

That is why there is peace in your home and in mine. Therefore, this morning, as one of the humblest among you, I thank him with all my heart for the assurance that has come into my life, for the privileges that have been mine, for the associations that are so desirable, that I have been permitted to enjoy while I have lived here these few years upon the earth. And above all, I thank him for the knowledge that has been burned into my soul; I know that my heavenly Father lives, I know that Jesus Christ is the Savior of mankind, and that there is no other name under heaven whereby men and women may be exalted, but the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. I do know that he came into the world in this latter day, that he bestowed divine authority upon a humble boy who was seeking the truth, and the result of that has been the organization of the Church with which we are identified; and there is with it the power of God unto salvation to all those who believe. Knowing that as I know that I live, I bear you witness of it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

Of the First Council of Seventy

About the middle of September of this year I was taken by my son from San Pedro, California, to Hollywood. At that time I attended Grauman's Chinese theatre. They had printed on their program: "The Glories of the Scriptures." The screen play was "The King of Kings." The prologue was enchanting and wonderful. This screen play has not yet been released. Thousands and tens of thousands of people have gone to Hollywood to this great theatre to witness this play, the "King of Kings." The cast of great actors—they tell me they are among the great actors—represented Jesus the Christ, Mary the Mother, the Twelve Apostles, Mary Magdalene, Martha, and Mary of Bethany, Caiaphas, the Pharisee, the Scribe, Pontius Pilate, the woman taken in adultery, satan, and hundreds of other characters as found in the story of Jesus. The characterization, costumes, life and surroundings must have been true to life. At times it was thrilling and pathetic. Many who were at all spiritual were brought to tears. It was the greatest sermon of Christ's life, sorrows and sufferings, ending with his crucifixion and resurrection, that could possibly be presented, and its effects will be everlasting. To my mind it would almost immortalize Cecil B. De Mille and others.

The actors, so I am told, signed a pledge, a contract, binding upon them to live lives that would be fitting to the characters they represented, for three years, for in doing otherwise it would mar and destroy the effect and purpose of the picture.

When I returned home I read the *Life of Christ* by Giovanni Papini, to make clear my conception of men. I learned from this book this information:

"What manner of men were the Apostles, chosen of Christ?

"He chose them from among the Galileans; he chose them from

among the poor; simple men, but of divine simplicity, transcending all philosophies. He knew these men were rough, but had integrity; were ignorant, but ardent, and that he could in the end mold them according to his desire and bring them up to his level."

"These disciples lived with Christ and were fortunate to walk, to eat with him, to sleep in the same room, to look into his face, to touch his hand, to kiss him, to hear his words from his mouth."

"We see them, hard of head and of heart, not able to understand the clearest parable of the Master; often lacking in faith, in love, in brotherly affection, eager for pay; envying each other, impatient for the revenge which would repay them for their long wait; intolerant of those who were not one with them. One of them denies him three times." They disputed among themselves to know who should have the chief place in the new kingdom. Jealous of their privileges, they denounced to Jesus one who was casting out devils in his name. Jesus said: "Forbid him not for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." This is a hard saying; who can hear it? and they left Jesus.

Peter, James and John are the only ones who accompany Jesus into the house of Jairus and on the Mount of Transfiguration and they are the ones whom he takes with him on the night of Gethsemane. But in spite of their long intimacy with the Master, they did not acquire sufficient faith and humility.

At one time Jesus and some of his disciples started together towards Jerusalem. They were crossing Samaria and were badly received in a village. James and John said: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them." But he turned and rebuked them. It seemed in vain that they had heard the Sermon on the Mount. James and John wanted Jesus to grant them the right (one to sit on the right hand, and one on the left hand in his glory). Yet John was among the nearest and most loving of the disciples.

Jesus Christ trained, educated, and tried to mold, his disciples according to his desire to bring them up to his level. To the Twelve much should be pardoned, because always they had faith in him, because they tried to love him as he wished to be loved. I would like to have myself and everyone feel and realize that God, too, is molding his servants in this day and age of the world. The gospel has been restored upon the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith, with all of its gifts and blessings pertaining thereto, and I am a living witness, a Seventy and a preacher of righteousness who, standing before you without fear and without doubt—for I have seen the power of God made manifest through the administration of those ordinances. So it was with these great apostles, and we love and cherish their memories. But what they needed was to be enlightened by the flame of the Holy Ghost for their transformation. Until the day of Pentecost they acted like natural men. They were then prepared to announce that the king-

dom of heaven was at hand, to heal the sick and command men everywhere to repent; and they quoted the scriptures—as I have quoted those passages of scripture in the South hundreds and hundreds of times, and they are being quoted all over the world by the elders who are preaching the gospel.

“Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you;” that same promise is upon us. “Tarry ye,” said the Lord, “Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endowed with power from on high.” I never place my hands upon an elder to set him apart that I do not think of that passage of scripture. It has been verified and fulfilled, for elders have come back, young men of whom I have no remembrance, but they come back to the apostles and to those who set them apart and say: “Brother Kimball, you set me apart, and the promises you made have been realized.”

“And he led them out as far as to Bethany and he lifted up his hands and blessed them.” Luke 24:49, 50.

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.” John 16:26.

“Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come.

“Nevertheless, it is expedient that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send him unto you.”

After the crucifixion and death of their Master they go forth as witnesses to teach the truth and to speak without fear, and without hiding anything, and to cry out from the heights in order that all may hear it, in order that there may be no one to say on that day that he has not heard it.

Now, brethren, I confess to you that I have been among this people for a considerable length of time, and have tried to fill my appointments as best I could. I have traveled among the people from Canada to Mexico, but I have never in all my labors felt the thrill and the flame of the Holy Spirit like I did when I was on my mission. It has been strange to me that I have not been able to reach the hearts, to reach the humility, the childlike simplicity, the perfect faith in God that I enjoyed in the Southern states, as an ignorant elder, perhaps, and with very little information. Yet I traveled without purse or scrip absolutely, and I had such perfect confidence that I never doubted but that I would be cared for. Now, I want to say to you that a while back I was sick, two or three weeks, with what they call the “flu.” I inherited that disease; I get it every little while. While I was there I wondered if I had exaggerated my experience in the South, so I hunted up my diaries which I had not read for forty years, and I discovered that I told the truth. The record is as correct as the record of the Bible, and I was astonished how God blessed me and how I enjoyed his spirit and the manifestations and testimonies that were given to me. Let me

call your attention to an incident. It happened away down in Alabama. That was at a time in the '90's when I presided over the Southern states mission. The elders had been asked to assemble themselves together. They were laboring in that low, marshy, malarial district that was scarcely safe for a human to live in, and they came straggling in, suffering with malaria, rather low-spirited, because they had been traveling without purse or scrip through that section of the country. We assembled to hold a conference. After the conference was over, two days, we were to hold a priesthood meeting. We had no place to meet in those days except in the woods, but I had instructed the elders to clean some place off in the woods, a circle, where we could meet together and hold our priesthood meeting. On that occasion there was a young man whose mother was a remarkable woman, a Latter-day Saint. The father had left the Church years and years ago. He opposed the boy, he stood out against him, he refused to assist him, but the mother's faith and the faith of the young man who was in that conference did not fail. I don't know what his trouble was, but one of his legs was as large as my body, and it looked like a great piece of raw meat. It looked like it would burst. The people there did the best they could for him. He had no physician. We did not know what a physician was in the South, in my day. There may have been physicians there, but I never happened to meet any. So on this occasion I said to this elder: "Well, you will have to stay here with the people. You can't go up there." "Why," he said, "Brother Kimball, I have been dreaming about this, and I have been talking about it. It would ruin my whole mission unless I can be at that priesthood meeting." "Well," I said, "if you feel that way, two of the elders will carry you up there, one mile." We went there in order to get away, to a place where we would be secluded, and when we got into the woods in that little circle and sat down, as best we could, I looked those elders over. I was not very well myself, but I said: "Brethren, what are you preaching?"

"We are preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Are you telling these people that you have the power and authority, through faith, to heal the sick?"

They said: "Yes."

"Well, then, why don't you believe it?"

This young man spoke up and he said: "I believe it!" He sat down on a stump and the elders gathered around him. He was anointed and I administered to him, and he was healed right in their presence. It was quite a shock; and every other elder that was sick was administered to, and they were all healed. We went out of that priesthood meeting and the elders received their appointments, and there was a joy and a happiness that cannot be described. The people gathered around, and the elders before their departure, got down and they cried. Those elders, many of them, had never seen one another until they assembled in that conference, and "Such love," those people said, "we have never known." My brethren and sisters, I realize that we at home are carried away in many instances with material things.

It is spiritual first, and then temporal. My experience of late has been such, unfortunately, that I have had to hark back to find testimonies of the great healing power of God.

