BISHOP WHITNEY ON PIONEERS OF '47

The Wasatch Mountain Range The Plymouth Rock of That Sturdy Band.

MODERN CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

The American Desert Their Wilderness And the Valley of the Great Salt Lake Their Canaan.

A splendid story splendidly told was Bishop O. F. Whitney's address on the Pioneers at Liberty Park this afternoon. A son of an illustrious pioneer, to him the task was one of love. He was listened to with rapt attention by unnumbered thousands and cheered to the echo at the end of the many beautifully rounded sentences with which his address abounded. Following is a verbatim account of his speech:

Midsummer morn. On mountain, vale and stream,
The generous sun bestows a golden beam;
Crowning with glory glittering white-helmed hills,
And darting life through all their thousand rills.
No sound disturbs the stillness of that scene—
So bare, so bright, so savage, though serene,
Save where the torrent's distant voice is heard,
Mingling with melody of bee and bird,
Or minstrel cricket, 'neath his drooping blade,
Chirps cheerily a ceaseless serenade.

But list! Breaks on the ear a stranger sound,
Startling weird echoes from the ranges round;
Grim sentinels, that warn what would intrude
To mar the sway of kingly solitude.
Now nearer borne upon the rising breeze,
The roll of rocks and crash of falling trees
Blend harsh at intervals with human shout,
And grind of wheels along the rugged route.

Lo! issuing from the canyon's rough defile,
Where frowns, on either side, a lofty pile,
A little band of sunburnt mountaineers
Halt on the ridge—whose milder summit rears,
The towering peaks and plain to intervene—
And gaze with wonder on the glorious scene.

Ah! marvel nothing if the eye may trace
The care lines on each toil-worn hero's face;
Nor yet, if down his cheek, in silent show,
A trickling tide of tender feeling flow,
Tears not of weakness, nor of sorrow's mood,
As when o'er vanished joy sad memories brood;
Far richer fount those fearless eyes bedewed—
They wept the golden drops of gratitude.

Wherefore? Ask of the bleak and biting wind,
Withes of woe and peril left behind;
The city fair, where widowed Loneliness
Weeps her lost children in the wilderness;
The river broad, along whose icy bridge
Their bleeding feet red-hued each frozen ridge;
The burning plain, the wind-swept prairie's waves—
A path of pain, a trail of nameless graves;
The wondering world, that watched to see them die
On barren wilds beneath a brazen sky,
Would e'en the coldest heart forbear to say
Good cause had gratitude to weap that day?
Or censure for a flow of manly tears,
That brave-souled band—Immortal Pioneers?

Those pilgrims of the west, whose Plymouth Rock was the Wasatch mountain range; those modern children of Israel, whose wilderness was the "American Desert," whose Canaan the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; those earliest of Utah's founders, whose dust-covered wagons, on the day we now celebrate, emerged from yonder rocky gorge, rolled down the sage-covered, alkaline slope, and corralled upon this silent plain,—who were they? What of their origin, and the purpose of their long and weary pilgrimage?

