

and can be seen and understood, the faith of the youth then will grow and they will always know that after all, morality, the richness of life, the sublimity of all things, lie in the simple Gospel of Christ. It is beautiful this Gospel, for truth is beauty, and beauty is truth.

Now if we can come to know the youth, this buoyant youth, we will be better able to teach them, and their faults and failings will be eradicated one by one. They will stand supreme before God as his children, and be masters of selves and servants of each other. "I am the way, the life, and the truth," spoke Jesus. When we come to realize this greath truth, we will open our hearts more and more to the lesson that life has a meaning, and a meaning for good; that the moral world is governed by the purpose and a purpose of love; we will bend to God's will, and everything we experience will speak to us of a Father's heart. Let us look forward with hope and confidence and place our lives in the hands of God. My brethren and sisters:

"We know the arduous life, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given;
High sacrifice, and labour without pause
- Even to the death."

May the Lord bless us all, I ask in Jesus name. Amen.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

Of the First Council of Seventy

I am very anxious as well as desirous that I be under the influence of the right spirit, the Spirit of the Lord. I have no ambition, no desire but to serve the Lord and to keep his commandments and to fulfil and complete my labors.

I have been very much impressed with one thought, and I have had quite a number, and that is: the number of speakers that have spoken during this Conference. If they have not reached pretty much all the people then they have not fulfilled what I believe. I believe that in this Church and among the children of men there are people—there may not be very many—who understand me. Perhaps I may be the only one among you who can reach my kind of people. Well, if that is true, why not let me be natural and talk to them? You who do not like my talk can go to sleep if you want to. As long as I can reach a soul when under the influence of the Holy Spirit and plant a seed of truth in his heart, it seems to me, with all the experience I have had, it would be a wonderful thing.

I remember that not many Conferences ago I was called to the stand just before the Conference adjourned. President Grant told me I had seven minutes—I took three—and I think it is the only time that President Grant ever shook hands with me after one of my talks. (Laughter) President Grant did not shake hands with me because of what I said; it was because I left him four minutes, and that is more than any of the other brethren had ever done.

I have had another idea quite a while, and I think I will express it.

You see that great big clock over there. I cannot see the hands, my eyes are not as good as they used to be. Well, with that great big clock before me and this microphone in front of me then tell a man to get the Holy Spirit! (Laughter)

Now, what I am trying to get at is this: it takes intelligent people to understand what I am trying to get at. I do not do your thinking for you, you have to do your own thinking. If I give you a little chaff to get you to take a little wheat, my trouble has always been you choose the chaff and lose the wheat.

I remember a long time ago when the Mutualls launched the *Era*. I was on a trip with Apostle Francis M. Lyman—we started in at Sevier and went to Panguitch and the surrounding settlements and to Kanab and St. George; and when we got to St. George, Brother David H. Cannon, the President of the Stake, and Brother Edward Snow, superintendent of the Mutualls, with their buggies transferred us to Panacca. The people had not seen an Apostle for twenty years, and it was Sunday, a fast day. Meetings were begun in the morning and they kept them up all day, and we were fasting. I was pretty nearly dead at four o'clock. After four o'clock Brother Lyman said, "Now, Brother Kimball, get up and tell them about the *Era*." He had done a good deal of talking himself about the *Era*. During that trip I think we got four hundred subscribers—\$800.00. I wrote out all receipts. It was in September. Brother Lyman at this meeting told me to get up, so I did, and I said: "All you men that will take the *Era* if we will let you go home, raise your right hand." There was not a single man who did not raise his hand and subscribed and paid \$2.00 cash for the *Era*. (Laughter) Brother Lyman said: "That is the brightest thing you ever did." I do not claim that was inspiration; it was good psychology. Really they paid \$2.00 to get out.

I am trying to say this to you because we never know, if we listen to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, just what it will do for us.

I am going to tell you a story that I have never told before. When I was president of the Southern States mission, after a year's time I concluded that I would try to hold a conference in a city. Up to that time we had always kept out of cities. So I made my arrangements with the president of the conference to hold such a meeting and to secure some place where we could hold it. We had no money. The only place they could secure was the court house. I told the Elders: "I will do the preaching, and if they kill me you need not bother any further." The people were very prejudiced. When the time came I met these Elders, a fine body of men, wonderful, courageous men, men of faith—they had to be in the South. We went to the court house—all those present were men; there wasn't a woman among them, and we all knew what that meant. When there are no women there is a great deal of danger. It is dangerous enough when they are present. At any rate I made up my mind to deliver my message as fervently and humbly as ever a president of a mission preached. I intended to do all the talking. I went there determined to preach the Gospel. I had my Bible,

and I am well acquainted with my Bible. I cannot find anything in anybody else's Bible. I have owned this Bible for forty years and it is well marked and every subject traced in my own penmanship. I would not take money for this Bible. I went there believing that the Spirit of God was on me, as the president of the mission. I was humble as a child. It was the only time in my life that I have ever been far enough away that I could do as I pleased. Ever since that time I have been close in.

I got up to preach the Gospel, faith and repentance, etc. All at once something came over me and I opened my mouth and said to that body of men: (The building was crowded; among them were some of the leading men) "Gentlemen, you have not come here to listen to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know what you have come for. You have come to find out about the Mountain Meadows Massacre and polygamy, and God being my helper I will tell you the truth." And I did. I talked to them for one hour. When the meeting was out you could hear a pin drop. There was no comment; there was no noise or confusion, and we went to the hotel. We had arranged for lodgings at a cheap hotel. After a short time a brass band played. Elder Willard Bean was the president of the conference. I sent him out to find what it all meant. I thought it meant trouble. So he inquired and they told him: "We are serenading that big long fellow." That is the only brass band I have ever had dispense music after one of my talks. What I want to ask you good people is this: Was I moved upon by the right spirit? The next day when we went to the woods to hold our priesthood meeting, which we always held in the woods—we had no other place—I said to those Elders: "Don't one of you dare preach that sermon; it will cost you your life." And I have never preached it since.

What I am beating around in the brush to put over is this: Does the Lord God direct his servants? He certainly does. If he doesn't we are a failure and we are no better than others. We do not know just what to say. I don't. I don't know just how to say it, but the Lord being my helper as long as I live I am going to try to be natural and I am going to try to have my mind open with the hope that God will give me his Holy Spirit when I open my mouth and use the talent which the Lord has given me.

Now, brethren and sisters, I know what that feeling is. I have not had it very often, but I know that there is such a thing as "the still small voice." I have heard it.

My time is up. But if you people do not believe that I sustain the Authorities of this Church and uphold God's work, I do. I don't know how I could prove it to you any better than I have in my own way. God bless you. Amen.

An anthem, "Holy Redeemer," was sung by the Relief Society Chorus.

Elder Samuel F. Smith, President of the Snowflake Stake pronounced the benediction.

Conference adjourned until 10 o'clock a. m., Sunday, April 10.