

Doctor Karl G. Maeser. We need to have impressed upon the minds of the people that life itself is no more precious than honor. We must have a people with vision, a people with judgment, a people who will meet their obligations and will assume no obligations they cannot meet.

When students came to the B. Y. Academy at Provo that great teacher, Karl G. Maeser, had them give their word of honor that they would live in accordance with the teachings of the Church and obey the rules of the school.

He explained that many students came to him and asked what he meant by "word of honor." That great teacher with high ideals explained that if he were placed behind prison walls ever so high and ever so thick, extending to any depth in the ground, there would always be a possibility that at some time, in some way he would be able to escape. "But," said this splendid saint, "place me in the middle of that floor, draw a chalk line around me, have me give my word of honor never to cross that line. Can I ever escape? No, never! I die first." That is the sterling worth that is founded on a rock. It is qualities like this the people must have if the purposes of the Divine Master are to be accomplished.

Faith and testimony, honor, integrity and mercy, these are qualities required of Latter-day Saints according to the gospel which, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, has been restored in these last days. The Mutuals and other auxiliary organizations have been established also under divine inspiration as helps in government. The fundamental aim of these institutions is to teach the members of the Church to "do his will." For if they "do his will," they shall know of the doctrine.

KNOWLEDGE MUST BE FOLLOWED BY WORKS AND HONOR

Nor is knowledge concerning the doctrines of the Church enough. We are to be judged not by our faith but by our works. Character is essential. Frugality is important. Economy must be practiced. Honor of the quality described by Dr. Karl G. Maeser must be a characteristic of the people. God himself has not power enough to accomplish his purposes with a people who are without honor. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, and virtuous. The Mutuals and other organizations throughout the Church are doing their utmost to bring up a people who live in accordance with all these virtues. Our progress may appear to be slow, but actually it is rapid. The work is the work of Divine Providence. We need fear only for our individual selves. The cause being divine, will triumph finally. For the whole people we need have no fear, for their faith, their works and their integrity are founded on a rock. God bless you. Amen.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

Of the First Council of Seventy

There has never been a time in my life, or any period of my life, when I felt better spiritually and more willing to do my duty and serve

the Lord and labor for his cause and for his interests. I pray God that the time shall never come in my life when I fear the face of man. The Lord at one time, in the early history of the Church, in a revelation, reproved the elders because they would not open their mouths and use the talents which the Lord had given unto them, and I am praying, as some old prophet prayed, "that the words of my mouth and the meditation of my thoughts be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my Rock and my Redeemer."

I appreciate the fact that we are not all alike. I have not been reared in the same pasture as some men have in this day and generation. Neither do I speak the same language, but I try to make myself understood.

I have been away for a short time in California. I have not associated with the Gentiles, they did not seem to recognize me. I cannot remember now of any of them speaking to me, but I have learned a number of lessons. During my loneliness I have sought after God. I love God; I love him for his kindness, mercy, patience, and for his forgiveness. I sustain this work as best I know how, and I love the brethren, because they are kind to me, because they have patience, and because they are forbearing.

I often ask the question, "Why do I live?" That puts me in mind of a story by Eugene Field, that master of tender verse. He tells the story of a young man, an ambitious poet, who sent him a poem, "Why do I live?" And he immediately answered, "Because you sent your poem by mail."

During the time of my poor health my family were very much concerned. They wanted me to go through a physical examination. Nothing in the world frightens me like a scientific examination. I went to the clinic of the Stanford University, to a young physician of some considerable renown. I passed through an examination—the X-ray, and all that stuff. This young doctor did not believe in God, man, or the devil. I found that out. I told him I was a "Mormon." He said, "You will never get any better." I said, "O, yes, I will, I have a greater physician than you are." He said, "Who is he?" And I said, "The Lord Jesus Christ." He said, "There's nothing in it." He was drowned last year, and I am still alive.

Whenever I am called to speak in the tabernacle, I always put up the danger signal, "Safety first," because I am always in danger.

