

T. Tew, Jr., East Central States; William W. Seegmiller, Western States; W. Aird MacDonald, California; Preston Nibley, Northwestern States; David A. Smith, Canada; A. Lorenzo Anderson, Mexico; Orlando C. Williams, Spanish-American; Joseph J. Cannon, Temple Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## FIRST DAY

### MORNING MEETING

The first session of the Conference convened Friday morning, October 7, at 10 o'clock.

When the time arrived for the opening of the Conference the large Tabernacle auditorium and galleries were filled with people who had assembled from the various Stakes and Missions of the Church.

President Heber J. Grant presided and announced that the *Relief Society Singing Mothers*, Wade N. Stephens, Conductor, would furnish musical numbers for this session.

The opening song, "High on the Mountain Top," was sung by the congregation and the *Singing Mothers*.

Elder Marion G. Romney, President of the Bonneville Stake, offered the invocation.

"The Lord's Prayer" (Music by B. Cecil Gates) was sung by the *Singing Mothers*.

### PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I am very happy indeed to meet with the Saints again in General Conference. I hope and pray that the prayer which has been offered will be heard and answered and that the Lord will bless us during this session of our conference.

#### SELECTIONS FROM "TREASURES I WOULD SHARE"

I have a little book in which I have recorded from time to time for many years items that have very profoundly impressed me. Last Christmas I wrote a little note to friends and had it printed, and sent a very small part of this book of several hundred pages to over 6,000 of my friends—Bishops of wards and others—and I have decided to read here today a part of what was in my Christmas greeting. I wish that all that is in my greeting might be read by all of the Latter-day Saints. As our conference proceedings are to be published, that is my excuse for reading a portion of this book entitled, "Treasures I Would Share," which was distributed by me for Christmas of 1937.

J. G. Holland, one of the fine poets of our country, was born in 1819, and passed away in 1881. These are two verses from his writings:

## "GOD GIVE US MEN"

God give us men. A time like this demands  
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.  
 God give us men. Men whom the lust of office does not kill!  
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
 Men who possess opinions and a will;  
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;  
 Men who can stand before a demagogue  
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,  
 In public duty and in private thinking.  
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
 Their large professions and their little deeds,  
 Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps;  
 Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland (1819-1881).

"Nicholas Murray Butler has figured that money spent for the World War could have built a \$2,500.00 house, placed in it \$1,000.00 worth of furniture, put it on five acres of land worth \$100.00 an acre and have given this to every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia; could have given to each city of 20,000 or over in each of these countries a five-million dollar library and a ten-million dollar university; and could still with what was left set aside a sum at 5 per cent that would provide a \$1,000.00 yearly salary for over 125,000 teachers and a like number of nurses."

The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is, to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a weary and thirsty land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun.—Joseph Smith.

## AGE

Age is a quality of mind:  
 If your dreams you've left behind,  
 If hope is cold,  
 If you no longer look ahead,  
 If your ambition's fires are dead,  
 Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,  
 And if in life you keep the zest,  
 If love you hold;  
 No matter how the years go by,  
 No matter how the birthdays fly,  
 You are not old.

## WORK A BLESSING

Work is what keeps people young. Loafing is what starts to weaken them from the time they stop working. President Young was in active,

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vigorous life when he passed away, but appendicitis ended his life. His successor, John Taylor was seventy-three years of age when he was made the President of the Church. John Taylor's successor, Wilford Woodruff, was eighty-odd years of age when he became the President of the Church, and according to some, he ought to have retired over twenty years before that time, and then been supported on somebody else's money. Lorenzo Snow came to the presidency of this Church as active as any young man, and with matured judgment, at eighty-five years of age, and when the Church was in a slough of despond financially, from which he rescued it. During his three years of administration, until he was eighty-eight years of age, his mind was as clear and active as that of any man who ever presided over this Church.

Joseph F. Smith, according to many people, was two years past the age when he should have retired, when he became the President of this Church, and the same is true of me. Next month, according to some people, it will be twenty-two years since I should have retired and been supported on someone else's money.

