

Again, let us caution you when you go out into the streets, be careful and do not run over one of those automobiles.

The Choir sang an anthem, "The Heavens are Telling," after which the closing prayer was offered by President Harold R. Morris of the Deseret Stake.

Conference adjourned until 2 o'clock p.m.

THIRD DAY AFTERNOON MEETING

The concluding session of the Conference was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock p.m.

President George Albert Smith:

This is the seventh and closing session of the 116th Semi-Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We are convened in the Tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. There is an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall and there are many people on the grounds outside unable to find seats in either building. This building is packed again to suffocation.

There are on the stand this afternoon all the General Authorities of the Church.

The proceedings this afternoon will be broadcast over KSL, Salt Lake City, and KSUB, Cedar City.

The singing will be by the Tabernacle Choir. Elder J. Spencer Cornwall is the director, and Frank W. Asper is the organist.

The first hymn will be, "Lend Thine Ear To My Prayer," by Archangelsky.

The opening prayer will be offered by President Paul R. Wynn of the Oneida Stake.

The Tabernacle Choir sang, "Lend Thine Ear to My Prayer," by Archangelsky.

President Paul R. Wynn of the Oneida Stake offered the opening prayer.

An anthem, "O Praise Ye God," by Tschaikowsky, was sung by the Choir.

ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL

of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

Thus saith the Lord:

And it is my purpose to provide for my saints, for all things are

mine. But it must needs be done in mine own way. . . . Thus saith the Lord. (D. & C. 104:15-16.)

Two years ago today I began my official work in this capacity. They have been two years of great joy and happiness for me. It has been my privilege to go throughout the Church and to have that incomparable opportunity of entering the homes and lives of the people.

"IN MINE OWN WAY"

In these two years I have seen a great drama played before my eyes. The title of the drama is: "In Mine Own Way." The stage is the earth; the scenery consists of the mountains and plains, the streams and oceans, the forests and deserts; its actors are the people, the sons and daughters of God.

A TYPICAL "HOME NIGHT"

The curtain rises on the first act, showing a world of night life with its theaters, banquets, and night clubs. Throngs of people have left homes and firesides seeking diversion in commercial amusement and riotous living, but off in one corner of this huge stage I see a modest home in which a family is assembled. It is a family of five. They are having a typical Latter-day Saint home evening. Little Grace is taking her turn tonight. She has arranged the program and is conducting. All of the family sing the song "Love At Home." The father tells a story from the Bible; then little Jimmy, just starting out with his violin, plays a simple little tune. Little Grace sings: "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." And then the little three-year-old, unable to do anything else, turns somersaults to entertain the group. Some games are played and the mother serves the refreshments, which tonight happens to be popcorn. I see them now at the close of a perfect home evening, kneeling all together in prayer as they retire. And I seem to hear the voice of God saying:

And parents . . . shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord. (D. & C. 68:28.)

BLESSINGS THROUGH FAITHFULNESS

The scene is changed. The setting this time is a world of selfishness, of overspending, of debt, of grasping humans accumulating the things of the world. There is one spot on this huge stage that arrests my attention. I see a young family, the father of which is still in his twenties. The lovely home is bright and resounds with children's voices and beyond the walls of its loveliness, I see prosperous mercantile establishments owned by him. His conference visitor is talking to him, commending him for his faithfulness in the payment of his tithing which he has paid on his prosperity. And then I hear this young, devout Latter-day Saint say: "I deserve no

commendation. I am doing only my duty and my privilege. When I came home from my mission, wholly without funds or program, I knelt and asked for the blessings of the Lord, and I promised him that I would give him not only the tenth of my increase, but all that I possessed and accumulated would be his for his work and at the call of his servants, the Authorities of his Church."

As that scene closes I reflect again upon the title of the drama, "But it must needs be done in mine own way."

MISSIONARY WORK GOING FORWARD

The curtain is parted again and I see a discordant world, full of hate and envy, insincerity and frustration. Some are seeking righteousness but great numbers are satisfied to "eat, drink, and be merry" and let the world go merrily on in its sin. Then at one side of the great stage, I see the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all its activities, including its missionary work. I see, going forth from the wards, great numbers of messengers of peace, giving the gospel to a world freely. An old couple, arranging their affairs, are gathering together the funds which they have earned and saved from their poultry farm throughout a period of years. They are leaving their home for the mission field. In another part of the stage is a group of missionaries coming into the rooms of the General Authorities to be set apart for their missions. In one room is a father with his young daughter. He is a patriarch and though many are his years, light is his heart. And after the girl has been set apart, her proud father whispers to the General Authority as they go out of the room, "Maybe you would be interested to know that this is my eleventh missionary to go into the mission field. It isn't a sacrifice," he quickly adds, "Every one of those missionaries has brought a blessing to our home. And I have three more children yet to go." The gospel preached in the Lord's own way without price or compensation! And I seem to hear the Lord's comment:

... freely ye have received, freely give. As my Father hath sent me even so send I you. (Matthew 10:8, John 20:21.)

A STRONG CONTRAST

Another curtain. The scene this time is of the workers of the world, cursing in their labor; youth who use irreverently the name of Deity in their games and sports, and socialites indulging in vulgar and obscene stories in their parties. In contrast is presented a group of fourteen men on the Weber River. They are stake authorities spending a night and a day in the canyon. They are hiking, pitching horseshoes, playing volley ball, "swapping" stories through the afternoon, and in the evening they gather together to eat, and then to spend hours exchanging experiences and in solemn worship around the fireplace. As the men retire one of the number

whispers to a companion, "Do you realize that through this long day and evening fourteen prominent men were together but never once was the name of Deity used improperly, nor a single story related that had even a shady background?" And as that scene closes I find myself thinking: "What a sweet and abundant life a Latter-day Saint may have," and I remember the words of Paul:

Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; . . . (Titus 1:15.)

