

## BISHOPS DIED.

Ririe ward, Rigby stake, David Ririe. Sixth ward, Pioneer stake, Arnold G. Giaque. Thistle Branch, Utah stake, Benjamin F. Smith.

## STAKE CLERK DIED.

Hyrum stake, John W. Jensen.

## NUMBER OF WARDS AND STAKES.

There are 871 wards and branches, 79 stakes, and 21 missions, in the Church.

## PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I have been delighted with the blessings of the Lord that have been poured out upon us during this conference.

I had no intention to speak but have decided to make a few remarks to this very wonderful congregation of Latter-day Saints, occupying the short time which remains.

## OVERWHELMING RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESIDENCY.

As I stated, I rejoice in the rich outpourings of the Spirit of the Lord. When I first came to the Presidency the thought of the responsibility that rested upon me was overwhelming and for several weeks it was impossible for me to obtain my needed rest. It became absolutely necessary for me to go to the coast to get the needed amount of sleep; because men cannot live very long who do not get rest at night.

## A WONDERFUL MANIFESTATION AND TESTIMONY.

When I was chosen one of the apostles—as I stated this morning in a little meeting of the Religion Classes—from October until February, I was very unhappy, notwithstanding the fact that my call had come by direct revelation; and the reason was because of my having had such a wonderful reverence and respect, almost adoration for the men who held the apostleship. If there was one thing that my dear departed mother impressed upon my very soul it was reverence and respect for the Priesthood of the living God, and for the men who stood at the head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When the call came to me to be an apostle, the spirit of the adversary pursued me day and night, from October until February, telling me that I was unfit to occupy that exalted office. Every time that I bore witness of my knowledge that Jesus was the Christ, the words would fly back in my face: "You lie; you have not seen him." I would wake up in the night feeling that I should resign, that I was unworthy. A relative of mine said to me one day: "Do you know that Brother — declared that no man was fit to be an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ

who had not seen the Lamb of God?" He had first asked me the question, "Have you ever seen the Lamb of God," I said, "No." Then he referred to this man's declaration. I said: "Yes, I know that." "Well then, how is it that you stand as an apostle?" I answered: "Which would you rather believe—the Lord Almighty or Elder ——?" He said: "The Lord." I said: "So would I; and he sent a revelation calling me, and I will take his word for it that I am fit to occupy the position." But, just the same, I did not confess that, day and night, there was a feeling upon me, calling upon me to resign. I took a trip, in January, 1883, with Brigham Young, Jr., to San Luis Valley, Colorado, to San Juan, to the Arizona stakes, to Mexico, where we visited the Yaqui Indians. In Arizona we visited the Navajos and also the Moquis. Speaking of the Navajos, I regret very much that I did not have a shorthand reporter with me when we held a meeting with Manulita, the war chief of the Navajo Indians. I could not understand a word he said, but I knew that he spoke with a fire and a force and fervor that I had seldom heard in all my life, and the interpreter, Brother Ernest Titjen, said that it was the most wonderful speech he had ever heard. The Indian chief was speaking about the wrongs of the Indians and the diseases that had come among the Indians from the whites; and he spoke of the failure of the whites, except only the "Mormons" to treat the Indians rightly. He announced that the women of the Indian nation were safe in the hands of the "Mormons." There was trouble, at that time, in that section of the Navajo Indian Reservation, but he said: "You are absolutely safe to travel among the Navajos, because I will send word ahead that you are 'Mormons,' and they know that 'Mormons' are the friends of the red men." While in the Navajo Indian Reservation, traveling in a company of perhaps half a dozen wagons and eight or ten horsemen, we would alternate riding in the wagons and on horseback. I was riding at the rear of the company with the late President Lot Smith of the Little Colorado stake, and as we were traveling in a southeasterly direction, suddenly the road turned and went northeast. But continuing from where the road changed was a well-beaten path, I said: "Wait a minute, Lot, where does that trail lead?" He said, "O it reaches down there three or four miles and swings back into the road. We will make a regular mule-shoe with the road, and then join the trail. There is a deep gully that a team cannot cross, therefore we have to go around." I said: "Can a horseman cross it?" He said, "Yes." "Well," I said, "Lot, I want to be alone. Go ahead, follow the crowd. I will go over here all alone and meet you when the trail joins the road." First I asked him, "Is there any danger from the Navajos?" He said, "None whatever." I undoubtedly asked this question because only a few days before I had visited the spot where George A. Smith, Jr.—I believe the only son of that beloved and saintly woman, Bathsheba W. Smith, had been killed by the Navajo Indians, and I was naturally a little nervous, going off alone in that section of the country. The reason that I wanted to be alone was that I was

