

Sunday, October 3

Third Day

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

enjoyed a happy athletic career in high school. I tried everything. Willard Ashton, the coach, never did tell me I had to obey any rules of the game, but I just knew that I had to; there was no other way to play it. Why? Because that was the way he played it. He did not talk about it, he did it. During that same period, there was Adam Bennion; I had four happy years under Adam S. Bennion. I cannot recall that he ever mentioned to me in all those years how I ought to conduct myself, but I knew how I should. I knew what he expected without his saying a word. There came a time in our young lives when there was a crisis in our school as against another school, when there had to be honor vindicated. We knew that when the time came Adam Bennion would vindicate our honor; we knew he could do nothing else, because he was that kind of man.

Those are three men, scoutmasters, out of many who without saying words influenced lives.

Now, you work with boys. Let me tell you several subtle things which you can do, if you believe them, or can do them as though you believe them, which will immeasurably increase the work and the happiness and the joy of the boyhood of this Church.

When Sunday morning comes along, Mr. Scoutmaster, will you be found sitting in the class with the deacons, or will you be so anxious about your own salvation that you will be up in the elders' or the seventies' or the high priests' quorum? I advise you to feel the importance of these young men under your care so greatly that when they walk into their class, even though you may not be their adviser in that deacons' quorum, there you will be sitting next to them, letting them see with their eyes that what is in your eyes in the reflection of what is in the teacher's eyes.

I have often thought what effect it must have on a boy to reach out the sacrament plate to his scoutmaster sitting in sacrament meeting. Boys love their scoutmasters, usually, and here sits the scoutmaster where he belongs, and the boy hands him the plate or

the cup and smiles at him, and the scoutmaster smiles back. Not a word has been said, but the boy knows what it means to do his duty to God. He does not have to put his hand up and say it, he just knows it.

Do you scoutmasters realize that every time you pass a grove of trees in your hiking programs and in your camping out, that it is possible for your boys to duplicate in a measure the experience of the Prophet Joseph? What a lovely thing it would be if a scoutmaster could subtly teach a boy that whenever he came into a grove or passed a grove, if he cared to go in there and kneel down and offer a prayer to his Father, perhaps the Father would hear the prayer. He might not show Himself to him, but he would reveal Himself to him by a method which we have been told is sure, by the Holy Ghost.

The forests of our land, where God might influence boys are not confined to New York state, my brothers and sisters and fellow scoutmasters. They are here and around us.

I have been a Scout executive a long time, but I cannot recall many occasions that I have heard a scoutmaster bear his witness at a campfire that Jesus is the Christ. I have been guilty of that myself. Could I do it over again, I would use many more occasions before the last embers died, to stand there and tell my boys of the living Christ and of the goodness of him in these days to reveal himself to the boy Prophet.

What can teach observance of the Sabbath day more effectively than the quiet ways of the leader as he guides his boys in the breaking of camp on Saturday evening. As he lets them out of the car at each home his cheery, "See you tomorrow in priesthood meeting" is a powerful sermon. Conversely the noise of wheels turning against the pavement on Sunday is louder than any words of advice.

And finally, I would be remiss indeed if I did not teach them to talk to their Father in heaven. Campfire programs and camping out programs and hikes and trips, when boys are away from home, put them on their own as to

Sunday, October 3

Third Day

whether they shall talk to their Father or not. They can do it individually, as I have suggested, in groves, but they must do it collectively at times. I should like to ask you one favor. There has been given to the Boy Scout organizations, I think righteously enough, a pattern of prayer which is used throughout scouting, and which, while all right for the boys of other faiths, does not belong in our groups. I can repeat it in about ten words; it is very short. I say it with all reverence both toward the Lord and respect toward the men who think it is a good prayer: "May the great Scoutmaster of all good Scouts be with us until we meet again," they say, and then they dismiss the boys to go to bed.

My fellow Scout leaders, at your campfires and in your dismissals, teach your boys that the Lord is not a great Scoutmaster. He is our God. When you pray to him and when they pray to

him, address him as he suggested himself. Let them say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," asking for the favors of the night, for the protecting care, for love and peace at home, and for all things concerning which they should inquire. Then let them always close it by saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ," thus bearing their witness that they believe in his holy name. That is the kind of prayer we ought to have our Latter-day Saint Scouts say. For its kind, I have no objection to the other, but we have our kind which is better. It makes boys vocally free and can be given inspirationally to fit many occasions.

My testimony is that God lives, and that he who sits on this stand, presiding, is his prophet and his servant. I would that all the boys in our care will develop the same testimony with the help of their leaders, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER MILTON R. HUNTER

Of the First Council of the Seventy

SINCE the day that the Angel Moroni gave the gold plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith from which he translated and published the Book of Mormon, vast amounts of marvelous evidences have accumulated. These evidences sustain the divine authenticity and truthfulness of that holy ancient record.

Also, during the same period of time, enemies of truth and light have done everything within their power to oppose the Book of Mormon, trying to prove that its claims are false. Some of these men, no doubt, were merely misled; but the majority of them did what they did with evil intent. The result has been that all of their works have come to naught. The evil results of their efforts have vanished as the dew on earth's verdure vanishes in the presence of the rising sun. Thus, the Book of Mormon stands today in higher repute than ever before in the history of the Church. None of its claims have been proven to be false. On the other hand, a vast accumulation of evidences—some of which speak as it were from the

dust and others from the ancient past—continue to bear witness to the divinity of this sacred book and to its truthfulness.

Beyond a shadow of doubt, the Book of Mormon is the word of God, a divine and sacred book, preserved by the Lord and his holy angels to come forth in the latter days as a new witness to Jesus Christ and the gospel which he proclaimed.

I shall point out some of the astounding Book of Mormon evidences, listing them under three major headings: first—archaeological evidences; second—testimonies of sixteenth century Indian historians; and third—writings of Catholic padres of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which writers secured their information firsthand from the Indians.

American archaeology had its birth shortly before the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith. John Lloyd Stephens had visited Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan, had come back to the United States, and had written a glowing report of the beautiful temples, pyramids, and other archaeological remains which