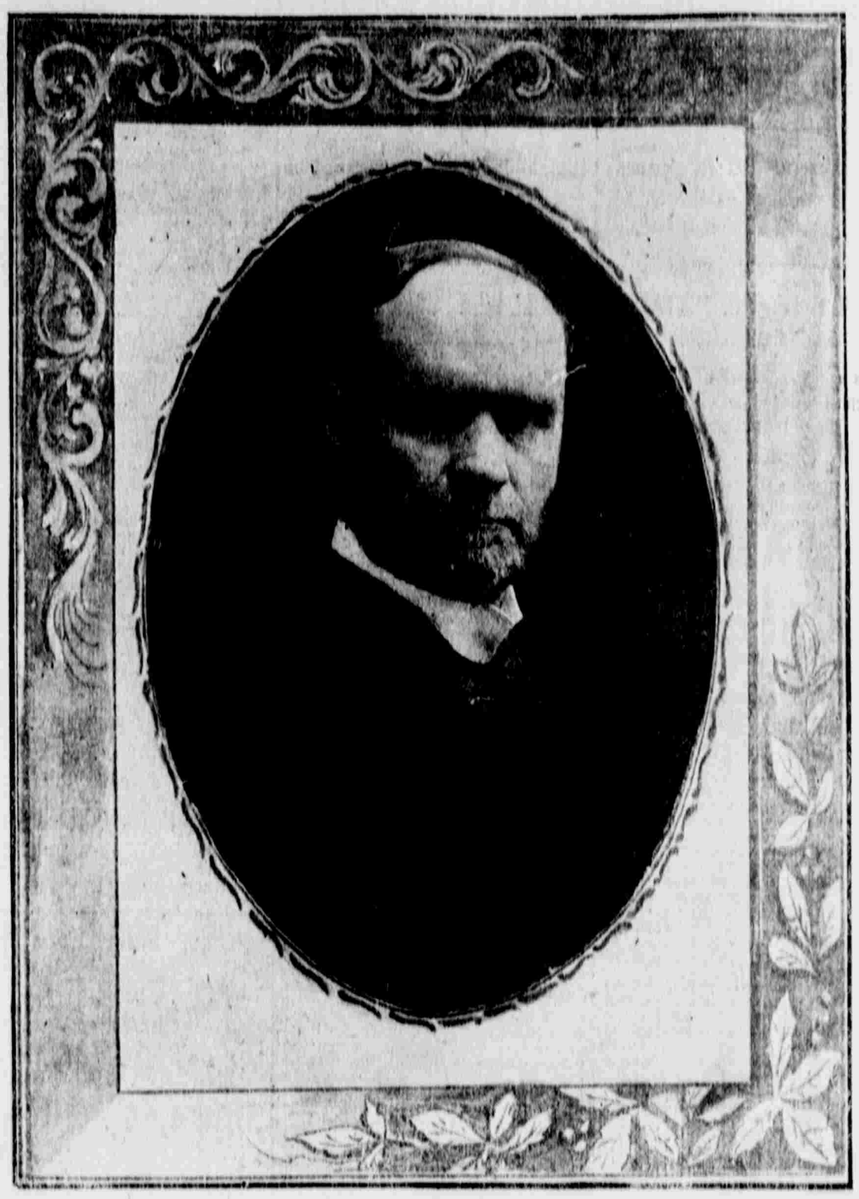
EXILES FOR CONSCIENCE.

They were more than religious refugees, fleeing from the tyranny of persecution. A religious motive impelled them, as it did the Israelites in their exodus from Egypt; as it did the Puritans in their flight from the Old World to the New. They were indeed exiles "for conscience' sake, seeking a place where they might worship God unmolested. But that was not all. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." There was a further divine intending in that fateful journey of the pioneers, than even they themselves fully recognized. They builded better than they knew.

Let it not be thought, however, that they were wholly ignorant of their "manifest destiny;" that they did not feel intelligently "the rude grasp of the great impulse" that drove them into the wilderness, as it had driven their forefathers "across the sea." These latter-day Israelites, descended, as they verily believed, from the sacred nation led by Moses and Joshua to the promised land; these "Mormon" Puritans, sprung beyond all cavil from the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon race, which founded upon North Atlantic shores the mightiest and best government that yonder sun has seen;—they were Americans, "native and to the manor born;" pilgrims and patriots in their own right; state-founders by force of circumstance, by lineage, by tradition, by inborn genius and divine destiny. They were the vanguard of progress in these parts, the builders of empire in the barren heart of the west. Here, upon alien soil, where they planted civilization amidst savagery, and made the waste to blossom like an Eden, they were the first to lift the Stars and Stripes and possess the land in the name of the United States.

THEIR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

They had brought the flag of their country with them into the wilderness. They knew no other flag; they owned no other country. All their traditions and teachings, sacred and secular, tied them to the nation founded, as they maintained, and as their children and their children's children maintain, to this day, by inspiration from Almighty God. Columbia was the star-eyed goddess, the Angel of the Wilderness, hovering above that historic march!



HON. O. F. WHITNEY,
Principal Orator of the Pioneer Festivities Held in Liberty Park Today.

