

would not be, if we could see and understand. Could the veil between us and the spiritual existence be rent, we should behold a greater mystery in the organization of the spirit.

As has been observed here touching the ideas that men have of the principles of eternal life, mankind have been veiled in utter darkness, in which the great majority remain at this day. The wicked world inquire for the man who can inform them how and by what means the mortal body and the immortal spirit are so intimately united. To say nothing of their organization, the wisest and greatest physiologists have failed to supply the information so earnestly sought upon this subject. We see life spring into existence all around us. Where is its fountain? And how is it originated? It exists for a day, a night, a year, or an age, and it is gone; and who can say where? Who can tell what has become of the life that dwelt in that tabernacle, causing it to think—that lit up the eye with living fire, and caused the mouth to utter forth wisdom? Can mortal man tell? Not unless he is inspired by the Almighty, and understands eternal things. The origin of all things is in eternity. Like a cloud passing across a clear sky—like a bird that suddenly flits across our path—like a pure gushing stream from a hidden fountain, that soon sinks in some mountain chasm—so, apparently, life flashes into this mortal existence, and passes away.

I do not mourn for sister Fanny: I rejoice. She has lived upwards of three-score years and ten, and exhibited the retention of sound sense to her last days with us here. She said to her sister Nancy, a short time ago, "If you hear of my being dead before you come to see me again, let the first thing you say be 'Hallelujah!'" That remark, to me, evidences the retention of sound judgment. It also

appears to me that very many of the Latter-day Saints are as far from good wholesome ideas and principles, touching their heavenly privileges, as the east is from the west. They covet the riches of this world, craving to serve themselves—to satisfy the sordid disposition within them. Had they the sense of an angel, and were they in possession of mountains of gold, heaped up higher and deeper, broader and longer, than these mountains on the east and west of us, they would say, "That vast amount of gold is as nothing when compared with the privilege of even living in this day and age of the world, when the Gospel is preached."

And when the Lord has committed his holy Priesthood to men on earth, without which no mortal being can be prepared to enter into the celestial kingdom of God, how do many of the Elders treat it? That question I do not wish to answer; but I really wish that such persons would learn a little good sense. Generations have come and gone without the privilege of hearing the sound of the Gospel, which has come to you through Joseph Smith—that was revealed to him from heaven by angels and visions. We have the Gospel and the keys of the holy Priesthood.

Sister Fanny has been faithful: her spirit is now in the spirit world. Where do you suppose that world is? We used to think and talk a great deal about this subject, inquiring where heaven is, and where is the heaven of heavens. Let me tell you that sister Fanny cannot dwell there until she obtains her resurrection; neither can any other being. The spirit world I now refer to pertains to this earth, so far as spirits who have tabernacled or may hereafter tabernacle here are concerned.

Sister Fanny was baptized for the remission of sins, and received the laying on of hands for the reception