

get off at Samoa, where I was to land. Out of about four hundred passengers there would be only fifteen or twenty for Samoa. "What will I do to get off?" So I prayed with the company that was going to the Samoan Islands, just a few of the elders. I told the Lord we had gotten by the Canadian officials and the United States officer at San Francisco, "and now comes the most severe test of all, the immigration officer on the Samoan Islands, where there are only a few, nothing to take up his time." When the steamer came up to the wharf there were the natives with whom I had been acquainted years before, when four of us were pioneers, and then later the same good old faithful Latter-day Saints. One of our elders had a Samoan band, one of the finest bands in the Islands, which came to meet me, and here I was: I could not get off. Could not? I knew if they learned I did not have a passport I would either be deported or taken on to Australia. Samoa is 2,100 miles south of Honolulu, Australia is 2,000 miles away from Samoa. I would have to be taken to Australia if I could not present my passport, and here were the natives trying to reach my hand, delighted to think I had come back the third time to visit them again, and some were crying, so overcome with joy, as their love is very great indeed for the elders from Zion. They will give all they have to help a missionary. They were making way, so that I could come down and shake hands and rub noses with them. Wouldn't it be a disappointment if I could not get off! So I told the Lord, "You have said, 'My messengers will go to the four corners of the earth;' here I am, no passport; help me now." Well, we lined up. Here was one immigration officer and there was another, and a lot of people in front of me. I did not know whether to come first, last, or where. So when we got right up to within the last man, the other immigration officer said to the man he was examining, "You are an anarchist." The man with me jumped up and went over and sat down and they had a few moments talk, and I was praying. After he got through he was very much irritated, very much out of patience. He said, "Mr. Wood, I have your passport; thanks very much; go right on."

Brothers and sisters, I know it pays to pray. Young folks, attend to your Sacramental meetings, go to the temple, perform work for the living and the dead. God bless all Israel, wherever they may be, is my humble prayer and testimony in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH W. McMURRIN

Of the First Council of Seventy and President of the California Mission

It is almost time, my brothers and sisters, to bring this meeting to a close. I suppose there may have been some wonder in the minds of some of the people, especially those who heard the an-

nouncement made in the morning session by President Heber J. Grant, regarding Dr. George H. Brimhall, who was named as one of the brethren who would speak in this meeting this afternoon. Dr. Brimhall had made a promise to attend the funeral services of a friend in Provo, and for that reason was excused from being in attendance at this meeting.

I have very greatly rejoiced in the testimonies that have been borne by our brethren. I have had the thought in my mind, what a wonderful blessing it is to be associated with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when all of these marvelous things that have been spoken of have taken place, and the Lord our God, in his mercy and kindness and in keeping with the promises that he made to holy prophets in ancient times, has revealed anew the everlasting gospel and sent from his presence holy beings to clothe mortal men with power and authority to legally teach the things of the kingdom of heaven, and to legally administer sacred and holy ordinances that are essential to the salvation of the children of men. We should be a most grateful people. No other people are possessed of such blessings as we enjoy.

I hope that the testimony that has been borne, in relation to the virtue and power of prayer, may find lodgment in the hearts of the people, that not only young men and women may believe in this power, but that older men and women also may have the same belief, that they may understand and realize that God, our eternal Father, is a living, intelligent being, and that by means known only to him he is able to hear our humble petitions, and he has the power to bless us with the blessings that will be for our advantage. And I know that the Lord our God is hearing the prayers of his people. I sometimes think of what advertising would be done by some of the so-called healers in the state of California under like circumstances; for we have "healers" there, men and women who profess, through the power of prayer, to heal the sick, and they tell some very remarkable stories in relation to the healing that oftentimes follows their ministry. And sometimes Latter-day Saints are disturbed because of hearing that somebody has received a blessing through prayer. I often think of the statement made to me by President Charles W. Penrose, when discussing this angle of the question, that there were healings taking place, and his answer was, "Well, what of it?" I was a little startled for the moment, but the more I have given thought to that answer the more sensible it appears to me. What of it?