#### INCIDENT REGARDING PRESIDENT PENROSE

There is nothing truer than that "Age is a quality of mind." When I was nearly fifty years of age Brother Charles W. Penrose arrived in Liverpool to take my place as the president of the European Mission. The shipping firm with whom we had done business for over fifty years sent us four tickets to the Shakespeare Theater. Brother Penrose had worked as hard that day as I had. Also a large group of missionaries had come with him and there were a lot of them going home, also more than a hundred emigrants were going to America.

I turned to my wife when these tickets came and said: "I would not go to the finest theater on the face of the earth. I am tired, I am going to bed to sleep. Take one of the missionaries with you to bring you home, also two of the daughters and use these tickets."

Brother Penrose spoke up and said: "Sister Grant, let the old man go to bed, I will take you to the theater."

He was only (?) twenty-five years older than I. He lacked a few weeks of being seventy-five, and I lacked a few weeks of being fifty.

The following morning I took him to see the fine home that President Smith had authorized us to buy. Somebody asked the man who was moving the furniture out to guess our ages. He guessed me to be sixty-five, and Brother Penrose sixty. I said: "I have heard that a man was no older than he felt," and there is a world of truth in that, don't forget it. "I felt so old that I went to bed last night to sleep and this old gentleman twenty-five years older than I took my wife and daughters to the theater."

When I was up in Scotland just a few weeks before Brother Penrose arrived, a good old sister asked me: "How old are you, Brother Grant?"

I told her that if I lived so many weeks I would be fifty.

She said: "Ah, nay, nay, never see sixty-five again."

The next Sunday I thought I would get those three "dabs between

the eyes" corrected, so I asked the president of the Birmingham Branch, as I remember it, who he thought was older, Brother Penrose or myself.

He said: "The idea of asking such a ridiculous question. Anybody can see that you are very much older than Brother Penrose."

I hit the table and said: "That settles it. No old man shall ever take my wife to the theater again." And they never have.

Oliver Goldsmith (The "Deserted Village"):

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,  
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

#### THRIFT

The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages for awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy land or tools for himself, then labors for himself another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and improvement of condition to all.—Abraham Lincoln.

When a man like Henry Ford starts out with a few tools, and finally employs 125,000 people who support probably a half million people, he ought not to be penalized because of the marvelous work he has done for the benefit of humanity.

#### MY CREED

To live as gently as I can;  
To be, no matter where, a man;  
To take what comes of good or ill,  
And cling to faith and honor still;  
To do my best, and let that stand  
The record of my brain and hand;  
And then, should failure come to me,  
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein  
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;  
To be the same when I'm alone  
As when my every deed is known;  
To live undaunted, unafraid  
Of any step that I have made;  
To be without pretense or sham  
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple work behind

To keep my having lived in mind;  
 If enmity to aught I show,  
 To be an honest, generous foe;  
 To play my little part, nor whine  
 That greater honors are not mine.  
 This I believe is all I need  
 For my philosophy and creed.

—Edgar A. Guest.

You will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right.—Abraham Lincoln.

And now there is one more lesson for us to learn, the climax of all the rest; namely, to make a personal application to ourselves of everything which we know.

There is no need of your reading the Word of Wisdom unless you make application of it to your lives.

Unless we master this lesson, and act on it, other lessons are virtually useless and thus robbed of their essential glory. The only living end or aim of everything we experience, of every truth we are taught, is the practical use we make of it for the enrichment of the soul, the attuning of the thoughts and actions, the exaltation of life. When we DO [and "do" is in capitals and ought to be underscored in addition] "what we KNOW" [that is also in capitals] then first does it put on vital luster and become divinely precious.—William Algers.

#### I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

For several years before his death, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the *Youth's Companion*, because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk, there was found in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more appropriate language:

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,  
 The water pure that bids the thirsty live;  
 I want to help the fainting day by day;  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
 The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.  
 Beauty for ashes may I give away;  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;  
 And into angry hearts I want to pour  
 The answer soft that turneth wrath away;  
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others, hope and faith,  
 I want to do all that the Master saith;

I want to live aright from day to day;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me.

—James Russell Lowell. (From "Vision of Sir Launfal")

#### THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write,  
Three words as with a burning pen,  
In tracing of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have faith, though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn.  
Put off the darkness from thy brow:  
No night but hath its morn.

Have hope, where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm distorts the tempest's mirth,  
Know this, God rules the Hosts of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love—not love alone for one,  
But man as man thy brother call,  
And scatter as the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

—Fredrick Schiller.

