

We will begin the morning services by the congregation singing, "Lord, Accept Our True Devotion," two verses, Song Folder No. 43. Elder J. Spencer Cornwall is conducting the singing; Elder Alexander Schreiner is at the organ.

The opening prayer will be offered by President Edward E. Drury, Jr., of the Denver Stake.

Singing by the congregation, "Lord, Accept Our True Devotion."

Elder Edward E. Drury, Jr., President of the Denver Stake, offered the opening prayer.

The congregation sang the hymn, "Sweet is the Work, My God; My King," L.D.S. Hymns, No. 91, Hymn Book No. 121.

ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

My beloved brethren here and brethren and sisters of the radio audience: It is a great privilege and inspiration to be here in this conference of the Church of our Lord, Jesus Christ. May the peace of heaven be with you and us.

THE ADVICE OF A BRAHMAN TO A MOTHER

A woman in the Far East who had lost her boy went to the Brahman and said: "You must give me back my boy, you must, you must." The Brahman with calm dignity said to her: "Come, daughter, you must go out and get the leaves of a plant (which was as common as the commonest weeds with us) and make a tea of the leaves, and drink the tea, and I will give you back your boy. But the leaves must be gathered from the dooryard of a family that has never known sorrow."

The woman traveled from village to village, and from province to province, and finally heartsore and footsore, she returned to her leader saying: "Father, I have traveled all over the land, but I cannot find one home where sorrow has not been." She had returned, not to get her son back, but to be content with her lot.

Yesterday we were told in conference that about nine hundred of our stalwart sons had been sacrificed in this diabolical world holocaust. It has seemed to me even more than that, for as I have gone about the Church I have been confronted with such sorrow in all parts of the country.

These tragic stories of sons killed in the training fields and theatres of war have not been limited to any individual, or locality, but everywhere our relatives and friends weep in their loneliness and sorrow.

A LETTER WRITTEN TO A SORROWING MOTHER

May I read to you a letter which I wrote sometime ago to a mother of my acquaintance whose son had just been killed in battle? I do earnestly pray that some thought contained therein might have brought to her and may bring to others a bit of hope and comfort and courage.

Dear Sister———:

Very recently I have been entertained in the homes of parents who have lost young sons, still in their teens and early twenties; sons who were as clean and sweet in their lives as their mothers; sons who had ability and had developed their talents and possessed also the spirit and desire to use them for the advancement of the work of the Lord. It has caused me to ponder deeply.

One particular mother who poured out her soul to me was inclined to be bitter. She said:

Why would the Lord take my son from me? Why didn't the Lord answer my prayers and save him? I know my son has remained clean; why should he be taken? Not only he, but the entire family has always been faithful; why is our worthiness not recognized? Why should he die so young when he was so righteous?

Well, you know the responsibility I felt in attempting to answer her. With all my soul I prayed that the Father would help me to bring her comfort.

As I sat in meditation my mind went back to a little hill, far away, on which were silhouetted against the deepening shadows of a black, tragic day, three crosses on which were human beings writhing in the agonies of death, and the central One cried out:

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! (Matt. 27:46.)

And I seem to see at the foot of the heavy cross the crouching figure of a mother torn in agony, saying:

Why should he die? So young, so pure, so able to teach the world a better way? Why, oh, why?

Then I seem to see another more modern picture of a mother grief-stricken, watching the approaching caravan which was bringing two beloved sons home from a foul martyrdom in a jail some distance away, and I can almost hear her through her sobs:

Why should they be killed? Why should they be taken from the infant Church which needs them so much? Why must they die, so young, so pure, so strong?

Then I realize that God does not take these lives. It is permitted because men have their free agency.

Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! (Matt. 18:7.)

Was there frustration in the martyrdom of Joseph Smith? Joseph was protected and his life saved in every instance of persecution until his work was finished and he had done his part in the restoration of the gospel and the priesthood and all other keys of the dispensation, and until the organization of the kingdom was effected. He could not be killed before that time, though all hell raged against him. He wanted to live. Life was sweet to him. It held promise of sweet associations with his family, his brethren, and the satisfaction of seeing the work blossom into a full-blown flower. But his work was done; other strong leaders could now carry on; he was needed in other fields. Only in his thirties, a very young man, he died, and commenced his work in other realms.

Was there defeat in the crucifixion of Jesus the Christ? If so, all creation were doomed and man would have remained in sin. If so, the crucifixion would not have taken place until a later date—until his hour had come. His life was not taken from him—he gave his life. To Peter, who smote off the ear of one of the mob, he said:

... the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? (John 18:11) and thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? (Matt. 26:53.)

He was young, only 33. He loved life also. He wanted to live for the richness that he could see in it—his friends, his growing kingdom, his brethren, his mother. Life was sweet to him. Did he not pray in Gethsemane:

... O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. (Matt. 26:39.)

Then as the time passed, and no positive answer came to his supplication, he cried out again in his torture:

O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. (Matt. 26:42.)

