

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

me, although we have had an awfully hard time getting acquainted.

Brethren, I have learned a number of lessons. I have had several, to me, quite serious experiences. I remember thirty-seven years ago I was secretary for Brother Roberts who presided over the Southern States Mission. After I had traveled for a year without purse or scrip and had tested God thoroughly, I found the Lord's word good. He never failed me. I traveled in the state of Virginia. I went on one trip with a young elder, and I say it with a good deal of pride, six hundred miles, without purse and without scrip and without friends. No man had ever heard the voice of a "Mormon" elder where we traveled. We left a trail behind us, a trail that other elders have traveled, and at no time during that three months did I sleep outdoors, but I came mighty near it a lot of times. I thought the Lord surely had forsaken us, at times, but when it came to the last test, someone's heart was softened, and they fed us and they gave us a bed so we had no use for money.

During my labors in Chattanooga with Brother Roberts, as it was in the early history of that city, I was thoroughly poisoned with malaria. I was drunken, but not with strong drink, but with malaria. I was as yellow as a parchment. As I went along the streets one day in Chattanooga, a stranger met me. He happened to be a physician. He said, "Young man, I don't know who you are, but if you don't do something for yourself you will die." "Well," I said, "I will not, as I'm a 'Mormon,' you can't kill them." When Brother Morgan came down and relieved Brother Roberts, I was still in the office, looking worse than ever. Brother Morgan looked me over carefully. He said, "Brother Kimball, you better go home. The mission is very hard run for money. It will only cost twenty-four dollars to send you home alive, but it will cost three hundred to send you home dead." It was a matter of business in that office; they had no money. I think maybe that was all I was worth. "No," I said, "Brother Morgan, I don't want to go home. I believe I was called on this mission by revelation; at least they told me so in my blessing. Now God has been good to me and he has been faithful and true, and I want to test him out, and if he can't take care of me, when I have been as faithful and true as I have, and made the sacrifices I have, then he is not the God of my fathers." So Brother Morgan let me stay, and I filled my mission. I have my release. It is the only release I have ever had, and I prize it very much. When I was released he said, "Brother Kimball, now you'd better go right straight home." I said, "Brother Morgan, I can't. My mother suffered the pain of death to give me life. She has watched over me from my childhood to manhood, and she loves her people. She heard Brother Jedediah M. Grant, President Grant's father, preach in Philadelphia, when she was a girl twenty years old. She heard only the one discourse, and she embraced the gospel, and she took the Church works and went to her people, a good people, an honest people, a wonderful people

she had, but they all rejected it, and she had to leave, and it broke her mother's heart. She went back to Philadelphia, and in company with President Jedediah M. Grant and his wife traveled by team to Nauvoo and married my father, and that is how I happen to be here today. My mother watched me grow to manhood. You know the one great vision and dream she had? It was that her son, her eldest son, should grow to manhood and go back to her people and let them see what 'Mormonism' had done." And I went, and God kept me alive, and I visited them for five weeks, and I preached in their church, and my mother's relatives told their old minister, who had preached there for thirty years, that unless he let Christine Golden's son preach, they would leave his church. So I got to preach. He was a clever old fellow, too. I thought I would ease up on him a little and get another chance. So I preached in his splendid church building, and when I got through he said to his people, "This man has told the truth. I have preached it to you for thirty years." Well, I said, "I'll fix you the next time," but I never got another chance. At any rate, while I was there I secured the names of over one hundred and fifty of my mother's people, and I brought them back to her, and her dream was fulfilled; and in the winter of 1834 my brother Elias and I accompanied our mother, and we did the temple work for the Golden family, and I am still alive.