Now, brethren and sisters, in all solemnity, I want to read to you a little. I am sure I will be safe if I stick to the text. I was acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, only through the testimony of my father. No man in this Church has greater faith, greater respect, and did greater honor to the Prophet of God than Heber C. Kimball. His knees never trembled, his hand never shook, he never failed to sustain the Prophet of God. I have known every prophet of God, who has been the president of this Church since the Prophet Joseph Smith. I have personally talked to them; I honored them; they were always kind to me. I have often spoken of President Woodruff. Occasionally,

when I was presiding in the South and returned home with an emigration, he said, "Brother Kimball, sit down by me. Now, Brother Kimball, I have had visions; I have had revelations; I have seen angels, but the greatest of all is that still, small voice." I have heard that voice, I am a witness, and I know that God lives.

I desire to read to you something, not new, not startling—the idea that we are the chosen people of God: Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the living God organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the members became the chosen people of God to perform a great and lasting service for mankind. To preach the gospel of Jesus Christ; they were entrusted with a mission which carries with it suffering, sacrifice, sorrow, hatred and persecution, but the message brings to the human family, if they will have faith in God, repent of their sins, and be baptized by immersion and have hands laid upon them by the authorized servants of God for the reception of the Holy Ghost—there will come to them joy, happiness, virtue, goodness and godliness. To accept this mission is to fill a high place in the world's history. To be a chosen people we have gone forth through trials, tribulations, suffering, sorrow, hate and agony, sacrifice and humiliation, and have humbly and faithfully performed the heavy, responsible tasks laid upon us by Jesus Christ for the good of his Father's children. Surely we ought to be blessed, rewarded and entitled to recognition. A chosen people should not indulge in the thought that God's whole attention is absorbed in watching over and caring for a favored few. Let the righteous of all nations rejoice in God's grace and exult in his justice, which means that the righteous of all other nations have a share in the teachings of the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Brethren and sisters, I know we have had a great deal of praise. I have been deeply interested in what has been said—that we are the best people on earth. But a short time ago, a brother of mine, whom you know, a humble man at the wicker gate of the temple block, went down to Los Angeles to look around and see what the prospects were, as he was given a vacation. He is a gardener and a great lover of flowers, and he has helped beautify a great many places here in the city. He was working for a great florist down there in Los Angeles, and they sent him to a multi-millionaire's home, and he worked there six weeks. This wealthy man came out and talked to him. Kimball had no fear and told him he was a "Mormon." The man looked at him and said: "Well, I am awfully glad to have a 'Mormon' work on my place." Kimball told him he was a son of Heber C. Kimball. The man said, "Do you know that those old men, (that is the way he phrased it) Brigham Young, and Heber C. Kimball and those pioneers were the greatest people on earth, and we love to have"—he was speaking generally of the "Mormon" and Gentile—"these Utah people come down here, because they are honest, because we can trust them." And he said, "I do not know but what the Gentiles associating with the 'Mormons' has helped the former to be honest. That is the testimony of a

multi-millionaire. I saw mighty few "Mormons" down there—if there were very many they did not make themselves known.

I know I have spent a good deal of time, brethren in trying to live. About Christmas, 1923, I thought I was dying. I had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and I bled quantities of blood. I thought I had hardly a pint left in me. I sent for my wife and handed her the keys to my safety box and said: "Here is the key to my safety box; there is nothing in it. God bless you." I then sent for a great specialist to examine me and see what was the matter. He examined me and said, "How old are you?" I said, "I am seventy years old." "Well," he said, "I thought you were forty-seven." I replied, "If that is the way you look at it, I am going to get out of here," and I did. I lay in bed for two weeks, and I thought of a testimony, and I could not get it worded right; I could not link it together. I knew how I felt, so one day I got the Sunday edition of the *San Francisco Examiner*, a wonderful paper, and there I found my testimony, worded as I would have liked to word it, as I did not know what was going to happen to me, but if I die tomorrow, which I do not intend to do, this is my testimony:

"For he was the Son of God."

The divinity of God was in Christ, in his life and his death, and the power that he has wielded among men for their good, since his death, all prove it.

He was God's Son, and he recognized all men as his brothers.

"The common people heard him gladly." He was their friend, their brother, he walked with them, talked, lived and worked with them, all the few short years of his life. And in the end he died for them.

He suffered physically and mentally as they suffered, his Gethsemane was torture of the spirit, and his Golgotha was dreadful torture of the body.

