

I thought the remark made by a lad to a group of weeping women was very appropriate, though I do not blame them for weeping when they saw the clothing they had put upon their departed darlings; said he, "supposing the linen was all burnt up and the ashes scattered to the four winds, could not the angel Gabriel call those particles together as easily as he could call together the particles of the body?" The elements are all here, and they will be called forth in their proper time and place. Let the minds of the people be at rest upon this matter. What has been done they cannot help. If any wish to open the graves of their dead and put clothing in the coffins to satisfy their feelings, all right; I am satisfied. I am also satisfied that had we been brought up and traditionated to burn a wife upon the funeral pile, we should not be satisfied unless this practice was followed out; we would have the same grief and sorrow that we now have when we find that our dead have been robbed of their clothing. Or if we had been brought up as our natives are, when a chief died if we did not kill a wife or two, a few horses, or a few prisoners, &c., as soon as the darkness of night set in we very likely should fancy ourselves haunted with the spirits of the dead, dissatisfied at our not giving them proper burial rites, and company to pass with them through the dark shadows of the grave to the good land where there are better hunting grounds. The power and influence of tradition has a great deal to do with the way we feel about this matter of our dead being robbed.

We are here in circumstances to bury our dead according to the order of the Priesthood. But some of our brethren die upon the ocean; they cannot be buried in a burying ground, but they are sewed up in canvas and cast into the sea, and perhaps in two

minutes after they are in the bowels of the shark, yet those persons will come forth in the resurrection, and receive all the glory of which they are worthy, and be clothed upon with all the beauty of resurrected Saints, as much so as if they had been laid away in a gold or silver coffin, and in a place expressly for burying the dead. If you think opposite to this your thoughts are in vain. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of these things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works." If the particles of which the body is composed are distributed to the four quarters of the earth, at the sound of the trumpet, when the dead are to come forth the dust that composed their bodies, that portion which is suffered to endure, will come from the ends of the earth, mote by mote, particle by particle, atom to atom, bone to bone, sinew to sinew, and flesh will cover them, and the same body will come forth in the resurrection, as much so as the body of Jesus came forth from the tomb.

Do as you please with regard to taking up your friends. If I should undertake to do anything of the kind, I should clothe them completely and then lay them away again. And if you are afraid of their being robbed again, put them into your gardens, where you can watch them by day and night until you are pretty sure that the clothing is rotted, and then lay them away in the burying ground. I would let my friends lay and sleep in peace. I am aware of the excited state of the feelings of the community; I have little to say about the cause of it.