

said, that we are coming into our own. It was like an oasis in the desert, a few years ago, to find anybody who was willing to say anything good about the "Mormons;" but some of the finest and most energetic and most faithful men in all America today, educationally and in other lines, are beginning to say good things of the Latter-day Saints. I want to say to Professor Holden that the Latter-day Saints sang "Come, come, ye Saints," as they crossed the plains, with all their hearts and with all their souls, feeling every word of the lines:

"And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil, and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell,"

The young men and the young women of the "Mormon" Church who live up to the principles of their fathers, are as loyal and as determined and as willing to sacrifice today as were their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great grandfathers, for that which we know and proclaim to all the world to be, in very deed, the plan of life and salvation, the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.

A baritone solo entitled, "The Golden Pathway," was sung by August Glissmeyer.

ELDER CHARLES W. NIBLEY

(Presiding Bishop of the Church.)

The responsibility of speaking to a congregation like this is a task from which I naturally shrink, but I feel honored, nevertheless, in being asked to occupy the short time that is left for our afternoon meeting.

I am one of those who sang this hymn, "Come, come ye saints," often around the camp-fires as we journeyed across the plains with our ox-teams, in the year 1860. Many and many a night around our camp-fires did we sing it. I was eleven years at that time, so I remember the incidents and circumstances of that long journey very well, and of our early settlement here in these valleys. We outfitted at Florence, just above Omaha, on the Missouri River, and started from there in June, and arrived at Salt Lake City in September; so we were just about three months in making the journey. It was a wild, Indian, desert country in those days, and on the bluffs along the upper Platte River, the buffaloes covered the ranges in great abundance.

Arriving here, we didn't know what to do nor where to go. Some friends or ours told us there was quite a colony of Scotch people who had gone up into Cache Valley that spring, and they thought that might be a good place for us to go. We didn't know in the least where that was—whether it was north or south or east or west. We

didn't know anything about the elevation—whether it was too cold or too dry, or what it was. Indeed, we knew nothing about it. We simply went where there were some people whom my parents had known in the Old Country. There we settled. We lived in a dugout the first winter. A good many of you people, Latter-day Saints who are here today, hard y know what a dugout is, but we older ones know. I know very well about it, for we lived in the dugout, and lived there in extreme poverty.

The first work I did there as a child was to help my mother glean heads of wheat from the wheat fields, which had been cut with the scythe or cradle, for there were no mowing machines or reapers and self-binders in those days. After we had gleaned this wheat, the heads being tied in little bundles, we took a wash-board and rubbed the heads on it, and thus thrashed out the wheat. This was our thrashing machine. Of course, there was the chaff and some smut mixed in the heads of wheat, and I had to spread the wheat on a wagon cover and take a tin plate and throw it up in the air, and the little breeze that was blowing would blow the chaff from the wheat. This was our fan mill. We then ground this wheat between two millstones, for there was nothing to the grist mill at that time except two millstones; and being ground in that way, the flour was quite dark and it made a black bread, but a very wholesome bread, after all. We had that flour made into porridge for breakfast, baked into cakes or scones for dinner and supper. That, with baked or boiled potatoes, was pretty much all the food we had to eat.

Soon I had to act as herd boy and was sent out to watch our two cows to see that they didn't stray off, and to bring them home at night to be milked, for one of the chief parts of our living was the milk from the two cows. My suit of clothes, which my mother had made for me after we arrived in the valley, consisted of a shirt and a pair of pants, both made out of the tent cover that we had used in crossing the plains. It was pretty stiff and hard cloth, for it was weather-beaten, but it was all that I had—that and a rope around my waist to keep the suit together. That was the extent of my wardrobe.