I repeated that poem in nearly every speech that I delivered while I was the chairman of the Utah Liberty Loan Drive at the time that America raised six million dollars during the World War, in one campaign; and I said: "The Kaiser of Germany ought to read that poem by one of his great poets—especially, "God rules the hosts of heaven, the inhabitants of earth". I felt sure that he would go down to defeat as God does rule the world and He was not on the Kaiser's side.

#### FAVORITE HYMNS

Years ago I suffered intensely from insomnia. I have been ordered to leave town within twenty-four hours or I might go crazy for lack of sleep. I have been to California time and time again in early days and could sleep there three or four nights in succession, twelve hours at a time without waking up. I learned while in England to take a nap after my lunch. Nearly every day of my life now I sleep an hour in the middle of the day. I have had only two severe attacks of insomnia since I returned over thirty years ago from Europe.

I learned to sing a song or two, or three, or four, or five, as high as ten when I would wake up, and then to get up and take some physical exercises, and take some in bed, and try to go to sleep, and failing, sit up and talk to a dictaphone for an hour, and then go back to sleep. This morning I woke up at half past one, took exercises for three-quarters of

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an hour and was still wide awake. Then I sang ten songs. I have sung them hundreds and hundreds of times, and I never sing them when I do not think of what the Lord said in a revelation:

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.

So in song I prayed ten times this morning. I think that I cannot deliver a more valuable sermon here today than to read these songs to you.

#### THE TIME IS NIGH, THE HAPPY TIME

The time is nigh, the happy time  
That great, expected, blessed day,  
When countless thousands of our race  
Shall dwell with Christ and Him obey.

The prophecies must be fulfilled,  
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;  
The stone out of the mountain cut,  
Though unobserved, a kingdom grows.

The-blended image soon shall fall—  
Brass, silver, iron, gold and clay;  
And superstition's dreadful reign  
To light and liberty give way.

In one sweet symphony of praise,  
The Jews and Gentiles will unite;  
And infidelity, o'ercome,  
Return again to endless night.

From east to west, from north to south,  
The Savior's kingdom shall extend,  
And every man in every place  
Shall find a brother and a friend.

—Parley P. Pratt.

President Wilford Woodruff called for this song that I am now going to repeat, at least once a month in the meetings of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve held in the Temple: It was his favorite.

#### GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on thy head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purpose will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his works in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

—Cowper.

No man had more perfect faith than did Wilford Woodruff. He acknowledged the hand of God in everything.

#### COME LET US ANEW

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life as a dream, our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
The arrow is flown, the moments are gone,  
The Millennial year  
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,  
"I have fought my way through,  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."  
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word:  
"Well and faithfully done;  
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

#### COME, COME, YE SAINTS

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way;  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day,  
'Tis better far for us to strive,  
Our useless cares from us to drive,  
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—  
All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?  
'Tis not so; all is right!  
Why should we think to earn a great reward.  
If we now shun the fight?  
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,



Our God will never us forsake;  
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—  
All is well! All is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,  
Far away in the West;  
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;  
There the Saints will be blessed.  
We'll make the air with music ring,  
Shout praises to our God and King;  
Above the rest these words we'll tell—  
All is well! All is well!

And should we die before our journey's through,  
Happy day! All is well!  
We then are free from toil and sorrow too.  
With the just we shall dwell.  
But if our lives are spared again  
To see the Saints their rest obtain,  
O how we'll make this chorus swell—  
All is well! All is well!

I was told by a doctor that one of his patients came to him and sold to him some securities that he owned. Then he gave his home to one of the members of the family, he gave other things to other members of his family, and then he retired on a pension for someone else to support him. The doctor said that during the two years that this man has been drawing a pension doing nothing he has aged five or six years at least, and has had to consult him, his doctor, time and time again, more often than he ever did in the same length of time before. Work—labor—is what gives people strength and power, and loafing aids in destroying their lives.

#### SHOULD YOU FEEL INCLINED TO CENSURE

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart ere you venture.  
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trifle with another's fame,  
Guard it as a valued treasure,  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;  
Hastiness to trouble tends.  
Those of whom we thought unkindly,  
Oft become our warmest friends.

