

that which was done to the Son of God Himself; and to the Prophets and Apostles, and in our own day, to the martyred Joseph, the Prophet of God, and his brother Hyrum. We do not depend upon tradition for our ideas respecting Joseph and Hyrum. They were known to us. Their actions are familiar, their efforts and all their labors we know and understand, and we know how innocent they were. We know that every pulsation of their hearts beat with love for humanity, and for the salvation of their race, as did the heart of this our beloved brother, John H. Gibbs, when it was living. Every pulsation was filled with love for God, and a desire for the salvation of God's children upon the earth. But towards such as these, the spirit of the evil one has no mercy. Nothing less than blood will satisfy, and it has been so from the very beginning.

Whom shall we pity today? This murdered victim and the other murdered victim whose body has gone to his home? For whom shall we shed tears and our hearts swell with pity? Shall it be for these our murdered brethren, these beloved ones, these sainted martyrs, who died in the discharge of duty, serving their God, and seeking earnestly for the salvation of their fellow men? Shall our hearts swell with pity for them and their fate? No. There is no room for pity in my heart for them. I feel thankful to God, not that they were slain, but that they were courageous enough to die for the truth which the Savior died for, for which the blood of Joseph and for which the blood of all the martyrs from the days of righteous Abel until today has been shed. For whom, then, does my pity go out? For the murderers of these holy men. For them my pity is deep, is pro-

found, is inexpressible. Is not this strange that I should have feelings of this kind for the murderers?

When I think of their future; of the penalty they have brought upon themselves; when I think how blindly they have been led by the adversary of their souls, who was a murderer from the beginning, who rebelled against our Father in Heaven, and is the great enemy of the human race, and who seeks to destroy the children of our God—when I think of them I am filled with pity for their fate. As for these victims—this our beloved brother Gibbs, and our beloved Brother Berry—we know what is in store for them. They have received, or rather will receive crowns of glory, immortal glory. They will be the companions of the Gods. They will sit down with Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. By their deaths they will secure an entrance into the society of the Prophets and the Apostles, and the martyrs, the noblest, the holiest, the best, the most exalted of our race. There is no glory that God can give to man, there is no exaltation which God can bestow upon man that these our martyred brethren will not receive. Untrammelled now, having passed the gates of death, their tabernacles having been destroyed, their spirits have gone to the paradise of God. There awaits them continual progress. They have entered upon a career of never ending glory, a career which will never terminate throughout the endless ages of eternity; for they have done all that mortal men could do, they have been willing to lay down their lives for the truth, and greater love no man can exhibit than this. Therefore, so far as they are concerned, aside from the atrocity of the deed which brought them to so untimely a death, aside from the