

## PRESIDENT WILLIAM W. TAYLOR.

It is with inexpressible feelings of sadness that we chronicle the death of Elder WILLIAM W. TAYLOR, one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who departed this life at four o'clock a. m. this morning (Friday, August 1st, 1884) in this city. The disease from which he suffered was bilious colic, with which he was attacked on the evening of Saturday, July 26th. The news of his demise has fallen upon his family and friends almost with the suddenness of a blow, for though the attack was a severe one, his comparative youth, the excellence of all the habits of his life and the strength of his constitution led every one to hope for his speedy recovery; and it is with the deepest regret, mingled with surprise, that the sad news has fallen upon the community of which he has been so valued a member.

WILLIAM WHITTAKER TAYLOR, the son of President John Taylor and Harriet Whittaker Taylor, was born the 11th of September, 1853, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. He was born in the 14th Ward, and with the exception of the time absent upon a mission to Great Britain, he resided there constantly from birth to death. After leaving school he obtained employment in the manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Folsom, Romney & Taylor, and succeeded in obtaining considerable knowledge of the business and of the carpenter's trade before he was called on a mission to Great Britain. It was at the General Conference in October, 1875, that he was appointed to that mission; and on the 26th of the same month he took his departure. He returned home October 16, 1877, bringing with him the love and confidence of the Elders and Saints with and among whom he had labored. He filled his mission to England with that zeal and fidelity which were characteristic of him in all his labors.

Shortly after his return, at a meeting of the Priesthood of Salt Lake Stake of Zion (Nov. 3, 1877), he was unanimously sustained as Clerk of the High Council. This position he has filled up to the last meeting, which was held on the evening of the 25th of July.

On the 1st of April, 1880, he was ordained one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies.

At the last general election for members of the Legislative Assembly he was elected a member of the Council, and in him his constituents felt they had a representative who could be trusted to stand by and defend their rights and interests to the utmost extremity. He never faltered in the discharge of his duty, and was inflexible in demanding for the people every right which belonged to free men.

Last February he was elected Assessor and Collector of taxes for Salt Lake City, and to this office he has devoted himself with assiduity and energy.

His last public act was performed on Saturday last, the 25th ult., when as delegate from the second precinct he met in convention for the nomination of a county ticket for the coming election.

The life of our deceased brother was remarkably blameless and pure. From early boyhood he was distinguished for those qualities which, when more fully developed, made him so valuable and beloved a man. He was almost free from faults, and those who knew him best, in reflecting upon his life and character, cannot think of any labor or duty wherein he failed to come up to the highest expectation of his friends. If he undertook any labor, those most interested could rest assured that it would be performed by him in the best possible manner. His venerable father, President John Taylor, to whom his death came as a shock, though he bears it with great resignation and composure, in speaking of William, said: "In reviewing his life and reflecting upon his course, I cannot think of anything which I wish he had done differently. His conduct was always so correct and so free from every vice, that the most fastidious could find no fault with him."

While yet quite a youth he became a teacher in the Ward and in the Sunday School, performing the duties of each to the entire pleasure and satisfaction of the Bishop of the Ward and the superintendent of the Sunday School. Though naturally of a sedate turn of mind, religiously inclined, and free from all levity, he had a keen sense of humor and could appreciate phasantry with great enjoyment.

A little incident is related by an intimate friend which fully exemplifies his high sense of probity and honor. When a mere boy he with a companion went to the old adobe yard, where a skating pond had been prepared, for entering which a charge of 25 cents was made. William and his friend were anxious to get on the pond to skate, but they had no money. They succeeded, however, without the knowledge of the proprietor, in effecting an entrance. When William thought of what he had done, he felt condemned, and to satisfy his conscience, resolved to repay the man with the first money he could earn. He earned a dollar, and he immediately took it to him and insisted upon his taking a four-fold payment for the wrong he had done him.