#### O MY FATHER

O my Father, thou that dwellest  
In the high and glorious place!  
When shall I regain thy presence,  
And again behold thy face?

In thy holy habitation,  
 Did my spirit once reside;  
 In my first primeval childhood,  
 Was I nurtured near thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose  
 Thou hast placed me here on earth,  
 And withheld the recollection  
 Of my former friends and birth.  
 Yet ofttimes a secret something  
 Whispered, "You're a stranger here";  
 And I felt that I had wandered  
 From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,  
 Through thy Spirit from on high;  
 But until the Key of Knowledge  
 Was restored, I knew not why.  
 In the heavens are parents single?  
 No; the thought makes reason stare!  
 Truth is reason, truth eternal  
 Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,  
 When I lay this mortal by,  
 Father, Mother, may I meet you  
 In your royal courts on high?  
 Then, at length, when I've completed  
 All you sent me forth to do,  
 With your mutual approbation,  
 Let me come and dwell with you.

—Eliza R. Snow.

I have read only six of the ten. I see the time is flying, and I have perhaps read enough. One of the songs I sang this morning was "The Flag Without a Stain," and one of them was that lengthy song of seven full verses which was sung by John Taylor in Carthage Jail at the time the Prophet was martyred. One of them was Brother Francis M. Lyman's favorite hymn, "School thy feelings, O my brother, train thy warm impulsive soul," written by Brother Charles W. Penrose after giving ten years of missionary service without purse or scrip. He was accused of taking the second-hand furniture out of the London conference house and selling it to help him to emigrate to Utah. He had given them the use of this furniture for ten years, and of course the young Elders from the "wild and woolley West" would not handle it very gently during that time. He was broken-hearted, and went home and wrote that wonderful song, "School Thy Feelings," for his own consolation.

(The other songs that the President sang, but which he did not repeat in his address are as follows:)

A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF

A poor wayfaring man of grief  
 Hath often crossed me on the way,  
 Who sued so humbly for relief  
 That I could never answer, nay.  
 I had not power to ask his name  
 Whither he went or whence he came,

Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered, not a word he spake,  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave him all, he blessed it, brake.

And ate, but gave me part again;  
Mine was the angel's portion then;  
For while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone,  
The heedless water mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped and returned it running o'er;  
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof;  
I heard his voice abroad and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.

I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest,  
And laid him on my couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway's side;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment—He was healed;  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,  
The stranger started from disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew,  
The Savior stood before mine eyes.

He spake, and my poor name he named;  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,  
These deeds shall thy memorial be,  
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

—Montgomery.

## O YE MOUNTAINS HIGH

O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky  
 Arches over the vales of the free,  
 Where the pure breezes blow and the clear streamlets flow  
 How I've longed to thy bosom to flee.  
 O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,  
 Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come—  
 All my fond hopes are centered in thee.

Though the great and the wise, all thy beauties despise,  
 To the humble and pure thou art dear;  
 Though the haughty may smile and the wicked revile,  
 Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.  
 O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,  
 Though thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,  
 Yet we'll share joy and sorrow with thee.

In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;  
 On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;  
 And their silver and gold, as the prophets foretold,  
 Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.  
 O Zion, dear Zion! home of the free,  
 Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine  
 And eternal thy glory shall be.

Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise,  
 Sacred home of the prophets of God;  
 Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die,  
 And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.  
 O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,  
 In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights we'll defend  
 And our home shall be ever with thee.

—Charles W. Penrose.

## SCHOOL THY FEELINGS, O MY BROTHER

School thy feelings, O my brother,  
 Train thy warm, impulsive soul;  
 Do not its emotions smother,  
 But let wisdom's voice control.

School thy feelings, there is power  
 In the cool, collected mind;  
 Passion shatters reason's tower,  
 Makes the clearest vision blind.

School thy feelings, condemnation  
 Never pass on friend or foe,  
 Though the tide of accusation  
 Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding,  
 And a ray of light may gleam,  
 Showing thee what filth is hiding  
 Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial  
 Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,  
 School thy feelings to the trial,  
 Half its bitterness hath fled.

Art thou falsely, basely slandered?  
Does the world begin to frown?  
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard.  
Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance,  
Time's a friend to innocence  
And the patient, calm endurance  
Wins respect and aids defense.

