

who held not the holy Priesthood was inspired of God to discover the land of Joseph. Japheth would yet "leave the tents of Shem" and deliver the title of this land to Israel.

The anthem—"Praise ye the Father" was rendered by the students, when the benediction was pronounced by Elder R. K. Thomas.

At the Utah University.

The exercises began at 10 o'clock with the song "Columbus," rendered by the school class.

The address was delivered by W. D. Riter, one of the students, who in a graceful manner traced the history of Columbus from his birth to his death, and described eloquently the trials that he had had to withstand both before starting upon and during his voyage and at the close of his life when honors should have been heaped upon him. The advancement in civilization of the whole world since the discovery of America made an appropriate termination to the very excellent effort of the speaker.

A piano solo was ably rendered by Miss Oora Smith.

Hon. C. S. Zane was then introduced to the assembly, and at the outset spoke of the satisfaction it gave him to address the students of the institution on such a grand occasion as the return of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus—an event so great in view of its effects on mankind. The purpose for which the navigator had planned his voyage and the knowledge and intelligence that he had given to the world by his discovery were described in glowing language, and the history and progress of the European nations during their thousand years of civilization as compared with that of the United States during four hundred years was eloquently portrayed. "Ours," said the speaker, "is the greatest advancement that has ever been made in the annals of all time." The address was masterly and was listened to with close attention. A vote of thanks was tendered those who had participated, and the exercises then came to a close.

At Sugar House Ward.

At 9 o'clock the children and parents began to assemble on the school grounds. At 10 o'clock the trustees raised the national emblem over the tower of the new school building and it was saluted by the school children. Entering the house, which had been gaily decorated, pictures of Columbus and Washington being displayed amid the bunting, the throng soon completely filled it, the audience listened to a lengthy and interesting programme, comprising eighteen numbers. It was well rendered, the several participants acquitting themselves with great honor. At its close brief and timely remarks were made by several of the visitors present, after which the "Star Spangled Banner" was again sung, followed by the benediction.

The audience then retired from the building while the students marched to the music of the ward band to the grounds, where three cheers for Columbus, George Washington, and others were given in a hearty manner.

Before the crowd dispersed it was announced that at 5 p.m. the children of the ward would engage in a party,

and that at 8 p.m. one would be given for the older portion of the community.

Between 3000 and 4000 persons attended the Columbian concert in the Tabernacle Friday night. From a musical point of view the success was unqualified, and those who were present enjoyed themselves immensely. The chorus numbered fully a thousand voices, and Professors Evan Stephens, Thomas Radcliffe and H. E. Giles may justly feel proud of the results of their combined labors at the head of the undertaking. After the singing of the patriotic song, the "Star Spangled Banner," by a united chorus—Salt Lake Tabernacle choir, Choral society and Utah County Choral union, with a stirring flag tableau,

Chief Justice Zane delivered an appropriate address. He referred to Columbus, his humble occupation and his achievements, and Isabella and her superiority over other women of her age. Columbus had been criticised for taking possession of a country that did not belong to him, but, said he, if a civilized nation can improve and add to the happiness of a barbarous people by taking possession, it should have that right. The Spanish did little for civilization compared to the English. The Pilgrims came for freedom of thought, religion, and yet they were sometimes tyrannical. This example of a free government has shed its rays and benefitted the whole civilized world. The speaker closed by saying he trusted the flag would for ages wave over a happy, contented and united people.

Then followed the national anthem—"America," by combined choruses and entire audience with a waving of flags. Soprano solo—"O Salutaris Hostia"—H. G. Ganes, Mrs. Anne Colburn Plummer, violin obligato, Prof. Anton Pedersen. Chorus—"The Heavens Are Telling"—Salt Lake City Tabernacle choir.

Bishop Orson F. Whitney next delivered the following exquisite historical poem on Columbus. It was his own composition, and was splendidly recited:

COLUMBUS.

So long as lofty peaks o'er lowly plains
Catch first the glimpses of the glorious light
That lumines this dark world; so long shall
men,

Or souls that seem far more than men, be
found
To loom above the level of their kind
And greet the earliest rays of rising truth.

What though the shallow world shall scoff and
scorn,
Not seeing what their mystic sight beholds;
But groping, groveling and denying all,
Save what their aires or antique times have
known;

Content to lie at ease in Lethe's vales
And bating those who soar to higher things.
These walk and talk with God on mountain
tops,

On sacred hills of solemn thought, and thence,
Like Moses from the blazing Mount, descend,
To kindle wisdom's beacons for mankind.