Altogether fitting, is it, therefore, that this patriotic gathering should be general, even cosmopolitan in character; that there should be no politics and no religion (in a narrow, partisan, sectarian sense), in these nevertheless sacred proceedings; that church and state should unite for once—should stand upon a common platform, and join in doing homage to this day, in paying tributes of praise to the memory of our heroic pioneers, the first settlers of Utah, the original founders of the commonwealth.

If details are wanted I can give them. The Utah pioneers were a little company of emigrants led by Brigham Young from the Missouri river to the Rocky mountains in the spring and summer of 1847. They were the advance guard of the expatriated "Mormon" community, who, after their wintry exodus from Illinois, and their heavy, toilsome march across snow-covered, rain-flooded Iowa, were resting upon the Pottawatomie Indian lands, and at other scattered camps along the nation's frontier, the extreme western fringe of civilization.

WHAT LAY BEYOND.

Beyond lay the broad plains where the savage red man roamed; the immense stretch of unoccupied country out of which Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Colorado, Wyoming and other states of the Union have since been formed; the western and greater part of the wide tract known as the "Louisiana Purchase," ceded to the federal government by France in 1803. Further on were the snow-capped mountains and sun-parched plateaus of the "Great American Desert," owned at that time by Mexico, but soon to pass, along with some fertile sections, into the possession of our great and growing republic, which had even then started upon the final stage of its triumphant march to the sea. A few thousand Americans had found their way across these dreary plains and yet more dreary plateaus, and had settled among the Spaniards and Indians along the Pacific coast. Most of these emigrants were in Oregon, which included the present state of Washington, and was claimed by Great Britain; while the remainder were in California, then a Mexican province, comprising not only our sister state of that name, but also Utah, Nevada, and other barren parts. New Mexico, another province of our neighbor nation, took in Arizona.

Up to the year 1847, no white man had made a permanent home in the desolate region reaching for hundreds of miles, leagues upon leagues, in every direction, from the sterile shores of the Great Salt Lake, the Dead sea of America. A few wandering mountaineers, living in lonely log forts with Indian wives, baiting the bear, trapping the beaver, and fur-trading between the Rocky mountains and the military posts on the far away frontier, were the only civilized dwellers in the midst of these silent solitudes. Just how civilized they were, some of my hearers will be able to remember. The last company of California-bound emigrants for the season of 1846—the ill-fated Donner party—after passing the Wasatch mountains and crossing the desert south and west of the lake, had perished miserably in the early snows at the eastern base of the Sierras.

THE CALL OF COUNTRY.

The Utah pioneers, who began their journey from the Missouri river about the middle of April, 1847, would have begun it a year earlier, but for the enlistment of the "Mormon" Battalion, which, in the summer of 1846 took from those prairie camps all the able-bodied men that could be spared, to assist the United States in its war with Mexico. The battalion, over five hundred strong, mustered in at Council Bluffs, and equipped at Fort Leavenworth, had marched by way of the Mexican town of Santa Fe, across the desert into southern California, and was now doing garrison service in the conquered country. Colonel Cooke, the United States army officer in command of the battalion, declared their arduous march to be an unparalleled achievement for infantry. Some of these "Mormon" soldiers, after an honorable discharge at Los Angeles in July, 1847, were next heard from in connection with the world-renowned gold discovery in California. It is an established fact that the picks and shovels of "Mormon" battalion boys, working at Sutter's mills, in January, 1848, brought to light the auriferous wealth of the far-famed Golden state; an event that virtually created California, and revolutionized the commerce of the nation.