Noblest minds have finest feelings,  
Quivering strings a breath can move,  
And the Gospel's sweet revealings  
Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded  
Strongly fortified should be,  
Trained to firmness and enfolded  
In a calm tranquility.

Wound not wilfully another;  
Conquer haste with reason's might;  
School thy feelings, sister, brother,  
Train them in the path of right.

—Charles W. Penrose.

#### THE FLAG WITHOUT A STAIN

For years and years I've waved o'er my people,  
O'er land and sea, o'er church tower and steeple;  
Foremost in battle proudly I reign,  
Triumphant now o'er thee, without one stain.  
O, how I trembled when called alone to stand,  
But brave hearts sustained me to wave o'er the land.  
O, my America! O my America!  
Proudly I wave o'er thee, Sweet land of Liberty.

No flag on earth shall insult this nation,  
Justice and right shall e'er be our relation.  
No creed or sect shall here ever reign.  
While floats the Stars and Stripes, without one stain.  
Stars that were blotted are shining once again,  
The Angel of Peace has wiped out the stain.

#### THE WORD OF THE LORD

In addition to singing these songs this morning I repeated from the 121st section of the Doctrine and Covenants, commencing with the words "How long can rolling waters remain impure," to the end of the section:

33. How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

34. Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen?

35. Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—

36. That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness.

37. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves, the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man.

38. Behold, ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks, to persecute the Saints, and to fight against God.

39. We have learned by sad experience that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

40. Hence many are called, but few are chosen.

41. No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

42. By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—

43. Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy;

44. That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

45. Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dew from heaven.

46. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever.

This is one of the most marvelous revelations that God has given to man, and it was given to the Prophet while he was imprisoned in Liberty Jail.

#### THANKFUL FOR KNOWLEDGE

How I do thank the Lord that I have an abiding and absolute knowledge that He lives, that He is my Father, that He hears and answers my prayers! How I do thank the Lord—it is beyond my ability to express my gratitude—for a knowledge that His Son is my Redeemer and yours; that God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ visited the boy Joseph Smith, and that Moroni delivered into his hands the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated! I thank the Lord that when I read the Book of Mormon there came into my soul a testimony that it is exactly what it purports to be. I fell in love with Nephi, and more than any other character, except my Redeemer, in the Bible or the Book of Mormon he has been my guiding star.

#### IDLENESS CONDEMNED

We should have an ambition, we should have a desire to work to the full extent of our ability. Work is pleasing to the Lord. "The idler shall

be had in remembrance before the Lord." I reached my office this morning at 8:30 o'clock, and generally get there at 8 o'clock. As a rule I do not leave the office before 5:30 or 6:00, and at noon I go next door to the Lion House Cafeteria, where I get a quick lunch. Once in a great while, when I have not been able to sleep as well as usual, I have brought to my office as many as eight cylinders of letters. Working eight or nine hours a day has never injured me, and I do not believe it has ever injured anyone else. The Lord says: "Men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness."

May the Lord bless us in this conference. I leave with you my abiding testimony that I know as I know that I live that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, the instrument in the hands of God of establishing again upon the earth the plan of life and salvation—the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

May God help you, my dear brethren and sisters, every one of you who has the same knowledge which I have, to live the Gospel, to do that which is right, and then we are sure of the reward of life eternal in His presence. This is my humble prayer, and I ask it in the name of our Redeemer and Savior. Amen.

### PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

Presented for the vote of the Conference, the General Authorities and General Officers of the Church, also the General Auxiliary Officers, and they were unanimously sustained, as follows:

### GENERAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH

#### FIRST PRESIDENCY

Heber J. Grant, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

J. Reuben Clark, Jr., First Counselor in the First Presidency.

David O. McKay, Second Counselor in the First Presidency.

#### PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

Rudger Clawson

#### COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

Rudger Clawson

Reed Smoot

George Albert Smith

George F. Richards

Joseph Fielding Smith

Stephen L. Richards

Sylvester Q. Cannon, associate to the Council of the Twelve;

Richard R. Lyman

Melvin J. Ballard

John A. Widtsoe

Joseph F. Merrill

Charles A. Callis

Albert E. Bowen