

his self-abnegation, his devotion to the cause of truth, his perseverance in the ways of righteousness for so many years have left a testimony in the minds, feelings and hearts of all who now feel to mourn his departure from our midst. But we meet not at the present time particularly to eulogize the acts of bro. Kimball, who is one of the First Presidency, and who stands, or who has stood as one of the three prominent men that live on the face of the earth at the present time.

We do not mourn over him as over an individual in a private capacity; neither, when we reflect on the circumstances with which we are surrounded, and the gospel we believe in, do we mourn that he lies there as he is. For although to us he is absent and lifeless and inanimate, yet his spirit soars above clothed upon with immortality and eternal life. And as has been in possession of the principles of eternal truth, by and by, when the time shall roll around, that gospel and the principles of truth that he has so valiantly proclaimed for so many years, will resurrect that inanimate clay, and He who, on the earth proclaimed, "I am the resurrection, and the life," will cause him again to be resuscitated, re-animated, revived and glorified, and he will rejoice among the Saints of God worlds without end.

It is not then an ordinary occasion upon which we have met at the present time. It is not to talk particularly about our individual feeling and bereavement, although they are keen, poignant and afflictive; but we meet at the present time to perform a ceremony and to pay our last respects to the departed great one who lies before us. We do not mourn as those who have no hope; we do not sympathize with any fool-

ish sympathy. We believe in those principles, that he, for so many years, has so strenuously advocated, and believing in them, we know that he has simply passed from one state of existence to another. It is customary for men to say, "how have the great fallen!" But he has not fallen. It is true that he has gone to sleep for a little while. He sleeps in peace. He is resting from his labors and is no more beset with those afflictions with which human nature always has to contend: he has passed from this stage of action, he has got through with the toils, perplexities, cares and anxieties in regard to himself, his family, and in regard to the Church with which he was associated; and in regard to all sublunary things, and while mortals mourn "a man is dead," angels proclaim "a child is born."

We believe in another state of existence besides this; and it is not only a belief, but it is a fixed fact, and hence for a man of God to bid adieu to the things of this world is a matter of comparatively very small importance. When a man has fought the good fight; when he has finished his course; when he has been faithful, lived his religion and died as a man of God, what is there to mourn for? Why should we indeed be sorrowful? There is a church here on earth? There is a church also in heaven. He has migrated from one, and has passed into the other.

We have had leave us before Joseph, Hyrum, David Patten, Willard, Jedediah, and a mighty host of good, virtuous, pure, holy, and honorable men. Some have died, as it were, naturally; others have been violently put to death. But no matter, they are each of them moving in his own sphere. Bro. Kimball has left us for a short time that he may unite with them. And whilst