I do not wish to detain the congregation, for I realize that it is very warm and uncomfortable; but on this occasion I feel to offer a few reflections, and pray that they may be instructive to the living, and encourage us in the faith of the holy Gospel, strengthen us in the little faith that we now possess, and open up to our minds the future prospects and blessings that the Lord has in reserve for the faithful.

We call this a solemn occasion, for we have met together to pay our last respects to one who has lived with us, and with whom we have associated, and we delight to show our respect to the mortal remains of those who, in life, have been near and dear to us. But for me to address a lifeless lump of clay would be useless, while to address the living, who have ears to hear and hearts to understand, may be profitable. I requested the brethren to speak who have already addressed you, and there are more here who would like to speak on the present occasion.

The testimony that has been borne concerning the character of our beloved brother, whose body is now a lifeless mass of clay before us, is true, and more we can say than what has been said.

The scene that we are now called to witness is painful to near and dear friends—it is a scene calculated to wring the very heart—the inmost heart. Such scenes are always painful, still we witness them day by day, and when we contemplate the vast number of souls that come into existence and inhabit bodies here on this earth, and the vast number that are departing, almost every moment, it is nothing strange or new. Except this plant die it cannot be quickened; except this mortality is put off it cannot put on immortality; except this body that we have received from the earth returns to mother earth, it cannot be brought forth in the morning of the resurrection. This we know and understand; yet how strange it is, and yet we may say it is not strange, that