

ELDER RICHARD R. LYMAN

As some others have already said, it is gratifying to see what progress we are making. Latter-day Saints are not satisfied with preaching and hearing sermons, or with praying and hearing prayers. These do not bring salvation.

PEOPLE ARE TO BE JUDGED BY THEIR WORKS

Those who are merciful, charitable, industrious, studious, those who are struggling to overcome shortcomings, weaknesses and imperfections, are those who are really Saints. These are they who are truly Christians. In these important respects, we are getting better all the time.

I was gratified with the keynote speech sounded by President Heber J. Grant in the first part of our conference session, in which he instructed us to keep the commandments. He repeated a portion of a poem:

And in self-judgment, if you find
 Your deeds to others are superior;
 To you has Providence been kind,
 As you should be to those inferior;
 Example sheds a genial ray
 Of light, which men are apt to borrow;
 So first improve yourself today,
 And then improve your friends tomorrow.

Such sentiments are a part of the genuine gospel of Jesus Christ. Those who live such teachings are really Saints.

This quotation, as President Grant explained, was from a poem that was sung to him by Francis M. Lyman about forty years ago.

As his son, let me say to you that I have known no other human being who lived more strictly in accord with what he himself thought to be right than did Francis M. Lyman. He has been called by many the great teacher of the Church. No one ever saw him or heard him teach a lesson in accordance with which he himself did not live. He never asked another to do more than he himself was doing.

FAVORITE HYMN OF THE LATE PRESIDENT FRANCIS M. LYMAN

President Penrose, in his opening remarks, quoted from one of his own hymns—the favorite hymn of the late President Francis M. Lyman. I am going to read all of it:

School thy feelings, O my brother,
 Train thy warm, impulsive soul;
 Do not its emotions smother,
 But let wisdom's voice control.
 School thy feelings, there is power
 In the cool, collected mind;

Passion shatters reason's tower,
 Makes the clearest vision blind.

School thy feelings; condemnation
 Never pass on friend or foe,
 Though the tide of accusation
 Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding,
 And a ray of light may gleam,
 Showing thee what filth is hiding
 Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial
 Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
 Shool thy feelings to the trial,
 Half its bitterness hath fled.

Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
 Does the world begin to frown?
 Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
 Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:
 Time's a friend to innocence,
 And the patient, calm endurance
 Wins respect and aids defense.

Noblest minds have finest feelings
 Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,
 And the gospel's sweet revealings,
 Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded,
 Strongly fortified should be,
 Trained to firmness and enfolded
 In a calm tranquility.

Wound not wilfully another;
 Conquer haste with reason's might;
 School thy feelings, sister, brother,
 Train them in the path of right.

The intense feelings of some who are engaged in the present political campaign, I think, prompted the words of President Heber J. Grant on the subject of charity. Every word in this hymn applies to that same subject, and to the more or less serious general condition now existing.

Ours is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been revealed—the heavens were opened more than a hundred years ago—and we ought to put forth our best efforts to live as the Savior himself lived, thus overcoming our shortcomings.

THE HOME THE BEST MEASURE OF RELIGION

We are measured best with respect to our religion in our own

homes. Are we kind? Are we generous? Are we thoughtful? Are we loving? Or are we unfair, are we unkind, are we dishonest?

It is so easy to retaliate, it is so easy to exhibit temper, it is so easy to speak harshly, it is so satisfying, momentarily, to get revenge. On these points we have one glorious, one divine example. The great Master himself was persecuted, he himself was hated, this Divine One was crucified. During the agony of his crucifixion came that matchless, that divine example. In that moment of greatest distress, in the anguish of his broken heart, and just before his spirit fled, he crowned his perfect life with a perfect crown, when he exclaimed, "O, Father, forgive them," I beg of thee, "for they know not what they do."

That is the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That is the lesson we are trying to teach in this great conference. May this spirit go into every quarter of the Church, that we may be made happier and better, I humbly pray, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The singers and congregation sang, "High on the mountain top."

Benediction was pronounced by Elder David R. Lyon of the Ensign Ward and Stake of Zion.

CLOSING SESSION

Conference was called to order in the Tabernacle, at 2 o'clock by President Heber J. Grant who presided.

The choir sang, "God is my refuge and strength."

Prayer was offered by Elder Wm. H. Richards, President of the Malad Stake of Zion.

Wm. Worley sang a solo entitled, "If with all your hearts you truly seek me."

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I am inclined to think that we will have to arrange, in the future, to have four days for conference. It seems that we can't get through in three days.

A LETTER FROM ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

I have a letter from the absent member of the Council of the Twelve, Brother George Albert Smith. I would like to read it all to you—some four or five pages—but I shall read only a very few words:

Owen Woodruff is making good. He is a splendid man, and I hope