Of such a one I sing; the Genoese.
World-binder, bridge of the boundless seas,
The conqueror and colossus of the waves,
Who stood on meditation's starry height,
Above the clouds that canopied the age,
And looked upon the earth and said, "Tis
round."

As later quoth Copernicus, "It moves;"
Still later, Galileo, he who groined
In fetters for a like truth reaffirmed.

Thrice kingly three, uncourtiered and un-
crowned;
Not theirs the purple robe and diadem;
Whom science crowns full oft doth misery
clothe;

Chains were their sceptres, dungeon cells their
throne;

And these thy portion proud, O sailor sage!
The meed of all thy waiting, wandering toil,
No marvel; thou wert God's, not man's elect,
And thou didst serve Eternity, not Time.

Of tyrant kings and priests—earth's recreant
powers—

Who governed but to goad and gall mankind,
The groaning world was weary; and the hour,
The fatal hour when Freedom's prostrate
form,

Bursting the shackles of long centuries—
As Samson, rousing, rent Philistine bonds—
Erect should stand in might and majesty,
And shake her locks in anger at her foes,
Drew on apace. 'Twas meet that ere that
hour

Of tottering thrones and trembling dynasties,
That day of reckoning and red revenge
On crowned and miscreant heads and reeking
hands,

On grinding greed and trampling tyranny,
A haven from the universal storm,
That France saw fiercely burst—yet only saw
The faint beginning, not the furious end—
Should heaven prepare. A land of liberty,
A home of peace and human brotherhood,
Where men should equal stand, a sovereign
host,

Nor owe to haughty birth their high degree;
Where merit's star o'er mammon's might as-
cend;

Where brain and brawn should blood and birth
outweigh,

Where law should liberty and life defend,
And tyranny be traitor to the realm;
Where right, not might, should monarch rise
and reign,

O'er all that breathed or blossomed 'neath
the sun;

Where, linked in chain of loving unity—
The only chain that freedom's land could
bind—

A sternhood of empires, hand in hand,
Might time their steps to Truth's triumphal
tread,

And march to music of Millennial strains
Glad harbingers of still more glorious state—
The welding of the nations—world wide
chairs—

With Freedom's ensign waving over all.

The brave task thine, bold wrestler with the
main,

Europa's pilgrim, Neptune's pioneer!
Tossed not alone on wild Atlantic's crest,
By angry trident of the ocean god,

But on a sea of troubles fiercer still—
The unbelief and envy of thine age,
Whose waves of cold contempt and clouds of
scorn

And wrathful winds had well nigh over-
whelmed

The bark of thy adventurous enterprise,
Ere glorious Isabella's friendship beamed,
And Pals saw thy slow-descending sail.

The brave task thine, thou Titan of thy time—
Albeit thy lot to better build than know—
To plow a way for Freedom through the waves,
And plant her standard on a stranger shore—

The banner of the cross, whose law divine
Is love of right and human liberty;

To pioneer a path for Freedom's own,
To pave the way for her great champion—
A mightier e'en than thou—whose patriot arm
Enclothed with thunders of omnipotence,

Wielding the lightnings of a righteous cause,
Should cleave the clanking chain of tyranny,
Which bound, as captive to the chariot wheel
Of Britain's power, Columbia's bleeding form.

And then—oh, glorious conquest, grander far
Than burnished steel and battling hosts might
win

To turn from all he was or might have been,
To waive the all but proffered kingly crown,
And seek the sweet seclusion of repose;

Sufficed to reign—where kings too rarely reign—
Without a rival in his country's love.

Yet thou the glory of that deed shalt share,
Which gave to halt the world—thy hemi-
sphere—

What all must have and hold ere Time expire;
Since truth proclaims, had no Columbus been
Our land had never known a Washington.

What though proud Spain withheld thy guar-
deon grand—

Viceroyalty of realms by thee unveiled,
Vast revenues no offer e'er contained—
Pledged recompense of pain and patient toil!
Could aught by man bestowed thy hour re-
pay—

Thy gift to glory and a groaning race?
Wouldst wish the great debt cancelled? Gaze
again—

Behold what Time hath wrought—the mighty
tree

That shelters 'neath its broad and bounteous
shade

From fierce oppression's rain or fiery rays,
And feeds with hope's rare fruit the refugees
Of Freedom's cause in every land and clime!

That tree was of thy planting—thine and His,
Who wrought by thee Divinity's design;
Though thou didst never live to pluck the fruit
Which glad sense now a grateful universe

Nor lived to see—oh mockery of fame!
What then had made those weep, hadst thou
been less

Than thy great self—thy rightful claim ignored—
Another's name upon the monument