

to us, that we have the benefit of their experience and the advantage of their counsel in our midst, men who have been true and faithful all the days of their life.

After the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, President Young, in addressing a congregation, made a remark which, though I was but a boy at the time, so fastened itself upon my mind that I have never forgotten it. Speaking of Sidney Rigdon and other men in the Church he said, contrasting those men with Rigdon, "There are many among us whose knees have never trembled, whose hands have never shaken, whose hearts have never failed." And this is true. There are men among the latter-day Saints who amidst the greatest perils have never trembled nor thought of wavering, either to the right hand or to the left to save themselves. Daniel H. Wells was one of the most prominent among them all—the peer of the strongest, the peer of the most courageous, the peer of the best men among us. I pray God to bless his posterity; I invoke the blessings of our Eternal Father upon them, that their hearts may be comforted in the midst of their distress; for it is a distress to part with such as he. They will miss him, no doubt; but God is able to console them and to fill their hearts with peace and joy. I pray God to bless this congregation, to pour out His Spirit upon us all, to fill us with good and heavenly desires, help us to keep His commandments and do His will, that in the end we may be saved in His kingdom and receive the blessings that are promised to those who are faithful, which I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Apostle Heber J. Grant

Announced that Apostle Moses Thatcher was, much to his regret, unable to be present at these services. The speaker, however, would read a letter which had been received from Brother Thatcher by a member of the family of the deceased. Brother Grant then read the correspondence, which is here inserted:

Letter from Apostle Moses Thatcher

LOGAN, Utah, March 23, 1891.

Elder Junius F. Wells, Salt Lake City:

Dear Brother—When informed by President Woodruff, by wire, of the death of your father, shortly after its occurrence, I was greatly grieved, surprised and shocked; for up to that moment I had received no intimation of his illness. In his death Israel sustains a great loss, but hosts beyond the veil will rejoice while we mourn. Yourself and the members of your father's family have, in this hour of your deep bereavement, my most sincere sympathy. I am aware of how impotent are words, even though conveying the profound sentiments of hearts moved in sorrow, and yet I know, under such conditions, they at least do no harm if unavailing for good.

If I were in a single word to attempt to define true moral courage, I should say that Daniel H. Wells was its personification. We cannot afford to lose such as he; and yet we must bow to the decrees of the Almighty. He goes to his rest, like an ear of corn well ripened. Not many, if indeed any, who have lived in this generation have passed away more respected and beloved than your great and good father.

I shall never forget the inspirational remarks made by him in the old Social

Hall on an occasion of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association gathering there, when he spoke so beautifully about the tread of coming Israel, whose footsteps he could hear. The light of heaven shone in his grand lion-like face, the wrinkles of which were softened and made to glow like rays from the throne of God. The sound of the tread of Israel's approaching triumph and glory will ever be in his ears in the land of peace and eternal progress whither he has gone.

This generation has produced no more courageous soul than he, greatest when most humiliated, and grandest when most envired by grave conditions fraught with danger to himself and people conditions which, in all ages of the world, have made small men smaller, and great men greater.

When the history of the great latter-day work shall have been written, its leaves will contain no brighter pages than those devoted to the life of Daniel H. Wells. Naturally a leader, military in his genius, how beautiful the thought that his life should be rounded by the loving work which he found in the Manti Temple while directing the hearts of the children to the love of their dead fathers!

Modest as a child while here, embarrassment will bring no blush to his cheek when he meets the valiant ones gone before. With Joseph and Hyrum and Brigham and a host of others, he will remain a striking figure among Israel's modern leaders.

Ever praying for your peace and happiness and that of each member of your father's family, I remain, with an earnest desire that you may emulate his example to the end, when you too may peacefully rest on the other shore.

Your brother in the Gospel,

MOSES THATCHER.

The choir sang:

Look up and put your trust in God.

The benediction was pronounced by President Lorenzo Snow.

The services throughout were not marred by any incident of a nature to cause the slightest jar. The spirit of consolation and peace pervaded the building, and all assembled seemed to partake of the pacific influence. The beautiful singing by the Tabernacle choir, under the leadership of Brother Stephens, added a charm to the occasion, harmonizing with the comforting and instructive nature of the addresses of the speakers.

AFTER THE SERVICES.

While the people were in the building snow descended continuously and was still falling as they emerged from it at the close of the proceedings.

The committee on arrangements and their aids attended to the work of constructing

THE PROCESSION

according to the published programme with remarkable celerity and precision. As a result the funeral was soon moving eastward along South Temple Street toward the cemetery, in the following order:

Berry's martial band, pall bearers, the Twelve Apostles—as honorary pall bearers, hearse, the First Presidency, the family and associates, members of the City Council during the late ex-Mayor Wells' administration, the First Seven Presidents of Seventies, Held's band, Presidents of Stakes, their Counselors, High Councils and High

Priests, Quorums of Seventies, Quorums of Elders, Presiding Bishopric, Bishops and Counselors, Priests, Teachers and Deacons, citizens.

The cortege was remarkable for its length, the hearse being followed by over sixty carriages filled with people.

AT THE CEMETERY.

When the procession reached the cemetery the carriages formed as closely around the grave as practicable. The body was lowered into the tomb and a quartette—Brothers H. G. Whitney, George D. Pyper, John D. Spencer and Heber Guddard—sang, beautifully, and with deep feeling,

He is not dead, but sleeping.

The dedication prayer was offered by Apostle Francis M. Lyman.

The earth was then filled in over the mortal remains of a man of sterling qualities. His integrity was beyond question, his sagacity admirable, his devotion to truth sublime, his simplicity unadulterated, his friendship steadfast as the everlasting hills, while every characteristic of his grand individuality was softened by the influence of broad sympathy, which caused him to be hugged closely to the hearts of the people.

A Poetical Tribute.

The following by H. W. Naishitt, was handed in on Monday, March 30th. It is a fitting termination to the account of the obsequies:

THE DEPARTED LEADER!

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" (2 Sam., iii, 38.)

Tread softly as befits this sacred hour,
Let busy thought with precious memories teem;

For one more triumph of that mighty power
Which breaks and shatters this "life's flimsy dream."

Yet, 'twas no dream to him, the latest called,
For he had wrought amid its fiercest fires,
Where every fibre of his soul enthralled,
Was keyed to loftiest mood and grand desires!

He worked for God, for truth, and humankind,
He gave his strength to this, his life, his all;
So Israel in their deepest heart enshrined,
And crowned with love this consecrated soul!

In softest tones, in whispered words and low,
We greet his friends, our friends, this hal-
lowed day;

Oh! bow the head, let tearful hearts o'erflow,
Though none wish his return, or urge his stay;

Full well is known, for history's pages tell,
How in the breach he dared to be a man;
As on the air the threatening murmurs swell,
Of sounds demonic from a murderous clan.
Ah! who shall tell the truth? that tragic past,
For e'er remains writ on Columbia's soil;
B few so brave, their protest then to cast
Against oppression in its mad turmoil.

From thence among the fugitives who fled,
Amid the silence of these mountain vales,
To dwell in peace, by heaven's direction led,
To work and wait, till right o'er wrong pre-
vails.

Nerved to the contest rugged nature meant,
"Yet courting conquest, as the years flow
past,
See, concentrated toil and pure intent
Hath found its triumphs in these vales at
last!"