As a clerk of the High Council he had the rare faculty of seizing all the

salient points of the case under discussion, and presenting them in a terse and condensed form. No one could fail, after reading his minutes, to get a clear conception of every point involved and the arguments of both sides, and it was rarely they had to be corrected. In this capacity he gave perfect satisfaction to the Presidency of the Stake and the High Council, and their grief at his departure is unfeigned, for they feel that they are not only called upon to part with a companion whom they loved and admired as a Saint, but an aid whose place they will find it most difficult to fill. Though he had been called to be one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies, the duties of which to a man of his high and conscientious conceptions, were very onerous, still his services as Clerk of the Stake and of the High Council were valued so highly that the President of the Stake felt that he could not spare him.

At the death of Elder Albert P. Rockwood the question arose as to who should be appointed to fill the vacancy made by his departure in the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies. The Presidents who were here mentioned various names, and as they did not readily unite upon any one, President Joseph Young, who had favored the selection of our deceased brother for the position, suggested that all the names be written on separate slips of paper and be placed in a box and that one of the brethren draw each slip separately, while he should sit with his back to the box, and when the slip should be drawn that the Spirit indicated held the name that should be selected, he would mention it. Elder Seymour B. Young drew the slips without, of course, giving any indication as to the name written upon each. One slip was drawn. The response from President Joseph Young was in the negative. Another was drawn, with the same response. A third was drawn, and Brother Seymour B. Young was told he need draw no more, for that was the one. An examination of the paper disclosed the name of the deceased, William W. Taylor, and those present agreed to his nomination, and it was afterwards agreed to by all the authorities and by the General Conference.

After the settlements of the Latter-day Saints had become numerous and wide-spread in these valleys, the organization of the quorums of Seventies, which had been effected when the people were living in a limited area, was felt to be unsuited to the new conditions and circumstances in which the Seventies were placed. When Elder W. W. Taylor took his place as one of the seven Presidents of that body, he devoted much thought to the subject, and to the best method of correcting the inconveniences which arose from having the members of the different quorums living so wide apart and scattered among the different Stakes. President Taylor's attention having also been drawn to the subject, he received a revelation, in which instruction was given as to the proper method of re-organizing the quorums. None were more delighted by this word of the Lord than our deceased brother. He took hold of the labor with the utmost earnestness and zeal, and scarcely a Sunday has passed since the revelation was received that he has not been engaged in some of the Stakes, giving the Seventies instructions and helping them perfect the organization upon the plan suggested by the Lord. The devotion and wisdom which he exhibited in this labor called forth the praise of the presiding authorities and the admiration of his fellow-servants of the Seventies. It was only the Wednesday evening before he was compelled to take to his bed that he had been in council with his brethren earnestly engaged in arranging plans for visits by them to the Seventies in every part of the mountains.

In the morning of his days—being only 30 years of age—in the midst of a career of great usefulness, at a time when his services were in great demand here, and when his future earthly life appeared full of bright promise, Elder WILLIAM W. TAYLOR has been called away to labor in a higher and more extended sphere. His family and friends and associates will miss him. Their grief is profound, and would be inconsolable if it were not for the promise and comforting hopes of the Gospel. That glorious plan, however, assures us that in leaving this state of existence he goes to enter upon a better one, and that there he will find opportunity for the fullest exercise of the choice qualities which made him so loving and attractive while here. That God who gave him life has seen fit to call him hence, and it is for us who remain to bow in humble submission to the will of Him who rules both in heaven and on earth, and will in all eternity.

### BISHOP L. W. HARDY.

BISHOP LEONARD W. HARDY, a noble specimen of manhood, has left the turmoil and perplexity of probationary life and gone to rest, pending the reunion of the body and spirit by the power of the resurrection.

He was no common character. Physically he was of large and powerful build, possessed of extraordinary muscular vitality, enabling him to endure without perceptible deterioration the numerous hardships of an eventful and checkered life. Up to the time he was seized with the illness which car-

ried him off, he was so well preserved that those who were not aware of the age to which he attained would be surprised that it was so advanced.

