

I heard him announce the great truths of the gospel without being built up in my most holy faith. I don't know how I can hope to pay the debt that I owe to him, unless it be, perchance, to try to do the work that he loved so well and to which he gave his life and his all. I don't know how I can ever in any measure repay him for the influence which he has had upon my life, unless it be by doing the things that he called me to do, and by attempting to serve in my weak way in the same manner in which he served in his most efficient way.

I loved him as a son loves a father. I was present at his home the day that he died, or at least the night before. I remember shaking hands with him, and saying what I felt must be my last goodbye to him. As I shook his hand he drew me to him, and he planted upon my lips a kiss that I can never forget. I shall try as long as the memory of that embrace remains with me to live true to the great principles which he so loved, and while I cannot do one single thing to help him, while I cannot do one single thing to add to his greatness or to the love which you bore for him, all that I can do is to dedicate and consecrate my life, my service, whatever talent God has given me, to the great cause which he loved and for which he gave his noble life.

If he has helped you, my brethren and sisters, as he has helped me, will you not join with me in the very high resolve to dedicate our lives and our services to the gospel of Jesus Christ, to uphold the high standards that he upheld, and to the very close of our days to love God as he loved God, to be parents such as was he, and to love humanity with that same tender devotion,

and love that he exhibited toward all men? To this end, my brethren and sisters, may we devote ourselves, lending all our might, our strength and the best that is within us, I humbly pray God, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER JAMES E. TALMAGE

No chance in the call of President Joseph F. Smith—One of the real apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ—The living embodiment of the truth that schools and colleges do not make the scholar—A missionary from boyhood and a missionary to-day.

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was, and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones. And God saw these souls, that they were good; and he stood in the midst of them, and he said, These I will make my rulers. For he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me, Abraham, thou art one of them, thou wast chosen before thou wast born."

If you will substitute the name of our modern prophet for the ancient patriarch, you will have a conception of my firm belief as to the primeval state and the ante-mortal existence of President Joseph F. Smith. There was no chance in his call. The barefoot boy, the 15 year old missionary on the islands of the sea, the more experienced and mature proclaimer of the gospel in this and in distant lands, each was the prophet in the making, the leader in school, the ruler in preparation.

We do but honor ourselves in thus assembling to pay tribute to his memory. Do you think that our feeble words can alter his status?

Do you think that this memorial service is held for him? I pray you consider. He could withstand such inexcusable forgetfulness on our part as would have been manifest in letting the occasion pass unmarked; but we cannot do it, for our own self-respect; nor could we quell the desire in our heart, springing from the well of living water and genuine love for our dear departed brother and leader, to permit the time to pass without some expression from us as to the lessons he has taught. He was a man such as the prophets foresaw and whom they foretold.

In the inspired writing of the Scripture of these days, days of fulness, days of relative finality, the days immediately preceding the coming of Christ the Lord, tell of the spirit of hatred that would be abroad. They tell of the confusion that would be rife; they tell of the blessings that God would give unto the world; and chief among these was the blessing of real men. Don't you remember His promise. "Behold I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Such gift found a realization in the person and ministry of President Joseph F. Smith. No man can ever take his place. There is a uniqueness about the real prophet, the prophet of God. He has no successor, and by the same rule he had no predecessor. True, other men may have filled the office that this one filled, as other men shall fill the place after he departs; but there is a distinctiveness about each of God's leaders that makes his place sacred. And yet shall there be other prophets in Zion as there have been mighty ones in the past; but no one has filled the place of

the other. Without the special ministry of President Joseph F. Smith, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints could not be, and therefore would not be, what it is today. He was foreappointed and foreordained for the particular work of his epoch, of the work and ministry.

I shall not repeat the many things in the way of personal experiences with President Joseph F. Smith that make me sure he was the great man we have had portrayed before us; but I do bear witness to you that Joseph F. Smith was one of the real apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have listened to his ringing words of testimony and warning before the assemblies of thousands, and I have sat with him, on very rare occasions, alone; and on occasions less rare, but still not common, with my brethren and associates, I have heard him preach in conversation, and I have never seen his face so enlightened nor his frame so thrilled with power as when he was bearing testimony of the Christ. He seemed to me to know Jesus Christ as a man knows his friend.

President Joseph F. Smith has been referred to on many an occasion as one of the last links connecting the present generation with that of the early days of the Church. But though that speaks of the long ago when measured in terms of years, did you ever think of the marvellous fact that President Joseph F. Smith was always fully abreast of the times? He was never behind, but always up to date, and down to date, in everything that was good. There was no clinging to old fashioned methods when better means had been evolved and proved practical with him. Scores

of times before he passed away I said, as now I shall venture to say again, he was the living embodiment of the truth that schools and colleges do not make the scholar. To me he was one of the best read men with whom I have had to do and deal. Did you ever hear him use faulty language, poor English? He was no orator, and I am glad of it, for to him oratory and all associated with the name bore the tinge of bombast and verbal display, and he did not know how to talk in painted color pictures; but he possessed that gift which is as far above oratory as prophecy is above necromancy, the gift of eloquence. He did not speak to the ears, but right straight to the hearts of men.

Well, where is he now? He was permitted shortly before his passing to have a glimpse into the hereafter, and to learn where he would soon be at work. He was a preacher of righteousness on earth, he is a preacher of righteousness today. He was a missionary from his boyhood up, and he is a missionary today amongst those who have not yet heard the gospel, though they have passed from mortality into the spirit world. I cannot conceive of him as otherwise than busily engaged in the work of the Master. And had any one tried, or should any one now try to distract his attention and lead him into other paths, he could answer without sacrilege in the very words of the Master: Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business, who is in heaven.

The Lord enable us to be in a measure like unto him, fit to take his hand and deserving of a smile from his countenance when we shall meet him again, I pray, in the

name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

My brethren and sisters, it is not my purpose to detain you. Matters this afternoon come home to me with such force that I feel that I would not dare to undertake to express myself, nor could I do it, I think, if I should try. All that I desire to say is, amen to that which has been spoken by the brethren who have occupied the time.

The choir and congregation sang: "Do what is right."

Benediction by Elder Arthur F. Barnes.

OUTDOOR MEETING.

An open air meeting was held at the Bureau of Information Building at 2 o'clock p. m., Sunday, June 1, 1919, Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve presiding.

Music was furnished by the Bel-Canto Ladies' Glee Club, Ivie Ensign conductor.

The Glee Club and congregation sang: "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet."

Prayer was offered by Elder Henry H. Rolapp.

The Glee Club sang: "Perfect Prayer."

ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

In harmony with the announcement of President Grant this morning, and in continuation of the spirit of this morning's meeting, the meetings this afternoon will be devoted in further tribute to the memory of our late de-