

influence which he had over persons whom he had never before seen. On one occasion he went out five days to some towns which he had never visited before, and among people whom he had never seen and who had never see him, yet in those five days he baptized 83 persons. It seemed that there were a power and influence with him beyond that which almost and other elder possessed. He returned home just in time to find the Saints in their troubles in Missouri. He had hardly got home until the clouds of mobocracy intensified by apostacy again gathered around the Prophet. In a short time after Joseph was in prison and his counselors were in prison and all were closely guarded. During this time President Kimball visited the prison, the Judges and the Governor, and exerted himself to relieve the prisoners; and he had a peculiar influence with him, so that he could pass among our enemies unharmed when others were in danger. When the Saints were driven from Missouri, as soon as their feet were planted in Nauvoo, he built with his own hands a log cabin for his family, and started again to renew his mission to Great Britain, with President Young and others of his Quorum. It is not my intention to trace his history, but I have culled out these few circumstances to show you his integrity, his faithfulness, and his untiring labors to benefit mankind.

We are called now to mourn; but we do not mourn as those who have no hope. Brother Kimball was a man who was the son of nature. The literature he loved was the word of God. He was not a man to read novels. He studied the revelations of Jesus. His heart was filled with benevolence. His soul was filled with love; and he was always ready to give counsel to the weakest child

that came in his way. Thousands and thousands will remember him with pleasure.

As we follow him to his last resting place, we must recollect that those men who stood side by side Joseph Smith the Prophet, who bore with him his burdens, and shared his troubles; who stood shoulder to shoulder with President Young while he faced the storm of apostacy, mob power and organized priestcraft, are rapidly passing away. Brother Kimball was foremost among them. Joseph loved him, and truly it may be said that bro. Kimball was a Herald of Grace. May we all so live that with our brother we may inherit the blessings of celestial grace, is my prayer in the name of Jesus: Amen.

ELDER GEORGE Q. CANNON.

The scene in which we are participating this day reminds us more strongly than any language can do how frail is mortal existence, and how slight a tenure we all have upon this life. Two weeks ago to-day, he, whose lifeless remains we now surround, was moving among us in this tabernacle; if not in the enjoyment of perfect health, yet in the enjoyment of such a degree of health as not to inspire us with any apprehensions as to his life. If we had been asked How long is bro. Heber Kimball likely to live? the probable answer would have been, he is as likely to live ten or twenty years as any other period. But since then, two weeks, two brief, short weeks, have gone, and we have assembled ourselves together to pay our last respects to his memory. It seemed to me when I entered the building, and sat down and looked upon the congregation, that the greatest eloquence I could indulge in would be silence. Yet it is due to him that our voices

should be heard in instruction to those who remain, and in testimony of his great worth; and if possible to spread before them, the great and glorious example which he has set for us, and which if we will but emulate and follow, will result in the attainment of the most glorious blessings of which mortal heart can conceive.

I have known bro. Heber from my childhood. To me he has been a father. I never was with him but what he had good counsel to give me. And when I speak this I speak what every one who was acquainted with him might say. He was full of counsel, full of instruction, and he was always pointed in conveying his counsel in plainness to those to whom he imparted it.

Have we any cause, in reality, to mourn to-day? Have we any cause for grief and sorrow? When I stood by his bedside and saw his spirit take its departure, there was no death there; there was no gloom. I had seen but two persons die before, and they died by violence; but when I watched brother Heber I asked myself, Is this death? Is this that which men represent as a monster, and from which they shrink with affright? It seemed to me that bro. Heber was not dead, but that he had merely gone to sleep. He passed away as quietly and as gently as an infant falling asleep on its mother's lap; not a movement of a limb; not a contortion of his countenance; and scarcely a sigh. The words of Jesus, through Joseph, were forcible brought to my mind,—“they that die in me, their death shall be sweet unto them.” It was sweet with him. There was nothing repulsive, nothing dreadful or terrible in it, but on the contrary it was calm, peaceful and sweet. There were heavenly influen-

ces there, as though angels were there, and no doubt they were, prepared to escort him hence to the society of those whom he loved and who loved him dearly. I thought of the joy there would be in the spirit land, when Joseph, and Hyrum, and David, and Willard, and Jededia, and Parley would welcome him to their midst, and the thousands of others who have gone before, and like them have been faithful. What a welcome to their midst will brother Heber receive! to labor and toil with them in the spirit world in the great work in which we are engaged.

