

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

Of the First Council of Seventy

I am very desirous that what I may say to you good people will be under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

I have been in the service for a long time. If I have ever been vain—and no doubt I have been—I think men are really more vain than women, and that is a hard blow!—I have no ambition at the close of my life other than to serve God and keep his commandments, give service, and do my duty.

I do not know that I have ever had a greater desire in delivering a message to the people than the hope that the Lord will burn it into their hearts. After years of experience, I have learned that it is not what you say that counts, it is what you feel. It is not what the speaker delivers, it is what he thinks. If Latter-day Saints are to fulfil their destiny among the children of men, they must do their own thinking, and men and women and children in this Church, if they keep the commandments of God and are under the influence of the Holy Ghost, are entitled to inspiration, to revelation, to dreams and visions, for their own salvation. But that is as far as you can go, and any person who thinks he is living so close to God that he can direct this Church, unless he repents, he will apostatize, as surely as God lives. God never gave us inspiration and revelation to take the place of the prophet of the living God.

I am a great believer in looking forward, not downward. I am not a believer in looking backward, except for wisdom and for the experience that others have had. With me it is the future. But I want to tell you there can be found a great vision in the past, and what Brother Neff has said about the brethren in the Hawaiian mission can be said of other men. When I think of men, I think of my father. He was a young man—they were all young men at the time of the great apostasy, when there was not a quorum in the Church, from the presidency down, that was not shaken—when Hyrum Smith, the patriarch, the brother of Joseph, whispered in father's ear, "You are to go to England for the salvation of the Church."

One thing I desire to get before you is this: Our people are sensitive to some things, they are full of criticism. God never created a man that could please *all* the "Mormon" people—and if any one ever tries to please all of them, he will fail. You cannot please all the people. The Savior did not please all. They crucified him and killed all his witnesses. And so it has been throughout history. Some people do not think you can write anything by inspiration and read it. But I want to ask the people, after all the experience I have had, "How can you tell when you have the spirit—when you pray and when you administer? I have never been able to tell until it comes, and when it has come to me and I have thought I had it, some people did not think so.

I have before me, in a written document, something I am going to say. You may not remember it, but I will say it anyway. I never wrote

a book in my life and never will, but I have written thousands of things and pigeon-holed them and never read them to anyone else but myself. I want to advise this people, if the Lord ever does give you an inspiration, for heaven's sake write it down and remember it. If Joseph Smith the prophet had not done that, you would never have had some things contained in the Doctrine and Covenants. I have in my possession an inspired writing by my father that no one in this Church outside of a few of his family has ever read and no doubt it never will be in print. Why? Because it was given to Heber C. Kimball for his own good, for his own encouragement, and it would surprise you more than anything you have ever received, if I should stand here and read what God revealed to his servant Heber C. Kimball. But it was not for the Church.

I am about to read something to you. You know I am a native. I guess I look like it too, don't I? I was born in these valleys, up here on the hill, six years after the pioneers arrived. I do not remember much about their hardships and about the famine, but I certainly look like I had passed through the famine! I recall that the first thing these great men did, President Brigham Young and his followers, was to select their inheritances. Heber C. Kimball had the privilege of taking one of these city blocks. And now his posterity are a *race* of people that we think numbers more than two thousand. He went up on the hill, dug the rocks out, and built a stone wall around the block. And I was kept inside of it on Sundays. And I hate rock walls yet!

I will read to you from a talk I made in San Francisco about four years ago. I have never delivered it or read it since. I desire to find out what you think about it. It is about "The Most Beautiful of Cities," and it begins with a quotation.

Kenneth L. Roberts said: "There is frequently a peacefulness and tranquility about various ancient things like old furniture and old books and old clothes and old cities, provided they were good before they began to grow old, that tend to soothe the minds of those who associate with them."

"The inhabitants of the youngest states and the newest cities are the ones that emit ear-splitting screams of wounded pride and injured innocence at the mildest and most justified of criticisms." "Mormons" may modestly advertise Salt Lake City as a wonder, or an enchanted city and it might sound by comparison with New York, Chicago, or San Francisco like a child's description of a new henhouse, which may or may not be an exaggeration. I read Brisbane's comments as he passed through Salt Lake and, being a native, I branded him as a poor humorist.

