

ed him—and we gratefully acknowledge the services done us in this respect—to bring or cause to be brought the body of my brother in so fit a state to this place, and we thank President Taylor, as the representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for using his influence and the means of the Church to have this done. In conclusion, my brethren and sisters, I can only say that I thank God my Heavenly Father that my brother John is only one among hundreds and thousands of others who are ready to go forth and represent the truths of heaven amidst danger and at the sacrifice of life. It was soon after the Anti-Mormon league in Cleveland was formed that my brother wrote and told me that the influence of that league had reached the Southern States. He stated that he had met that influence in conversation with and in the presence of mobocratic men, and I have no doubt whatever but that it is as Brother Thatcher has said in this respect. I pray God to bless the faithful; I pray God our Heavenly Father to bless and sustain His Holy Priesthood and direct them, and that we, my brethren and sisters, may know enough to follow and do as we are bid. This is my humble prayer in the name of Jesus, Amen.

PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR

Was the next speaker. He said: It makes me feel sorrowful to see a gathering similar to that which we now witness, and to know that good men's lives are not safe from the attacks of religious bigots and men who are governed by wrong influences. I and a number of my brethren have been traveling quite extensively through some of our northern states. We arrived last night in Logan a good deal fatigued with our labors, for we have visited, I think, if not every settlement, nearly every settlement in the northern states since we left home, and we had planned to have the various settlements in this end of the stake of Cache visited to day. I had proposed myself to take a little rest; but on hearing of this event I felt a strong desire to unite my sympathies with those of the deceased, for there were several emotions that agitated my mind; first, to express my feelings of grief for the perpetration of such terrible acts, then to condole with the family in their poignant grief; mingled with this was a feeling of joy and satisfaction pertaining to the destiny and to the present position of the deceased. All things are not as they appear to us. God has certain inscrutable designs and purposes to bring to pass in the earth. He has set His hand to accomplish these things, and many of you that are here and now hear my voice have become the honored instruments in the hands of the Lord of proclaiming those principles which God has revealed in the interests of our common humanity in the world in which we live. Those principles though fraught with the truths of eternal intelligence, eternal life, and all the blessings associated therewith, are not comprehended by the human family. But that makes no difference to us. We have our labors to perform, and we propose to accomplish that which God has designed in relation thereto, in the interests of our fellow men, who are the children, all of them, of our Heavenly Father, for He is the God and the Father of the spirits of all flesh. Furthermore, He has given to every man of every color, of every nation and of every creed, and to people of no creed—He has given to them all a portion of His Spirit to profit withal. But many of them give way to other influences and yield obedience to the powers of darkness, as you have heard stated, and when men give themselves up to these influences, and quench that better feeling which God has planted in the bosom of all men, they by and by become prepared for any and every spirit that may present itself to their minds, especially do they follow a spirit of antagonism to God our Heavenly Father and to those who espouse His cause, and who are really the best and most philanthropic people that dwell upon the face of the earth—a people who go forward with less selfishness, and with a more single eye to the glory of God, and to the benefit of mankind, than any other people who tread the footstool of our Heavenly Father to-day. It is, as Brother Gibbs has remarked, an honor to be engaged in a work of this kind; and despite the powers of darkness, despite the enmity of man, despite the schemes of oppression that are set on foot by men who ought to know better, despite the various evils that exist in the world, we still possess the same sentiment that was enunciated by Jesus, and would like to proclaim it to all nations, "Peace on earth and good will to men." But men can only obtain permanent peace by following after righteousness, by being governed by the principles of truth, by associating themselves with God our Heavenly Father, by acknowledging His hand, and by submitting to His law, to His rule, to His dominion, and to His authority. Hence Jesus taught His disciples to pray—"Thy kingdom come." Why? "That Thy will may be done on the earth as it is in heaven." And these are the principles which we as a people are trying to promulgate among the nations of the earth under the command of the Great Eloheim, who has told us, as He told His disciples in former years, to proclaim this Gospel unto every creature, and it was in obedience to that command that this our beloved brother met his fate. That is all right—all right, so far as he is concerned. As has been said, it is of very little account to many of us whether

