

lest it might discourage him. I learn that similar feelings were entertained by many persons intimately connected with the deceased. I understand that his beloved wife very reluctantly gave her assent to his going. These impressions, were like shadows of coming events, being premonitory of the incident that has caused so much sadness among Brother Morris' multitude of friends. I am familiar to a considerable extent, practically, with his profession as a decorative artist, and have known many of his class, but have never known one so excellent as he in so many different lines. It is said that labor, in a sense, is worship. This is true. It is the exercise of those talents God has given us, and in using them to beautify the earth and make it a more delightful place on which to dwell, we are engaged in practical worship.

Brother Morris' character is suggestive of the saying of the Savior in reference to Nathaniel—"Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile." Everybody who knew William loved him. Was this because of his great talents? No. It is said that what a man sows that also shall he reap. He sowed love and sympathy, and these sentiments being sowed by him in the hearts of the people, there returned to him a plentiful crop in kind. Everybody loved William because William loved everybody. His sympathy was extended to all who came to him in distress, not excluding the tattered and down-at-the-heel tramp. On one occasion his sympathies led him to employ a vagrant. The latter, instead of reciprocating by tokens of gratitude, robbed his employer of a quantity of gold leaf. The fellow was caught in the act. The foreman said to William—"You keep him here till I bring a policeman." While the officer was being brought our deceased friend began, in the softness of his heart, to sympathize with the man who had wronged him, and finally said, in substance, "Now, if you do not get away from here quick an officer will soon have you in charge." The policeman came, and was met by an apology from William for letting the "poor fellow go." He was overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and his memory will be cherished by the community. He has left many marks of his genius behind him. They are on the corners of buildings, in the windows of public places, in houses of worship, and in the most sacred structures of all—

Temples dedicated to the Most High God.

We, his co-religionists, often speak of a future association with those we love. We will again meet with Brother Morris. He kept the faith, and of such it is promised they shall have eternal life.

I pray that the spirit of peace and comfort, like the gentle dews of heaven, may rest upon the wife and children of Brother Morris.

ELDER GEORGE HAMLIN

read an address written in behalf of the fellow artists of the deceased. It expressed their sentiments towards him in a manner to prove the high worth they ascribed to him. It praised in the highest terms, his talent as an artist, and his qualities as a man.

ELDER C. R. SAVAGE

next made a few remarks. I always feel in the presence death, the majesty of the Eternal God; and I feel this sentiment with greater force when in the presence of the death of one I love. When "Billy," as we always called him, was a little school boy, he displayed remarkable talent in drawing; and when I gaze upon some of his work, and note the rapid improvement he was making, I am impressed with the belief that we have lost a really great artist. Brother Morris was not given to the sentiment of money-making, but he was devoted to the good, the true and the beautiful. He probably never would have become great through wealth, but he was great in the hearts of the people.

APOSTLE JOHN W. TAYLOR

spoke as follows: My dear brethren and sisters: I took my seat in the congregation this morning, preferring rather to listen than to make any remarks, feeling that I could enjoy an hour or two much better in silent thought and listening to the remarks of others, than by making any remarks myself.

I have known Wm. C. Morris, or "Billy," as he is known among his associates and friends, ever since I was a small boy. I have always had a high regard for him. He was one of the most modest, unpretentious men I have ever met during my whole lifetime. And in thinking of Wm. C. Morris, I always put him down on the list of those who are meek and lowly of heart.

He seems to have been endowed with those God-like attributes of admiring the creations of our God. He could not pass a little flower unnoticed. If he passed a running brook, he would make a remark, admiring the same, to his companion. If he

went into the canyon or the mountain, he would always admire the evergreens, and the crystal streams, the beautiful, snow-crested mountains, towering toward heaven. There was no color God has placed in the variety of flowers but what brought forth bursts of admiration; and in this, I have always thought I was comparatively deficient—in admiring the creations of God.

I desire to say that William C. Morris was a man who, had he been permitted to live, would have excelled in his art. And I also desire to say unto the Latter-day Saints that all the works of man, like paintings upon walls and canvases, and in the Temples of our God, will fade away like other things created of man; but that which is created of God, the spirit he possessed, will last for ever. I say a man might become the greatest artist the world has ever produced, and spread upon canvases the beautiful sun in all its splendor, the grandeur of the stars in the dome of heaven, and the glories of heavenly bodies; he might attain to all the perfection possible in painting the tints of the rainbow, the color of the flowers, the trees of the forest, and all the creations of God, in such splendor as to deceive us; and the snow-crested hills, and the heavenly tints of the clouds in an evening sky; yet, if that man fails to accomplish one thing, he falls short of the greatest blessing any human being can enjoy; and that is if he fails to spend a little time every day of his life in coloring the great picture of the future that is before us; he fails in his mission here on earth.

I have gone into the studio of Wm. C. Morris, in his private life, and found him spending a portion of his time, every day he was not engaged for others (which probably never came to the knowledge of his friends), in painting a beautiful picture for himself. It is one of the grandest designs ever conceived in the mind of man, in which was planted beautiful trees, in all their foliage and healthful vigor; lovely gardens, vineyards, figures of human beings, and all the most holy thoughts associated with heavenly things were here represented. I beheld on one side of the picture a place where there was to be no weeping and sorrow, no trouble or distress, but where union and love met together, and where charity and forgiveness kissed each other. I beheld the glories of the creations of God in their supernal beauty, where children of God labored for the good of one another.