

effort and some solicitation. It requires the energy of individuals, personal contacts, patience, diligence, and the inspiration of devoted missionaries and teachers to spread the light and to place the gospel message in the hearts of people.

#### The Gospel a Light to Guide Mankind

The gospel is a beacon light to guide humanity through the journey of life. It points the way. It inspires unselfish service. It fills the soul with love for others, and it is the pure, primitive faith preached by great men like Peter and Paul.

Jesus outlined the road to happiness, for his gospel is a way of life. It is the foundation upon which you and I must build our lives. There is no other safe and dependable road for us to follow, for "... strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matt. 7:14.)

Those who have spoken today and in the past from the place where I now stand have testified to the divinity of Jesus Christ. His words are solemn declarations of truth, and his life is a shining light to all the world. That light will never fade away, for "heaven and earth shall pass away," said he, "but my words shall not pass away." (*Ibid.*, 24:35.)

It will survive the harsh, superficial, and bitter criticism of bigots and cynics. In all of his assertions, Jesus never minimized nor underrated the importance of his message to the world.

Many of you who are listening to me at this moment, and I refer to the Latter-day Saints, have introduced the gospel into your lives. You have tested it. You have lived by it. It has guided your footsteps and has kept you mindful of your duty to God and your

fellow men. Your convictions have deepened, and your understanding of the gospel has increased; you have recognized the priesthood as the life-giving power of the Church; you have read the literature of the Church, including the Book of Mormon; doubt and uncertainty have fled; doctrines and principles have been examined and compared with those taught in other churches. You know the purpose and meaning of mortal life. You have answered the questions which have perplexed humanity for centuries, namely: Whence did I come? Why am I here? and, What is my destiny? You are composed and satisfied.

#### Revival of Faith and Hope for Eternal Life

The revival of faith and enthusiasm in the early Saints and followers of Jesus after the crucifixion and the resurrection is one of the marvels of history. They too had investigated and examined. They were convinced by what they had seen and by the promptings of the Holy Ghost that Jesus is the Christ, the promised Redeemer, that truth had been personified before them, and they recognized it. The proof was overwhelming. They could not conscientiously deny it.

May we be true to our convictions. May we be loyal to our standards. May we serve the Lord with a singleness of purpose and live righteously before him and all men, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### President Hugh B. Brown

We have just listened to Elder Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Twelve. We will now hear from William J. Critchlow, Jr., and he will be followed by Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of the Twelve, who will be our concluding speaker.

### ELDER WILLIAM J. CRITCHLOW, JR.

*Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles*

President McKay, wherever you are, I love you. We all love you.

I have been reminded that we are short on time and long on speakers.

*Monday, April 5, 1965*

*Second Day*

I would be happy were all of my time given to Elder Hinckley, but maybe I should use a part of it. I'll pocket my prepared speech. Now I'll be prepared for conference next year.

Let me substitute for it a sermonette or two.

### Remember the Sabbath Day—to Keep It Holy

Sermonette No. 1: Would any of you who claim membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or who are assumed to be members, go to a food store on Sunday, buy food, take it home, put it on the table, and ask the Lord to bless it? End of Sermonette No. 1. The subject of that sermonette is "Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy."

#### "Be ye clean"

Sermonette No. 2: Shame on the girl who would let a boy fondle her body with his hands in that evil practice of petting. And shame on the boy who would take advantage of a girl in that abominable practice of petting. Petting leads to something worse. End of Sermonette No. 2. The subject: "Be clean, ye youth of Zion, and stay clean."

### The Book of Mormon Testifies of Christ

I still have time for a storiette. A storiette is a very brief story. Sometimes it is a long story greatly condensed. Mine is that kind.

Jesus told storiettes. We call them parables. A parable is a fictitious storiette. This one is true:

I have a practice of purchasing a Book of Mormon before I board a plane or train here in Salt Lake City—more often it is a plane. The book provides me with reading material and material also for someone else, since I purposely leave the book on the plane or train. By the way, the last two or three times I have boarded a plane, I couldn't find the stand at which the books are sold. Whichever priesthood quorum is assigned to provide the stand and books, I wish it would get back on the job.