our lives be long or short on this earth, but it is a very grave consideration whether these lives are spent in the service of God or not. Those who have done like Brother Gibbs and Brothers Berry, his fellow martyr, brought many to a knowledge of the truth, shall shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Therefore, being the friends of God, God is their friend. Paul in reflecting upon these principles said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." And who else? "Not to me only, but unto all them also that love the appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Brother Gibbs and Berry have gone to those souls that Brother Cannon read about in your hearing—souls that are beneath the altar. They cried out, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth." That was uttered years and years ago when John the Revelator was banished as a slave to the Isle of Patmos for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God, the same testimony that has been delivered by these our brethren and for which they have suffered. It is said of John that he was dipped into a caldron of boiling oil, but they did not take his life for God was with him and God sustained him, as He did the three Hebrew children when they were cast into the fiery furnace, and the lambent flames that played around them ceased to have power to burn. So John was preserved. But he, under the inspiration of the Almighty and filled with the light and intelligence of heaven, could gaze upon the position of things in the eternal worlds, and saw the souls of those who had been slain for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God, etc. They were told that they should "rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." God is manipulating things in His own way. His purposes are rolling forth. He is moving in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. His servants who have been called to lay down their lives will come forth with crowns upon their heads and reign upon the earth. Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." When the wickedness and corruptions of men shall have provoked the anger of the Almighty in these latter days as they did in the days before the flood, the Lord will come out of His hiding place to vex the nations of the earth, and then there will be a time of trouble, a time of sorrow such as has not been from the beginning of the world, and we are told, never shall be again. Men may think they can trample upon human rights and upon correct principles and do things that are contrary to the law and order of God, and to the principles of truth, integrity, equity, justice, and righteousness; but they cannot do this with impunity, for the Lord has said that He will smite the wicked, and with the breath of His nostrils He will slay them. The earth shall be emptied of the wicked and a place prepared, in the due time of the Lord, for those who fear Him, as He has designed from before the foundations of the world.

And in regard to these matters, I feel sorry for this sister, the wife of the deceased. I feel sorry for her. I feel sorry for her little family and for the family of his fellow sufferers. What shall we do? We will help take care of them, will we not? I think we will. And we will talk more about some of these matters at another time. We sometimes pray for the Lord to bless the widow and the fatherless. Now there is an idea which I have always entertained, and that is, I never would ask God to do a thing that I would not do myself; and we shall have to contrive in some way for the accomplishment of this object. About Brother Gibbs who lies there—that is all right. I might have lain in the same position a good many years ago, if it had been the will of God, but it seems it was not. I was shot at and hit—often than Brother Gibbs; but my life was preserved; God protected me. I was with Joseph and Hyrum when they were murdered in Carthage jail, and I never was sorry that I was there. I would not have been absent from a scene of that kind. I would not want to forsake my Brother or Brethren in difficulty; never. Well, what of it? Suppose I had been killed as Joseph and Hyrum were, why, I was in very good company. Joseph and Hyrum were servants of the living God, and I was trying to serve Him in my humble way. And if we had all been killed it would not have made much difference; would it? I suppose it was necessary for me to stay a little while longer; all right; and I am willing to stay as long as the Lord wants me, and to go whenever He wants me. But I, in common with Joseph and Hyrum and Brother Gibbs and others, have within me the principles of eternal life. I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand in the latter days on the earth, and these eyes shall behold Him. I know that God rules and reigns in this nation and among the nations of the earth, and that He will direct all things according to the counsels of His will. I know that the work that God has commenced in these last days will continue to go forth despite the powers of darkness and all the fiends of hell. Though they are arrayed against it, God and the hosts of Heaven are on the side of Israel, and Israel will prevail. This work will continue to spread and increase until the kingdom of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ,

