

In the name of the Lord, I pray that the blessings of our Father in heaven may be upon this people, and upon all those who are called to preside and lead in their midst; that we may get the blessings which our Father has provided for us; that we may stand true and firm in the faith; that we may live virtuous lives as sons and daughters of God, and be worthy to administer the promised blessings to the world, as the people come out, cleansing themselves from the sins of the world and espousing the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. There are in the Church, as it is organized today, over two hundred patriarchs bearing the holy Priesthood, with power to administer blessings unto the faithful members of the Church. I pray God to bless and magnify them, that they may honor that great gift of pronouncing blessings upon the people. God bless us all, in our homes, in our fields and places of business, bless our labors both temporal and spiritual, and bless those who befriend us at home and abroad, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT SEYMOUR B. YOUNG

(President of the First Council of Seventy.)

My brothers and sisters: I trust that I shall be able to make you hear some of the remarks that I shall make, if not all.

On the 30th day of June, 1843, it is recorded that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a prisoner in the hands of Mr. Reynolds, a sheriff from Missouri, who had endeavored to carry him away, across the border of the state of Illinois, into Missouri, that they might there destroy his life. I believe that was their intention, and I believe that he was impressed with that thought, for he says, on this occasion: "I was a prisoner in the hands of Reynolds, the agent of Missouri, and Wilson, his assistant. They were prisoners in the hands of Sheriff Campbell who had delivered the whole of us into the hands of Stephen L. Markham." By the way, Brother Markham was a personal friend, and faithful follower, of the Prophet Joseph Smith, so that the prophet expressed himself as full of joy and rejoicing that he was once more in the hands of his friends.

Years after the Saints had left the city of Nauvoo, in company with my wife I visited the great exposition of the western states and of the Union Pacific Railroad combined, held in Omaha, Nebraska. After the exposition had received our attention and we had visited as long as we desired, we took a journey down to the city of Nauvoo. I found the city of Nauvoo consisted of about eight hundred inhabitants, and they had removed the city from the banks of the Mississippi river, and from the homes surrounding the mansion house and dwelling place of the Prophet Joseph Smith, up on to higher ground and further out on to the prairie, making a new town or a new city, as they claimed. The walls of the temple had also been taken down and removed, stone by stone, and much of that material

composing the lime-rock walls, was taken and builded into a school house, just east and north of where the temple stood. A few of the marked stones in the temple—the union, claspng of the hands, and the faces representing different individuals or different scenes in the history of creation were still held by private individuals, as stones representing a curious condition or time of the building of the temple by the Saints in Nauvoo. They were retained as a matter of curiosity; not that they had any veneration for these building stones that became so sacred in the walls of the temple of the Saints.

We visited the Mansion House also. A Mr. Sells was in possession of it, a young German and his wife. They had gone there because they could rent the place, with an acre of land containing an orchard, for the small sum of \$50 a year; and so, we found them living in the old home of the Prophet. After it became time for us to depart and close our visit with this very interesting young couple, I asked the privilege of remaining in the mansion house over night and sleeping in one of the rooms where the Prophet once dwelt. My wish was readily granted and they prepared a bed for us in the reception room, on the east side of the hall.

I make mention of this matter to you because my feelings were very much wrought up during this visit, and I had deep sympathy, in memory of the suffering of those martyrs, of their imprisonment and their final murder by an armed mob in Carthage jail, and the grief that came over the people at the time of their burial when their remains were taken from the funeral services and deposited in the earth. I remember very well the feelings of veneration that came over me that morning; and a new love and a new light seemed to dawn in my heart, in realizing that I had come to view and had been permitted to see the blood-stains of the martyrs that were left at the time they lay in that sacred room.

I remember very well the first time that I ever beheld the Prophet Joseph Smith. He sat upon his horse, "Old Charley," as he affectionately called his saddle-horse, a very fine specimen of a messenger horse, dark in color, with a white stripe in his face; and as I saw him sitting upon this noble animal, dressed in his full uniform, as Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, at the head of that Legion, in the Spring of the year 1842, as the rank and file were on parade in their uniforms, marching to and fro on a prairie lot, adjoining the farm owned by the Prophet Joseph, the sight of the Prophet at this time made a lasting impression upon my mind, that never has been erased. I felt that I was looking upon the greatest man that I had ever seen, and truly his appearance was prepossessing, dressed in his full uniform of the State Militia, as commanding general of the Nauvoo Legion, this military organization composed of Latter-day Saints entirely. I remember often seeing the Prophet after this occasion, and every time that I saw him, I was more and more impressed with the sacredness of his calling, with the

nobility of his manhood, and in lesser degree with the great work that he was establishing for the benefit of human kind. On this morning, that I mentioned in the beginning of my remarks (see Vol. V., *History of the Church*, pp. 459-475), he expressed his joy and satisfaction that he was once more at liberty, freed from the hands of his enemies and among his own people again. He was met on this occasion at the outskirts of the city by his brother Hyrum and by his wife, Emma, in company with many of the leading citizens of Hancock county, escorted to his home again on the 30th day of June, 1843.

