

parted leader, President Joseph F. Smith.

I take pleasure in introducing to you a man whom you all well know, Bishop Charles W. Nibley. Perhaps no man in the Church knew President Smith better, was more intimately acquainted with him, than was our worthy bishop, who will now address us.

ELDER CHARLES W. NIBLEY

(Presiding Bishop of the Church.)

I am asked to perform what to me is a rather difficult task, at this memorial service for the late President Joseph F. Smith. I knew him very intimately. Forty-two years ago, when I was a young man, he called me to go with him to Liverpool, England, there to take charge under his direction, of the business affairs of the European mission. From that day until the day of his death, I knew him well. I know his history, I know his family, I have lived in his home—been, indeed, as a member of his family; and so I can speak of him as I know him.

Joseph F. Smith was one man picked out of millions of men. There was none like him. In his particular sphere, in his life and his life's work, I think that as an exemplar he has never been equalled. I know that is high praise, and I do not wish to make any comparisons with others, but to me he was the most God-like, the most God-fearing, and the least man-fearing of any man I ever knew in all my days.

He had a perfect knowledge of the truth of this great Latter-day work. He had endured much for it, he had sacrificed much—losing

his father when he was not yet six years of age, losing his mother when he was twelve or thirteen years of age, going alone, so to speak, in the world, with only friends who knew his father and mother to look after him. President Young took him under his care, or at least had a watchful eye over him; and in early days, as you know, sent him on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, when the boy was but fifteen years of age.

I have heard him tell how, journeying down through the southern country to Los Angeles, they were followed by a band of hungry Indians—this little missionary party, among whom were John T. Caine, who used to represent us in Congress, William W. Cluff, and some fifteen others. They were down on the desert, this side of Los Vegas, and these Indians became a little troublesome. Joseph F. Smith and one other of the party—I forget who, were a little slow in getting their horses saddled, and the others of the company rode off or drove off, leaving these two behind. The Indians became more bold when the larger part of the company went on, and as President Smith was saddling his horse, pulling up the strap, he looked into the barrel of his own gun. An Indian had grabbed his gun from the saddle and pointed it at him. The boy, who was strong and an athlete, smiled merely; but quickly getting under his horse's neck, he grabbed that Indian, who pretended at first to play, and in the tussle, wrenched the rifle from his hands.

I mention this to show the fearlessness of the youth. I never knew as brave a man. No number of men could daunt him or dis-

courage him or put him down. If he knew he was right he stood before the whole world and sustained and manfully contended for the right as he understood it.

On this mission to the Sandwich Island, he encountered severe hardships. I remember on our first trip over to the Islands, and I was over there on four trips with him, that sailing among the different small islands, he would point out to me such and such a place: "There is where I lived so long in a little straw hut"—which burned down or which was destroyed by flood. Here was another place where he had lain sick and where the good Hawaiian people had ministered to him. This experience, and the other, he would tell as we journeyed along, all of which, if I had time to relate, are faith-promoting and inspiring, and would point out to you the manliness of the young boy—for he was then, as I told you, fifteen or sixteen years of age.

He remained there on the Islands until he was nineteen years of age, when he returned home at the call of President Brigham Young, at the time of the move south and when Johnston's army was marching here for the avowed purpose of disturbing the Latter-day Saints.

On a later occasion, when we arrived at the harbor of Honolulu, we were met by the Royal Hawaiian Band. This band was instructed to come up to the "Mormon" meeting house—a quite prominent place in the city of Honolulu, and play for the people in honor of President Smith and his company. In the midst of the proceedings, after we were gathered in the meeting house and President Smith

was conversing in the native tongue with this one and the other one, and shaking hands with all, there was led into the room an old Hawaiian lady, tottering, blind—led because she could not see. The moment he saw her he turned from everyone else and rushed to this dear old native lady. She was calling "Iosepa, Iosepa"—Joseph, Joseph, her Joseph. He rushed to her and gathered her in his arms, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "My mamma, my mamma, my dear old mamma." And he turned to me, wiping his cheeks, and said, "Charlie, she tended me while I was sick, more than fifty years ago, and here she is now; should I not bless her and love her?"

From courage to tenderness—for the bravest are the tenderest always—what nobleness and grandeur of character may we not expect between these two angles.

In the maintaining and rearing of a large family you all know what manner of a man he was. A man is known by the work he performs, by the labor he does. Give him the opportunity and we will see what he can do with it. If he does his best, well and good. Joseph F. Smith always did his best. He was just in his family. He was the kindest man I ever knew, and the tenderest, most loving and compassionate to little children. I have seen him when one of his little babies was sick, walk the floor at night for hours together with that babe in his arms, tenderly caring for it and nursing it—caring for it better, I think, than I ever saw any mother care for her child, so tender was he, so loving, so pitiful, so compassionate.

He was a man, take him for all in

all. I do not know where you will ever see his like again. You can imagine, from the association I was privileged to have with President Joseph F. Smith, especially during the later years of his life—and indeed for more than forty years of his life—what the loss of him means to me. I feel at times alone.

As President Grant said this morning in the Tabernacle, no two preachers of righteousness like him and his son, Hyrum M., has this Church ever produced. I endorse that sentiment.

He was a manly man, a man of God, a man whom it was an honor to know and a pleasure to be with, a man whose example has meant much to me—and indeed, had it not been for him, I know that I could not have accomplished what little I may have done in this world. In a way he was my guiding star. I did not worship him—I worship only God, and that I try to do faithfully—but he was more like unto God, the most godlike man that I ever knew in all my life.

Such is my testimony concerning Joseph F. Smith. I love his memory. I revere his name. There is not anything I would not do for him or his, that I possibly could do. And loving him and his, so likewise I try to love my brethren and sisters, with the same spirit that he love! the brethren and sisters of this Church, and the people of the world as well—for he was not narrow.

Some people have thought Joseph F. Smith was a narrow-minded man. His comprehension and vision were the broadest, most extended, most glorious, of any man's I have ever known. He could grasp and comprehend futur-

ity. He knew what was in store for those who served God and kept his commandments. He knew the principles of the gospel. They were so thoroughly imbued and indoctrinated in him that they were a part of his very being. It was natural for him to be a Latter-day Saint, and he was willing to sacrifice for the work, and he did sacrifice. Without father, without mother, alone, he sacrificed as much as the Lord required of him.

Let me beseech you, my brethren and sisters, that we get some of the spirit of sacrifice in our hearts, that we, too, may be willing, and may say before God: "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord; I'll work where you want me to work; I'll try to be what you want me to be."

If we have this in our hearts, we will grow in some humble way, at least, in small degree, to be like this the noblest of men whom I have ever known, Joseph F. Smith.

ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

Although we have lost our beloved leader, we rejoice that he has left with us an illustrious posterity. We feel grateful that the children of President Smith are following in his footsteps, and I take pleasure in introducing one of his worthy sons, Bishop David A. Smith, of the Presiding Bishopric, who will now address us.

ELDER DAVID A. SMITH

(Of the Presiding Bishopric.)

My brethren and sisters.—When I look over this assembly and think of the thousands of Latter-day Saints who are meeting in the Assembly Hall and in the Tabernacle,