The remark sometimes made in reference to men whose physical structures incline to ponderosity did not apply to the Bishop. He was unceasingly and untiringly active, and his mentality was in unison with his bodily characteristics. While he might not be termed a fluent public speaker, he was direct, emphatic and decisive. These peculiarities entered into his entire intercourse with his fellowmen. With him there was no beating about the bush, no dissembling—which he heartily despised, but a disposition to go at once to the point at issue without quibble or equivocation.

Throughout his strong individuality ran the softening influence of one of the kindest hearts that ever existed in the breast of man. Even when his powerful and almost unyielding will was exhibited this genial sunshine of a sympathetic disposition gleamed and shone with refreshing and soothing lustre.

Brother Hardy is not dead. He only rests. He is not even in the fullest sense removed from earth, for he leaves a family worthy of their noble head. He lives on earth representatively in them, and in that regard will continue to exist here so long as time endures. He lives also in their memories and affections, for they hold him in the most devoted attachment. But so far as loving hearts are concerned, his memory is not only thus embalmed by those of his own kin, but by all who had the privilege of being acquainted with him who are capable of appreciating and cherishing genuine worth and honest, upright manhood.

Bishop Hardy has gone to join his venerable chief, Bishop Edward Hunter, in whose wake he has followed closely on the voyage to the golden shore of eternity. He has gone to join the good, the pure and the upright who have preceded him in this dispensation and those of former ages. He goes to unite with them in furthering there the interests of the great work of human redemption in which he was so vigorously engaged here. He fought the good fight of faith, having been true to every trust, and goes hence with a sure title to an eternal inheritance in the Kingdom of God.

### FUNERAL SERVICES.

LAST OFFICES OF RESPECT TOWARDS BISHOP L. W. HARDY AND PRESIDENT W. W. TAYLOR.

As announced in Saturday evening's News, the bodies of the two deceased servants of God, Bishop Leonard W. Hardy and President W. W. Taylor, were brought into the Tabernacle at an early hour, and placed immediately in front of the Bishops' stand. The casket containing the remains of Bishop Hardy was conveyed in the Sexton's carriage from his residence in the Sugar House Ward and was deposited to the right of the centre aisle a few minutes before 8 o'clock. Shortly afterwards Brother Taylor's remains were carried from his late residence in the 14th Ward, six of his brothers acting as pall-bearers, and were placed on the north side of the aisle. The caskets were simple yet elegant, and were bedecked with the choicest flowers of earth, artistically arranged into the shapes of crosses, wreaths, and anchors. The fulfilled life of the aged bishop was appropriately typified by a bundle of ripened corn, which lay upon the lid of the casket near a silver plate bearing the sublime word "Father." The inscription on the lid of the coffin containing Brother Taylor's body consisted of the blessed words, "Rest in Peace." The utter absence of artificial gloom, which greatly heightened the solemnity of the scene, was a noticeable feature; while the unconcealed grief of the thousands who in passing gazed a moment upon the placid faces of the dead, showed plainer than any words could express it, the love and regard in which the departed brethren were held. From the time the doors were opened to the public until the commencement of the services, a constant stream of mourners passed the remains from south to north and took seats farther back in the building, until the body of the vast Tabernacle was well filled and many hundreds had to take seats in the gallery to avoid the crowd and heat below. The features of both the brethren looked calm, natural and peaceful, as if they were enjoying a much needed sleep. They were excellently preserved, and showed no signs of decay or even discoloration. Shortly before 10 o'clock the strains of the organ filled the building with solemn music, during the rendering of which the families of the deceased entered the Tabernacle and took seats which had been reserved for them, immediately in front of the caskets. Bishop Hardy's family and relatives occupied the first six seats on the south side of the aisle, and Brother Taylor's the same number on the north side. Behind the latter were places reserved for the Mayor and City Council of Salt Lake City, who came in a body to pay their respects to their deceased co-laborer in the municipal government, and took their assigned places before the services began. The various stands were adorned with beautiful bouquets at either end, and were filled with the different grades of the priesthood.