The pioneers—for our story has mainly to do with them—were organized at Winter Quarters (now Florence, Nebraska), under the immediate, personal supervision of that master organizer, Brigham Young. They were well armed, and as fully equipped as possible, in those days of general poverty, for their passage through an Indian country. They carried with them—in covered wagons drawn by ox and mule teams—plows and other implements, seed grain, and a year's supply of provisions. A case of surveyor's instruments—afterwards used in the laying out of Salt Lake City—was also a part of the camp outfit. They traveled by a new and untrodden route up the north bank of the Platte; their trail now being covered, for hundreds of miles, by the road-bed of the Union Pacific railway. The purpose of the expedition was to find a home for the "Mormon" people "in the midst of the Rocky mountains;" thereby fulfilling a prediction made by their late leader, Joseph Smith, a few years before his tragic death at Carthage, Illinois. That purpose was consummated, that prediction fulfilled, in part, when, from the summit of Big mountain, in Emigration canyon, on the 23rd of July—one day before Brigham Young entered Salt Lake valley—he caught his first glimpse of this mountain-girt, desert domain, declared by him to be "the very place" pointed out by Providence, where he and his homeless followers might permanently pitch their tents.

"A VAST, WORTHLESS AREA."

Colonel Bridger, the mountaineer, whom the pioneers met at South pass, just after crossing the Rockies, warned President Young that an ear of corn could not ripen on these desolate shores. Daniel Webster, in the United States senate, had denounced the entire west as "a vast worthless area," unfit for civilized use and occupancy. Overland emigration, sparse though continuous from 1841, had shunned this barren valley as if it had been a plague spot, and hurried on to the green and flowery slopes of the Pacific. Samuel Brannan, the leader of a ship's company of Latter-day Saints from New York around Cape Horn to the Bay of San Francisco, having landed them, and set them to plowing and publishing in the Valley of the San Joaquin, now came across country to meet the pioneers and persuade them, if possible, to forego their half-formed design of settling here amid hardship and privation, and to join him and his colony in the future land of gold. But all to no purpose. "This is the place," said Brigham Young. "Here we will build a city and a temple to our God."

MENTAL ACCURACY

Greatly Improved by Leaving Off Coffee.

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wis. states that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties.

"I cannot say," he continues, "that I ever used coffee to excess, but I know that it did me harm, especially during the past few years.

"It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and what is worse, it muddled my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency.

"I concluded, about 8 months ago, that something would have to be done. I quiet the use of the old kind of coffee, short off, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The cook didn't make it right at first—she didn't boil it long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to the old kind of coffee, and to the stomach trouble again. Then my wife took the matter in hand, and by following the directions on the box, faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it. When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no other kind of coffee on our table.

"My digestion has been perfectly restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so, and I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using the old kind of coffee.

"Postum Food Coffee is the greatest table drink of the times, in my humble estimation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Fifty-eight years ago that little band of heroes and heroines—for there were women among them, and children, to share the toils and sacrifices of husbands and fathers, and divide with them the prosperity and fame of the future;—fifty-eight years ago, this day, almost at this very hour, they halted, worn and weary, upon yonder foothills, and drank in with gladdened eyes and grateful hearts the full beauty and sublimity of the picture—the contrasted splendors of mountain, valley, lake and stream, glorious and glittering in the summer sunlight.

WAS NO GARDEN SPOT.

It was no garden of the Hesperides upon which the pioneers gazed that memorable July morning. Aside from its scenic splendor, which was indeed glorious, magnificent, there was little to invite and much to repel in the prospect presented to their view. A broad and barren plain hemmed in by mountains, blistering in the burning rays of the midsummer sun. No waving fields, no swaying forests, no verdant meadows to rest and refresh the weary eye, but on all sides a seemingly interminable waste of sagebrush, bespangled with sunflowers, the paradise of the lizard, the cricket and the rattlesnake. Less than half way across the baked and burning valley, dividing it in twain—as if the vast bowl, in the intense heat of the Master Potter's fires, in process of formation had cracked asunder—a narrow river, turbid and shallow, from south to north, in many a serpentine curve sweeps on its sinuous way. Beyond, a broad lake, the river's goal, dotted with mountain islands; its briny waters shimmering in the sunlight like a silver shield.

