

Here countless homes, and labor's grandest crown,  
Here thousands dwell, here worship hath no fear.  
And when each leader, true, shall lay him down,  
God's generations will their names revere!

No need to call the roll! The illustrious dead,  
Since Joseph fell in Carthage, one by one  
By him invited, upward have been led  
To move, in wider range, the work undone!  
And now, as by the coffin dust we stand,  
Though thoughts and tears commingled feeling show,  
No sorrow stirs the heart, no trembling hand,  
Would wish it other than we see and know.  
Even now there falls upon the spirit ear  
The song of triumph, music's singing sound,  
Such as he heard amid that loftier sphere,  
Where our departed hath his welcome found!

The eye of faith beholds a mighty throng  
Who forward press to greet the ransomed soul,  
Some silent stand, and some with bursting song  
Bid words of victory 'mid the arches roll!  
Some clasp the hand, and some with warm embrace—  
With loving tones—the family gone before;  
And all the Priesthood braves, with earnest face,  
To see an old associate, loved of yore!  
Homage from those who know is highest praise,  
These tasted suffering, trial had, and tears,  
During those changes of the latter days,  
Such as beset the best in lengthened years.

Reception there; Farewell we whisper here,  
Our patriot-statesman cast in Heaven's mould;  
A more than brother—friend, for ever dear,  
Beyond compare with treasured hoards of gold!  
Great! Yet he stooped to bless the humblest one,  
And deemed him equal, if he needed aid;  
A sympathetic soul, a hand which won  
That heartfelt faith which never was betrayed.  
Amid his family, like an uncrowned king,  
Affection's rule his sceptre and his throne;  
Wives and posterity today can bring  
That love most generous where he best was known.

Honored in time, thrice honored 'mid the Gods,  
Shall not our souls awake to music's swell?  
In rapt thanksgiving kiss a thousand rods,  
And peaceful say: "The Father doeth well!"

#### Resolutions of Respect.

The following were passed by the co-workers and associates of Brother Wells in the Manti Temple:

MANTI TEMPLE, March 24, 1891.

Whereas, In the Providence of Almighty God, we are again called to mourn, in that He hath seen fit in His infinite wisdom, to call from us our esteemed President and brother, Daniel Hamner Wells, who died March 24th, 1891.

Therefore, In consideration of our love and respect for him who has presided over the Manti Temple since its dedication, May 21, 1888, and who was a father, brother and friend to us all, and an ever zealous laborer for the cause of truth; who has spent so many years of his life for God's cause on earth; who assisted in establishing and organizing civil government in Utah; and took an ever active part in her welfare; who was, for twenty years, Second Counselor to President Brigham Young in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-

day Saints; who has ever stood firm and faithful as an Elder, a Seventy, High Priest and Apostle.

Be it Resolved: That we, as a body of workers in the Manti Temple, do recognize his value as a soldier citizen, and member of the Church and Kingdom of God, with his many virtues and honors, and his worth to the people of Utah and do sincerely mourn the loss of our President, and that we condole with his family and relatives, and pray God the Eternal Father to give them comfort and consolation, in this their great trial and bereavement; to bind up the broken hearts and be a father and friend to the widows and the fatherless. And we pray that we all may be able to acknowledge the hand of God in this, knowing He orders all things for the good of His children.

Anton H. Lund,  
M. F. Farnsworth,  
A. C. Smyth,  
Thomas Higgs,  
Andrew Peterson,  
Andrew Anderson,  
A. W. Bessey,  
Arthur Henrie,  
Geo. A. Whitlock,  
Horace Thornton,  
Jens P. Mikkelsen,  
P. H. Anderson,  
C. N. Anderson,  
F. M. Cox,  
Ellen B. Matheney,  
Sarah J. Lowry,  
Anna E. Keller,  
Elizabeth D. Caste,  
Sarah J. Tuttle,  
Annie C. Thompson,  
Sarah E. Sperry,  
Christine Jensen,  
Barbara Dietrich,

Andrew Thompson,  
Lewis Anderson,  
John L. Bench,  
Peter Ahlstrom,  
Chris Andersen,  
John E. Metcalf,  
Geo. B. Cox,  
Thomas D. Rees,  
Peter Mogensen,  
Hans P. Larsen,  
W. W. Bean,  
James Nielsen,  
Minerva W. Snow,  
Oordella M. Cox,  
Elizabeth N. Thornton,  
Elizabeth S. Higgs,  
Christine Willardson,  
Ann K. Cox,  
Rebecca A. Wareham,  
Catherine A. Conover,  
Mary O. Yorganson,  
Maria B. Jensen,  
Thea Lund.

