

feel the spirit of those young men. There are probably from three thousand to five thousand people each day who stop to listen as they give to them the message. It is a living message.

Our booth is in the Hall of Religions where many other religious faiths have made exhibits, and it is outstanding on account of the spirit of it. The figures in the paintings and the sculpture work seem to be living individuals—they look as if they could speak. They are outstanding. They are different. They are symbolical of the work that is done in the Church. They tell the story of the work of our Relief Society, our Sunday Schools, our missionary work, our Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement work; and especially do they depict most beautifully the ideals of the "Mormon" home, as the father sits with the child in his arms, and the mother stands with her arm over the shoulder of a boy scout.

These young men who lecture almost continuously for twelve hours every day, for the five months of the Fair, are filled with the spirit and enthusiasm of missionary work, as they deliver the great message which we have to give to the world. And I bear testimony, as Brother Bennion has done just before me, that the world is hungry. The people stop and listen, and you may go into that booth any time of the day, when the rest of the hall is filled or when there are but few there, and there will always be a group filling that booth of ours.

I wish that this spirit, the testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which fills the hearts of your young men and young women in the mission field, could be in the hearts of all of you people. I believe it is important in the education of every boy and every girl that they take a mission, and know something of missionary work as well as something of college work. While I believe in college work, I believe that the missionary work is the most needed and the most outstanding experience in a person's education.

May the Lord bless us, and fill us with the spirit of this great work, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER J. GOLDEN KIMBALL

of the First Council of the Seventy

I presume that in the past forty-one years I have trained the Latter-day Saints, in this tabernacle, so they are always somewhat anxious as to what success I will have. During this time I have always been anxious, having only one desire, and that is, to say something, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that would be for my good and for your good. The Lord knows my desires and will give to me his Holy Spirit.

I shall not attempt to preach a lengthy discourse. I realize that time is quite a factor in a general conference especially, as President Grant is noted for wanting as many of the brethren to speak as possible.

It might be well to inform you that I was ordained one of the First Council of the Seventy October 8th, 1892. When I became a

member of the Council there were such men as Seymour B. Young, Christian D. Fjeldsted, John Morgan, Brigham H. Roberts and George Reynolds who were among the greatest missionaries of our day. I have associated with them a great many years, and in thinking of them since Brother Roberts passed away, I could not help but feel that they were men of God; that no mistake was made; that they were called by revelation. All of these brethren have gone home. I am the only one living that was associated with them. After the date of my ordination, Rulon S. Wells, Edward Stevenson and Joseph W. McMurrin filled vacancies within about five years.

I think there is no man living in the flesh that knew Elder Roberts any better than I did. There was an affection, a friendship, formed in the missionary field that exceeds any love I have ever known, outside of my own family.

A missionary friend, Charles Welch, called on me yesterday. He is now a patriarch in the Bighorn stake. He was formerly a counselor to the president of the stake. He came to my home yesterday to see me. I traveled with him one year under Elder Roberts' presidency in Virginia. I know of no better man than Brother Charles Welch. He was a young man when I was laboring with him fifty years ago, but he told me yesterday he is now seventy-three years old. Ours is a keen friendship, a brotherhood that will last through life and will continue in the other world. Why? Because he never forsook me. He was to be trusted. I was sick and he ministered to me and was so kind and patient. I had boils—called carbuncles, if you know what a carbuncle is. I don't know what kind of boils Job had, but if he had carbuncles I am in full sympathy for him. They started on one of my wrists and they followed me all the way up and down. The last one I had was on my knee. We had reached Burke's Garden at that time, after traveling nearly one thousand miles without purse and scrip.

I am trying to make clear to you, if I can, the friendship that we Mormon elders have for one another. I may not be gifted in coupling together all of those beautiful sentiments and words, but friendship of the kind I am talking about cannot be told in words. Brother Welch said to me: "Golden, I have come six hundred miles to this conference, and one of my big objects was to see you."

The first time I ever saw Elder Roberts was either in Cincinnati or St. Louis. He had been chosen as president of the Southern States Mission to succeed John Morgan. I left for Chattanooga, Tennessee, with twenty-seven elders assigned to the Southern States. There were all kinds of elders in the company—farmers, cowboys, few educated—a pretty hard looking crowd, and I was one of that kind. The elders preached, and talked, and sang, and advertised loudly their calling as preachers. I kept still for once in my life; I hardly opened my mouth. I saw a gentleman get on the train. I can visualize that man now. I didn't know who he was. He knew we were a band of Mormon elders. The elders soon commenced a discussion and argument with the stranger, and before he got through they were in grave doubt about their message

of salvation. He gave them a training that they never forgot. That man proved to be President B. H. Roberts.

On arriving at Chattanooga I was appointed to labor in Virginia with Elder Landon Rich. I traveled for one year under his direction. President Roberts called me to the office the second year—1884. I slept with him. I talked with him. He trusted me, and I never betrayed him. He confided in me, the only time in his life, about his own affairs, his family, etc. We occupied one room—used as office and sleeping quarters. We paid \$25.00 a month for rent and board. It was hotter than hades most of the time. I was his secretary. He walked the floor and dictated, and I wrote longhand volumes and stored away a fund of information. I was with Brother Roberts at the time of the Kane Creek Massacre, as I was at Shady Grove and was the first to get the information of the killing of Elders Gibbs, Berry and the Condor boys, and that they were buried. I was with Brother Roberts when he went out into a cornfield to disguise as a farm laborer. We kneeled down and prayed, and we discussed the matter and were satisfied that we should secure the bodies. I said:

“Brother Roberts, let me go. They know you in that section. You have preached there. They will kill you. Let me go.”

He said, “No, I am the president of the mission. The Lord will take care of me.”

Eight members of the First Council have died since I was ordained on October 8, 1892, and there isn't one of that number who was so close to me as Brigham H. Roberts. I never felt more lonely or helpless, in a way, than I do now. Brother Roberts has been my mentor; he has been my teacher; he has been my chronicler. I was relieved of reading the great histories; I didn't have to read a whole library searching for information. What did I have to do? When anything troubled me about the history of the Church or scripture, I went to Brother Roberts. He had the most wonderful mind and memory of any human being I have ever known, right up to the very last. A great light has gone out in my life. I will soon follow.

I am now what they call the Senior President of the First Council of the Seventy. It is not altogether merit. It is just the regular order of things in the Church, just as it is with the Twelve Apostles. I have had the tenacity to outlive my fellow laborers. I have given forty-one years of my life whole-heartedly for the Seventies. The First Council are all presidents equal in authority. As much as I honor and respect Brother Roberts I have never felt inferior to him in his presence; he has never made me feel that way. He had a greater intellect, greater intelligence, but I have had some gifts of my own, that in a way were equal to his. I have preached by his side many times, and after he got through preaching I reached those that he missed, so it has been that way during all this time. He often said when in the south, “Our love is akin to that of David and Jonathan.”

One other thing I want you to know. I am not currying favor; I am sick of such things. You can't say anything in this Church without

someone thinks you are catering to somebody. It's in accordance with my calling as senior president to comment on the appointment of Elder John H. Taylor, who has been chosen and sustained to fill the vacancy caused by President Roberts' death. We welcome John as a member of the First Council. I knew him when and about the time he filled his first mission. When he filled his second mission he was a seventy. We were ransacking the whole Church for missionaries, and were not meeting with great success. In conversing with me about a mission he said: "I am ready to go." He was appointed to labor in Belgium. I have had due respect for and confidence in his faith, loyalty and integrity. I respect him for what he has done and will do in the future. He is a grandson of President John Taylor, and I cannot think of a man that has sacrificed more for the Church than President Taylor did. It was under his presidency that I reported for my first mission in 1883. I knew John H. Taylor's father very well, having always been on friendly terms with President John Taylor's family.

I represent in a way my race of people. I may be of rugged individualism, but if there is one thing I am proud of it is that I am Heber C. Kimball's son. I want to ask you people in confidence, don't you think he is entitled to a representative?

I want to say another thing. We now have Brother Ivins, Brother Bennion, and Brother Taylor in the First Council of the Seventy. I am telling you straight, there are not over thirty per cent of our Seventies that are active, although they are just as active as the rest of the priesthood. What are we going to do about it? They will not come to us; we will have to go to them. There is the greatest opportunity for missionary work to be done among the quorums of Seventy who are or should be special witnesses for God, of any place I know.

Remember, I pray you, that our Savior did not wait for his children to come to him. He went to them. If they were hungry, he fed them. If they were sick, he healed them. If they were in sorrow, he comforted them. If they were ignorant, he taught them. If they were distressed, he encouraged them. If they were burdened with sin, he proclaimed to them his Father's forgiveness, if they would repent and sin no more.

There is no greater responsibility, requiring greater kindness and love and patience and the Spirit of God, than to go out among the Seventies and encourage them to do their duty. God bless you. Amen.

ELDER CHARLES E. ROWAN, JR.

President of the Texas Mission

My brethren and sisters, I am reminded of the scripture that says, "Prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost."

I have enjoyed the conference immensely thus far. As I have heard the words as they have come from the prophets of the Lord I have rejoiced, and hope that all Israel will heed these wonderful messages.