

to pursue our educational work here at home. I ask you, in real sincerity, if you do not think it may also be a good time for missionary work, not only from the standpoint of the people of the world who have a little more time to listen, but from the standpoint of the men to be sent out from Zion to teach the truth. Most of us have to wear clothes and eat some food whatever we do, and many of our young people spend a little money here and there one way and another. If they are not in school and if they are not wage-earners, contributing something to the much needed funds of the family, would it be very much more expensive to maintain them in the mission field than here at home? We are constantly striving for economy, both of means and of time—the few there are of us, only fifty-one or fifty-two—in the mission in which I serve, and there are millions of people to be reached. And so we believe that economy of both time and means is a cardinal virtue. “Dost thou love life,” wrote Franklin, “then do not squander time; for it is the stuff life is made of.” And in these trying times we emphasize economy of means as well. I would therefore like to urge upon you consideration of the question if this be not also a good time, from the standpoint of the expense involved, for missionary work.

And now, in conclusion, with apologies to General Foch. These blessings of adversity, of which there are plenty—drouth, unemployment, grass-hoppers, and all—we have experienced them in the North Central States mission; but, although, as the Marshal said, his right was in retreat, and his left was broken, and his center was wavering, and so on—so it may be with us. We suffer under the continued depression and unemployment, and we are withering under the blight of the drouth, and we are still, as is perhaps the case in all the world, struggling against doubt and uncertainty and depression. But, my brethren and sisters, the situation is excellent, as the General said. So far as we are concerned we shall attack, not in criticism, not militantly, but in deep humility and in testimony of the truth, for which we go into the world. And may the Lord add his blessings and speed the right, we humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A vocal solo, “My faith in Thee,” was rendered by Sister Lottie Spencer Davis.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

Of the First Council of Seventy

I feel more like saying, this morning, “Cheer up, the worst is to come.” All I know, brethren and sisters, is what I feel, what I sense, what I hear and what I see. I know of no better way to make this clear to you than to relate an incident that happened in my missionary experience, at the time I was appointed to preside over the Southern States mission. I succeeded Elder William Spry. There was only a few days notice given me. The brethren failed to inquire regarding my financial condition, my wife and children, my physical condition, or whether my teeth were all right, etc.; they just appointed me

without asking me any questions, and I had faith enough to go. The itinerary was made out by Elder Spry to visit those conferences which occurred only once a year, as the mission covered eleven states. We had the means to go through that mission only once a year. In fact, when Elder Spry turned the mission over to me he handed me thirty-five dollars. I said: "Is that all you've got?"

"Yes."

"How do you get your money?"

"Why, we go to the Lord and ask him."

"Well," I said, "I don't think he is very liberal." (Laughter)

The first conference appointed was in West Virginia. I rode all day and all night on the train, and we took no berths in those days. I arrived at Crow's Nest. It is the only place I remember in the South, because it was so lonely and desolate. The Elders who were to meet me had returned because the train was six or seven hours late, so I had to find my way to the conference as best I could. I wasn't very well. I climbed the mountain and stopped with a coal miner. He treated me very kindly. The next morning I started for the conference. I had not then received the spirit of my appointment. As I approached the top of another mountain I went into the woods to pray and I told the Lord all about it. I don't think I have been able to pray like that since. When I got through praying, I did not see anything; I failed to hear anything, but there was something came over me, a happiness, a joy, that it isn't possible for mortal man to express. I suppose it was a heavenly feeling; I was actually so overjoyed and so happy that I whistled. I haven't whistled since. The twenty miles that I walked was the happiest time I have ever had. That is how I felt. I know because I was clothed upon with the Holy Spirit. I have regretted more than I can express that the same sensation has not come to me with the same power since.

I had another experience. It was prior to my going on this mission. We were involved in speculation. If we had had our way we would have owned a large holding in Canada. We got into that mess. After having gone through that experience we were as near hell as a man will ever get if he is honest. An honest man is in hell when he is in debt. I know all about the feeling. I went through the mill of the gods, and it grinds slowly, but it grinds fine. If you have anything left when they get through with you, you have had a happier experience than I have had.

Well, it was on that occasion that I made a public declaration in the Logan tabernacle—foolish it may have been. We were able to pay all our personal obligations, although it took everything we had in the world—years of hard work, fifteen years in Bear Lake pioneering—and we exchanged it all for a 320 acre farm in Cache valley. We had two hundred acres of grain and one hundred tons of hay, all ready for harvest, and were sold out at the court house door for thirty-eight hundred dollars and a thousand dollar judgment. That farm some years afterwards was sold by David Eccles, who became the owner of

it, for thirty thousand dollars. I speak of this so that you will understand the dream.