#### A WHITE FUNERAL.

##### Editor Deseret News:

I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, the first funeral I ever attended. I can recall but little else, for I could not have been more than four or five years of age.

The service was for the burial of a man who had died very suddenly. He was a very large, strong, active man in middle life. For several days he had been suffering from a severe cold. In a spasm of coughing an artery broke and he suffocated from hemorrhage. He left a large family. He was widely known. There was an immense gathering at the funeral. The service was conducted by a Presbyterian or a Baptist minister, I am not certain which, but think, from the nature of a hymn, some lines of which still linger in my memory, that it must have been a Presbyterian.

How the blackness of the assembly fixed itself upon my brain! Men, women and children were black from head to foot. The only relief was the pale faces of the mourners seen occasionally, as they raised their black veils to wipe away the tears that streamed from their eyes. The dead man, though born and reared in the church, had never formally become a member, and this fact made the occasion more sombre. I can remember that man. He was a man whose heart was even larger, if possible, than his great body. He was known for his kindness to the poor. His hearthstone had always a welcome and a warm corner for the needy and none ever went hungry from his doors.

But the fact that he had died without joining a church; the fact that he had gone in his prime with no time to make religious profession of faith, made his funeral so sad that it

has remained indelible in my memory. I can recall the preacher, as black as the people, portraying the torments of the damned that must certainly be the lot of all who died without the church. I can hear the sobs of the wife and the children of that dead man. They could not but believe that had gone to hell, even while they remembered, in their agony, how good a father and husband he had been. I remember the hymn that closed the services. It began:

In the cold grave to which we haste,  
There are no acts of pardon passed;  
But fixed the doom of all remains,  
And everlasting silence reigns.

\* I remember my father leading me by the hand as he went to the coffin to look farewell upon the face of the dead, and can recall my childish wonder that my father's eyes should fill with tears over the man who was not of his family. I was too young to feel the strain upon the valves of sympathy. But it was a horrible experience. I do not wonder that in later life I came to doubt all theology that portrayed God as a being who could condemn to eternal torments men and women who had lived good, useful and clean lives outside of the churches and exalt to eternal bliss those who had been hypocrites inside of them. I have spoken over the dead many a time since that day in my childhood and I think that experience has always come up in my memory to help me speak words of comfort to those who mourned.

The whole of the black misery of that day rose before me as I sat in the Tabernacle on Sunday and listened to the services over the remains of "Brother" Wells. What a contrast! How pleasing the change! What a progress I saw in my lifetime in the conducting of a funeral. Here there was nowhere to be seen the black emblems of woe. It was A WHITE FUNERAL! The decorations were white, the casket was white, the music was white with the sweetness of tender consolation and the addresses were white with love, esteem and assurance for the dead—love and esteem for his worth as a man and assurance of his well-being and well-doing whither he had gone. It was all very beautiful. The whole occasion was one that kept my eyes brimming with tears, not of sorrow, not of dread, but of that deep satisfaction that rose at sight of a vast assembly taking leave of its friend in so quiet, loving, rational and sensible a manner.

Of course, I cannot "testify" that the faith of "the Mormons" is a new revelation of the word and will of God in these days, but I can testify that, no matter what its origin, Mormonism has, in this one thing, the manner of conducting funerals and laying their dead away, brought a measureless blessing to the world of man, and I believe the time is coming when the hateful, heart-breaking black will be banished from all association with death and the grave.

Permit me, in closing my communication, a word as to the dead whose funeral has been the occasion of this letter.

In speaking of Mr. Wells' death, an anti-Mormon morning paper said: "Life as he looked back upon it along its three-score and sixteen years, must have seemed to him mostly a sorry illusion and death not an unwelcome