

Sunday, October 3

Third Day

from some others the most precious things they enjoy? Is the young girl free who thinks so little of herself that she allows herself to be handled as if she were worth nothing, or who talks with evil tongue about her friends or acquaintances; who will not be counseled, who will not be helpful or humble in the home?

The obvious answer is that these people are not free. True, they have the right to choose, but they violate their agency in choosing that which denies them the very freedom which God would have his children enjoy; for how is this freedom achieved?

Let me quote two or three verses of scripture. In addition to the words of the Lord, telling us that truth makes us free, he said again as recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, the sacred book of the restoration:

I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free. (D. & C. 98:8.)

And He said to us, as John recorded it when he was among men:

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. . . .
. . . for without me ye can do nothing. (John 15:3-5.)

And the Psalmist sang, "And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts." (Psalms 119:45.)

And again, James:

But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the

work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. (James 1:25.)

And finally, and perhaps most importantly, out of the book of II Corinthians this simple statement:

. . . where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. (II Cor. 6:17.)

My humble testimony is that real freedom is not irresponsibility or license, but that real freedom accompanies faith in God, the understanding of his word, and obedience to it. (And each of us, I believe, knows personally the difference between the freedom of faith and obedience, and the bondage of sin.)

God bless us to realize as we seek to learn the marvelous principles of the gospel that he who will not in his heart forgive, he who will not be clean, he who will not seek to know the truths of the Lord as they apply not only to the obedience which is a word, but also to the obedience which is a way of living, is not free.

God bless us that we may have faith, that we may learn his word and live it, in order that we may have his spirit with us, for ". . . where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (*Ibid.*, 3:17.) In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

Elder Marion D. Hanks, of the First Council of Seventy, has just spoken to us. Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Twelve, will now address us. He will be followed by Elder S. Dilworth Young.

ELDER CLIFFORD E. YOUNG

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles

I FEEL AS if I had run through a red light!

My brethren and sisters: I join you this beautiful Sabbath morning in expressing gratitude for a testimony of the divinity of this work. As I drove up this morning from my home in Utah County, I could not help feeling grateful that I had a father and a mother who believed. My father, it is

his 117th anniversary today, knew the Prophet Joseph, only as a boy, however, but his family knew the Prophet intimately, and they loved him. My father loved him. My mother loved his name. They have instilled in the hearts of us children an appreciation of this great work. They went through times that were rough. Father knew the criticisms that had been heaped

against the Prophet, but he knew they were not true, and he knew in very deed that Joseph was all that he pretended to be.

I tried to think this morning, as I was driving along, what I would have thought, had I lived in the little village of Palmyra in 1820, when a young boy was to return to his home and tell his parents of the great manifestation that had come to him. I am wondering what I would have thought, had I even been a brother, as was Hyrum, six years older than the Prophet. Would I have believed him or would I have thought that there was something wrong with the boy? But I am sure if I had come under that parental influence and had felt the faith and warmth of those parents who knew, I, too, would have subscribed to his great message and would have believed.

A mother knows the weakness of her children; she knows those weaknesses before anyone else. She does not parade them, for which we are grateful, but she knows the weaknesses, and Lucy Smith would have known whether or not the Prophet, the boy, was telling the truth. She would have known whether his message was one of truth or one of error, and she did know it and she never wavered throughout her life; neither did the father, who stood loyally and truly by the side of the young Prophet. It was a fantastic message. It was not easy to believe. And I try to picture the Prophet as we picture the Savior as he stood before Pilate, alone; his disciples had left him, even Peter had said that he did not know him when he was pressed by some of the rabble; so Jesus stood alone. In that early day in the history of the Church, the Prophet stood alone, and yet think of this great work today. One and a quarter centuries have passed and here we have the evidence of the leaven that was referred to by Brother Morris, small as it was, leavening the lump; and this message of the restored gospel is spreading throughout the land.

I thought of these things as I drove along, and then I thought of Oliver Cowdery. Oliver Cowdery at one time lost the gift of faith. He was like many of us today! Some little thing

had cankered his soul. We sometimes let little things canker our souls, and we lose the great values and blessings that come through faithful service in this Church. Oliver had let little things canker his soul. Phineas Young who was very close to my father's family, and who was a brother-in-law of Oliver Cowdery, labored with Oliver, wrote him letter after letter, telling him never to mind the little things but to remember that the truth had been restored and that he, Oliver, knew it and that he should come back in the Church.

