

lake shimmering in the distance, the sun shining from above and the desolation that wrapped all this region round like a burial robe. Even the branches on the few stunted trees hung drooping like funeral plumes, while the sigh of the breeze coming down from the hills, or up from the lake, was as mournful as is the requiem chanted on the shores of the Styx.

"The way a state is carved out of a wilderness and rounded into form is always an interesting theme. The way the first stakes of civilization were driven in Utah was dramatic enough to be set to words for the stage. In their penury and distress the first act of the Utah pioneers was to sink upon the earth; not in prayer for help, not in lamentation and despair, but in glad praise service in thanks to the power that had led them through the wastes and over the transfixed billions of the everlasting hills to a place of rest.

"Then their work began. They were not dreaming of fortunes.

"The struggle before them was to live and that struggle continued almost without abatement to the end. Often only the barest necessities were vouchsafed; few comforts, no luxuries. In that rough friction their youth was worn away; the men surrendered their ambitions, the women folded fond dreams and a thousand innocent longings in their hearts and drew the silence of self-sacrifice over them forever.

"But then the miracle commenced. The desert began to transfer the wrinkles and sadness from its somber face to theirs, while in turn it began to absorb the splendor of their youth, and to cause it to be reflected in flowers and fruits and golden grain and vines in which the birds made their nests and filled all the soft air with their songs.

"Later still, as though touched with pity, the irresponsible mountains began to swing back their adamantine doors, revealing the treasures within, where they had remained secreted, waiting until the time should be ripe for the coming of progress and enlightenment. The overworn eyes of those pioneers have mostly all closed; their hands, gnarled by labor, are nearly all folded, but the miracle is still being performed. More and more fields are annually rescued from the desert; more and more flowers are blooming; more and more birds are singing; wider and wider fields grow golden under the harvest sun, recalling the old legend, that artist angels, in the long ago, came here from Summerland and with divine pencils, dipped in the dyes where light is brewed, left it all as a frame for a city beautiful which man was to build; we may believe that the building of that city has been begun and is progressing toward perfection.

"This is the story that should be told the children when they are brought in to conference, and then they should be told to listen and note if they cannot still hear the echoes of that first praise service, with which the fathers dedicated this soil to the enlightenment which comes through devotion to duty, through the omnipotence of patient labor, and through faith in God."

God grand that we may see these great things in our history, and that the truth of the faith and the development of the Latter-day Saints and their great message may yet become known to the honest in heart and to all the world. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER DAVID A. SMITH

(Of the Presiding Bishopric.)

To one not accustomed to occupying this position and one whose mission is to labor in helping to care for the temporal affairs of the Church, this is indeed a task. However, I rejoice in this opportunity that I have to address you, for I have discovered in my

short ministry that, through service we grow best and develop most. Never in my life have I felt the responsibility that rests upon me more than I feel it at this time, and never in all my life have I had in my heart a greater desire to "keep the commandments" than I have now.

I could not help but think yesterday, while Bishop Nibley was addressing us, of the contrast in his life and my life. The seventh son, thirteenth child in order of birth, a comfortable home, a mother whose every thought was for the welfare of her children, a father whose life stands out as a shining example in service, a grandfather whose life was given in an attempt to help establish this work upon earth.

It has been my privilege to know intimately (if it can be said that a boy through having the opportunity of being in the presence of such men almost constantly, can be intimate), four presidents of this Church, with their counselors; I have seen one complete change in the quorum of the Twelve, and have known personally all of these men. Under such influences and conditions, I have grown to manhood, and when called to the Presiding Bishopric, if I had been asked what my equipment was, I perhaps would have answered that it had been my privilege to hold every office in the priesthood, from that of deacon to high priest; that under the direction of good men, faithful and true, I have been encouraged to function in each office. It has been my privilege to labor in the Sabbath school, as a student, as a teacher in the class, and as an aid in the stake organization. In the Mutual, as a student, as a class leader, as an officer in the ward, and as an officer in the stake. What a wonderful blessing has come to me. And yet, well do I remember, soon after having been called to this position, being sent to one of our stakes with a message to deliver to the bishops of that stake, upon going into the room where they had assembled, and seeing before me men whose hair was gray, or turning gray, there came upon me the feeling of fear. It seemed to me absurd, for me, a youth, to stand there before those men tried in the service, and attempt to instruct them in their duties. My first thought was to retire; how could I get away from this responsibility? And oh, how I prayed that God would bless me and give me strength equal to that responsibility. It came, but not with words of logic, not with the power of oratory to convince them, but, as I attempted to form my thoughts in words, I found, as I uttered them, that they fell upon ears long trained to patience, upon hearts that breathed forth the spirit of charity, upon souls that had faith in God and honored his Priesthood. I went from that meeting with a new vision, a new sight. I saw the bigness of the work in an entirely new light. I found that this equipment which I thought I had was only the foundation upon which I must build, and I made a survey of myself. Where must I start to improve? I found that it was much easier