At 10.10 a. m. President George Q. Cannon, who conducted the services, called the assembly to order and gave out the following hymn, which was sung by the choir:

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.

Prayer by President Joseph E. Taylor.

The choir sang:

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

The congregation was addressed by PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF.

We had assembled together to pay our last respects to two of God's noblest—servants, sons and friends. He was present himself, under peculiar circumstances. On the death of President Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, he was appointed by the Council of the Apostles to go to England on a mission, to preside over the work of the Lord in that land, and was told by President Young to take with him any of the brethren he might select to assist him in his labors. One of the two persons who went with him was Leonard W. Hardy. Speaking one day concerning the death of the Prophet Joseph, the speaker and Brother Hardy made a mutual covenant that whichever of them survived should attend the other's funeral. He little thought then, that the time would come when he would be called on to attend Brother Hardy's funeral in a tabernacle like this, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by thousands of the Saints, and another faithful servant of God would be lying dead at the same time. But here he was to fulfil his covenant.

The brethren before us were called dead. But there was no sting of death here, for the sting of death was sin, and these men were righteous and had died in the Lord. If they had the privilege of returning to mortality they would not. On opening their eyes in the spirit world, they had met friends and were happy and satisfied. When he thought of how the prophets and leaders of this people had been and were being taken away, and saw young men like Brother Wm. W. Taylor go also, he thought to himself: "What is the matter on the other side of the veil, what is going on there?" And he was met by the reflection that these men were taken hence to continue their labors in another sphere. He believed our labors were greater there than here, there being more people to preach to than those on earth, and these servants of God who had gone hence had entered fully upon their labors in the spirit world.

Their mortal lives were before the Saints, before heaven and earth. They had been true and faithful unto death, and would receive a crown of life. To their wives, sons, daughters, parents and friends he would say: "We cannot mourn when we look at their condition." He felt more like shouting "glory hallelujah!" For these men had obeyed the celestial law, their bodies would be but a short season in the tomb, and they would come forth clothed upon with immortality and eternal life, to sit on thrones and possess principalities, powers and dominions forever. All was well with them. They were beyond the power of death, Satan and sin, where they could mingle with prophets gone before, and labor for their friends on earth who would yet meet them and have joy in their society. He felt shocked at Brother William's death, but he felt to say "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." All should be as well prepared when God called them to go, leaving nothing undone that it was their duty to do, that they might be free from reproach and ready at any time to meet their final account. He felt to comfort those who remained and exhorted them to continued faithfulness.

### BISHOP ROBERT T. BURTON.

It had been very truly and properly said by President Woodruff that the dead before us were two of God's noblest. No other sentiment could so fittingly express his feelings regarding them. He did not wish to say much, for his associations with the departed were too near and dear for words, and no eulogy that might be pronounced upon them could alter their condition one iota. He had known Bishop Hardy for over thirty years, for ten years intimately, and was familiar with his career as a Bishop, as a military man and as a servant of God in various capacities. They had formed a strong attachment for each other, and as hundreds could testify, attachments which spring up between the servants of God, in the associations of the Gospel, could be stronger far than the ties of kindred.

He spoke of Brother Hardy's courage, determination and indomitable will, and said that it seemed as if he was determined to die at his post, for it was not till a week ago last Friday night that he left his office never to return. It was after 6 o'clock that night that he had another attack of paralysis, and he was then in his chair at his desk. When the speaker's attention was called to him, he felt that it was something serious and that Brother Hardy would be compelled to yield to the power of the destroyer.

In his death there was really nothing to regret. He had finished his course and done all that he could on earth. It was somewhat different with Brother William Taylor, for he was cut down in the prime of his youth. It would be harder, with some, to reconcile his death with the providences

of God, for that reason. But we must all say: "Blessed be the name of the Lord: He hath given and He hath taken away." We should miss these brethren and their labors, but for them there was nothing to regret. They were beyond the power of the destroyer or of wicked men. He prayed that God would inspire Bishop Hardy's sons to emulate the example of their noble father—a man who would never engage in anything that took him away from his duty to God. The same could be said of Brother Wm. Taylor, so far as he had lived; and he prayed that God would bless and comfort his friends and relatives, as well as those of Brother Hardy.

