

ranks of this battle, we shall know, we do know now, that we are battling for the Lord through rendering service for our fellow creatures.

"O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come," be thou our guide we pray thee, lead us on to victory in this great spiritual battle. May we be thy humble instruments in bringing repentance into the world and salvation to our fellow beings, we humbly pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Selection by the Choir, "Speak Low to Me," by Ford.

### ELDER JOHN H. TAYLOR

#### *Of the First Council of the Seventy*

I have a thought, brethren and sisters, that I would like to bring to you this afternoon. It came to me when I was coming into the tabernacle grounds.

#### A HOUSE BUILT UPON A ROCK

There was a little lady rushing out through the gates going to her work. On her way she had come into the temple grounds because to her it was home—home, because this is where she found God, where she found a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, where she was baptized, where she went to the house of the Lord and obtained blessings in his holy house. As I saw her going out, I said to myself, "This place is truly a home, because, like a home, it brings us blessings and safety, strength, courage, and faith that endures."

You remember the parable of the house that was built upon the sand and the house that was built upon the rock. A house that is built upon the sand is always in peril. When the rains of regret and disappointment fall upon the house, and the winds of discord and suspicion beat upon it, the house falls, and great is the ruin thereof. Truly it is the ruin of happiness for the father and mother and the children. Fortunately, in order that theirs will not be a total loss, the house that is built upon the sand and is washed away, may be rebuilt again by the family. This time, if they are wise, they will build upon the rock of faith and confidence and cooperation, and the house will always be safe from the storm. When a house is built upon the rock of love, of good will, of sacrifice, and of tolerance, and the rains of temptation and misunderstanding fall upon it, and the winds of derision and mockery blow against it, it will still stand because it is built upon a rock.

#### HIS FATHER'S LOVE FOR HIS HOME

I used to wonder why my father did not want to move away from his home. It was a large house and most of the family had

married and gone away. I wondered why he did not also go away and find a smaller place. I found out later when I understood what life was about. A long time before, he brought his wife to this house. In it his children had been born and some of them had died. From it sons were sent out into the field to preach the gospel. One of them was brought home by his mother and laid away on the hillside. He had planted the trees; he had remodeled the house. Truly it was built with his love and with his confidence. It represented a lot of sacrifice and doing without many comforts. That is why he wanted to stay in the house that was built upon the rock of his life. And so it became a rock, to us who were born in the house. We knew about the things that happened. We were grateful for the blessings of a father and mother who taught us the gospel of Jesus Christ, who helped us to travel along the right road and find success. That was our home; that is why we loved it; that is where stability and goodness came to us.

#### PLACES OF WORSHIP BECOME HOMES

Nearby was another home which we loved and which was the meeting house, the old Fourteenth Ward. I went there during all of my youth. There I found a testimony; there I came to know something about the gospel of Jesus Christ; there I found the priesthood of God. There I went to my first dance, and my mother was my partner: a mother so kind, a mother so beautiful, that all the many years that came to her, her large family, all the struggles, the trials and sorrows, yes, even the tears, could not wash away, nor wear away her beauty. She had not only the physical characteristics of beauty, but was beautiful in all the things that God gives to mothers to make them beautiful.

In this block is the tabernacle, another house that is built upon a rock, and one that I love, because of what it did for me. As a little boy, mother brought me to hear the sermons, and we sat here on the side and listened to the servants of God. When I became tired, I cuddled up to her, and she put her arms around me and I went to sleep. This is a home. When I was eight years of age I went over to the Endowment House to be baptized. Then I knew what it was to receive baptism and forgiveness, and as I went out of the door and walked up by the side of this building, I said to myself, "Well, John, you've been baptized and the Lord has forgiven you your sins." I tried to think of all the sins I had committed, and there seemed to be a lot and even then I couldn't find, it seemed to me, enough, and so I magnified what I had that I might leave them with the Lord.

This is the place where I came to see a girl that I wanted to marry. She came here each Sunday afternoon to meeting. When I went on my mission, and came back, she was still sitting in the same place on the Sabbath day. A little later we went into the House of the Lord and received his blessings. Truly the houses of life are

a part of us, and to bring us happiness or joy they have to be built upon a rock, otherwise the storms of life will wash away the sand from beneath the house, and it will go down to ruin and destruction.

One day I went out into the great home called missionary life, and there I found a greater testimony. The sweetness of living for others and doing for others increased my testimony so that it became stronger and better than it had been before.

#### A MISSIONARY INCIDENT

One day I had been out in the country and as I was walking home, I came to a house where some Saints lived. It seemed too late, but I saw a light and therefore decided that they must be up. They were a poor family and had been out of work. When I opened the door and went in, to my surprise I found that they were just eating their supper. The lady of the house said: "Brother Taylor, have you had your supper?" and I said hesitatingly, "No, not tonight." She said: "Come and sup with us." She drew up another stool to the table, and I sat down with the husband and three or four little children. She got a plate and a spoon and I thought she was going over to the stove to get a portion for me, but she went to her own plate and took a few spoonfuls and put it onto my plate. Then she went to the father and to all the children doing the same thing, and then brought it to me, a servant of the Lord.

I prayed in my heart that to this home should come the kindly spirit of the Christ, that he would bless the food as he had the loaves and the fishes, and that the little children should not go from the table hungry. That house, so humble, was built upon the rock of kindness and love of God. When the meal was over, we knelt down around the same little table in family prayer, and as a servant of the Lord, I left my blessing and went away humbly with the desire in my heart that God would surely bless that home.

#### THE MANSIONS ABOVE

Some day, brethren and sisters, we will all have another home to go to. We are building it as we live our lives on the earth. I trust that we won't be disappointed in the place that we have chosen for it. If it is to bring us the maximum of happiness and security, and be numbered among the mansions of the Lord, we must build it on a foundation of faith, good works, and obedience to the commandments of the Lord. May we be like unto the wise man who built his house on the rock, and when the rains came and the winds blew, it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock.

May our Heavenly Father bless us in our homes, whether they have to do with where we live, or where we meet to worship him, or where we go to get his special blessings; and when we go back to him, these final homes be pleasant places where God dwells and his spirit is always with us, I humbly pray, in Jesus' name. Amen.