I am told, in a mild-mannered way, that Salt Lake City would have had a population of 500,000 people, if 350,000 hadn't gone to California. We have a process of cleaning our city of all growlers and kickers. We smoke 'em out and then the atmosphere clears, the sun shines, the grass turns green and the flowers grow, and we honestly can claim Salt Lake to be—"the Most Beautiful of Cities."

The following excerpts were taken from an article entitled "The West as I Saw Her." I read the article while in California, and if I had not written it down, I never would have had it, because I am like you people, I only hold a pint and I soon run out! The article was written by Shaw Desmond, Irish author and publisher, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The article is based on the writer's experience gathered during three visits to America in which he spent nearly a year, lecturing in the chief cities and covering some 50,000 miles:

"There is a City of Dreams in America as little known, so far as I have read her guide-books, as one of Rider Haggard's *Lost Cities of Africa*. Nobody that I have met in America knows anything about this city, and this especially applies to those who say they have visited it.

"It is easily the most beautiful city I have seen on the North American continent. I think it must be one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and the way to it in mid-winter is hard and cold and cruel; then, all at once, it burst upon me, 'my City Beautiful.' I was running into Salt Lake. Once more I, with whom the Indians had ridden along the invisible trail by the side of which the iron rails had been laid, seen by the eye of imagination, was looking at a tented wagon, at the 'prairie-schooner' of the old days, about it a body of silent men, with mouths of leather and jaws of steel as they broke through the last pass in the mountains to find the land of promise laid out before them with the snow-capped mountains eternally sentinelling," [Do you feel that? I feel that in every fibre of my being] "inside which they were to build their city, the city to be the most beautiful of the cities of the continent.

"Europe believes two things about Salt Lake and believes them periodically. It believes that every man there has at least four wives and that every now and then its streets 'run with blood.' (Europe still has confused ideas about avenging angels.) My first difficulty in Salt Lake was to find a 'Mormon.'" [They are hunting for them yet!] "A red-faced man in a wondrous uniform of gold and crimson with a badge in his hat looked like the real thing, but upon near inspection and conversation, turned out to be a Baptist and a red-hot Baptist at that. He had some mystic job at 'meeting strangers,' though I did not find that he 'took them in.' I rather think they had to be Baptist strangers. Salt Lake City is the city of shocks. I received shocks to every preconceived opinion I had ever had about the 'Mormons,' not only did I discover that plural marriages are unknown, but that it was quite impossible, save by a doubtful effort of imagination, to separate the sheep from the goats, that is to say, the 'Mormon' from the Gentile; and to you kind reader I leave it to decide which are sheep and which are goats." [And you have to have inspiration to separate them today. I am in favor of ear-marking and labeling them, so you will know them!] "I discovered a quiet respect for the 'Mormons' by their Gentile friends, a constant and ever-flowing tribute to 'Mormon' industry, 'Mormon' art, 'Mormon' initiative. The 'Mormons,' I discovered, were not '100' but '101' per cent Americans, obvious by their loyalty to the American

flag, proud of their American citizenship, and proving it all by shedding their blood under Uncle Sam in the great war." [By the way, the Kimballs were just as loyal, for Heber C. Kimball had thirty grandsons in the world war. I am happy to say that not one of them was killed—and they did not run, either.]

"I hold no brief for the 'Mormon' outlook," says this Irish poet, "but in a rather lengthy stay in Salt Lake, during which I was afforded unexampled opportunities of investigation free from 'suggestion,' I accumulated enough genuine data, checked from Gentile sources, to cause a revelation of the real 'Mormon,' whenever it is given to the world. I made hosts of friends at Salt Lake, where I lectured to all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the Chamber of Commerce to a lecture under the auspices of the University of Utah. I came to the city without expectations, I left it with the picture of its icy snows under the dawns descending, as I lay in my room with its glass walls, left with the memory for all time of its broad streets, of its giant organ, upon which my 'Mormon' friend permitted me to play, of its white 'Mormon' temple, its lake of the dead and the limitless sage and salt surrounding it. It remains for me a remembrance unforgetable."