### PRESIDENT JACOB GATES

Could endorse all that had been said of Bishop Hardy, from long acquaintance with him. He had not known Brother Taylor so long, though they were in the same quorum together, and he had become warmly attached to him. He could testify to his useful labors as one of the Presidents of the Seventies. His death had given him (the speaker) a shock, it was so sudden and apparently premature, and he felt that he had lost a friend and fellow laborer in a work that needed just such men to carry it on.

But death was nothing new in this world. It had been experienced from the beginning and would be down to the end, till the common enemy was put under forever—till the time came when there would be no more parting by death, to whom it was given to dissolve the first partnership of the body and the spirit. He hoped, when our time did come, it could be said of us: "Well done good and faithful servant," as it could now be said of the brethren whose mortal tabernacles were before us.

When he reflected that the original Twelve Apostles of this dispensation and many others had passed away, and that the leaders of this people were gradually falling asleep, he asked himself, "What will become of us?" But when he looked about and saw mighty men growing up to take their places, he was reminded that those who had gone had left representatives behind them in their sons. We could look forward hopefully, through a glass darkly it might be, but could still see the dawning of a brighter day ahead. No power could put a stop to this work, for it would increase till all the kingdoms of the world had become the kingdoms of God and His Christ.

### PRESIDENT A. M. CANNON.

From childhood he had been familiar with Bishop Hardy as a veteran among God's people, and he felt to congratulate him on the rest he had entered upon and the way in which he had ended his career. He was a man who, when he heard a prophet's voice declaring the restoration of the gospel, thanked God that he had lived to see that day, and he never faltered in his trust or faithfulness thereafter. The speaker could not say anything of particular benefit to the dead, but he knew that Brother Hardy's soul yearned over his posterity, and to them he would say, "emulate his example and perpetuate and carry on the work he so nobly began and was faithful unto the last, that you may not be ashamed to meet him at the bar of God." He prayed God to comfort the bereaved.

In regard to the death of Brother Taylor, no one sensed his loss to us as a people more than the speaker himself. Born in the everlasting covenant, William's heart had always delighted in the things of God. In Sunday school, as a ward teacher and as a missionary, he was ever found faithful and true. While in England, enfeebled in health, he requested one of his returning fellow laborers not to mention his condition to his family, lest it should cause them anxiety. This was one key-note to his character. Returning from abroad laden with sheaves, he next took up the labors of Clerk of the High Council and of the Stake, and had been the right hand of the Presidency of the Stake; he was always at his post and his records were singularly accurate. When asked how he was enabled to make them so clear, comprehensive and reliable, he replied that when he assumed the office, he asked the Lord to give him the spirit of his calling.

Last Saturday, after fulfilling his duty as one of the delegates to the County Convention, he felt weary, and on Monday evening sent for the speaker to come and administer to him. He went to his house and found Brother William seriously ill. Thursday at 1 a. m. he again repaired to his bedside and having blessed him, within three hours afterwards his spirit had departed. The speaker prayed that the sweet influence of God's spirit might rest upon the hearts of all who felt to mourn on this occasion, and that all might be faithful and prove themselves worthy to meet and mingle with these righteous men hereafter.

### PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

We had not come together to mourn, for we had too much to be thankful and praise God for, to mourn as those who had no hope. Neither had we come together to celebrate the death of our brethren. All we could possibly mourn for, was the deprivation of their society, counsel and assistance. These men were not dead. They had not tasted of death, they simply slept and their sleep was sweet. They were of Abraham and were redeemed by the blood of Christ and the saving power of His Gospel. The speaker here read selections from the Doctrine and Covenants