

BLESSING UPON HIS SON

Let us teach our children the value of them, let us teach them what they are, let us instill into them a desire to get them.

I think one of the biggest thrills that I have had was a few weeks ago. One day on my appointment sheet I read merely "appointment." There was no name. I asked my secretary who that was, and she mumbled something rather inarticulately. At the appointed hour, my little nine-year-old boy came into my office, beaming all over. On his own initiative he had gone to his bishop and the president of the stake and he brought me his recommendation to have his daddy give him a patriarchal blessing.

I acknowledge my weakness; many times a day I am aware of my utter dependence upon our Father in heaven. I ask you, my brethren for your sustaining prayers. I bespeak for every patriarch in the Church the prayers of our brethren.

God give us vision in these times when nations are being sacrificed upon the altar of righteousness. Give us the power to see and the strength to do, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Tabernacle Choir male chorus sang "The Holy City."

ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

I must not encroach on the time of the First Presidency in this important meeting. May I read a story that was published in *The Reader's Digest* of April 1944:

"THAT'S THE SPIRIT"

The bomber had been almost ripped apart by German cannon. The ball turret gunner was badly wounded and stuck in the blister on the underside of the fuselage. Crew men worked frantically to extricate the youngster but there was nothing they could do. They began to jump.

The terror-stricken lad screamed in fear, as he saw what was happening. The last man to jump heard the remaining crewman, a gunner, say, "Take it easy, kid, we'll take this ride together."

And they took that ride of death together, and together they stood at the gates of God, the selfsame God who died for all men.

A PLEA FOR UNSELFISHNESS

Brethren, in this hour of trial, we must all take the ride together, eschewing all selfishness and personal advantage. You ask for a postwar program. The Lord gave it to us. It is as follows:

Wo unto you rich men, that will not give your substance to the poor, for your riches will canker your souls; and this shall be your lamentation

in the day of visitation, and of judgment, and of indignation: The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved!

Wo unto you poor men, whose hearts are not broken, whose spirits are not contrite, and whose bellies are not satisfied, and whose hands are not stayed from laying hold upon other men's goods, whose eyes are full of greediness, and who will not labor with your own hands! (Doc. & Cov. 56:16, 17.)

The blood of the rich men's sons and the blood of the poor men's sons commingle at this very hour upon bloody battlefields in a brave endeavor to keep the temple of liberty inviolate and keep eternal those principles of freedom for which our forefathers bled and died.

Is it not possible for the rich man, the capitalist, and the laborer to meet at a round table conference and settle all these economic troubles? If they will meet in the spirit of Christ, these things will be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

May God send that day which the Nephite people enjoyed that golden era of two centuries, where in their industrial and social life all things were had in common; they lived in the prosperity of Christ; there were no rich and no poor. Banish selfishness from the world and this blessed condition would be realized.

We are in the midst of turbulent times. Reason is invited to give way to partisanship; but we must not blind ourselves to the good of all the people of the United States. Let us pray with the poet:

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands!

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 pride, lo Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland

May God give us reason. May we in prayer approach him for guidance in temporal as well as in spiritual things, and may unselfishness rule the land, and rule in the hearts of men, that these economic differences may be adjusted in the spirit of tranquility, reason and divine justice, and may we all take the economic ride together, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.