From mountains snow-capped, seamed and craggy, lifting their kingly heads to be crowned by the golden sun, flow limpid, laughing streams, cold and crystal clear, leaping, dashing, foaming, flashing, from rock to glen, from peak to plain. But the fresh canyon streams are far and few, and the arid waste they water, glistening with beds of salt and soda and pools of deadly alkali, scarcely allows them to reach the river, but midway well nigh swallows and absorbs them in its thirsty sands. Above the line of gray and gold, of sage and sunflower, the sloping hillsides and precipitous steeps clothed with purple and dark-green patches. These, the oak-bush, the squawberry, and other scant growths, with here and there a tree casting its lone shadow on hill or in valley; a wire-grass swamp, a few acres of withered bunch-grass, and the lazily waving willows and wild-rose bushes fringing the distant streams, the only green things visible.

SILENCE AND DESOLATION.

Silence and desolation reign. A silence unbroken, save by the cricket's ceaseless chirp, the roar of the mountain torrent, or the whir and twitter of the passing bird. A desolation of centuries, where earth seems heaven-forsaken, where hermit Nature, watching, waiting, weeps, and worships God amid eternal solitudes.

Far over and beyond all these extends the pioneer chieftain's prescient gaze. It sees not merely the present, but the future; not only that which is, but that which is to be, when from these barren sands shall rise, as rose proud Venice from the sea, a city fair as Adriatic's island queen, and no less wealthy, famed and powerful. It sees the burning plains to blooming gardens turn; the desert change to an oasis; the sterile valley, the reproach of Nature, which naught before had borne, teeming with varied life and yielding rich fruits and rare flowers for the sustenance and delight of man. An inanimate Sarah, a barren Rachel, transformed by the touch of God to a joyful mother of children. The curse of centuries is lifted, the fetters of ages are stricken off, and the redeemed earth, like a freed captive, looks up to heaven and smiles. Cities, towns and hamlets multiply; farms, fields, orchards and vineyards fill the land. Egypt—the wilderness—are past; another Canaan appears, and here is a Moses to smite the rock, a Joshua to sit in judgment and divide to Israel his inheritance.

AT STARTING TIME.

The pioneers, at starting, numbered precisely twelve times twelve men, three women and two children; the women accompanying their husbands and acting as nurses in sickness; the children going with their parents. While on the way, however, the census of the camp underwent a variety of changes; so that it was not in all respects the original company, as organized at Winter Quarters in April, that entered Salt Lake valley on the Twenty-fourth of July. At the very beginning of the journey, one man fell sick and returned, leaving the number of males at 143. At Fort Laramie, where they crossed the Platte, they were joined by a number of emigrants from Mississippi, a portion of a small company, numbering about sixty souls, who had passed the winter at Pueblo. Seventeen of these, men, women and children, journeyed with the pioneers to the valley. At Laramie, four of the original band were sent to Pueblo to lead the main body of the Mississippians westward. Nine were left in the Black hills to manage a ferry for the emigration that was following, and five returned from Green River to meet their families in that emigration. At this point, there joined the pioneer camp twelve members of the "Mormon" battalion, part of a disabled detachment which had been sent from Santa Fe to Pueblo. It was at Green river, also, that the pioneers met Samuel Brannan, of whom I have spoken. At Fort Bridger Brannan and a few others returned toward South pass to meet the Mississippians and the battalion people who were following in the wake of the pioneers. Consequently, as I have said, it was not in all respects the original company that made the initial entree. Yet they were all de facto pioneers, and as such their names are preserved in the archives of the commonwealth. As much may be said for the general immigration of that year, which, arriving in the autumn, helped to build the "Old Fort," and to found the Pioneer city, from which radiated the genius and went forth the energy that built up the state. All were virtually pioneers. Indeed, every man, woman and child that came during that early formative period, is entitled to the same honorable distinction.

MANY WERE FIRST.

While dealing with the statistics of my subject, I must tell you a little story. Some years ago I was engaged in preparing a history of Utah, and of course desired to make prominent mention of the pioneers. I therefore interviewed as many as possible of the survivors of that historic band, and listened eagerly to their interesting narratives of early experiences. "I want you to say of me," said one of them—a silver-haired veteran, bed-ridden, and not long for this world—"that I brought the first cow that ever crossed the Rocky mountains; the only cow in the pioneer camp. She followed the wagons as docile as a dog, gave good rich milk morning and night, and furnished us with cream and butter all the way." I told him I would take great pleasure in chronicling a fact so rich and so refreshing. And I fully intended it; but before accepting his statement as final, I decided to compare it with the official records, written at the time, by the duly appointed historians; one of them my own father. And what do you think I found? That the pioneers, when they started from the Missouri river, had 72 wagons, 93 horses, 52 mules, 66 oxen, 19 cows, 17 dogs, and some chickens! The moral of my story is simply this—the best of mortal memories fail. Let him who thinks he has the "only" or the "best" of anything, bear in mind, if he can, that in all probability "there are others."

