

maker, beginning with his own heart, to cleanse it, to make it fit for the abode of peace.

May God so help us and bless us, I pray, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Elder John Hibbard sang a solo, "The Lord's Prayer," (Music by B. Cecil Gates).

ELDER NICHOLAS G. SMITH

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles

Brethren, I need your help. For the first time in thirteen years we have had our whole family together for the past two days, and they have been greatly concerned about me. My wife said: "Daddy, I hope you are thinking." But how can a man think, when he has been waiting for what I have been expecting for three days?

APPRECIATION FOR THE CHURCH

This Church, to me, means everything. It is my very life. All my happiness, all my desires, have been wrapped up in it. I have known the brethren; I love them, and I appreciate the opportunity of being permitted to work with them and associate with them. I realize that our actions sometimes are misunderstood—the things we do and the things we say. As leaders of this Church we should be very, very careful.

A few days ago we spent most of the day in the temple. Nearly all of the General Authorities were there. As we walked in a body back up South Temple Street to the Church Office Building, and repaired to our several offices, in one of the offices a telephone rang and a woman's voice, using the name of the Lord in vain, informed the one who was answering that she had seen these men going up the street, that she had never committed a sin in her life, but that we were something that is unspeakable over this microphone.

I thought of what we had been trying to do in the temple, to prepare ourselves that we might be better servants, that we might be better able to help that woman and all other souls who will but give ear to the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

RESPECT SHOWN FOR PRESIDENT GRANT

The experiences that crowd in upon our lives are the things that make us big or small. We learn through these experiences. Methinks the greatest thrill that ever came to me was some years ago when I was permitted to attend a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in the city of Reno, Nevada, made up completely, of course, of non-Mormons. President Heber J. Grant was to be the speaker, and as he walked into that chamber, every man there stood upon his feet and with respect in his heart stood quietly until the President had taken his place.

I had never seen that before, in our organizations or congregations, and it thrilled me to the fingertips.

Friday, Saturday, and today, as the leaders of the Church stood as President Grant entered this building, it thrilled me to know that we, too, now are beginning to appreciate this man who has been the servant of us all. God bless him, that he may be strong and healthy and live yet many years to be our leader.

AN EFFECTIVE LESSON ON THE WORD OF WISDOM

Not so very long ago a young man whose duty calls him to go to different parts of the United States, had occasion, after visiting up near the Canadian border, to return to Washington, D.C., but a storm came up and forced him and his associates to remain somewhere in Pennsylvania. It was near a C.C.C. camp. The C.C.C. boys were just ready to have their evening meal. The day was cold, and coffee was served, of course, to all of those who were seated around the tables. This young man thought that inasmuch as it was cold, and he was cold, and the coffee was hot—he had never been a drinker of coffee, he had never even seen it nor smelled it in his own home—he thought he would warm up a bit with a cup of coffee, and so he drank it.

Sitting at the side of him was a young C.C.C. lad, and they got into conversation, and the boy wanted to know where he was from. He said he was from Utah. The boy said, "Are you a Mormon?" The young man said, "Yes." and the boy said, "You are not a very good one, are you?"

This young man had paid thousands of dollars in tithing, and felt that he was a good Mormon. He believed in the Word of Wisdom, and he lived it. But here was an occasion where he thought he would not be known, and he might perhaps warm up with this beverage, only to find out that sitting next to him was a boy who had worked in a C.C.C. camp down around St. George, and knew the standards of the Mormon people.

This young man said that this was the most effective lesson of his life. He vowed that he would never again break the Word of Wisdom.

Brethren, none of us who holds the Priesthood and the right of leadership in this Church can get so far away but that there will be someone who will know what we are doing. We cannot hide our sins.

I have heard many complaints about leaders who do these very things of which I have been speaking—not occasionally, but very often. What a mark they leave upon the minds of those who see and observe!

A MORMON MISSIONARY AND A CHAPLAIN

I am grateful for the privilege that has been mine to be a missionary. I am receiving letters from missionaries who are now scattered all over the world. Recently one came in to see me. He had been stationed at Tampa, Florida. Upon his arrival there the chaplain became very much interested in him, because of his ability, and he said to him, "I wonder if you would be willing to be my assistant here?"

