

reason why our testimony of the truth should grow dim, or cease altogether, if we live and let us die as we should. As long as a man will live for the testimony of their life he will have it. It would be a good thing if we always had humble modesty, which—our spiritual strength wanes and our minds grow dark to confess that the saints like with ourselves. Latter-day Saints who will lead chaste and pure, temperate, faithful lives, will never have occasion to say that the fruits of the Gospel are less sweet to them than formerly. But if we practice fraud and trickery, if we worship mankind, if we are jealous of and despise against each other, if we lust after forbidden things, we are very liable to say: "I once felt full of enthusiasm and joy, but I've got over it now." There is always a good reason why a tree fails to blossom and bear fruit. The testimony of the Gospel in the bosom of a man who lives as he should live will grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

Unrestrained and tribulation can be borne patiently by the faithful, and if we successfully bear the trials that come upon us, they will make us stronger. The trials that sweep through the branches of the forest oak, or mountain pine, the storm that sweeps over the wheat, try them, the earthquake that tosses upon them from the hills, only give to their growth more vigor and fertility. So with our souls. If trials come and are borne, they benefit us. If our pride is clipped and our conceit is lessened, we stand aloof. God is a careful gardener. He trims up our branches sometimes, so that we will not grow up to top, and in order that our roots may strike deeper and our character be made stronger. There never has been and never will be too much trouble in this world. God knows best how much we need. There never was a man or a people chosen to do great work upon this earth, that did not have to endure hardships. Who were the ancient Romans? Who were the British? But they grew strong under hardship, fighting for their very existence, until they became men of great power enough to conquer the world. So with the shallow Greeks who govern luxurious and effeminate nations. Our mission here war, but peace. Our warfare is not against our fellow-men, but against evil principles and powers, and that war is begun at home. We must first fight against ourselves, conquer our own sins and passions, our own hearts, and then, and then as saved beings, be enabled to save others.

I never let me have it to say that we once had a testimony that "Mormonism" was true, but that we're outgrown it. We can not outgrow the truth. We may grow too small for it and drop out of it. A fire will burn as long as it is supplied with fuel. The Holy Ghost is the fire of God kindled in our hearts. The fuel that will keep it burning is good deeds, pure thoughts, noble words and kind words and convenient desires.

The choir sang an anthem.
Tetralogia by Apostle J. H. Smith.

JOHN NICHOLSON,
Clerk of Conference.