It is now twenty-four years lacking three days, since Joseph and Hyrum were taken away from us. Twenty-four years so fruitful in labor, so abundant in toil, so rich in experience! During that period bro. Heber has never wavered, never trembled. It may be said of him with as much truthfulness to-day, as was said by bro. Brigham on one occasion in Nauvoo, “his knees never trembled, his hands never shook.” He has been faithful to God; he has been true to his brethren; he has kept his covenants; he has died in the triumphs of the faith; and as the Savior has said, “that which is governed by law is preserved by law and perfected and sanctified by the same,” so will it be with him. He has gone to the paradise of God, there to await the time when this corruption shall put on incorruption, when this mortality shall put on immortality.

My brethren and sisters, here is an incentive to us to be faithful. Contrast the death of this man with the death of the apostate—the traitor. Contrast the future—as it is revealed to us in the revelations of Jesus Christ—of this man, with the future of the renegade from the truth,

and the wicked and those who love not God and who keep not his commandments. Are there any incentives presented to us this day to be faithful? They are too numerous for me to dwell upon or mention. There is every reason why we should be faithful. It is easier to keep the commandments of God than it is to break them. It is easier to walk in the path of righteousness than it is to deviate from it. It is easier and more pleasant to love God than it is to break his commandments.

Then let us be true to God. Let us walk each day so that we may be worthy, when our life is ended, to associate with him whose spirit inhabited this tabernacle that lies here, and with others who have gone before, and with those who remain, that we may dwell together with them eternally in the heavens; which may God grant, for Christ's sake, Amen.

PRESIDENT D. H. WELLS.

It is a great calamity to humanity when a great and good man falls. Earth needs their services. Good men are too scarce. The loss is not so much to them as it is to us who remain—as it is to humanity who are still left to wield an influence against the wickedness which is on the earth, and to sustain holy and righteous principles which the Lord has revealed from the heavens for the guidance of man. Herein is the loss which we feel when such men as bro. Kimball are taken away, He has made his mark. He has earned imperishable fame, and he will live in the hearts of the good, the true and the faithful—in the hearts of the just; and he will be remembered by the wicked, for he has often invaded the realms of darkness and sustained holy and righteous princi-

ples with all his might, power and influence, all the days of his life. It is true, for him we need not mourn, because he has passed to that home where Satan has no power. He has secured to himself a crown of eternal glory and righteousness in the celestial kingdom of our God. Not that he will come immediately unto this exaltation. The Savior of the world, himself, did not enter into his glory on the dissolution of his spirit and body; he went first to minister to the spirits in prison, being clothed with the holy priesthood. So with our brother and beloved friend, for he is still our friend, and, as has been well remarked, he was the friend of God and all good men. He is not lost He has only gone to perform another portion of the mission which he has been engaged in all his life, to labor in another sphere for the good of mankind, for the welfare of the souls of men. But he has laid for himself a foundation that is imperishable, on which a superstructure of glory and exaltation will grow and increase throughout all eternity.

I do not stand here to eulogize our friend and brother to-day, but to satisfy my own feelings and pay a tribute of respect to his memory, for I loved him and he loved me, and he loved this people. He has friends also where he is gone. Who can answer the question whether they are more numerous than those who have assembled together to-day and those throughout this Territory? Who can say that they are not more numerous on yonder shore? Yet it matters not. Those who are faithful will yet be gathered with him and others, and come with him to a celestial glory, and with him dwell where there is no sorrow nor affliction. He rests from his labor, from