

light of eternity, but it is the darkness, the weakness, the ignorance, the want of that eternal knowledge, so far as I can conceive, that makes any person mourn here on the earth. If this conveys the idea to you, as it does to me, it will satisfy me.

Mourning for the righteous dead springs from the ignorance and weakness that are planted within the mortal tabernacle, the organization of this house for the spirit to dwell in. No matter what pain we suffer, no matter what we pass through, we cling to our mother earth, and dislike to have any of her children leave us. We love to keep together the social family relation that we bear one to another, and do not like to part with each other; but could we have knowledge and see into eternity, if we were perfectly free from the weakness, blindness, and lethargy with which we are clothed in the flesh, we should have no disposition to weep or mourn.

Perhaps it is not proper for me to make a few remarks with regard to this day's operations. Funeral ceremonies have often borne upon my mind with considerable, I will say, weight, and especially since I came into the vestry at the time appointed for the services to commence. I have often reflected with regard to paying particular respect to that which is useless, to that which is nothing at all to us. And while waiting in the vestry, I was pondering upon how many bands of music attended Jesus to the tomb, upon what the procession was, how many were crape, who mourned, and the situation of the mourners.

There are but few of us but what have been honored with as convenient a place for a birth as was Jesus, though I presume that his mother was comparatively comfortable while lying on the hay in the manger; there are but few of us but what have had the privilege of a house to be born in.

I was reflecting upon how many here were to lament and mourn for Him when he went out of the world; and the few that did mourn had to make their escape, like going on to Ensign Peak; they had to stand afar off to mourn, and durst not be seen near the place of the crucifixion. When the body had hung on the cross until eight, Joseph begged the privilege of taking it down and carrying it to the tomb.

I was reflecting further. Suppose brother Grant could speak to us this day, he would deprecate to the lowest degree the fuss and parade we are making. He would say, "Away with you; stop your blowing of horns, beating of drums, and hoisting of colors. Give my body a place to lay and rest, and do not consider me better than other men. Take my body and bury it deep enough, so that it can rest where the floods cannot wash it out, where it can remain until the trumpet sounds, when I may awake up and help you again."

Perhaps it is not proper for me to make these remarks, yet I hope they will not injure the feelings of anyone. But I say to each and every one of you, whether I die in this city, or wherever I die, when my spirit leaves my body, know ye that that tabernacle is of no use, until the command comes for it to be resurrected; and I do not want you to cry over it, nor make any parade, but give me a good place where my bones can rest, that have been weary for many years, and have delighted to labor until nearly worn out; and then go home about your business, and think no more about me, except you think of me in the spirit world, as I do about Jedediah.

I have not felt, for one minute, that Jedediah is dead; I feel he is with us just as much as he was a week or a month ago.

The few words I say will perhaps