and He will reign forever. It is for us as Latter-day Saints, to live our religion, to observe the laws of God, to be humble, faithful and diligent; to be men of honor, truth and integrity; to seek to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His, and to perform any labor that He may require at our hands, that when we shall get through with the scenes of time and sense, we may inherit a crown that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in the heavens for us. So we will not mourn like those who have no hope, but we will put our trust in the living God. And I say unto the widow of the deceased—God bless you and God bless your children, and God bless all the honest in heart who are trying to fear God and work righteousness; and instead of feeling enmity in our hearts towards our persecutors and those who seek our lives, we will try to entertain the feeling that burned in the bosom of Jesus, who, when expiring upon the cross, cried out: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." But God will not forgive all these men who permit and perpetrate these wicked and atrocious acts. They will have to pay the debt which they have contracted. It is for us to go on, and perform the various labors and duties that devolve upon us. God has blessed us with many blessings. He has blessed us with the rich blessings of eternal life. He has brought us into covenant with Himself. He has taught us how to save ourselves, our wives, our children, our posterity and our progenitors, and He will teach us many more great and precious principles associated with the Gospel of the Son of God.

After what has been so well said by others, time will not permit me to protract my remarks.

I am happy that it has fallen to my lot to join with you in these funeral services, and I am much pleased to see so large a gathering to pay respect to the memory of the honored dead. I am also very much pleased at the action that has been taken by Brother Joseph F. Smith and his brethren who have recommended that memorial services be held to-day in all the different Stakes of Zion; so that while we are meeting here, the tens of thousands of Israel are meeting all through the land, and thus we are showing, as brother Gibbs has remarked, respect for the memory of the dead.

I also most heartily sympathize with the Condor family who have suffered such a heavy bereavement in Tennessee. And I should have been pleased to have made some further remarks upon this subject had time permitted; suffice it now to say that they have mingled their blood with those honorable men who have died for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God.

Brother Gibbs has referred to the means furnished to bring the bodies home. That is all right. I was out of reach at the time—that is out of the road of the telegraphic lines—but I was very much pleased when I learned of the arrangement that had been made; with which I heartily coincide. That is a matter of duty all way to look after the living and after the dead, to look after the widow and fatherless, and to fulfill all the duties and responsibilities devolving upon us. God bless you and lead you in the paths of life; and I pray God the Eternal Father that when we shall all of us have passed away from this earth, and when the resurrection trump shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed, that we may so have lived, that like our Brother we will come forth in the first resurrection, and participate in the reward of the just in the Celestial Kingdom of our God, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON

Again arose and said: Before closing our memorial services, I think it but proper, and indeed I intended, if my mind had not been led off in another direction—that is if I spoke at all—to have alluded to the young men Martin Condor and J. Reilly Hudson, who were killed at the same time that our brethren were killed, and also to Sister Condor, who was wounded. These young men, so far as I can learn, have behaved heroically, throughout all the persecutions to which the Elders have been exposed in that region. I am told they have accompanied the Elders upon a number of occasions ready to defend them to the best of their ability, and have been willing, apparently, to risk their lives in defence of the Elders, who had brought them the truth. They have also fallen victims of the hellish hate of the adversaries of truth, both of them being shot and killed, and I feel that their names should be had in honorable remembrance in Zion, as well as the name of their mother and of their family, for their kindness and their bravery in the cause of truth, and their names should not perish nor be forgotten, and in days to come, when opportunity offers, services should be rendered for them, that they cannot render for themselves; those ordinances which God has provided for the salvation of His children, they should be attended to in their behalf. I trust their memories will live, and their names be handed down in honorable remembrance with the names of our brethren, who left here as missionaries. Though they were new converts, comparatively speaking, yet they have shown all the zeal, all the devotion, and all the courage for the truth that could be expected of those who had lived for years in the church. One of them, I think, is said to have been only 19 years of age—Martin Condor—and I pray God to bless that family, bless those that

survive, and have them in remembrance to-day; that as we remember our brethren who went forth from our midst, as bearers of life and salvation, so may we remember the others in common with them. Also, Mr. Garret, who lived on the same Creek and in the same neighborhood, where Brother Jones, I believe, was stopping at the time of this dreadful occurrence. He also should have our blessings and be had in kindly remembrance in our midst.

UTAH.

