of growing crops they certainly began destruction, not of

the crops of the suffering, praying people, but they began and continued to devour the enemy, the black crickets from the mountains, until they had swept the land clean from this formidable foe; then the Saints knew again that God lived, that He had not forsaken them.

The Saints came out from Illinois, from their City Beautiful, Nauvoo. They were given an alternative to deny the faith of the gospel which they had obeyed, and for which they had suffered. They had seen their Prophet and Patriarch martyred for the cause they so manfully maintained. All these distressing things were constantly before their faces, and when the demand was made upon them, by a committee sent by the mob hordes surrounding the city of Nauvoo, either to give up their faith and, as a celebrated congressman has said since, "Be like us, or leave the country, or forfeit your lives." But the men to whom this address was made, the people who heard this alternative, were of the kind of which martyrs are made, and they said, "We cannot relinquish our faith. We know it is of God, we will sacrifice our homes, leave the lands that we have purchased and beautified, and seek a home where less hatred and opposition may exist." I believe that President Brigham Young felt as did our old friend Chief Washakie, when his braves gathered around and said to him, "All of our hunting grounds are gone; the white man has o'erspread the land and we have no more a place for our abode, where will you lead us now?" The old chief replied, "If I can find a spot so barren, so sterile that not a blade of grass shall grow upon it, and where nothing lies beneath to ex-

cite the cupidity of the white race, there would I place your feet, hoping that you might not be driven out." Possibly such a thought entered the heart of our pioneer President, Brigham Young. I have heard more than one of that sturdy band of pioneers say, "I wept; my heart was full of grief when I beheld the land, the appearance of which was so forbidding, the ground was so sterile." I heard that great pioneer, Wilford Woodruff, say that the little part that they did succeed in turning over before water was turned upon it, was just as dry as ashes fresh from the furnace.

They did not leave the city of Nauvoo to get away from the Constitution of the United States. They brought the love of the Constitution with them, and the record that you have heard quoted today, is proof, if any other proof were needed—and there is plenty of just such all through the history of the pioneers of this great country—that they loved the Constitution, and that they knew and had always taught and accepted it as a divine truth, that the Constitution was inspired of God. They did not leave Nauvoo to get away from the flag of our country. They brought Old Glory with them, and unfurled it to the breeze upon this land, then Mexican territory, and by that act took possession of the land in the name of our common country. They did not leave the land of their nativity and the land of civilization because they were ashamed of their faith, of their religion, nor did they relinquish the hope that God had planted in their hearts. No, they fled to this western country to be free from persecution and bloodshed. When they arrived impres-

sive services were held; the second day after their feet had trodden this arid desert, they assembled together, and their Prophet leader said to them, "We will dedicate this soil to Almighty God for the gathering of Israel, for the hope of a peaceful home for our people in all time to come." He said to Elder Orson Pratt, "Brother Pratt, offer our prayer to God, and dedicate this soil to Him for Israel's welfare, say to Him that from all that He giveth to us in the times to come, we will give to Him our tithes and offerings, of all the blessings of the soil, of the herds and flocks, of the orchards and gardens, and here we will build the temple of our God, for the salvation of the living and the dead."

The members of the National Irrigation Congress went away from here imbued with a feeling of gratitude. They expressed their praise and admiration for this people, for the pioneers of this country, for the elegant reception that was tendered to them, and for the use of these great buildings in which they held the sessions of their congress. They have nothing in their hearts today, I believe—for I think they were honest in their expressions—but good will for you, my brethren and sisters, and especially for the Presidency of the Church.

I pray God to bless you, and that He will endow our brethren who lead us in the future as they have been endowed in the past. I testify to you that "Mormonism" is true. It is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, as testified by one of the mightiest prophets that ever lived, who sealed that testimony with his own blood. Obedience to this Gospel will bring to us salvation and eternal life. I pray God to bless

you all forever, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A duet, "The Crucifix," was rendered by Prof. Hugh Dougal and Miss Mary Haigh.

ELDER LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

(Of the First Council of Seventy.)

I have been interested in the words of my brethren in the meeting this morning. I only regret that I did not hear all the words of yesterday. My academic duties at the University of Utah prevented my being in attendance at the conference in the forenoon.

I rejoice in seeing the people. As we all have our favorite themes and thoughts to speak about, I have mine, and the impressive thought that I have this morning is this fact, that no better people ever lived nor lives today, than the Latter-day Saints of the Church of Christ. I believe in you, and I am always grateful when I can meet you, my brethren and sisters, feel your genial and hospitable spirits here in the center stake of Zion, or wherever you live in your homes throughout the State. I am proud of you, and I am proud to know that I am one of you. I believe in the goodness of your hearts, in your hospitality, in your charity, in your love for truth, wherever you live, and I only wish that we here in the center stake of Zion, may retain in our hearts the same honesty and sincerity of purpose, and truth-loving character that seems to be so characteristic of you people who come from the remote parts of these states in the west. The rural districts today have a people that are honest, God-fearing, lovers of the truth, and I hope that spirit can be