No healings that take place among the inhabitants of the earth, no matter who may be healed, take from us today the authority that was given by the sending of holy angels, that that authority might be conferred upon men. We have healings, marvelous healings, from time to time, in the state of California. It might surprise people, because generally when people think of California they think of pleasure, not of religion, not of prayer; and yet we have

praying men and praying women in California, Latter-day Saints, who believe in the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the power and virtue of the authority that has been restored. One of those men is Bishop Thomas, who formerly lived in Idaho Falls. He went as a patriarch, at the call of a sister who was afflicted, not long ago, and she commenced to tell him that she was going to one of the "healers," a woman that has attracted great attention in the city of Los Angeles, and she wanted a patriarchal blessing before she visited this woman. The patriarch did not feel like giving her a blessing, just at that time, but he taught her the doctrines of the gospel, told her of the promises that had been made by the Lord our God through the holy Priesthood, that if any were sick they were to call for the elders of the Church and anoint with oil, and the prayer of faith should save the sick. This woman had been bedridden for four years, but she commenced to grasp the importance of the teachings that were given her, and then she sought a blessing in the way appointed of the Lord, at the hands of Bishop Thomas, she was blessed by the authority of the Priesthood, and the next morning, before Bishop Thomas left his home, there was a rap at his door, and when he opened the door the husband of this woman was standing there and said, "Come out, come out, and meet my wife; she can walk." The woman that had not walked for four years was healed by the power of God. How such a thing would be heralded, if it had been brought about by one of these so-called "divine healers"! It is not heralded so much in the Church of Jesus Christ. Those are incidents in connection with the Lords' work that are transpiring all the time, and they are treasured in the minds of the people but are never advertised to the world for gain.

I myself not long ago went to the Los Angeles county hospital, and I looked upon a girl who, in my own judgment was dying, and the doctors said she was dying. They had telegraphed to Salt Lake City for her father and mother to come. The father works over here in the Bishop's building. And at the girl's request, as she gasped out word by word with what seemed to be her dying breath, for the healing ordinance, we administered to her, and when I left her, to go to the railway station a mile or two away, I thought, I wonder if that father and mother coming in on the train within a few minutes will be in time to see their beloved daughter alive. When we returned, the dying girl had been healed by the power of God—not raised up to health and strength instantaneously, but that dying power that had seized upon her had been banished away, that look of death was gone, and she was able to converse with father and mother and she also was healed by divine power in answer to prayer.

I rejoice in this authority that God has restored to men upon the earth. I know its value, I know its truth. I thank God that the ears of my own parents were saluted with this gospel message in their native land, and that in the mysterious providences of God

and by his power and by the operation of his Spirit, they were brought to understand and believe the message of the gospel, and that because of their faith and their belief and their travels from afar, they gave me birth in the land of Zion. I rejoice in it. I praise the name of God for my birthplace here, in this choice land, and I believe, with all my heart, that this is a choice land. I believe that when President Brigham Young made the announcement, as he looked over this valley, "This is the place," that he made a declaration of greater importance than he himself comprehended. And as time has gone on and development has taken place, we have learned something of the richness of the soil here in this barren American "desert"—no richer soil upon the face of the whole earth. We have learned something of the richness of these mountains, teeming with their precious wealth—mountains of iron and mountains of coal, and mountains of copper and many other precious minerals. We are just beginning to learn something of the marvelous scenery of this country, and people are being attracted to our beloved Utah.

We are preparing a stereopticon lecture to deliver to the people in the California mission, and we will probably have the hardihood to give that lecture the title, "Utah, the Wonderland of America." Some such title is necessary to carry over to the minds of people the thought that we have in our own minds that this is a choice, a marvelous, a wonderful section. We purpose to show the scenic beauties of Zion Canyon and other wonders. We ought to praise God that through his mercy and by his power and the inspiration of his Spirit the feet of our fathers were planted here, and we ought to believe that "This is the place."

God help us to so believe, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The congregation sang, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning."

The benediction was pronounced by Elder F. F. Hintze, former president of the Turkish mission.

THIRD OVERFLOW MEETING

A third overflow meeting was held in Barratt Hall at 10:30 a. m., Sunday, October 4.

Elder John M. Knight, president of the Western States mission, was in charge.

The music was furnished by the Tenth ward choir under the direction of Norman Martin.

The congregation sang, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah."

Elder Charles S. Martin offered the invocation.

The choir sang, "In our Redeemer's name."