

Whenever he had any time, he was working on this picture, which seems to be but a beginning, and which will lead him on to the highest achievements of man. I say, these paintings here on these walls will fade and sink away, but he has engraved upon the canvass of this life and the future, upon his heart, and upon my heart, and upon the hearts of us all, the creations of God that will never fade away. They will last forever. And while he has been working upon this great scene, through the shadows of the trees of death a bright and glorious light has shone in magnificence and splendor upon his picture, and today he has finished it.

I behold this plainly before me. I know there is no human artist who can excel that painting, for upon the great canvass of the future is it placed, there to remain forever as a monument of beauty and grandeur, where in the resurrection of the just, in the morning of the righteous, we will behold it, and it will not be excelled by any workman or master hand. It was wrought by a master hand, a finished workman, that man cannot approach—and that picture is "eternal life."

No man can be more than good, and Wm. C. Morris was a good man. I desire to say that all who keep the commandments of our God here on the earth are building a future, a picture which will remain. And Brother Morris has not finished his work, but according to the revelations of Jesus Christ he will go on in learning and gaining intelligence, and will there go on unto perfection in his art, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. Wm. C. Morris will become an artist, not only of painting upon the canvas, but when worlds are to be created he will associate with the gods, and sit in council in planning and beautifying worlds that are to be peopled; he will assist in beautifying and designing worlds as they roll into existence.

There is no attribute placed in man, but what will be further and more perfectly developed in eternity; and if Wm. C. Morris was capable of beautifying our homes and places here, with his limited means, what may he not be able to perform as he goes on in perfection in the things of God?

Brother Morris was a good man. My heart always went out for him. I know he had a kind and sympathetic nature; and while I have the privilege of expressing my feelings I will say, God bless the

memory of Brother Morris; may the Lord bless his family, comfort their hearts, and make happy the home of those he has left behind. And let us take upon us the responsibility that was formerly upon him, and see that we truly appreciate and follow the sentiment:

The widow's heart shall share my joy,
The orphan and oppressed
Shall see I love the sweet employ
To succor the distressed.

May God bless you all, and the family of Brother Morris, that they may grow up walking in the footsteps of him who has left us, doing the works of righteousness, that they may be raised up in the morning of the first resurrection, and be able to mingle with their husband and sire throughout all the ages of eternity; is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

APOSTLE H. J. GRANT

next spoke very briefly. None of us can do any more than be good, and that Brother Morris led the life of a good man, and was kind and charitable, all will agree who knew him. None of us can say or do anything which will add to or take from Brother Morris. He has set us an example worthy of being followed.

APOSTLE F. M. LYMAN

said: My acquaintance with Brother Morris was but slight, yet I feel justified in saying that I endorse what has been said of him.

That we may remember where Brother Morris is, I will read the 11th and 12th verses of the 40th chapter of Alma:

Now concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection. Behold, it has been made known unto me, by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body; yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life.

And then shall it come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous, are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise; a state of rest; a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow, &c.

That is the state of Elder Morris. His troubles, cares and sorrows are ended. Around me I see today a new departure—the draping of these stands in white. This I commend to all Latter-day Saints. We clothe our dead in white, not in blackness. It is not such a serious thing to die, especially for the righteous; and it is proper that we should die when our work is finished. Many men might live a hundred years and not accomplish as much as Brother Morris did. Yet he passed away while still a young man. His was a fine art soul. He

lived the life of a Saint. He was a jewel of the first water, and his family and friends may well be proud of what he has accomplished. His works will not fade as rapidly as we might suppose; but his most enduring works have been wrought in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints. I pray that God may bless his family, and that they may be abundantly consoled. His works have been seen and admired by tens of thousands, but he was so modest and retiring that not many of his admirers knew him personally.

PRESIDENT ANGUS M. CANNON said: It is with diffidence that I arise before you to add a few words to what has already been said, regarding our departed brother. When the sad tidings reached me, I remembered the parting that took place between Brother Morris and myself; and as he said to Brother Nicholson, so he remarked to me. He bade me "Good-bye." When he told me the object of his visit to the east, I remember the emotion that sprang up within me; and I regret that I did not tell him the sorrow I experienced at that time; yet I could not say "Brother Morris, don't go," as I knew his desire was to go and improve himself in his art, that he might be more useful and skillful, and do greater justice to the sacred edifices we purpose erecting and are erecting.

When I heard of his departure from this life, I thought of the gloom and sadness that would enshroud his family, and how far-reaching his absence would be felt and experienced by this community.

There is no edifice that he did not improve, if he had opportunity; and I am reminded of the blighting frost that descends upon the earth, the grasses and flowers. When I used to cross the land bordering "Dixie" called the "Black Ridge," I used to behold the frost-blighted flowers, the grasses, and the frost decaying the vegetation on the mountains. The foliage of the trees was gorgeous but it bespoke death. But Wm. C. Morris was the opposite of that. Wherever he created a color, or produced a tint, it bespoke life. He would adorn and make beautiful the things that surrounded him.

He was never so happy as when he could leave his wife in smiles, and make his children contented. He adorned his surroundings and made the humblest of children happy and glad. He was a man, the opposite of evil—never happy save when he was making others happy. But death has vanquished him; the