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In remembrance of our Prophet

President Grant's Tribute.

President Heber J. Grant paid tribute at the grave to President Smith by reading the following beautiful poem by Edgar A. Guest:

A Real Man.

Men are of two kinds, and he

Was of the kind I'd like to be.

Some preach their virtues, and a few

Express their lives by what they do.

That sort was he. No flowery phrase

Or glibly spoken words of praise

Won friends for him. He wasn't cheap

Or shallow, but his course ran deep,

And it was pure. You know the kind.

Not many in a life you find

Whose deeds outrun their words so far

That more than what they seem they are.

There are two kinds of lies as well;

The kind you live, the ones you tell.

Back through his years from age to youth

He never acted one untruth.

Out in the open light he fought

And didn't care what others thought,

Nor what they said about his fight,

If he believed that he was right.

The only deeds he ever hid

Were acts of kindness that he did.

All children loved him; babe and boy

Played with the strength he could employ,

Without one fear, and they are fleet

To sense injustice and deceit.

No back door gossip linked his name

With any shady tale of shame.

He did not have to compromise

With evil-doers, shrewd and wise,

And let them ply their vicious trade

Because of some past escapade.

Men are of two kinds, and he

Was of the kind I'd like to be.

No door at which he ever knocked

Against his manly form was locked.

If ever man on earth was free

And independent, it was he.

No broken pledge lost him respect;

He met all men with head erect,

And when he passed I think there went

A soul to yonder firmament

So white, so splendid and so fine

It came almost in God's design.