HELP IN TIME OF NEED

Another scene: I see a world of people confused with social problems, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." There is evidence of riches and poverty, luxury and want; and then within this world of selfishness there is presented a scene of devastation where floods in their fury had played havoc with many homes, and here are fifteen hundred members of the priesthood of the Church with their sleeves rolled up, with their boots on, digging filth and debris from mud-filled basements resulting from a terrible storm that damaged homes and destroyed valuable possessions of the people. I see other floods where crops were washed away, animals drowned, farms gutted, and adobe homes melted by a raging river. I see the people from neighboring wards and stakes come to the rescue—with food, bedding, clothing for the needy; scores of truckloads of hay and grain for livestock; wire and posts for fencing; cash for leveling the farms, and building materials for dwellings for the homeless.

And I see priesthood quorums with saw and hammer, building homes for members in distress.

And I thank the Lord for a people who follow the injunction: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and, the family enters the newly constructed home, I seem to hear the Master say:

. . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matthew 25:40.)

TWO WAYS OF SPENDING THE SABBATH

The curtain rises again on a Sabbath day—church bells are ringing. The populace, however, seems motivated by the spirit of "holiday" rather than "Holy Day." All over this great stage on the Lord's day people are picnicking in the canyon, men are in the fields doing their work; hunters and fishermen are in the mountains; men and women and children are in long queues before picture houses, ball games and rodeos. But off in another little corner in this great stage there is a sacrament meeting in progress. The meetinghouse is filled with worshiping people keeping holy the Sabbath day. The bishop is conducting, and down in the congregation, in one side pew is a family of six—a young couple with four children under

twelve. And then at the conclusion of the meeting it seems the bishop is commending the young parents for their faithfulness, and the father of this little brood says: "We are happy to come to sacrament meeting each Sabbath. It is a privilege to worship. We always like to come together as a family. Our life would not be complete if our play, our work, and our worship were not all together." And I was grateful for the many who worship on the Lord's day, and I seem to see Moses coming down from Mount Sinai with the plates on which was engraved:

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. (Exodus 20:8.)

THE LAW OF CHASTITY

And then the scene changes again, and I see a world of sin. Here are displayed the hellholes of vice and crime. Here are the divorce courts and people filing in and out, notables many times divorced but unashamed. Homes are broken and children divided, and I hear someone say that ninety percent of all the divorces that break up these homes are caused by the sin of adultery, and that a staggering percentage of the people on this stage are immoral and unrepentant. Backstage is a small picture in contrast. Here is a community of about four hundred Latter-day Saints far away in the southland. A physician-surgeon, not a member of the Church, is telling his friend: "Now I've finished five years of practice in this little community of Mormons. Oh, the Mormons are not perfect but a pretty good sort though. I have attended them in their child-births, in their operations, and in all of their ailments, and after five years I have yet to find the first case of social disease among them." And I seem to hear the warning of Paul, heeded by these Latter-day Saints:

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (1 Cor. 3:16-17.)

Here is the law of chastity lived "in mine own way."

TWO MARRIAGE SCENES

Another scene is presented. It is a world parading in pomp and show, in display and pretense. Upstage I see a minister standing before a young couple, all elegantly dressed. And I see the best man, ladies in waiting, the ring bearer, many actors with parts prepared and gowns that are gorgeous. Large groups of people are on either side of the aisle with curious expectant faces. And then it seems that I see in another small corner of this huge stage, a young girl and her mother talking quietly together in their home. I hear the daughter saying: "You have been a sweet mother to me. I am grateful for your teaching me the beauty and importance of a temple

marriage. I saw Betty's spectacular wedding with all of its flowers, costly gowns, and expensive appointments. I felt the labored formality of it all, the gasps of the curious onlookers. Mother, I desire a sweet, simple temple marriage; I want no rice, no old shoes, no wild demonstration. I want no pageantry no matter how colorful—marriage to me is a holy ordinance. What I would like would be for John and me to go through the sweet holy rites of the temple with just my folks and his, and a few intimate friends, where all is white and calm and beautiful and serene. Mother, I want no one unsympathetic to be present and nothing to be done which, in any sense, will mar the solemnity of that sacred occasion. This is a time when I want no hilarity, no crude or vulgar jokes. And as we walk out together, united for time and eternity, I want us to face the world with our minds and hearts still on that same high plane we found in the sealing room of the temple. I want us always to retain that sweet spirit of prayer and worship and peace. Thank you, Mother, I want to be married in the Lord's own way."

And as the curtain closes I stand in contemplation—grateful and happy that in the drama of life on the great world stage there are here and there episodes of contrasting brilliance and beauty which show the way to live the commandments of God in his own way.

My brothers and sisters, let us be true devoted Latter-day Saints. Let us love the Lord and our fellow men and live the commandments of God that we may have a full and abundant life leading to exaltation, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER MARION G. ROMNEY

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles

In harmony with what has been said in this conference, about supporting the new President of the Church, I want to pledge to President George Albert Smith here before all of you, that I have every intention of rendering to him the same kind of loyalty that I gave our late departed great President, Heber J. Grant, whom I loved as I have loved few men.

In speaking of President Grant, I want to express my regret also for the loss which the Church has sustained since last conference in the passing of his son-in-law, Robert L. Judd, who rendered such yeoman service in the welfare work.

TESTIMONY COMES THROUGH SERVICE

The welfare program of the Church is very dear to me, and with the help of the spirit of the Lord, for which I pray, I want to say a word about it.

You are witnesses that when, with all your hearts, you work at a Church assignment, the Lord gives you a testimony that it is of him, and you have joy and satisfaction therein. That is the way it is