In this very pulpit a number of years ago, Brother Alonzo Hinckley read a letter that Oliver Cowdery had written to Phineas Young, in which he set forth some of his grievances, feeling that he had been injured by some of his friends, and Phineas Young wrote back to him and said, "Never mind all that; suppose there was some grievance. You know the gospel is true; you know your testimony; you know where you belong." Following this, Oliver finally came up to Council Bluffs, and you know the rest of the story. He appeared before the people and then before the high council, and humbly he said to the high council, substantially as follows, "I do not ask to be restored to my former position . . ." the gift of faith had come back in his soul . . . "but all I ask is that I may come back into the Church, because I know it is true."

It is a marvelous testimony, my brothers and sisters. He had been out of the Church ten years. It was nearly twenty years since he had written the Book of Mormon, as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph, as he, Joseph, translated. He could easily have wavered; he could have said, "We were mistaken. It was all a mistake. Joseph made us believe we saw the plates. We imagined we heard a voice, and somehow or another we thought we saw an angel." But he did not say that. He said, "The Book of Mormon is true. It was translated by the gift and power of God. We saw the angel, and we heard his voice as he declared the truthfulness of this sacred record."

So, my brethren and sisters, with a

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heart full of gratitude and a testimony in my soul of the divinity of this work, I stand before you acknowledging the goodness of God to me, and to my family, for the gift of faith, realizing that no matter what comes in one's life, if the gift of faith is there, one may safely walk without wavering and without complaint. I feel that in my soul today, as I bear you this testimony,

in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Twelve, has just concluded speaking. We shall now hear Elder S. Dilworth Young, of the First Council of Seventy, who will be followed by Elder Milton R. Hunter.

ELDER S. DILWORTH YOUNG

Of the First Council of the Seventy

THE FACT that President McKay, in the beginning of the conference, laid stress upon the auxiliaries of the Church, his statement being followed up by two of the auxiliary groups of our young people singing, gives me license, my brothers and sisters, to speak to a special group. I realize that there are many listening who do not belong to this group, but those to whom I refer have a great deal to do with the destiny of about twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand of our young boys, so I feel justified in addressing them this morning. I refer to the scoutmasters and the Explorer post advisers of the Church. There are about twenty-five hundred of them, in total. In their hands are the weekday activities of our young boys.

First, my brethren, I can address you as brethren I am sure and as a collaborator of many years standing, I should like to call to your attention the fact that the best teaching is subtle. The declared statements of the Scout oath and the Scout law do not necessarily teach morals, although they help. It is the unspoken thing, the act from a man's heart which really does the teaching. I should like to make three simple illustrations in my own life concerning that, and I shall mention names with no apology.

Looking back to my beginnings as a deacon there was a man who stood out in my life. At the time I was not particularly conscious of it, although even then it seems to me the Lord's Spirit whispered to my spirit that here was one whom I should follow. He

was my Uncle Fred. You know him better as Bishop Thomas A. Clawson, who was for so many years bishop of the Eighteenth Ward. He ordained me a deacon. I used to go to priesthood meetings on Monday night with my cousin Cannon Young and my brother Hiram. We would sit in preliminary exercises. Uncle Fred did not say much of anything to us, but each evening, before we were dismissed to go to class, his eye caressed each one of us individually, and those eyes, as they met ours, seemed to say, "Good work, boys. We are glad you are here."

His serene countenance, as he sat there, seemed to be the assurance to me that all was well in Zion so far as I was concerned. It was not words that did it, it was the fact that he was that kind of man. Sometimes, I wish we could have it today as it was in those days when, after the priesthood class was over, we would gather again and let the bishop give his final benediction before we departed for home. I think that was the highlight of my deacon's experience, happy as it was. As we filed back into the old Eighteenth Ward chapel, Uncle Fred's eye again went down the line of his deacons, engaged our eyes, each, as the final song was sung and the final prayer was said. And we often walked home feeling lifted up spiritually. This could not have been given by anyone but a man who lived what he preached without doing any preaching.

As an adolescent youth, there were two men who taught me lessons in the same way without saying anything. I