

A GENERAL FUNERAL SERMON OF ALL SAINTS AND SINNERS; ALSO, OF THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH.

DELIVERED BY ELDER ORSON PRATT, AT THE TABERNACLE, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
JULY 25, 1852.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

I have been requested to preach the funeral sermon of the wife of brother Levi Savage, who died last December; and since coming to this place this morning, I have been requested to preach the funeral sermons of several of the Saints who have died in England; and I have concluded, instead of limiting my address to any one individual case, to preach what may be considered a general funeral sermon of all the Saints that have died in all past ages and generations, with all that shall die hereafter, and the funeral sermon of all those who are not Saints, and also the funeral sermon of the heavens and the earth; and for this purpose I will take a text, which you will find recorded in the 51st chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and the sixth verse—

"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath: for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

All things with which we are acquainted, pertaining to this earth of ours, are subject to change; not only man, so far as his temporal body is concerned, but the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and every living thing with which we are acquainted—all are subject to pain and distress, and finally die and

pass away; death seems to have universal dominion in our creation. It certainly is a curious world; it certainly does not look like a world constructed in such a manner as to produce eternal happiness; and it would be very far from the truth, I think, for any being at the present time to pronounce it very good: everything seems to show us that goodness, in a great degree, has fled from this creation. If we partake of the elements, death is there in all its forms and varieties; and when we desire to rejoice, sorrow is there, mingling itself in every cup; and woe, and wretchedness, and misery, seem to be our present doom.

There is something, however, in man, that is constantly reaching forward after happiness, after life, after pleasure, after something to satisfy the longing desire that dwells within his bosom. Why is it that we have such a desire? And why is it that it is not satisfied? Why is it that this creation is so constructed? And why is it that death reigns universally over all living earthly beings? Did the great Author of creation construct this little globe of ours subject to all these changes, which are calculated to produce sorrow and death among the beings that inhabit it? Was this the original condition of our creation? I answer, no; it was not so constructed. But how was it made in the beginning? All things that were made