Elder Lorin Folland said: "I will be very happy to do that, but you know, I am a Mormon."

The chaplain said: "A Mormon! My gracious, you musn't say anything about that to anybody else. Keep that a secret. But you do what I tell you to do."

Elder Folland began to do what he told him to do. The chaplain became a little inquisitive and asked him about himself. He is a lad that I had sent up to labor in Alaska, and he spent one winter there in the branches of that great country, teaching the gospel to the people of Alaska. He had a testimony. Finally the chaplain was so interested that he got the whole story and published it in the army bulletin, telling of this Mormon missionary who was his assistant.

A few days ago this missionary walked into my office, and said, "You know, president, that chaplain was moved away, and I assisted three or four of the chaplains that were in charge down there. I received a letter the other day from my first chaplain, and he said in the letter, 'The place where I am now assigned to work is under a commanding officer who is a Mormon,' and he said, 'I feel strength in knowing that I have a man of God, a witness for God, as my leader.'"

I do not know who that man is, but I trust that our Heavenly Father will so move upon his soul that he will desire to live the gospel and be an example to the many men who are laboring under him, and especially to that chaplain who has such confidence in us as a people because of my missionary.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A LADY MISSIONARY

One of my lady missionaries felt impelled to join the Waves. She too, was selected to be the assistant to the chaplain. She could not sing the Methodist and Presbyterian songs very well, so she got a book of the songs of Zion, and began to teach them to this great group of girls, over three hundred of them. She said to me, "You know, they can sing our songs as well as we can."

Recently the newspapers in Chicago sent the reporters over to see this group of three hundred Waves with the purpose of interviewing the three outstanding Waves, and they selected this Mormon missionary as one of the three outstanding. In her letter she said, "President, they didn't care anything about me, but they were interested in my ideals. They wondered why I didn't smoke, and why I didn't drink." Just one in three hundred—the only Mormon girl there—but she can be depended upon.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL BY LIVING IT

One young man wrote me from California: "President, I am right back where I started, in San Luis Obispo, where I learned to be a missionary, and I am now trying to learn how to be a soldier." He said, "it is interesting. Last night, just as I was ready to retire, some of the boys gathered around and began to ask questions. They wanted to know why I didn't smoke, why I didn't drink, why I didn't go out girling with

them." He said, "I began to explain, and finally over thirty of the fellows gathered around me and for hours I was preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to them."

Well, his best sermons will be his life, of course. The words we say won't count for very much, but the way we live counts for so much. You men are marked men. All of us are. How careful we should be to not give offense, but to bless always.

PEACE WILL COME THROUGH LOVE

Peace will come and can come when we can get the same feeling into the hearts of others that is in our hearts. I have sometimes wondered. Recently I visited our colonies in Mexico. I talked to one of the brethren there and asked him whom he worked for. He said, "Oh, I couldn't work for anyone. I have a little farm, and I pay the Mexicans to do the work. I pay from twenty to forty cents a day, and they do the work."

I thought, "Yes, all the apples are hanging north of the Rio Grande, and all those people down there wanting a few, but how can they get them?"

Can we be happy, can we be satisfied, if just the other side of the river men work for twenty cents a day, and here our boys earn seventy-five cents an hour? Can peace come that way, or have we got to do something to help the other folks to get a few of the plums?

The sunny road to happiness is easy,
 Friend of mine;
 You work ahead serenely
 And banish care from mind;
 The love you freely scatter,
 The good you daily do,
 The helping hand you proffer,
 Brings happiness to you.

God bless us that we may live always near Him, is my prayer, in Jesus' name. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH L. WIRTHLIN

Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric

Those of us who are privileged to work with youth are prone many times, in fact most of the time, to admonish and counsel parents in the training of their sons and daughters. In this there is involved another factor of equal importance, namely, the counsel that should be given to children with reference to their attitude toward fathers and mothers. This not alone involves children, young men and women, but us of an older generation.

A COVENANT OF ISRAEL

It brings to mind the children of Israel who had been out of the land of Egypt three months, traveling to the wilderness of Sinai, when the voice of the Lord was heard: