

ment of governmental agencies who give security in exchange for liberties. The Indian who is not of the conservative group, it is held,

can no longer take part in the ceremonies carried on by the "pure" members of the tribe. He must leave the religion entirely. Thus, those members of the Moenkopi Village who accepted allotments of fertile land offered them by the government many years ago, were immediately considered to be excommunicated, and they themselves accepted this belief.

Later, being a sizable body, they took up the practice of their religion again, but in the eyes of the conservatives they are still excommunicated. Their practice of ceremonies is considered blasphemous, and they remain cut off from participation in the common efforts of the communities nearest to them.

And I quote a little further:

Indians holding this belief may trade with the white man, may work for him and *earn* money, (but not for the government), may use the white man's material and goods, but they may not take relief or other governmental handouts. They are consistent in this. The Hotevilla conservatives and others of their belief have not accepted relief, have always insisted on paying for clothing issued to school children, and so forth. Normal trade is one thing; any action indicating acceptance of the government's, to them, blasphemous and irreligious plans for Indians, is entirely different.

This whole concept seems ridiculous to us, but it is vital to them. It should be emphasized that it is not a self-serving concept. On the contrary, it is a belief which has caused them to endure many hardships and for which they are prepared to endure many more. Be it noted that under this belief the extreme conservatives have remained the most self-respecting, industrious Indians on the reservation, denying themselves many assistances offered by the government, determined to get by solely on their own efforts. They are orderly, notably industrious, even in that industrious tribe, and self-supporting.

The Lord bless the Indians. And, brothers and sisters, may God bless you and me that we may go back to our stakes and our missions with the determination to pray for the red man and then to do something about it to see that he is trained in the ways of God; that he is educated, that he is given the opportunities he so richly deserves after this long period of suffering.

This I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Brigham Young University Choir and the congregation sang the hymn, "How Firm A Foundation."

ELDER S. DILWORTH YOUNG

*Of the First Council of the Seventy and
President of the New England Mission*

If one were not disposed to have humility and a desire for the Spirit of the Lord, I think that climbing the eight or nine steps between the place where I usually sit and this pulpit would soon put it into him.

I desire more than I can ever express to have an interest in your

prayers. I have learned from experience that I might speak to you of myself, but I cannot instruct or edify you or myself without the Spirit of the Lord. That Spirit I desire. Your faith in my behalf will help.

MISSIONARY PRINCIPLES

It would appear to me, after some experience in the mission field, that there are certain principles that add to missionary work, without which very little is accomplished. I think these apply to all missions, whether a missionary be walking along under the arches of the lovely birches of New England, or shelters his tired body in the shadows of the mesas of Arizona on a visit to the hogans or crosses the South Pacific and finds housing and shelter in the palm-fronded houses of the Maoris and the Hawaiians, or in the paper homes of the Japanese.

Because, however, I am connected with one mission, I shall apply it to my own mission and let you, my brothers and sisters, apply it to yourselves and to those places which you serve.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

One must feel and absorb in his heart the country to which he goes. Not only must he know the oaks, the beeches, the birches, and the hills of the White Mountains and the Green Mountains, not only must he find the homes and the hearthstones of the inhabitants, but he must also learn these so well that in his heart he substitutes his love for his own home temporarily, for a devotion to the land of his adoption, even though it be for only a year or two.

I love these native hills where I was born. The tapestry which the Lord God hangs upon the sides of these mountains in the fall thrills me, but I must not let that thrill surmount that which I shall feel when I walk among the threads of another tapestry in the land to which I am called. Not only must I love and enjoy the country in which I labor, but I must also learn to love and enjoy the people. I cannot have one feeling of ill-will toward any man in the New England Mission if I am to be a missionary in that mission.

LOVE OF PEOPLE

I must even develop a personal love for the people, rich or poor. I think I have seen about as much of poverty there as anywhere. I thought one time when I went into a poor cabin in Louisiana and lived with a member of the Church on corn pone and milk so sour that one couldn't pour it out of the glass that I had found the ultimate. That is not true. There are homes in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, which are even poorer than that. And our job is to teach those people when they invite us in, to lift them up, and to make them know that the gospel saves men.

I would like to express my feelings in the words of poetess

Elizabeth Hanly Danforth, who has written about these people and your people with feeling. May I quote:

FIREWOOD

The second crop of clover is mown,
 Grass grown tall in the old woods road,
 Goldenrod faded in every rut.
 Haying is over and the harvest done,
 Barns are filled and the swallows flown,
 Gentians blue in the marshes still.
 Brush for the banking must be cut.
 And apples go to the cider mill.
 Haying is over and harvest done
 In Hope and Union and Appleton,
 Little and lovely and honest places
 (I name you over, one by one),
 St. George, Liberty, Thomaston.
 In a world grown timid I think of you,
 Your small white houses, your mighty barns,
 Your berry pastures that once I knew,
 Your stony fields with their browsing sheep,
 Your strong old men with their quiet faces,
 And the green graveyards where my people sleep.
 Kingdoms waver, empires fall,
 Summers blossom, and summers pass.
 Apples gleam in the orchard grass,
 And the year grows tragic and tired and old.
 But the men that I know the best of all,
 Old Maine men with patient faces,
 Their wood stands heaped like a fortress wall,
 Their children sleep in quiet chambers,
 Their fires burn against the cold,
 Their rooms are sweet with the smell of birch
 Rough to the touch with its curling bark.
 Their sheds are stacked with maple and oak,
 Their windows are ruddy in the dark.
 Blow by blow and stroke by stroke,
 Gnarled and deft and tireless hands
 Have raised these roof-trees, walled these lands,
 Have shaped the destiny to their will
 Till it stands four-square to every shock.
 There is flame at the heart of the granite rock,
 They are strong with the strength beyond our ken.
 God be praised for New England men.*

You may apply that to the world. Unless the missionaries and you and I feel that way about the world, we cannot succeed in teaching them to love us.

ATTITUDE

The second thing I shall briefly mention is about the attitudes of boys and girls after they have come into the mission field. I think I can best tell you by reading to you extracts from two letters I re-

*"Firewood," by Elizabeth Hanly Danforth. Courtesy of the author and *Christian Science Monitor*, Feb. 4, 1950.

ceived. Two missionaries found one truth, and reported it in this way. "We are experiencing that 'one-mind-and-one-spirit' feeling in our tracting as to where to go and also to present our message. This is surely a more efficient way of missionary work than before when we pulled our different ways." Two boys living in a room, the snow piled deep outside, the thermometer hovering around zero or lower, discover that in unity the Spirit of the Lord dwells in their hearts, and having made that discovery they now go forth and do missionary work with sufficient power not to be refused.

I have a boy in a far-off place. He and five others labor there alone. In each three-month period I have written a letter to this young presiding elder and said to him, "Will you send me a list of the names of the missionaries as to how we should pair them off for the next three months?" This time his reply was (and I liked it), "I have tried pairing the names of my brethren and myself several times in various ways. The list I now enclose is the best that I believe that I can do. I send it to you simply because the Spirit whispers peace."

"The Spirit whispers peace." That boy has found the key to work in this Church. If he can keep it all of his life, he will be a power for good wherever he goes.

When you have a problem facing you, and you can pray to the Lord God about it, and the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit comes to you, and the Spirit whispers peace, then you know that you are on the right track.

May all missionaries find quickly that Spirit that whispers peace.

THE FOLKS AT HOME

The last thing that I would talk about has to do with the numbers we have. It was reported this morning that our foreign missionaries, that is the missionaries that go out and spend full time, number between four and five thousand. I'd like to report to you folk that these men and women are each a part of a team of three. If there are five thousand boys in the mission field, there are nearly ten thousand others who are one with them in their rights and their privileges. I refer to the folk at home, those patient and splendid mothers and fathers who, without argument, without question, send their boys the wherewithal to do whatsoever the mission president asks of them. Now I make mistakes. I have erred in judgment. But I have never yet had a parent write and tell me that I made a mistake. Each has always said "We'll back our boy to the limit."

A remarkable thing takes place when a boy goes into the mission field. Not only does he become sanctified and glorified in the presence of his Father's Spirit, but the peace of our Father comes also upon his parents' home. They enjoy the sacrifice as much as does he. Is he out without money? Does he go without food? Yea, so do they, and without clothing, too, as they make the savings bank ring with the quarters and the dollars which keep him in the field.

I want every parent to know that so far as I am concerned, I would do nothing to hurt their boys, and I shall do everything I can to make their missionary experiences as full of spirit and as cheap financially as I possibly can do. I would court their letters to me expressing their feelings and letting me know something of their situations so that I can more profitably advise their boys and girls. My colleagues feel the same way.

LETTER FROM MISSIONARY

May I read you a part of a letter? I believe I am not violating any confidence in so doing, for I shall not tell you whose it is. He will recognize it, of course, when he reads about it in the conference report, but he won't tell, and you'll never know.

I received a note from my folks yesterday, and in answer to a question I had asked them they said if I was asked to stay out longer they would be very happy to keep me there. I thought it was pretty wonderful of them because we have had sort of a struggle, you know. The Lord has always opened an effectual door just at the right time. The going hasn't always been easy; for instance, when I was waiting for my passport to come through so I could come up here I was down to rock bottom. I had about six dollars.

I talked to that boy face to face when I invited him to go to this place, quite an expensive trip, and he didn't mention that he had only six dollars. He said, "You want me to go?" I said, "Yes, I do." "Well, then, I'll go."

The letter continued:

And I was supposed to have about \$180.00. The winter had been pretty rough, and the folks' bank account was nil. The only way they could raise the money was to sell a steer. And they were snowed in. I guess you'd have torn your hair if you'd known, and I guess I did wrong by not telling you, but you called me to come up here, and I thought it was the Lord's will, for I knew he would provide a way; so a thaw came, the steer was sold, and I received the required amount on the first of March, two days before I left Massachusetts. You'll never know how happy I was to get that letter along with the check telling me that everything was all right.

God bless those parents.

The harvest is truly ripe here, the laborers certainly few, so I want you to know I will be happy to stay as long as you think I should. This mission means more to my parents and me than we can express. We have grown closer in every way and gained much more than we can ever hope to repay. When I think of all the elders who have been in the service, and almost as soon as they returned home left again to come on missions, while I have never been away from home myself much longer than three weeks, it certainly wouldn't be a sacrifice on my part to stay out longer. Also, Mother and Dad raised turkeys for the first time last summer, and while quite a few of the turkeys owned by our surrounding neighbors died from various causes, ours thrived, so the finances are on a more even keel, and since country work is coming up soon, the only hardship on them is my absence. Whatever you do will be the will of the Lord, and I won't be looking for my release.

SUPPORT OF MISSIONARIES

May the Lord bless the missionaries, you folk, you parents. I'd like to say to you folk that most of the boys and girls who go on missions come from homes where parents can't afford financially to send their children, but they send them. There are many men here in this audience, I take it, and all over the Church for that matter, who have never been on missions, never had opportunity to go. I'll tell you how you can go. If you can find the way to do it, send a boy and enjoy vicariously that mission as you never had hoped you could enjoy one. Couples having no children, who oftentimes are both working, can go to a widow and say, "You have a boy; let us send him on a mission," and you'll be blessed for it.

The New England Mission has approximately one hundred twenty missionaries. Five hundred would not be nearly enough to touch the hearts of the ten million people of that area, and ten thousand would not be enough to take care of all the people over the world who need the gospel. We can send more than five thousand if we buckle down to it. I pray that we may do so, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

If I can manage it, I should like today to make a little comparison. Something more than nineteen hundred years ago, twelve obscure men with conviction and a message entered upon an undertaking which turned the world over and shaped the course of history.

COMMISSION OF THE LORD

They were acting under a commission given them by the risen Lord as the final injunction of his early ministry. Coming to them at an appointed place on the occasion of his last appearance, he made this epoch marking announcement, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. 28:18.) That was a monumental assertion of authority. It was the premise upon which he based his solemn charge:

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. (*Ibid.*, 28:19-20.)

As Mark narrates the incident, the commission was accompanied by a promise of equally positive and sobering import: "He that believeth . . . shall be saved." (Mark 16:16.) To be sure, certain requirements were enjoined upon believers as a condition to the fulfillment of the promise, but they would follow as a consequence of genuine, sincere belief—the kind of belief that Jesus was talking about. A tremendously arresting quality of this whole matter is the tone of finality of it all. There is no uncertainty, no qualification, no