I will tell you a story and then I shall stop. I got a telephone message some time ago, I think a year ago, may be, that I had some relatives in the hospital. They wanted me to hurry up there and administer to them. They were two sisters. They were married, and they were not city people, and, by the way, their father and mother were good Latter-day Saints, and these young girls had been taught and they had been active, but they were not healed, so they came to the hospital. When I arrived I found one of them in one room, and she had been operated upon, and getting along very nicely. The other sister wanted me to bless her before she was operated upon. I asked her how much she was paying for her room. She told me. "And how much are you paying the doctor."

"Three hundred dollars."

"Well, haven't you got confidence in him? He is charging you enough. Why don't you trust him?"

"Well," she said, "Uncle Golden, I have been administered to, but I was not healed, and I felt forced to come to the doctor."

I said, "I am a little jealous for God, and if I bless you, and you are healed, who is going to get the credit? If the doctor gets all the money and all the credit, and God heals you, I don't think that fair."

So I blessed her as best I knew how, and I blessed the doctor. I made a full anointing and blessed the nurse, and asked God that his spirit might be there and the patient's life be spared. I realize that hospitals, physicians, and surgeons, do wonderful things, and that faith without works is dead. I want to bear testimony to you, and I know it, I don't think it, I don't imagine it: I have seen God heal the sick. I know it isn't in me, but I know that where there is faith there is nothing impossible, and these young elders who are sent out now, it may not be wisdom to send them out as we went, but when we were in the South, God had to take care of us, whether it was stormy or sunshine, as we had no choice. I know the Lord can take care of us and will take care of us if we have faith.

I was in the South three years, presiding over the mission, under the greatest hardships; and the greatest difficulties I have ever endured in all my life were experienced in the missionary field, yet I have had the greatest joy and the greatest peace and happiness. During my three years of presidency there was only one elder who died. Elias S. Kimball presided over the mission for seven years, and he had seventeen hundred fifty elders under his presidency, and only two died. When the Spanish-American war was on, there were at Chickamauga Park, Tenn., forty thousand of the finest young men of America, and they were looked after, and yet they died by the hundreds. Don't tell me that God can't take care of his servants if they will have faith.

I know this work is true. I pray God always to help me to sustain the work, to uphold the hands of the priesthood, and to overlook my weaknesses and help me to finish and complete my mission here upon the earth. I have no fear of the hereafter. I am not afraid of God. I know God is a God of love, a Father who will look after you, if you will trust him. I sustain this work, and I sustain the brethren. I sustain all those who labor for God and his cause. All of which I humbly pray for, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

ELDER RULON S. WELLS

Of the First Council of Seventy

When President Grant announced the changes in the missionary field in his opening remarks yesterday. I whispered to Brother McMurrin who sat next to me: "Surely he overlooked the change in the European mission in the appointment of Elder John A. Widtsoe to succeed President James E. Talmage in the presidency of that mission." We were pleased, however, when the announcement was subsequently made, and I have been thinking: "How abundantly has the Lord endowed Brother Widtsoe to become the successor to that other defender of the faith (who is now honorably released to return home) with those qualifications and endowments that will enable him to accomplish a good work in that great mission, which, however, is a mission comprising many missions located in various parts of the eastern hemisphere, where a great many different foreign languages are spoken; and in this particular Brother Widtsoe is especially fitted and equipped, it seems to me, for the great work unto which the Lord has called him.

Not very many years ago I had the pleasure of attending the Canadian quarterly conferences in company with Elder Widtsoe. Previous to our conferences Dr. Widtsoe had been visiting the Northwest delivering addresses on agriculture, irrigation, reclamation, dry-farming and kindred subjects, and there were people including many not of our faith and living in outlying districts who desired to hear him, for his fame as an agriculturist had gone before him. Accordingly a meeting was arranged and some of the visitors at the Alberta conference, including myself, were also in attendance. He gave a most excellent talk. I have never listened to one where I received so much information regarding the principles of agriculture. He stated that there were five essentials to successful farming: first, soil. There must be soil. Second, there must be air. Third, there must be seed. Fourth, there must be water, and fifth, there must be sunshine. He went on explaining how it was necessary to break up the soil, to pulverize it in order that the air might get in, that it might be thoroughly aerated, fairly filled with atmosphere. He went on to show how it was necessary that seed should be planted in the soil, thus prepared. He continued to show that it was necessary that water should be applied if that seed is to grow and that the sun must shine upon it before it can yield a harvest. He made it much more complete than I would be able to do here; but