

It is believed that the conference called in Washington to consider the limitation of armaments and questions concerning the Pacific and nations of the Far East may, under the favor of Heaven, promote this great objective.

To the end that it may do so, the Latter-day Saints in general conference now assembled approve the appointment of a Sabbath day before the eleventh of November, 1921, on which in all the wards and stakes of Zion, and in all branches of the Church in the United States and in the Missions throughout the world, the members of the Church shall be called together in their usual places of worship to engage in special and solemn prayer for Divine guidance of the International Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, that the cause of Peace may be thereby enhanced, and an amelioration of the burdens of mankind secured.

President Grant: It is moved and seconded that this resolution be adopted by the Latter-day Saints in General Conference assembled. All in favor raise the right hand.

There was a unanimous vote of approval.

ELDER SEYMOUR B. YOUNG

(President of the First council of Seventy)

If I did not know that the gospel is true, and that Joseph Smith was divinely inspired to organize the Church of Jesus Christ once more on the earth, I would not be here today, and I would take no interest in this particular time that I stand before you. But so well do I know of the truth of the gospel that I am glad of the opportunity, and glad of the honor accorded me by the President of the Church to stand before you for a few minutes, and lift up my voice in testimony of the great truths that we all love and believe in.

Seventy years ago last June, on the 23rd day of that month, I sat on the steps leading up to our little cottage door fronting on the Mulholland street on the outskirts of the city of Nauvoo. On that morning, passed before our cottage a little distance away, some sixteen men in a small company of horsemen, with the exception of the sheriff or the officer from Carthage who rode behind the company in a buggy with two of his assistants. In the van of that company were the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. My mother, standing with her five little children on the steps of our little dwelling made this remark, and it has never been forgotten by me, although I never heard her repeat it after: "There goes the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. They are going to Carthage." She hesitated a moment and then she added: "I fear they are going to their martyrdom." The days dragged wearily until the 28th of June. About daylight, in the morning, our neighbor, Jacob Gates, who afterwards became prominent as one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy, associated with my father, President Joseph Young, knocked at our door and said: "Sister Jane, are you awake?" No doubt he would have

called "Brother Joseph," but my father was in the eastern states on a mission. My mother said: "Yes, Brother Gates," and I remember the startled tone in which she asked the question; "What is it?" he answered: "The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were murdered in Carthage jail last night at 5 o'clock." For this dastardly and cruel deed there was great responsibility resting upon the leading men of the state and especially upon Governor Thomas Ford who, on the morning of the 27th of June, with a small body guard went to the city of Nauvoo, leaving the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, the patriarch Hyrum Smith, and a few of the brethren with them in Carthage Jail to the tender mercies of the state militia, known as the Carthage Greys, who had declared the day before, in the presence of the Governor, that they would take the lives of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I am sure that sooner or later Governor Ford will be called to an account for that responsibility, and he with others guilty of this terrible crime will have to answer for it by paying the uttermost farthing. And so, with reference to the Savior of the world, Pontius Pilate is still held responsible for the crucifixion, and he has never been able to wash his hands of that crime. During his trial Pilate said to the Savior, "What is truth?" The Savior did not answer, and Pilate said, "Why dost thou not answer me, dost thou not know I can send thee to the cross, or that I have power to set thee at liberty?" Oh, the awful responsibility resting upon Pilate, and he, like Governor Ford, will be required to pay the uttermost farthing, sometime, somewhere. There has been written a classical poem on the subject of the crucifixion, and Pilate's connection therewith. I will read you the poem from memory, but will preface it with quotations from Matthew 27th chapter.

And when Pilate was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.

And when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it.

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE

You cannot wash your hands of this: that crimson would defy
 The many waters of the sea, the cisterns of the sky.
 His blood will be upon your name: nor years can wash it white—
 Not till the leaping seas shall wash the great stars from the night.
 You say the Galilean only dreams—a foolish dream,
 That he is but an idle leaf upon an idle stream.
 No, he is the man of the people, hated by scribe and priest:
 He is the fear at the Temple door, the specter at the feast.

Shall the whispering house of Annas draw down upon your head
 The hatred of the future and the shadow of the dead?
 Why palter with this priestly crew? They hold a long intent:
 When the wheels of the street have pity, will the hearts of the priests
 relent?

You say you fear Tiberius,—you fear the roar of Rome;
 But this man is to Caesar as a sea-rock is to foam.
 Whoever turns from this man's truth, he takes the thorns for bed,
 He plows the seas for gardens, and he sows the sand for bread.

Oh, let the Galilean go, strike off his cruel bond.
 Behold that fathomless silence and those eyes that look beyond.
 There's more than mortal in that face,—than earthly in this hour;
 The fate that now is in the bud will soon be in the flower.
 O Pilate, I have suffered many things in dream today
 Because of this strange teacher of the strait and mystic way:
 I saw him hanging on a cross, where the stones of Golgoth are:
 Then laid, at last, in a guarded tomb, under the evening star.
 I saw him rise again one dawn and down a garden go,
 Shining like great Apollo white, our god of the silver bow:
 And then the wind of vision tore the veil of time apart,
 And love of him ran greatening from camel-path to mart;
 His story was a wonder on the eager lips of men,
 The scourged Galilean walked the roads of earth again.
 I saw Jerusalem go down before the wrath of spears,
 And turn into a field of stones under the trampling years.

All these fair towers and walls went down, with a great and terrible
 cry,
 While signs and portents so threw on earth their shadows from the
 sky,
 Where spectral warriors strode the clouds like giant cherubim,
 Going to battle in the night, now glorious, now dim.
 Then whispers wild; the shout of crazing prophets on the street;
 The wail of mothers by their dead; the sound of running feet;
 And then the temple reddened up, and stood, a cone of flame.
 Then ashes, and Jerusalem had withered to a name.

World-battles raged around this man, the world's mysterious king;
 But over the storm of ages I could hear the Seven-Stars sing.
 Rome crumbled and I heard a voice across the ruin laugh;
 A Power had risen on the world, shaking its thrones as chaff.
 And down the ages rang your name, a byword and a jeer:
 "He suffered under Pilate!" sounded ever in my ear.
 The deeds of some are clean forgot, but yours did breathe and live;
 Some are forgiven in the end, but none could you forgive.

ELDER BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

(Of the First Council of Seventy)

I desire to call your attention, for just a few moments, to the resolution which you so unanimously, and, as I judge, enthusiastically voted to sustain. I am sorry that we shall not have larger opportunity to go into the theme which that resolution naturally presents to our minds. I do not know whether the international conference on the limitation of armaments, to be held in Washington beginning on the third anniversary of the signing of the armistice, which brought to its close the great World War—I do not know, I say, if that conference will result really in the limitation of armaments among the great