

The antediluvians were a law unto themselves and locked doors against themselves. Jonah, in his egotism, took offense when the repentance of Nineveh rendered unnecessary the fulfillment of his prophecy. Judas fought against God and suffered the buffetings of Satan. Sherem with his learning, his eloquence and his flattery, sought to turn away people from the simple faith, and he died in remorse and humiliation. Nehor tried to advance his own cause, increase his popularity, and lead a following with his criticisms and flatteries, and came to ignominious death. Korihor, with his teachings of intellectual liberty and his rationalizations, followed his temporary popularity with begging in the streets. The Jonahs and Almas and Korihors live on and undertake to cover their sins, gratify their pride, and vain ambitions. They grieve the Spirit of the Lord, withdraw from holy places and righteous influences, and in the words of the Savior:

Behold, ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks, to persecute the saints and to fight against God. (D. & C. 121:38.)

But be it said to the everlasting glory of men, numerous good people who have tasted of and recovered from offense, having come to realize that so long as mortality exists we live and work with imperfect people; and there will be misunderstandings, offenses, and injuries to sensitive feelings. The best of motives are often misunderstood. It is gratifying to find many who, in their bigness of soul have straightened out their thinking, swallowed their pride, forgiven what they had felt were personal slights. Numerous others who have walked critical, lonely, thorny paths in abject misery, have finally accepted correction, acknowledged errors, cleansed their

hearts of bitterness, and have come again to peace, that coveted peace which is so conspicuous in its absence. And the frustrations of criticism, bitterness, and the resultant estrangements have given place to warmth and light and peace. And all those who have come into the warmth of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ and his program, could shout with the Prophet Joseph Smith:

. . . Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. . . .

And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy. And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever! And again I say, how glorious is the voice we hear from heaven, proclaiming in our ears, glory, and salvation, and honor, and immortality, and eternal life; kingdoms, principalities, and powers! (*Ibid.*, 128:22-23.)

May God bless us all that we may live near him always, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve has just concluded speaking. Before we hear from Elder S. Dilworth Young, the Choir and Congregation will join in singing, "O Ye Mountains High," conducted by Brother J. Spencer Cornwall.

Singing by the congregation and Singing Mothers, "O Ye Mountains High."

President David O. McKay:

Elder S. Dilworth Young, one of the presidents of the First Council of Seventy, will now speak to us. He will be followed by Elder George Q. Morris of the Council of the Twelve.

ELDER S. DILWORTH YOUNG

Of the First Council of the Seventy

I ASSURE YOU, my brethren and sisters, that it is an easy thing to be a follower of Brother Spencer Kimball, both in making addresses and in the work of the Church. His gentleness and

kindness to those with whom he conducts affairs is known by all of you and shared by me. Likewise, it is easy to follow the lead of the Presidency. There have been times in my life when I have

had to be rebuked. Never yet, however, was it done in any way other than in the utmost gentleness, and I have found myself more anxious than ever to do better work. "Kicking against the pricks"—that particular kind of pricks—is easy.

Saturday I sat for a good part of the meeting in the last session of the **Primary** conference as those lovely women portrayed to the audience the things they do for children in Primary. I recalled how in like manner the Sunday School officers and teachers attempt gently to lead children into righteousness, and, as the children grow older, how the Mutual Improvement Associations gather them into groups and attempt to interpret to them the nature of their acts in relation to the gospel—a worthy effort. It occurred to me that we parents leave too much to them.

It was said in my hearing some time ago that if a child goes to all of these auxiliary organizations faithfully, he is bound, all things being equal, to become a good Latter-day Saint when he grows up. Let me assure you that that is true in part, but only if another factor is brought into the picture.

That Primary child will leave about five o'clock for home, will walk down the street, or along the village road, and will arrive eventually at his own domicile. There is where the next test comes.

In the few moments allotted to me, I should like to talk about two items, and I do not wish to be misunderstood, but I want to be as clear as I know how to be. These have to do with the use of things in the home which touch that child's character. You heard it said the other day that Satan has no power over a child until eight years of age. I believe that to be true, but I wish to remind you all, and myself, too, that Satan may have no power to tempt a child before eight years of age, but some of his emissaries go all out to condition a child so that when he becomes eight he will not be conscious that sinning is very bad. Exposing children, small children particularly, to the constant barrage of situations which can affect their outlook on the matters on which they must make decisions is a subtle way to bring them into evil later. I suspect

it is no different with large children. Nowadays the home is one place where the child meets this test.