It is an interesting fact, that of the 148 members composing the Brigham Young company of July, 1847, 28 were living at the time of the Utah Pioneer Jubilee; and of these 26 attended that great celebration. It would be even more interesting to know—as we doubtless could know by a show of hands—how many of the aged heroes are with us today. The survivors, on July 24, 1897, of the original settlers of Salt Lake valley (pioneers and first emigrants), totaled 726 souls, and of these 618 were Americans, from various states in the Union. Of the remaining 108, 40 were from Canada, 45 from England, nine from Scotland, six from the Isle of Man, three from Mexico, two from Norway, one from Ireland, one from Wales and one from Switzerland. A few other nationalities were probably in the original lists. Such were the men and women who struck the first blows in the founding of the intermountain empire.

MORE MODERN MIRACLES.

Many a good, stout blow has since been struck; many a worthy, and many a wondrous work, wrought in more modern days, conducive and contributive to the same mighty end. I would not detract one iota from the credit due the sturdy miner, whose pick and shovel, backed by indomitable pluck, were the pioneer agencies in the development of one of our most flourishing industries, opening the way to material wealth almost fabulous in richness and immensity. I would not fail to mention the merchant, the railroad man, the capitalist, the financier. Not the farmer alone, not the stock-raiser, artisan and manufacturer, merely, have been among Utah's founders. The editor, the educator, the doctor, the lawyer, the musician, and men and women of every profession, have here done their work, and done it more than well.

We who live amid the results of their labors, plucking the fruit from the tree of their planting, crossing in safety and with ease the gulfs they bridged, meeting neither the hardships nor the perils that they encountered; even we realize but in part the greatness of their toils and sacrifices. Nevertheless, we know best what they have done for us, and can most fully appreciate the motives that inspired them.

THEN AND NOW.

Fifty-eight years ago Utah was a wilderness, a desolation, scorched by the sun, and trodden by the savage, the degenerate Lamanite, whose food consisted in part of wild roots dug from the ground, reptiles that crawled and hissed and rattled among the hot rocks of the plain, and the crickets and grasshoppers that made noisy the mountain sides. This was his music—this and the scream of eagles, the melancholy howl of the wolf and the coyote, the voice of the torrent, the melody of the mountain bird. Now the wilderness blossoms; out of weakness has come forth strength; fruitful farms and glittering cities, the homes of a peaceful, prosperous, and happy people, are seen on every hand. Science, art, music and poetry sit enthroned, and valor and virtue are the badge of the stalwart sons and beauteous daughters of the pioneers. Utah today, though youngest in the Sisterhood of States, is already the fairest and the best of them, and will yet be the brightest and the wealthiest of all. To those who have made her what she is, "Mormons," Jews and Gentiles, as a descendant of the pioneers I greet you and give to you the right hand of friendly good fellowship; happy and proud to render unto every class, and to each individual, his or her meed of honest praise. Yet all, I feel, will unite, without envy, upon this day of days—Utah's natal day—the Day of the Pioneer—in honoring first the men and women who "struck the first blows."

Their names? Go view them on the Golden Page,
A gift of glory to remotest age;
The van of civilization's westward sweep,
The few that sowed what millions yet shall reap.

As some fair ship that waves its pennant high,
Bright with the splendors of the evening sky,
Their memory sails along the musing sight,
Haloed with blessings, as a crown of light,
Borne on the breast of fame's eternal river,
"A thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

FISHER HARRIS'S TRIBUTE.

Tells the Pioneers they Builded Better Than they Knew.