After making my declaration in the Logan tabernacle, that I would never doff my hat and be servile to any man because of his money, that night I had a dream. I am not a dreamer; I believe in dreams when they come true, and I haven't any use for them until they do. It was very vivid. I haven't forgotten it, and it has been nearly forty years since it occurred. I have not repeated it but a few times. The devil appeared to me at the northeast corner of the Temple block. I was not very well acquainted with the devil. Brother Maeser used to tell us he was a great general; the man that I saw, and I seemed to know he was Satan, was of great personality in appearance, in height and bigness; he was dark and swarthy and seemed to be a real man. When he looked at me with those black eyes they pierced me to the soul. I trembled as I did in the woods when I was filled with the Holy Spirit of God. I trembled from head to heels with fear. He repeated what I had said at the Logan tabernacle. The Spirit of God came on me and thrilled me from crown to toe. I told him I would not bow to man. I then became frightened and ran like a coward. I was arrested and put in jail for four years. I saw myself come out of jail. My clothes were threadbare. I was thinner than I am now, if such a thing can be possible; but I was free. In four years from that time our creditors stripped us to the skin, and that dream came true. I do not want any more dreams of that kind.

I am in sympathy with the people. I know we have all been foolish. I am foolish. I don't think there is a bigger fool than an old fool. A man who has had experience ought to know better. One of my brethren said to me—and he is a man so kind and gentle that I had every reason to believe he would extend to me a little sympathy—I told him of one of my last speculations and he said: "If you are as big a sucker as that you ought to take your medicine." I said: "I am taking it, and it is not sugar-coated either." (Laughter)

I met a banker a few weeks ago—we were very friendly. Thank the Lord, I do not owe that bank anything, but I owe another bank. (Laughter) I said: "How are things going?"

"Well, we are taking everything but their suspenders."

I thought afterwards that I should have said to him: If that bank hasn't got any more elasticity than my suspenders, I will throw them in. (Laughter)

My brethren and sisters, in a few words I desire to say to you that I think the things of the world are better advertised than the things of God. When I hear those beautiful voices over the radio, advertising the things of the world, I am wonderstruck. If there is anything under heaven they do not advertise, and give it away at a dollar a week, I do not know what it is. By the time they get through with us—the "Lucky Strike" puts over their wonderful music—no wonder smokers' mouths water after hearing it. Men, boys, and girls who form the habit and have the appetite, I do not believe it is in our

power to sympathize with them, as foolish as it is to form a habit of that kind and then try to overcome it of themselves. They can not do it. God has to help them. They have to go to the Lord. We are up against those things. I don't feel like it is right when a man is in hell, to stand over him and say: "Well, son, you are in hell. Get out as best you can. Sweat it out; swim or drown." It does not sound Christ-like to me.

I pray God to soften the hearts of the people. They are doing wonderful things and they are going to do wonderful things. We have the organization. We have the inspiration. We have the knowledge. We know how to take care of people, if the Lord will soften our hearts and help us to give and keep giving. I pray the Lord, while the people are giving, that he will soften the hearts of bankers. As long as you can pay your interest and pay your taxes you are safe, but I want to tell you if you don't pay it they will foreclose to protect the bank and its depositors. As I was once told: "Business is business, believe it or not." I am thankful to the bottom of my heart. At my age, I would be as helpless and dependent as a child if it wasn't for the Church and its protecting care over me.

God bless the Church. God bless his servants and help them to see and understand, and above all, help us, O God, to understand people, that we may be patient, that we may be long-suffering, that we may be gentle, that we may not listen to things that are told us, until they are proven to be true. God bless you. Amen.

The congregation then arose and sang the first two verses of the hymn, "Redeemer of Israel."

ELDER LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

Of the First Council of Seventy and President of the Temple Block Mission

The lovely lessons that have been given to us at this session of our conference will find lodgment in our hearts. Elder Talmage's thought that we should cultivate a deeper reverence for God will find in us a ready response; and Elder Welling's message that adversity should inspire us with greater faith in divine providence is a fine truth. Elder Kimball says that we should seek the Spirit of God as we travel the road of life, that we may be able to meet the battles and to overcome weaknesses. What would we do, if we did not have the Lord to help us?

Not long ago we had the pleasure of entertaining a Chinese priest of the religion of Buddha. He came to Salt Lake City with a letter of introduction from a noted scholar of the University of Tokyo, who had also visited our city. After a very delightful time at our home, I brought the distinguished guest to these grounds to see the buildings and to hear the great organ. As we stood before the west door of this old building, he asked if it were a place for worship. I replied that it is, and with that, he removed his hat and asked that his companion remove his. Said he in Chinese: "We are entering a holy temple of