Brethren, I have had a pretty lonely time. I have had a pretty hard struggle. I haven't suffered much pain. I have got a pretty good brain, but it has not been big enough to handle my body; I have tried to direct and control my body, but it wouldn't obey. I have been administered to by some of the best men in this Church; no better men ever lived than the men who have administered to me, but I am sorry to say, and ashamed to say, I did not have the faith to be healed. There is not a man in this Church who knows any better than I do that God the Father and Jesus Christ the Redeemer are the great physicians. I have unflinching, unwavering faith in God the Father and in his Son Jesus Christ, but you cannot be healed without faith; you have got to have the faith. I have got the gift to heal others. I have seen wonderful healings. Few men have seen more, unless they were better men. I have witnessed all kinds of diseases healed, but I could not get the faith, I failed. I just had enough faith to keep alive, that is all. I talked with President Grant, and I thought climate would help me; I was a little short on faith, so I tried climate for nine months. As I told you, I came back last October sick, and I went back again and tried climate again. Now I am on my feet. I went to a specialist; I have had an X-ray taken of my lungs; I was scared to death he would find something, but I thought I would test him out. My family wanted to know what was the matter. Well, I found one of my batteries somewhat damaged, that is, they told me so. Then he shot me full of serum and full of iron and strychnia, at five dollars a shot. That pretty near broke my

heart when I got through with that specialist. I did not want to go to him, but to please my family I went. They are very anxious for me to live, for some reason. I hardly know what it is. I have been awfully neglectful of them. My family has been secondary in my work. I hope the brethren will be awfully careful what they say about families. I hope they will be very tender of men's feelings, when they talk about our children and about parents being responsible for their children—that their sins will rest upon them. God knows, I have got all I can carry without packing anyone else. Now you want to be awfully careful and awfully tender of those things, because in the wisdom of God he will gather our children together. They are God's children. My children are God's children. God is just as much responsible for my children as I am.

Now, brethren, I want to say to you—I do not know whether you know it or not—there is a lot of things you do not know that you ought to be told—if there are any people who are neglected in the Church of Jesus Christ, it is the families of the leaders of the Church. They go out and tell you how to take care of your families, and they are away from home and their families take care of themselves. You want to be careful.

Brethren and sisters, when I am satisfied, everybody is satisfied. I can see a hole in a doughnut. I have always grieved over a doughnut. My mother was a doughnut maker. When she showed me those doughnuts, I grieved over the hole. Some of the people say there is no hole in a doughnut, but I never could agree with them. I always see the hole and forget about the doughnut. I think we have some faults and some failings. I have been worried a little. While I have been absent I was afraid that we might get too material. I have been a little afraid for God's people and myself, afraid that we would trust too much in money and forget God, and I came to this conference hungry, hungry for the word of God. While in San Francisco I attended the Latter-day Saint Church on Sundays, I took part in the worship of the people. I have watched those young elders carefully, for over a year, off and on, and have seen them develop and grow and become men. But I was hungry for the word of God, and I have come back to my people. I think of the words of Ruth. I never quoted them before; maybe I cannot now, but she said:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

That expresses my feelings. God save the people.

I never felt better, I never felt surer, in all of my ministry for over twenty-eight years in this Church, that we are God's people, that God is sustaining President Grant as prophet, seer and revelator. He is sustaining his counselors and the twelve apostles.

By the way, in conclusion, I would like to admonish you people not to pray only for the Presidency and the Twelve, but once in a while pray for the First Council. I don't know of any other council that needs it worse. We need your help, we need your assistance, we need your faith to prepare that great body of priesthood to fulfil their appointment in this Church. I know as well as I know that is my right hand, if you will call that body of priesthood to the foreign ministry they will go, but we have advised them not to go until you call them, and I have told them hundreds of times, not to go until they were sent. If you will call them and get behind them, I promise you in the name of the Lord they will go. I know. God bless you. Amen.

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

The closing prayer was offered by Elder Thomas E. McKay, President of the Ogden stake of Zion.

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## CLOSING SESSION

Conference convened at 2 o'clock. President Heber J. Grant presided.

The choir and congregation sang, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation."

Prayer was offered by Elder Lemuel H. Redd, President of the San Juan stake of Zion.

A sacred solo, "Fear not ye, O Israel," was sung by Margaret Merrill.

### ELDER HYRUM G. SMITH

*(Presiding Patriarch of the Church)*

I am grateful, my brethren and sisters, for the privilege of being in this gathering today, and for having the privilege of standing and bearing my testimony to the goodness of the Lord unto me, as one of the younger sons of Zion, in these the last days, and one of the younger members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I have recently had a privilege which I have dreamed of ever since early boyhood—the privilege of going over at least some of the ground, visiting some of the places visited by the prophet Joseph Smith, and by the early members of the Church. Through my teach-