Everybody who has crossed the plains will recall that after we got to the valley and began to get potatoes and a slight variety of food different from what we had had on the plains, that naturally we were quite hungry. My mother used to put me up a little lunch as I went out to herd the cows, and generally I would have it eaten before I got half a mile from home. Then I didn't have a thing for dinner. I simply had to tighten my rope for dinner. Now, it is all very easy to laugh and joke about it; and, to tell you the truth, I didn't realize the hardships that we were passing through, because I was not yet old enough. But my parents did suffer and sacrificed and endured very much. My heart bleeds as I think of the sacrifices they made so that I might have it easier to get on and that the path might be made more easy for me and mine. But the extreme poverty that we lived in is fresh on my mind to this day, and I repeat with pleasure the words of

Shakespeare that Brother Stephen L. Richards quoted this morning, when I recall all those experiences, and I say, in truth, and with all my soul: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The best lessons that I ever had, came through those hardships and through being compelled to practice the strictest economy and thrift, such as our children nowadays don't know anything about. In those days, it seems to me, we were more willing to render service and to sacrifice for the Church than we are today. Why, in those days, the people were called on to send their teams back to the Missouri river to help gather the poor—those who could not bring themselves to this country—and the people willingly responded and sent their oxen and wagons back to the Missouri river, year after year, without money and without price, to help gather the poor. My parents were of those who had saved enough, through Scotch thrift, so that they were able to buy two yoke of cattle and a couple of cows, and came in what we called an independent company; but there were thousands and tens of thousands of people helped to immigrate to this country by the Saints here sending back their teams and their men to gather up the poor and bring those who couldn't help themselves.

This work called "Mormonism" has been a great work of co-operation—a work of sacrifice and of helpfulness to others. We forget, sometimes, in our abundance and even super-abundance of means, about the conditions in which the early settlers existed when they were subduing the wilderness and making it "blossom as the rose." I know very well that we have our financial troubles today, and many of us, no doubt feel that they are about all we can stand; and yet, when we look around us and see our multitude of blessings and compare them with all the poverty and the sacrifices that our parents made for this work and for our blessing and salvation, we should be led rather to glorify our Father in heaven for his mercies to them and to us.

I am glad to hear such testimonies as we have heard this afternoon from Professor Holden, with respect to the good work that has been accomplished by the Pioneers and by the people who now inhabit these valleys. We hear quite often now from thinking people, a good word spoken of the "Mormon" people and what they have accomplished; but what has been accomplished is nothing in comparison with what will be our achievements, if we will only continue in the same spirit that our parents exhibited in the founding of this country and in laying the foundations of this great institution called "Mormonism." We cannot conceive of what power, union and strength will give us and how glorious and mighty this work will become if only we continue willing to give it the service and sacrifice that it merits.

On every hand we see evidences of disintegration, or disorder, of anarchy, and of the lack of the cohesive qualities that hold society together. The great moral principles, love of one another and obedience to law and order, are greatly lacking these days. One almost trembles for the condition one sees abroad in the world today. In Ger-

many, in France, in Russia, and even in England itself, old England, the most glorious of the old countries, which I hope and pray will live as a nation and prosper for centuries to come, because of the great good she has done to all the world, in being the cradle of liberty, and in breaking down oppression and misrule and tyranny for hundreds of years; and yet in England today, it is just a question of whether the government can stand at all or not. Obedience to law and submission to the orderly procedure of civilized society are being broken down and there arises something above all that—the unions, the secret societies, the pledges that men make that they will abide by their unions and obey them, rather than obey the law of the land; and so, right at this very hour, it is a question as to whether the government of England shall stand or whether the unions shall rule, or whether society and civilization shall not be utterly broken down. The other great countries of Europe, we know, alas, too well, something of their condition. In a financial way, it seems, they are well nigh on the verge of ruin, when we see the German mark, which should be worth twenty-three cents, quoted, as you can read in the *Deseret News*, tonight, at one and six-tenths cents, which means that it is not worth six cents on the dollar in the markets of the world. Imagine a man or corporation composed of business men issuing due bills or notes until the paper they issue becomes worth less than six cents on the dollar. You would hardly expect that man or firm to ever pay out. And so it seems that the elements of disintegration and disorder are abroad in the world to such an extent that the scripture, which hath foretold of the perplexity of nations, is now being fulfilled. Even our own beloved nation, this nation which the Lord himself has been the means of founding, as we believe, and as we read in our Doctrine and Covenants, the word of the Lord revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, wherein he says: "I, the Lord, raised up wise men for this very purpose;" that is, to found this Government—and even this nation today has its perplexities so that we hardly know where to turn.