Did you ever hear a "Mormon" talk like that? Did you ever hear a "Mormon" damn this country? Well, I want to advise them to quit it. Every "Mormon," son and daughter, ought to lift up his voice in praise to God that he led those great prophets and their people to a place of safety. Think of it for one minute, my father, among the rest, was driven from his homes five times! No wonder they felt to praise God and dedicate this place to his service.

I have now come to what I want to burn into you, and I wish the Lord would give me the power to do it.

A NEW GENERATION HAS ARISEN

A prophet in the wilderness was still crying, but there were few to pay heed—there was scarcely anyone to listen—material force was in evidence in its might. It seemed so foolish to rely on so slender a thing as Divine support.

It ought to be self-evident to a Pagan that arrogance and earthly power can vanish over night, all that is not built upon God shall fail. To trust to material standards of strength brings calamity; material force, as apart from God and opposed to him, cannot succeed. Why can't race—"Mormons" understand that?

A new generation has arisen! The people seem so content, so free from all concern; but like the Jews, in the days of Joseph, they can be hurled from their high position into the bitterness of slavery. And we are going into slavery and bondage, and debt, as fast as we can go!

We older men think our story should be told of our pioneer fathers and mothers, and the faith of our ancestors, and we write a book, preach a sermon or two, and think our task is ended.

This new generation that has arisen have discovered over night that a new world has been born and that the United States of America

is about to assume the responsibility of saving the world, and they are content and satisfied.

At no time in the history of the Latter-day Saint people has there been greater danger for the new generation. The danger comes from ease, idleness, and luxury; as there never was a time when the people were spending their means as prodigally as now and ever reaching out after material things.

The prodigal dollar seems to be swallowing all that is great and noble with some of the new and rising generation.

To my mind many of the "Mormon" people are becoming content and self-satisfied. They show evidence of falling down in their spiritual efforts. I know it takes courage to say it. I know that if we say anything to criticize the "Mormon" people, they are disturbed. Well, they need to be disturbed! What they need is a little dynamite! It seems to me a great deal of that which has been gained by faith, adversity, sacrifice and years of hard work is being let loose of by the thoughtless and careless.

Our fathers and mothers died for the faith and we are living on the faith of our pioneer ancestors: But behold! another generation has arisen, and in the very instant of our self-content the silence is broken by our being hurled from our mighty purpose.

Joseph Smith, the mighty prophet, was chosen of God to send forth the message of salvation to the children of men—he was martyred—but that was not the end. It was the beginning of this great work.

President Brigham Young rightfully succeeded him, and his followers with him fled to the Rocky Mountains.

Brigham Young led the way for the first treckers of adventure-some spirit in the year 1847, and he and his followers were the original builders in what Daniel Webster christened "The Great American Desert."

On entering the Salt Lake Valley, Divine Intelligence at once manifested itself in all his deliberations. "This is the place." Why, to some people that has become a chestnut, a hoary chestnut! But it was inspiration from God. "This is the place." There beat in the heart of this great man—he was a master, a prophet of God—a great load of care, the destiny of his people! How I have suffered for just being the father of a family, the destiny of my children! And here was a great prophet, with the destiny of a great people.

One has to believe to understand the destiny, object, and purpose of this people. The leaders understood and believed; they knew; God revealed it to them. President Brigham Young and his followers said, We will make this barren waste bloom and furnish clean, unsullied wealth for thousands of poor people from all over the world, who have been crushed under the Juggernaut of our Christian civilization—we are going to plant them under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, we will create an Eden out of the desert, we will lay out townsites, cities, and build churches and schoolhouses and raise wheat and vegetables. God's children shall be converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ and be

given land. They shall have a chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They shall know their toil will bring them some returns, so that they can have a home and a hope for the future.

It was a big thought, a great idea, manifested by Divine Intelligence. He was a prophet. He had a vision of the future.