A TERRE HAUTEAN GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF UTAH.
AS SEEN AFTER EXTENSIVE TRAVELS OVER ITS MOUNTAINS.

"Of Antres vast and deserts idle;
Rough quarries, rocks and hills
Whose heads touch heavens,
It was my hint to speak.

—Othello.

Terre Haute (Ind.) Courier.

The mountain scenery of Utah will compare favorably, in grandeur and sublimity, with any other scenery to be found in America. The western front of the Wasatch range of mountains, looking to Cache, Great Salt Lake and Provo Valleys, is very bold and precipitous, many of the mountains being very high and rugged, and always covered with snow. At intervals of, say, five to ten miles, there are canyons, or deep defiles in the mountain range, down which the clear cold mountain streams, comes dashing, roaring, cascading and often foaming as white as the snow on the mountain sides. It is up in these canyons, that the wildest and grandest scenery is to be found.

It would seem as if some terrific convulsion of nature, at some remote period, had split open the mountain range transversely, into awful chasms, with rugged and sometimes almost perpendicular walls of rock, on each side from two to three thousand feet high above the stream. The canyons are from twenty to thirty miles long. July 31st, 1884, was one of the most delightful and gratifying days I have ever spent during my two years experience in Utah. At an early hour, this morning in company with Gov. Alexander Ramsey, chairman of the Utah commission, Secretary Arthur L. Thomas and his estimable lady, I started on the "Great Scenic Route," the Denver & Rio Grande railway, on a trip to Alta, twenty-nine miles distant from Salt Lake City. At Alta the celebrated Emma mine and several other valuable silver mines are located.

We ran south eleven miles to Bingham Junction, where we took a branch road for Alta. After changing cars we ran in an easterly direction, about ten miles to Wasatch, a little above the mouth of "Little Cottonwood" canyon.

Here we left the steam cars and went up to Alta on a tramway, the cars being drawn by mules, about eight miles.

At the mouth of Little Cottonwood are granite quarries, where the material is procured for the building of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, which has been building thirty-one years, and it will probably require ten years more to finish it.

On each side of this canyon, for a number of miles above its mouth, there are great mountains of granite, containing enough material to build a hundred such cities as New York. Along the narrow valley, or rather defile, there is a large number of granite boulders from the size of a colossal elephant to an ordinary two-story house, which appear to have rolled down from the mountain sides. Thus far the Mormons have quarried only from these enormous boulders. At the quarries a considerable number of Mormons are at work all the time, getting out material for the Temple. It is first class granite, and the building when finished according to the design will be a fine piece of architecture.

On our return trip, down the canyon, our attention was called to some handsome white tents on the opposite side of the stream at the quarries, and we were told that there was something over there worth seeing. Crossing over the dashing foaming mountain stream, as white as milk, on a foot bridge, we soon found ourselves in a scene of enchantment and beauty, rarely to be witnessed anywhere in the wide world. Hid away among the cottonwoods, maples and wild roses, there were a great many tents with perpendicular sides and sloping roofs. Looking inside we saw nice clean beds, and pictures hanging around on the walls. All through the grounds were beautiful walks, fringed with elegant flowers of many kinds. Streams of water were flowing everywhere, some in little wooden flumes and some in channels in the ground, while many tiny jets of water were playing and cooling the perfumed air. This village of tents was the summer residence of the quarrymen and a pleasure resort of Salt Lake City picnickers. Our whole party pronounced it the "gem of the mountains," "a paradise in miniature." In the center of this village, or camp, or paradise, there is a "bowery" which seemed to be constructed for dancing and close by were long dining tables, where we supposed the quarrymen took their meals in common.

But, to continue our journey up the canyon: The tramway is (or rather has been) enclosed with a continuous snow-shed, constructed at great expense; but at a great many places it

has been carried away by snow-slides. The scenery in this canyon is indescribably grand and beautiful; the narrow defile being enclosed on both sides by rugged mountains, on both sides a half a mile high, above the stream, and the stream itself some miles above the mouth of the canyon being some eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The sides and tops of the mountains are covered with great patches of snow, a curious sight for July 31st! In this pure and rare atmosphere, the deep gulches, the craggy and "tel-e-coped" mountain sides and the dizzy summits, were as clearly outlined as a photograph. They did not seem so very far or so very high, and yet a man standing on one of those crags would look no bigger than a gnat, or rather you could not see him at all. Jumbo would look like a mouse.