Now, in the midst of it all, notwithstanding our small perplexities here at home, we have peace, the peace of the gospel; a peace that no other people have; a peace that passeth understanding. Men cannot understand it, but it is here—the peace of God; the peace that comes only through the gospel of Jesus Christ. "My peace give I unto you." Although we may be in more or less distressed circumstances, yet that we have, and we know that the Lord is at the helm; we know that this is not man's organization. It is the Lord God Almighty who revealed himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith; and through those revelations, through those instructions, this organization has been founded, and the power of the Holy Ghost, the power of the Priesthood of the Son of God, has been given to this Church, and that is what holds it together and makes it great, and will continue to hold it together and make it great, and it is not the power of man, nor do we glory in man. We do not say, we do not allow it to be said, that Brigham Young has built

up this Church. Brigham Young was the honored instrument, in the hands of God, who brought that scattered, mobbed, robbed, people to this land and declared that "This is the place; here we will stay," when it was a most desolate, desert-looking place; for this is indeed the place. He didn't know, at the time, the marvelous riches of this land, but you can draw a circle around Salt Lake City three hundred miles, making this city the center, and there is more of gold, of silver, of iron, of coal, of lead, of copper, and of all the precious metals; more variety of grains and vegetables and fruit and flowers; more of everything that is needful for the use of man within that circle than in any such area in all of the known globe. This is the place. The Lord God Almighty, through his prophet, spoke it. Here is peace; here is abundance, here is the power which the Lord gave, and which he alone has given, and which no other people in the world have. Read in the same Doctrine and Covenants, the book of revelations, that the prophet Joseph Smith gave, that the rights of this Priesthood are inseparably connected—connected so that they cannot be separated from the powers of heaven—then we are as nothing, and we, too, will disintegrate and break in pieces and go down and become as nothing.

But it is true, and everlastingly true, that the rights of the Priesthood of the Son of God are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven. That being true, there is a power, there is a virility, there is a cohesive strength that holds this people together. I have seen the power and demonstration of the spirit manifested in the past few months down in the California mission. I have wondered sometimes when I have heard brethren, and some who are not our brethren, say: "Well, you wait a little while; wait and see the third generation, the fourth generation, and so on. You will see this thing going to pieces." Why, I recall when I was a boy eighteen years of age, working in a little hotel at Brigham City, that Governor Stanford, and the great men with him who were building the Pacific Railroad at that time, stayed at this hotel. I was active around the place as a youngster and had my ears and eyes open, and I recall hearing them discuss in that hotel, one evening, what a wonderful man this Brigham Young was; how he had gotten the people together here, how he could guide them, order them, manipulate them, and do as he pleased with them, and so on. But Governor Stanford and the other wise men with him said: "Wait until Brigham Young dies, and they will be broken and go to pieces." They didn't know what they were talking about. I have seen, in the California mission within the last two months, where I have traveled with President McMurrin and President Grant, the same potency, the same virility, the same strength, the same power of the Holy Ghost that my father saw seventy-seven years ago when he joined the Church in Scotland.

It is right here in the Church today, under the Presidency of Heber J. Grant, just as much as it ever was under the Presidency of Brigham Young, or Joseph F. Smith, or any other. Is it Heber J. Grant's power that is doing it? No. Is it man's power at all? No.

It is the power of Almighty God; it is the power of the Holy Ghost; it is the power of the Priesthood of the Son of God, inseparably connected with the powers of heaven; and that is what is giving guidance, and that gives guidance and direction and cohesion and strength to this great organization, and not the power of man, nor do we honor man for it. No, not to men is the honor. Thine, O God, is the honor, and the power, and the glory forever, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The congregation sang, "The time is far spent, there is little remaining."

Benediction was offered by Elder Adolph Merz, President of the North Sanpete stake of Zion.

Conference adjourned until Wednesday, 10 o'clock a. m., April 6, 1921.