Hon. Fisher S. Harris, manger of the Salt Lake City Commercial club, was the next speaker. He was received with a big outburst of applause which was renewed from time to time during the course of his remarks. He spoke as follows:

"The eloquent and scholarly gentleman who is the other speaker today is not accustomed to leave much of interest unsaid concerning any subject to which he gives his thought.

"We have just heard his beautiful tribute to the pioneers, in whose honor these ceremonies are transpiring, and I am sure you will agree with me that little remains to be said.

"I am very glad, however, to stand here today in the presence of this great audience and testify to the high appreciation in which we who are the beneficiaries of their labors, hold those men and women, living or dead, who made possible this beautiful city and this rich and prosperous commonwealth.

"The great cities of the world are agleam with bronze and marble monuments erected to the honor of those men who went out to the gathering of that harvest where the grapes were iron and the vintage blood. Aureoles of imperishable glory are about the brows of the heroes, who at the head of conquering armies devastated fruitful lands, filling their borders with ruined homes and uncomforted Rachels weeping for their first born.

WON AN UNEQUAL FIGHT.

"But we today do honor to those men and women who in travail and danger, with sacrifice and inconceivable hardship, earned the three fold blessing promised those who should make one blade of grass grow where none grew before. Their warfare was not bloody, but peaceful; not against contending armies but against the reluctant forces of nature; no smoke of cannon nor rattle of musketry barred their entrance into the new land—only the burning heat of summer, the cold and cruel blasts of winter, the desolate landscape, the thousand and one problems of what they should eat and wherewithal they should be clothed and sheltered in an unknown and inhospitable land. No welcoming hands were stretched to greet them, no golden fleece awaited their coming—only red death lurked in the gray shadows and pestilence trod upon their heels. But unbounded faith in the goodness and mercy of God, indomitable perseverance in the face of unparalleled difficulties won the unequal fight.

IRRIGATION'S BIRTH.

"Sixty years represent no great time in the life of a nation, but the passing of that period has marked the upbuilding here of an integral part of the republic, the possibilities of whose future surpass the comprehension of the ordinary man. You, my venerable friends, builded better than you knew, for in teaching the nation its first lesson in irrigation you aided in adding an empire to its domain. Your worn and tired feet made easy the pathway for the multitude who followed you. The credit and honor for this beginning is yours and that man who would withhold it from you is neither generous nor just. Others have helped build our schools and colleges, our institutions of music and art, but you were the beginners—the pioneers.

"The labor of your hands and brains made a green and productive spot here in one of the earth's waste places and taught the world by example, that apparent desolation need not long bar the progress of civilization. The story of the necessity which pushed you out upon your long journey has been so frequently and ably told that any attempt on my part to repeat it now would be a work of supererogation and presumption. It is enough for the purposes of my remarks to know that you sowed the seeds from which grew the great harvest now being garnered.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"A great majority of your companions of the epoch making journey have gone down into the dark ways of death—to 'silence and pathetic dust'—and each year sees the number diminished of those who, standing upon the hillsides about Emigration canyon, looked out over the beautiful but barren valley. In the providence of God what changes have been wrought since then. Not here in Utah alone, but all over this great, this beautiful west of ours, sturdy American citizens, native born and adopted, have wrought miracles in the short space of three score years and added immeasurably to the glory and power of the great Republic. They have pushed the boundaries of the nation westward from the river to the ocean; they have laid deeply and strongly the foundations of a great industrial empire; they have obliterated the frontier and dispelled its terrors; they have wiped the desert from the face of the map; they have turned the wild mountain streams into innumerable channels and made the waste places bloom and blossom in beauty; they have wrested the yellow gold and shining silver from the high hills and poured unstinted wealth into the treasury of the nation in the time of its greatest need. Where the gray desert lay under the sun, profitless to man, they have put waving fields of grain and orchards of luscious fruit, and in the midst of what was the utter desolation of nature, they have builded temples to the Most High, and their schoolhouses stand like beacon lights for the guidance of mankind. Where the savage roamed, they have put homes for happy and contented people and where aforetime the wild beast howled in the starlit night, there are heard now the voices of men and women praising God."

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