No miracle was done to save that noble spirit from the horror of physical pain. He not only lived and died but suffered fearful agony for the millions of his brothers then living, and untold millions of those brothers that were to come.

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He knew the agony that was preparing for him.

"Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me, nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt."

That was the Son of God, humbly pleading with his Father.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

That was the Son of God, reconciled to his Father's will.

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Who dares deny that Christ is the Son of God, he to whom all men and all women were as brothers and sisters, who, himself sinless, forgave the sinful woman that sinful men would have stoned to death?

He who spoke first for the children, for the poor, for the sick, whose acts of miraculous power were all for the hungry, the dying or the dead. He was the Son of God.

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One "scientific historian" will tell you that in all the world's authentic histories there are but few words actually written concerning Christ—in real history. That may be true. But for nearly two thousand years his name has made history. It has been written on every page, in the laws, in the lives, the hearts and histories of men.

Ten thousand steeples pointing to the sky, hundreds of millions whose daily prayers end, "For Christ's sake. Amen," prove his mission.

Millions of the poor and unfortunate, all over the earth, who turn their eyes

to heaven, trusting and finding comfort in his goodness and in his promises—all these are more important than any books of ancient history, any testimony of changing men.

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Christ was the Son of God, he was his own witness, and his works are the proof of his divinity. His spirit covers the earth and gradually redeems it from barbarism, as the sunlight covers the earth and gradually dissipates the night, when the morning sun rises.

The learned historian assures you that, admitting the historical existence of Christ, it is certain that he was a poor youth among poor people, never in his life able to read or write,

Let that pass, let the "higher criticism" make the most of it. He could read the mind of God and interpret it to wicked men. He could read the hearts of children, of poor women, and share their sufferings, and die to help them.

He was indeed the Son of God.

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What was his work on this earth? It was a work of redemption, of light-giving, of comfort, justice, mercy, and above all, forgiveness.

Dying in agony, his poor body hung upon the cross, nails in his feet and hands, and thorns piercing his head, he turned his eyes to heaven and said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Were not these the words of God's true Son?

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Nineteen hundred and twenty-three years ago he came into this world, bursting and tearing asunder the ancient high wall of hatred, cruelty, slavery, misery.

His glory came to the world like the sun shining through the clouds upon a troubled sea at the end of a great storm.

His name is the hope of millions. His teachings, of which we are all so unworthy, possess the power that will one day raise us above our present low condition of selfishness, meanness, hatred and war.

"Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

Those were the words of God's Son, words unheeded yet among men who still take from the poor to increase their own store.

But the words were spoken, the power behind them can never die, can never be supplanted.

"Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Those words were spoken by the Son of God.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Take heed that ye hurt not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

That was said by the Son of God.

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Where do we find words of comfort for the poor, the unfortunate, the humble among God's children?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

Christ was the Son of God and his teachings will rule this world. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad" on this return of the season of promise, this opening of another year."

God bless you, my brethren and sisters, God bless his Church forever, and his servants, and may God inspire them to be prophets, seers and revelators unto the children of men, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A baritone solo, "Come unto me," was sung by J. H. Wood.

ELDER TAYLOR NELSON

President of the Oncida Stake of Zion

My brethren and sisters, I assure you that I feel very keenly the responsibility of this moment, yet I am happy to know that I am counted worthy of membership in this great Church, and that through the mercy and blessing of my heavenly Father I enjoy the testimony of the divinity of his work.

I was impressed yesterday with the singing of that remarkable hymn by Parley P. Pratt:

"Lo, in Cumorah's lonely hill
A sacred record lies concealed."

As the choir rendered the final hymn the spirit of it bore testimony to me again, as it has done on many occasions, and I now appreciate the divinity of that great work which was translated by the gift and power of God through the Prophet Joseph Smith, from the ancient records delivered to him by the angel, Moroni.

I have never seen Moroni, but I know that such a man lived. I have never seen the records from which the Book of Mormon was translated, but I know that such records were in existence. I know today that the Book of Mormon is divine. I have put to test the promise made by the writer of one of the closing chapters of that great record, wherein he said,

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

I have put this to the test, and I know, through the whispering of the still small voice, that the Book of Mormon is divine. I know also, which would follow naturally, that he who was instrumental in the hands of our heavenly Father in translating that record was a prophet of God.