oppressed, as I had never been before, even from October until that moment, with that awful feeling of dread and doubt and with the suggestion hammering away at my brain that I ought to resign as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, that I had never done anything that entitled me to that distinction, that I had never performed any special labor, that I was not posted on the gospel, as an apostle ought to be; that my mind had been given to the ordinary affairs of life, and that I should step aside and let some other man be called who, I believed, was better qualified for the position than myself.

With this awful depression upon me, I desired to be alone, and I rode across there, tortured, so to speak, by the devil. After riding about a mile, I suddenly stopped the mule on which I was riding, and I communed with High Heaven. It was revealed to me there, sitting alone in the Navajo Indian Reservation, that I had done nothing to entitle me to the great honor of being an apostle, except that I had kept my life pure and sweet. It was revealed to me there that a council was held in heaven, exactly the same as we hold councils here. Matters were discussed, and there was presented the question of filling the two vacancies existing in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles; that the conference had adjourned, and those two vacancies remained and ought to be filled. The question was: "Whom shall we call, in sending a revelation to fill those vacancies?" My father, Jedediah M. Grant, who died when I was a baby, only nine days old, asked God, our heavenly Father, that his son, Heber J. Grant, be called as an apostle, and Joseph Smith, the Prophet of this last dispensation, the man who, as a child, communed with God, our Father—who had communed with Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, and was told by the Savior of the world to join none of the churches then extant, as they had all gone astray, and that he should be the instrument in the hands of God to restore the gospel again to the earth—that great Latter-day Prophet joined in the request made by my father, and the revelation was sent calling me to be an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

#### JOY IN PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL.

No man, I believe ever had less happiness or less joy than I had in proclaiming the gospel from October, 1882, when I was called to be an apostle, until February, 1883, when the Lord Almighty gave to me this manifestation. But I believe that no man lives who has ever had sweeter joy, who has ever had greater happiness than I have had in testifying to the divinity of this work, in Japan, in the Hawaiian Islands, from Canada to Mexico, in nearly every State of the Union, in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Sweden,—testifying that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is his prophet. There is no joy, there is no happiness in all the world, that can compare with that which comes into the heart of a Latter-day Saint when, under the inspiration of the living God, he is able to bear

witness: "I know that God lives, I know that Jesus is the Christ, I know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the true and the living God, and that this work called 'Mormonism' is in very deed the plan of life and salvation;" and I bear that witness before you here today, for I have the knowledge from God, and I lie not. God bless you all. Amen.

The Tabernacle choir sang: "The Inflammatus," Mrs. Laurinda Brewerton, singing the solo.

The Conference adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

Prayer was offered by Elder Hyrum G. Smith, Presiding Patriarch of the Church.

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### FIRST OVERFLOW MEETING.

An over-flow meeting of the conference was held at the Assembly Hall adjoining the Tabernacle at 10 a. m. presided over by Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. The singing was by the Richards ward Choir, Lon Fisher director, Tracy Y. Cannon, organist.

Choir sang: "Awake and Arise."

Prayer was offered by Edward W. Croft, president of the Big Horn stake of Zion.

The choir sang: "Christ has risen," solos by Myrtle Doelle and J. E. Carr.

### ELDER ANDREW JENSON

(Assistant Church Historian)

I am pleased, my brethren and sisters, to meet with you on this occasion, and to have the opportunity to address, for a few minutes, this overflow meeting; and being called upon to be the first speaker, I shall consider it my privilege to choose my subject. While I shall be able to reach the ears of only a few of the great multitudes who attend this conference, there will perhaps be an opportunity of reaching many more through that which may be published.

I have in my mind to refer very briefly to the work which is being done in the Historian's Office, particularly the history of the Church pertaining to the 19th century. The present, I trust, will be well taken care of, and I hope that better historical work will be done from now on than has ever been done before. This Church having grown from the time of its first organization with six members until it now numbers at least half a million has become a most important factor in the affairs of the world. In the beginning, when there were only a few members and only a few branches of the Church, the Latter-day Saints were almost unknown, but as the work spread to nearly all