In the first prayer he still seemed to have a glimmer of hope that something could be done about it, but in the latter it seemed to have been definitely settled in his mind that no adjustment could be made, and in order that the purposes of God might not fail he must drink the bitter cup.

He was taken from his mother, though it broke her heart. His prayer, perhaps the most sincere and worthy ever uttered, was not answered as she would have had it. His was the perfect life, clean, guileless, divine, and yet he passed. His mother was devout as also were some of his people, yet his life ebbed. He was young and had not had time to establish himself in life. His first thirty years were spent in preparation; his next three years in originating and developing his program, and now when he could have turned over to his followers much of the detail of the work, and could have perhaps

enjoyed family and other associations, he was crucified. Why? There was a definite reason. Being divine and mortal, he had a work to do which could not be done in mortality, which required his transfer to other spheres of activity. Was his work frustrated? It did leave a sorrowing mother. There were brethren who were numbed. There were perhaps many loved ones who doubted and questioned. But in his death, and in his resurrection, came a boon to mankind that only this Son of God could bring. Would we have had it different? Would we have saved his life, if we could, now that we know that he through this very circumstance brought redemption to the world? Would his agonized mother today have it otherwise as she looks back on the entire program? Would the apostles on whom the burden of the kingdom fell have it otherwise?

And I am sure that the thousands of our Latter-day Saint mothers, who like Mary, the mother of the Lord, today stand grieving helplessly at the foot of a heavy cross, shall come in time to see clearly and may even bless the day when their clean, talented, stalwart sons went forward into other spheres.

In death do we grieve for the one who passes on, or is it self-pity? To doubt the wisdom and justice of the passing of a loved one is to place a limitation on the term of life. It is to say that it is more important to continue to live here than to go into other fields. Do we grieve when our son is graduated from the local high school and is sent away from home to a university of higher learning? Do we grieve inconsolably when our son is called away from our daily embrace to distant lands to preach the gospel? To continue to grieve without faith and understanding and trust when a son goes into another world is to question the long-range program of God, life eternal with all its opportunities and blessings.

God is good, so good in fact that we can hardly conceive the depth and richness of his goodness. He is just; so just that we mortals cannot comprehend the fairness of his justice. I am sure that no mortal will ever fail to receive every blessing and glory which he merits. Mortal death cannot rob him. There will be a way, and every promise of God will be fulfilled. A virtuous, progressive, active young man will sacrifice no blessing to which he was entitled by his (to us) premature passing into eternity. We may not understand fully just how it will be accomplished, but we may know that it will be. Remember what the Lord himself said:

... Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. (I Cor. 2:9.)

Can we not trust in the goodness of the Lord? Remember that he is the Father also of this son. He is the Parent of the living part, you of the tabernacle only. Will he not be infinitely more concerned with the welfare of this son than we mortals could ever be? Can we not know this: "His purposes fail not, neither are there any that can

stay his hand"? There is no tragedy except in sin. Let us know therefore that life is eternal, and that God doeth all things well; and this righteous son, the offspring of God, was not born for a day, a decade, or a century, but for eternity. Only his own lack of righteousness could ever deprive him of any blessing promised by the Lord. "Thy Son liveth" and continues to radiate life, not death; light, not darkness; commencement, not termination; assurance, not uncertainty; joy eternal, not sorrow; sweetness, not bitterness; youthful maturity, not senility; progress, not stoppage; sunshine, not clouds; clearness of vision, not confusion and dimness; fulfilment, not frustration; an open gate with light ahead, not barred windows with darkness beyond.

May our Heavenly Father bring his peace to all of you who are now passing through your Garden of Gethsemane.

Sincerely your brother,
Spencer W. Kimball

ELDER NICHOLAS G. SMITH

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles

My brethren, as I look into your faces I endeavor to place you. I have visited half of the stakes of Zion, up to the present time, and should know half of this congregation, but I have only been able to pick out about two dozen faces. As I walk amongst you, if you will just punch me one in the ribs I shall know I have been in your town.

AN INCIDENT ABOUT JUDGE ELIAS A. SMITH

As Brother Joseph Fielding spoke yesterday of the sanctity of work, I could not help thinking of Judge Elias A. Smith who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday just about two weeks ago. Thinking, of course, that a man eighty-eight years of age would be resting in his home, I went over to his place, only to discover that he was at work, about two o'clock in the afternoon. So I wended my way down to his office, but he was so busy that he was unable to stop to have anyone congratulate him on his eighty-eighth birthday. The following day I met him on the street and said, "Judge, I went to your home and your office yesterday to wish you many happy returns." "Well," he said, "I am a busy man."

"Yes, I noted that. I couldn't get to see you in the office. I thought you would be home. I didn't know you were working." "Why," he said, "working, earning my own way. I am so much happier doing that than I could possibly be in any other way." I wish a lot of folks could follow Judge Elias A. Smith's way of life, and the way of life which our President has followed. Day before yesterday morning, down in back of the Church Office Building in his car, sick and afflicted, our worthy President sat and signed the letters that he had dictated to go out to different parts of the Church.