Moroni Looks Down upon a World at War

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**Abstract:** This article describes how Moroni experienced two aspects of war—he rallied his soldiers in defense of their liberties and later witnessed the destruction of his people. Moroni later wrote concerning the destruction of his people.
We are sensitive to the anxiety any farmer must feel about his 1944 program, knowing that again he will have to rely largely on old machinery, and will have to produce more than he ever did before in one year.

The added strain on farm equipment the past year resulted in a demand for repair parts far heavier than normal. Many of these parts require the same scarce materials as war machines. In some cases, enough for both is not immediately available ... and we all know which must come first.

We believe that farm equipment owners, aware of this fact, will voluntarily and gladly assist in conserving critical repair parts during the coming year.

Allis-Chalmers dealers are ready to check your farm equipment now. Worn or broken parts should be repaired or rebuilt to conserve new parts whenever possible, and new parts used only on machines that cannot be repaired in any other way.

At Allis-Chalmers we serve on two fronts simultaneously ... war materials and farm equipment. Our work on neither can be relaxed for an instant. Every repair part, every farm machine permitted by our allotments, is being built and will be available for seasonal use.

* Let’s Finish the Job! *

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Moroni

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turned alive. The first Moroni rallied his soldiers from among the God-fearing Nephites who were entitled to the protection of heaven as they armed to defend themselves against a ruthless and wicked foe. The later Moroni witnessed the annihilation of his people because they had forsaken the God of the land who had promised to protect them only as they merited divine intervention.

Moroni wrote of the destruction of his people when he was the sole survivor of the Nephite nation:

And behold, the Lamanites have hunted my people, the Nephites, down from city to city and from place to place, even until they are no more; and great has been their fall: yea, great and marvellous is the destruction of my people, the Nephites.

And behold, it is the hand of the Lord which hath done it. And behold also, the Lamanites are at war one with another; and the whole face of this land is one continual round of murder and bloodshed; and no one knoweth the end of the war.

And now, behold, I say no more concerning them, for there are none save it be the Lamanites and robbers that do exist upon the face of the land.

And there are none that do know the true God save it be the disciples of Jesus, who did tarry in the land until the wickedness of the people was so great that the Lord would not suffer them to remain with the people. . . . (Mormon 8:7-10.)

If the voice of Moroni could be heard today telling the fate of this nation, I wonder what his words would be!

Eulogy of the Bell

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brighten her home. Well do I recall the words of one aged sister: "Sister Lula, if God ever blesses you with a child, I'll ring the church bell." One evening just as the sun had gone to rest, I could see the aged sister on her crutches walking down the street. She turned into the church, and soon the bell was ringing loud and clear. It seemed happy to tell the little village that Sister Lula was the mother of a beautiful daughter.

"Now, do you understand why I love the old bell?"

"Yes, our church is beautiful—and how faithfully those in charge have worked to make it so. The people here have stood by their leaders.

"I stood under the walnut tree in my back yard and watched the workmen lower the bell from the top of the church. It cried out as if in the agonies of death. No one seemed to realize we'd no more hear the sound of one that had served so faithfully. Now it will be placed in a cellar where the cobwebs will cover its form, and when I go to the other shore there will be no bell to tell of my departure. . . ."

Mother's reminiscing done, neither of us spoke for a long time. We listened, both of us, to the tones of memory evoking a past that cannot die so long as there is someone to tell the story of the bell.

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