The impressions of his greatness, of his prophetic ministry, that I received, although but a small boy, only six years of age, I never have forgotten. On the morning of June 23, 1844, he passed our little dwelling, riding along the road known as Mulholland Street, toward the town of Carthage, in company with his brother Hyrum and some ten or fifteen brethren, members of the Church, who were accompanying him on his way to Carthage. On the steps of our little dwelling, some few rods away from Mulholland Street, with my mother and her four children, I saw them pass. My mother pointed to the company as they passed plainly in our sight, and said, "Children, there go the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, on their way to Carthage," and she added, "I fear they are going to their martyrdom." Those words impressed me with a deep meaning of sorrow, for they were prophetic indeed.

On the 28th day of June, at 5 o'clock, about day light in the morning, Jacob Gates, our near neighbor, came to our door and rapped upon it, and said: "Sister Jane, are you awake?" addressing my mother. He would have said "Brother Joseph, are you awake," but my father was on a mission to the eastern states at the time. So my mother answered and said, "Yes, Brother Gates," and I never shall forget the startled tone in which she asked the question: "What is it?" Brother Gates replied: "The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were murdered in Carthage jail last night at 5 o'clock." I never remember of referring to this matter directly, and talking it over with my mother, but the memory of her words and the memory of the visit of Brother Gates and the statement that he made concerning the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch of the Church comes up before me, and it has never left me, and the recognition that I felt in my very soul of the greatness of that man, so far as I could comprehend it, have never been separated from my memory from that time to the present.

I rejoice with you today, my brothers and sisters, that I have a testimony of the life and labors, acceptable to the Lord, of this great man, that he was indeed the Prophet and revelator, the seer of the fulness of times, bringing to earth again for the acceptance of mankind, the gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, organizing the Church under the inspiration that God had given unto him, with all its officers complete, and the quorums of the priesthood, all put in perfect order, organized before his martyrdom. He seemed

never satisfied to rest from his labors until every quorum of the priesthood was represented in the organization of the Church.

In 1834, a company under his direction, went up to the State of Missouri to see what could be done in replacing the Saints again in possession of their homes, from which they had been driven in Missouri, and particularly in the town of Independence. This visit was made, and the company making it was styled "Zion's Camp." How much they accomplished, the Lord only knows, and the good that they did, He knows also, for he directed and led the company and piloted them until their safe return, most of them, back to their homes, in fulfilment of the promise made by the Prophet Joseph to his brethren.

The quorum of the Twelve apostles was organized the following spring, and the quorum of Seventies, all of which evidenced the determination of the Prophet to complete the organization of the Church. He had been warned, as he declared, that his life would not be prolonged, only until time had been given him to finish his work, which the Lord had assigned him.

I testify to you today, my brothers and sisters, with what little experience I have had in the Church for lo, these eighty years or more; I say I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, and that Joseph Smith was indeed a prophet of the living God, and that he has accomplished the purposes and the work assigned to him, organizing the Church of Jesus Christ once more upon the earth, and I am happy to say that I have a testimony within my heart today that I am a member of that Church.

May the Lord bless us all and help us to be faithful and true, I pray, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

A sacred solo, "The mighty Lord hath spoken," was sung by Mrs. Laurinda Brewerton.

ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE

At this moment I sympathize very heartily with the remark made by Dr. Carver last Thursday, as I left him at the Tabernacle door, "I have heard of many ways by which a man may lose his breath, but I know now that the most effective method is to speak before a General Conference meeting in the Salt Lake Tabernacle." Nevertheless, my brethren and sisters, I am glad to bear to you my testimony of the conviction in my heart that this is the work of God.

THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN

Surely every person in this vast congregation, who has tasted of the gospel of Jesus Christ, can testify that the words spoken during this conference, have been uttered by the inspiration of God, and not of man. The Lord has made His servants mighty and strong. "There is a