Returning from Los Angeles one evening after a stake conference, I tied myself in a seat next to a window. I was tired. I dozed. A bit later, I suddenly came to life in a seizure of coughs. I discovered the irritant. A man had strapped himself in the seat beside me and was smoking the stinkiest cigaret I ever smoked, second-handedly. I was glad when the stewardess requested him and others to put out their cigarets. The plane, she said, was ready for take-off. But just as soon as we were up in the air, he lit up another, and he puffed the smoke in my direction; and when he had finished it, he lit another. He was near the butt of a third one when I, my dander up, decided to tell him off. I was practically fogged out. I turned to speak to him just as he stooped to take something from his briefcase on the floor. I waited. Straightening up he beat me to the punch—to the conversation, that is—and he said: "Have you ever read this book?" I looked at it in astonishment. What do you suppose it was? It was a Book of Mormon.

"May I see it?" I asked. He handed it to me, and I examined it and said to him:

"Yes sir, I have read this very book. Two weeks ago I purchased this identical book before boarding a plane in Salt Lake City, and I left it on the plane. I'm glad you found it and are reading it."

Well, you must know, from that moment on, all the way to Salt Lake City, the fragrance of his cigaret was fine; it didn't bother me at all, and I was sorry that I had to get off the plane in Salt Lake City. I wished I could have gone on farther with him because we were having such a fine conversation about the Book of Mormon.

If this storiette has a subject, it would be "Read the Book of Mormon."

You here in this building have read it. There may be people listening in on the air who have not read it. I plead with you, read it. You may find it as interesting as did the man on the plane.

I read the Book of Mormon when I was a young man. I read it on the

top of a mountain down in southern Utah where I was tending a theodolite in the service of the US Coast and Geodetic Survey. Finishing it, I felt I had a fair understanding of the gospel principles contained in it.

Once I sat with General Authorities of the Church and heard President Joseph Fielding Smith say, in substance, "Brethren, all of us have to read the Book of Mormon. We are asking the members of the Church to do it, so we brethren must do it, too."

One of the brethren moaned, saying, "Must we who have read it so many times take time out to read it again?"

"Yes," replied President Smith, "we can't ask the members to do something we are not willing to do."

I turned to the brother sitting next to me and asked him how many times he had read the Book of Mormon. He answered, "Forty-five times."

"May I quote you?"

"Not until I go home and check."

The next day he told me I could quote him: "I have read the book fifty times." That brother is Milton R. Hunter. "I taught," he said, "the Book of Mormon in seminary and institute classes. That accounts for my reading it so many times."

How many times have you read it? Read it again. And this time read it *slowly*, so you can digest the spiritual calories you will find in it. Read it

*personally*, putting yourself in the shoes of Lehi, who was told to take his family into the wilderness. What would you have done were you in his shoes? Put yourself in Nephi's shoes. He was instructed to go after the brass plates. What would you have done in his shoes? Yes, read it personally.

Read it *purposefully*, and let your purpose be to discover its spiritual calories and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Read it for *pleasure*. Discover how it testifies of the Christ. Somebody said his name is mentioned 526 times therein. It testifies also of the Bible. Turn off the TV, turn off the radio, and read the Book of Mormon. You will enjoy it.

I bear you my witness: In the Book of Mormon you will find the gospel of Jesus Christ. You may discover, reading it, that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true. I did. May you so find it, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### President Hugh B. Brown

Thank you, Brother Critchlow, for those sermonettes and storiettes and very worthwhile instructions to us.

Elder Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of the Twelve will be our concluding speaker.

## ELDER GORDON B. HINCKLEY

### *Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles*

I seek the direction of the Holy Spirit, that the things I say may be in harmony with the inspirational things to which we have listened.

To the Galatian Saints Paul wrote these stirring words: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." (Gal. 5:1.)

I thought I witnessed something of this bondage recently while riding in the lounge of a crowded plane with three other men.

### A Yoke of Bondage: A Panel of the Enslaved

As the jet began the fast climb to its assigned altitude, I noticed that the man across the table had his eyes fixed intently on the "No Smoking" sign. The instant it went off, he reached for his cigarets. As he began smoking, the man next to me became nervous. He clenched and opened his fists, looked out the window, turned to look at the man across the table, and his face reddened. The air was a little bumpy. I thought he might have been frightened. I took a closer look. He was