

one year, and in that time 1,500 were baptized there. It was strange the power and 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 seen 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 any 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 apostasy 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 with 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 apostasy, 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 Brother 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 Brother Heber 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 Brother 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 He-

ber 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 Brother 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 forcibly 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 influences 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 Jedediah, 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 Brother Heber has never wavered, never trembled. It may be said of him with as much truthfulness to-day, as was said by Brother 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 every is 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 principles 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 of 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 the toil which surrounded him on the earth. This is, to-day, a source of consolation to his family and friends, to those who were intimately connected with him. They may be assured that he rests in peace. Let his example be followed; let his teachings be remembered; let us all live so that we may have a reasonable hope of meeting with him and being associated with him in a never ending future.

May God help us to be faithful unto the end, as he has been; to fight the good fight and keep the faith, that at last, with him and those who have gone before, we may be found worthy to walk the golden streets of that eternal city, whose builder and maker is God: Amen.

PRESIDENT B. YOUNG.

I wish the people to be as still as possible, and not to whisper. I do not know that I can speak so that you can hear me; but if I can I have a few reflections to lay before you. We are called here on this very important occasion, and we can say truly that the day of this man's death was far better to him than the day of his birth. I will relate to you my feelings concerning the departure of Bro. Kimball. He was a man of as much integrity I presume as any man who ever lived on the earth. I have been personally acquainted with him forty-three years and I can testify that he has been a man of truth, a man of benevolence, a man that was to be trusted. Now he has gone and left us. I will say to his wives and his children that I have not felt one particle of death in his house nor about it, and through this scene we are now passing I have not felt one particle of the spirit of death. He has fallen asleep for a certain purpose,—to be prepared for a glorious resurrection; and the same Heber C. Kimball, every component particle of his body, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, will be resurrected, and he, in the flesh, will see God and converse with Him; and see his brethren and associate with them and they will enjoy a happy eternity together.

Bro. Kimball has had the privilege of living and dying in his own house in peace; and has not been followed up by mobs and massacred. I consider this a great consolation to his family and friends; and it is a great comfort to me to think that Bro. Heber C. Kimball had the privilege of dying in peace. It is not a matter of regret; it is nothing that we should mourn for. It is a great cause of joy and rejoicing and comfort to his friends to know that a person has passed away in peace from this life, and has secured to himself a glorious resurrection. The earth and the fullness of the earth and all that pertains to this earth in an earthly capacity is no comparison with the glory, joy and peace and happiness of the soul that departs in peace. You may think I have reason to mourn. Bro. Heber C. Kimball has been my first counselor for almost twenty-four years. I am happy to state, it is a matter of great joy to me; this is the third counselor that has fallen asleep since I have stood to counsel this people—and they have died in the faith, full of hope; their lives were filled up with good works, full of faith, comfort, peace and joy to their brethren. I have looked over this matter. In the fourteen years that Bro. Joseph presided over the Church, three of the prominent counselors he had apostatized. This was a matter of regret. Sidney Rigdon, F. G. Williams and William Law, whom many of this congregation knew in Nauvoo, apostatized and left Bro. Joseph. I have not been under the necessity of mourning and lamenting over the apos-

tasy of any one of my counselors, and I hope I shall never have this to regret. I had rather bury them by the score than see one of them apostatize.

A great deal could be said concerning Bro. Kimball, whose remains are here. He is not dead. His earthly tabernacle has fallen asleep to be prepared for this glorious resurrection that you and I live for. What can we say to one another? Live as he has lived; be as faithful as he has been; be as full of good works as his life has manifested to us. If we do so, our end will be peace and joy, and we will fall asleep as peacefully. I held my watch with one hand and fanned him with the other while he breathed his last.

For this family to mourn is perhaps natural; but they have not really the first cause to do so. How would you feel if you had a husband or a father that would lead you from the truth? I would to God that we would all follow him in his example in our faithfulness, and be as faithful as he was in his life. To his wives, his children, his friends, his brethren and sisters, to this family whom God has selected from the human family to be his sons and daughters, I say let us follow his example. He has gone to rest. We can say of him all that can be said of any good man. The Lord selected him and he has been faithful and this has made him a great man; just as you and I can become if we will live faithful to our God and our religion. There is no man but what can do good if he chooses; and if he be disposed to choose the good and refuse the evil. If any man choose the evil he will dwindle, especially if he has been called to the holy priesthood of the Son of God. Such a man will dwindle and falter, stumble and fall; and instead of becoming great and good, he will be lost in forgetfulness.

We pay our last respects unto Brother Kimball. I can say to the congregation we thank you for your attention. We are happy to see you here. It would be a pleasure to us if it would be prudent, and we had time, for you to see the corpse; but it would not be prudent and we have not the time. This, perhaps, will be a matter of regret to many of you; but you must put up with it. I want to say to every one who wishes to see Brother Heber again, live so that you will secure to yourselves a part in the first resurrection, and I promise you that you will meet him and shake hands with him. But if you do not live so, I can give you no such promise.

Now, my friends, I feel to bless you; and the family, the wives and children of Brother Heber C. Kimball. I bless you in the name of Jesus Christ. Will you receive the blessings which a father and husband has placed upon your heads? If you live for them you will enjoy them. I think he has never cursed one of his family; but his heart was full of blessings for them. He has blessed his brethren and sisters and neighbors and friends. His heart was full of blessings; but he was a scourge to the wicked and they feared him. Now, my friends, I cannot talk to you; my sore throat will not let me. But I feel to thank you for your kind attention here to-day, in paying our respects to the remains of Brother Kimball, and may God bless you: Amen.

The brass band played the "Old Hundred." The choir sang "Oh my Father, thou that dwellest;" and Bishop Edwin D. Woolley offered up the closing prayer.

The "Dead March from Saul" was played on the organ, and the vast congregation dispersed. The procession re-formed and moved to President Kimball's private burial ground, the brass band playing "The Belgium Dead March."

## A CARD!

HAVING Lost our BOOKS at the Fire on Tuesday, which contained all our business transactions for the past three years, and as our business extended far into the Settlements in every direction, we take this method of requesting all whom we have accommodated on time, and those who have unsettled accounts with us, to forward the amount of their indebtedness, if possible, if not, to send us an acknowledgement of the accounts standing between us, that we may settle up our business.

To those who had lumber and work destroyed at our establishment, we would say, that if we ever get on our feet again, we will remember them for all losses.

We return our sincere thanks to our friends and the citizens generally, for their ready aid in rendering what assistance they could during the fire; thus saving much surrounding property.

Latimer & Taylor.

d-s-wl

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