The first item is comic books, and the things we call "funnies." Harmless-appearing things they are. A frustrated mother likes to get the supper on, and the child nagging at her can easily be pacified, if he is old enough, by a handful of these books. It is easy entertainment, and she may feel that the child will look at them and gain something from the pictures.

If I were a parent again and had a small child, I never would allow him to look at a comic book until I had looked through it myself, and if it contained one thing suggestive of anything but the highest principles, that child, if I had the power, would not see that book.

Comic books in the home are a poor substitute for activity on the part of parents in relation to their children. They can do, and often do, untold evil. At best, they are poor entertainment. They stop a child from learning how to read well. They stultify his desire to learn good literature, and he ends up by being a picture gazer, able to absorb ideas through that means only.

I am ever grateful to my uncle, and to my own parents for getting me in the line of reading good things. I well recall two incidents. One day there came to my door the postman, and he brought a magazine known then as the *Cosmopolitan*. In that day it was not what it is today. It was considered to be a high-class magazine, about as high as they come in America. My name was on it, and there was a note accompanying it, and it said: "You are to have this subscription for a whole year, with love—Uncle Lee." I was then six years old, and I could no more understand the words in that magazine than I could have understood an angel, had I seen one. But it was my magazine, and every month I watched for it, and every month I tried to justify my uncle's confidence in me that he thought I could understand such a thing. The gift, even though not understood, built in me a pride that I wanted to measure up.

Another time he stood in the library of the old house on Fourth East—I suppose he knew I was in the house—and I burst into the library, and there he

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was in front of a bookcase with a book open in his hand. He said, "Come here." I went there. He read to me a most exciting adventure between some white men and some Indians. He said, "This is a great book, and I know you will like it." Then he put it in my hands, and said, "Read it, and when you finish reading it, I have another one equally good for you." Thus I became acquainted with *The Last of the Mohicans*, and I thus was led until I could appreciate good literature, and had learned to read well and rapidly—one of the greatest gifts I have ever had.

Brothers and sisters, do not allow your children to have in their hands things which will keep them from learning the art of reading, and which in addition will also give them evil from pictures which you have not censored yourselves.

The second item is a thing which I am sure many of you will not agree about—television—the very thing that is bringing this conference to thousands of people. Used correctly it is a great blessing. Abused, it can be a source of evil. How would you like to have a man walk into your home and say to your daughter, aged ten, "Look, honey, I have some pictures to show you," and then he shows her some pictures of half-dressed people performing antics, doing lewd things or questionable things or uncultured things. You would do anything in your power to keep him from entering your house, and yet at the touch of a button that is what you have if you do not take care.

No one knows how far it will go, and no one knows where it will stop. You keep on feeding to a child—a small child—the sight of his parents laughing over a humorous situation, happily engaged in enjoying something, and then having that thing linked to some item which the producers are trying to sell which is evil, and the child will connect the laughter with the evil, and will not see any evil in it. If you keep that up for several years, over and over again, what do you think will happen?

I saw an example of it just the other day. Sister Young and I happened to be in a small town overnight on our way to a conference, and having an hour or

two to spend, we happened to pass a theater which advertised a moving picture which was very famous a year or two ago. We went in.

The theme of the picture had to do with three men coming home from war, two of whom spend their first night home with their families getting drunk. The antics of these drunken men brought hysterical laughter from a certain group. It was not the adults. It was the high-pitched, shrill, laughter of small children. Where do you suppose they learned to laugh at that sort of thing? Do you think that one show would cause it? No. They have been exposed for a long time to such things. Movies are not the entire cause. Television has its share of the blame to take.

I think it would be a good thing sometimes if we had on our instruments at home a little slot in which we had to drop fifty cents before we could enjoy the program. That might be a deterrent to some programs which we view because we do not have the discrimination to turn them off.

Nowadays, gone is the dining room, that sacred place where Father gathered his family around him at supertime, and where he could give instruction and they could get acquainted. Now it has disappeared into the laps of those who sit by small stools gulping food while they watch their favorite program on television.

There will be other evils come, too, if we do not control this, and the other things which come into our homes uncensored, simply because they are there, and we permit them. Handled correctly television can be an influence for good. Handled incorrectly, it will become a force for endless evil.

I wanted to raise my voice to that extent this morning. My testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ is sure at this moment. I hope it will always be so. If I act right, it will be. I know that the President of this Church, President McKay, is the Prophet of the Living God, and that those who help him are, also, and I pledge myself and all that I have to the service to which they have called me. In the name of Christ. Amen.