These great leaders did not want the land and water for themselves—they wanted men to be God's agents—stewards for God, and hold the land in trust as a sacred inheritance. This land was to belong to the lowly of the earth and to be saved for the hewers of stone and the drawers of water.

When I think of my father, who had his inheritance, owned the land where most of the Capitol grounds are and away off to the left, I remember that he took these poor English people that had emigrated from Europe, and took them up on the hill, showed them a lot, and asked them if they would build a home, and they said they would, and it cost them \$2.50! Heber C. Kimball and the brethren never speculated and made money off the people. Any charges to the contrary are false.

These valleys in the mountains were to be made to bloom and blossom for the poor, whose hope is the land, that gave them birth and life and would receive them in its bosom when they died and made a safe return to their home.

Just take the time to think of the thousands of acres of lonely, thirsty land waiting for centuries to be reclaimed from the ruins of ages. They saw in vision green fields, and farms, just as Joseph Smith prophesied it would be. "It is the place where you'll find all the things your souls are hungering for. Where the people will own big farms, with green fields of wheat and grass, with purple blossoms and long rows of fruit trees and vegetables." Is that true? It should be true, and that was the intent and purpose of our leaders. My father pleaded with his family, almost as he would plead for life, to keep their inheritance. I am the only one of them on the block, and I am trying to sell, too!

All will be most beautiful, in the Desert! Through those words I can get a vision. I have a moving-picture mind. It was a vision, a dream come true. Nobody was there to despoil their dream.

A new generation has arisen. Think of your pioneer fathers and mothers who built better than they knew. Think of the men, women, and children toiling in sweat shops, with little food, families without money, without hope and without fuel, facing cold winters in these great cities, who have been gathered to a barren empire which our ancestors have transformed into an Eden—a land of liberty—a home for the oppressed of God's children, where they can have life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. The stranger has found his way amongst us and many of us have "sold our inheritance for a mess of pottage" and are seeking elsewhere hoping for more ease, more idleness, more luxury. In this once lonely, sage-covered, wind-swept valley there should be erected a granite monument and written thereon this epitaph:

“Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
 May keep the path, but will not reach the goal,
 While he who walks in love may wander far,
 Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.”

Henry VanDyke.

On that occasion, looking upon those people in the San Francisco chapel and I prophesied; (You know I am a son of a prophet.) and our young elder there, Joseph E. Larkin, wrote:

“A prophecy made by President J. Golden Kimball of the First Council of Seventy, at a meeting held in the San Francisco L. D. S. chapel, March 16, 1924, and is, as near as I remember, as follows:

“I prophesy that before many of you go to the other side you will have a burning desire in your hearts to return to the places where the leaders of the Church have counseled the Saints to settle, and you will give anything in the world to have a home there.”

Brethren and sisters, I am told that North and South America is Zion, but with all of its beauty and splendor and wonderful opportunities, there is no place in the world as safe for the Latter-day Saints as where God's servants had their inheritance. God bless you. Amen.

The choir sang, “Hark, hark, my soul,” with Jane Van Roosendaal, Nellie Katwyk and Nellie Bruin singing the solo parts.

President Kimball announced that the audience had certainly appreciated the music rendered by the Choir, “I always feel to bless our singers.”

The benediction was pronounced by Elder Arthur Barnes.

SECOND OVERFLOW MEETING

A second overflow meeting of the conference was held in the Assembly Hall at 2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, April 3.

Elder Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of Seventy, presided.

The music was furnished by the Dutch choir, of Salt Lake City, Elder A. Van Roosendaal, conductor; Elder Frank W. Asper at the organ.

The choir and congregation sang, “How firm a foundation.”

The opening prayer was offered by Elder R. S. Collet.

Miss Nellie Bruin sang a solo, “Save me, O Lord.”

ELDER BRIGHAM S. YOUNG

Former President Northwestern States Mission

My dear brethren and sisters: It is a great privilege I enjoy in standing before you for a few moments. During that time I trust that I may enjoy the spirit of the conference, which has marked the preceding meetings of the morning. I have recently returned from a mission to the Northwestern states. It was a glorious period in my life. One of my regrets is that every man in our communities may not have