We arrived at Alta in about four hours after leaving Salt Lake City. It is a small mining town surrounded on all sides but one with high mountains. Besides the noted Emma mine (in regard to which Minister Schenck got himself into so much trouble in England) there are several other mines at Alta, some of which are said to be quite valuable. Among others the Flag-staff and the aVllejo. There were still great spots of snow in the town. To give the reader an idea of a winter in the Wasatch mountains, Alta will serve as an example. Last winter (and here the winter often lasts, until after the Fourth of July so far as the snow is concerned) the snow was thirty feet deep in this town, and was over the tops of the second-story windows, while nothing could be seen of many of the houses but the tops of the chimneys. The people got about the town through tunnels which they excavated under the snow, with twenty or twenty-five feet of snow overhead.

Where do the mighty waters of the turbid Missouri and the lordly Mississippi come from? They have their thousand sources and their chief supply from just such great deposits of snow on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The melting snows of the Wasatch mountains, find their way into Great Salt Lake, which has no outlet; and notwithstanding the great volume of water which flows into it, it is kept at about the same stage by evaporation—which is very rapid at that high altitude with a vast expanse of over four thousand square miles of water exposed to the sun. Last March there was a terrible avalanche at Alta, where a vast body of snow from twenty to fifty feet deep came tearing down the side of the mountain destroying the lives of twelve miners and near \$30,000 worth of property.

I saw and conversed with several miners at Alta. They are a stalwart set of men, and many of them quite intelligent. When you strike up a casual conversation with one of these men, you can't always tell just what manner of man you are "tackling." He is in a slouched hat, blue woolen shirt and wears his pantaloons in his boots. His hair is not very artistically combed nor perfumed. His face is bronzed and "bearded like the pard." His language is not always elegant, and I regret to say too often illustrated with the technics of profanity; and yet peradventure, this man has been brought up in "the East" in the best society—maybe he is college bred and has had a diploma. But he had wandered off in his youth to the golden shores of the Pacific coast in search of fortune. From California he has drifted around among the mountains and canyons of Nevada, or Idaho or Montana, and finally wakes up in the mines of Utah, poorer than when he left his Eastern home.

There is a life portraiture of the Argonauts of the west—the gold-hunters of "the early days," written by Mark Twain which "one cannot read without a moisture of the eyes."

"It was the only population of the kind that the world has ever seen gathered together, and it is not likely that the world will ever see its like again. For, observe, it was an assemblage of two-hundred-thousand young men—not simpering, dainty, kid-gloved weaklings, but stalwart, muscular, dauntless young braves, brimful of push and energy, and royally endowed with every attribute that goes to make up a peerless and magnificent manhood—the pick and choice of the world's glorious ones. No women, no children, no gray and stooping veterans—none but erect, bright-eyed, quick-moving, strong-handed young giants—the strangest population, the finest population, the most gallant host that ever trooped down the startled solitudes of an unpeopled land. And where are they now? Scattered to the ends of the earth—or prematurely aged or decrepit—or dead of disappointed hopes and broken hearts."

And speaking of a "petered out" camp, he says: "The mere handful of miners yet remaining, had seen the town spring up, spread, grow and flourish in its pride; and they had seen it sick-en and die and pass away like a dream. With it their hopes had died and their zest of life. They had long ago resigned themselves to their exile, and ceased to correspond with their distant friends, or turn longing eyes toward their early homes. They had accepted banishment, forgotten the world and been forgotten by the world. With them life was a failure—they were tired men, their dreams were all of the past—they were without ties, interests or hopes, waiting for rest and the end."

Mayhap some reader of this sketch has a brother, a lover or a friend who wandered off in the old days toward the Golden Gate in the west, never to