for me to tear down, much easier for me to find fault and to criticize, than it was to build up, than it was to construct. I found that it took no effort whatever to tear down, but it took strength, it took courage, it took the power of will to build up. And from that day to this, I have tried; God knows I have tried. I have been encouraged very much from time to time in reading the scripture. One passage that I have had on my mind, since the opening remarks of this conference, I will read, and perhaps comment upon. And let me say that this was uttered by one of the apostles of old, and I think applies in this day with the same force that it did at that time:

"Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings."

And I hope I will be permitted to add to that the remarks of President Penrose, in which he says avoid speculations, for in this Church there is no need for speculations, no room for lying, or for the man who indulges in it; there is no place for malice or for him who has malice in his heart. He who has guile cannot live properly his religion, and be a true servant of God. Hypocrites are undesirable and cannot become useful in the sight of God. To envy is to take a step downward and lessen our power to do good. Evil speaking of our brethren, of our neighbors, of those who are in authority, is the first step to apostasy.

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby:

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

"To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious,

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

"Wherefore also it is contained in the scripture, Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious; but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner,

"And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed.

"But ye are a chosen generation a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light:

I repeat:

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

I stand before you at this time, my brethren and sisters, with Joseph Fielding Smith and Hyrum G. Smith, a living testimony to the fulfilment of the promise of God to his servant, Hyrum Smith.

My greatest desire, and my fondest hope are that I shall prove faithful to the Priesthood which has been conferred upon me through God's servants, that I shall prove to these men who hold the fulness of that Priesthood, that I shall prove worthy of you, my brethren, and my sisters, from whom I gain so much strength, that I shall prove true to my God, to whom I owe all that I have and my very existence. God grant that when I shall have finished my work here upon earth, he can say of me, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and I ask it through his Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I am delighted to have Elder Golden Kimball here; he has been in poor health, but we are glad that he is able to be with us at this conference, and I am very much pleased to have him talk to us.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

(Of the First Council of Seventy)

My brethren and sisters, I have been hanging on the hook so long during this conference that I am nearly exhausted. I have had some wonderful thoughts, but you waited so long they have nearly all oozed out of me.

When I came in the Tabernacle yesterday afternoon, I was met by one of my old missionary friends. He said, "Hello, Golden, I thought you were dead." Now, I want to notify my friends, and I have some good friends—I have tested them out, I know—not to worry about me; that when I am dead—and it is an awful job to get there, I have found that out, when I die, I have made arrangements for a brass band. I like the idea of lots of noise and confusion, people inquiring, "Who is that?" "Why, Kimball's dead." Then the people won't worry any more about me.

My brethren and sisters, I attribute my partial recovery, and I hope I will continue to improve, very largely to the kindness and sympathy of my brethren, the presidency of the Church, the council of the Twelve, and to the First Council of the Seventy and other friends. I came home last October to attend conference and was taken sick, and remained at my home nearly two months. When I got around and thought of my brethren and their kindness and sympathy for me, I want to tell you, brethren, I felt this was a mighty good world. I have repeated hundreds and hundreds of times, while I was sick, the words of Frohman when he went down to his death. He said, "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life." I want to tell Frohman I have not got that in me yet. I think this is a pretty good world. I think I am safer here among my brethren who know