

death of the Prophet Joseph when Sidney Rigdon and others aspired to the leadership, but when it was made plain to the assembled Saints that the spirit of Joseph, nay even his voice and very gesture, had fallen upon Brigham.

Sister Zina D. H. Young testified impressively to the same historic incident, declaring that if she as a listener had closed her eyes she would have felt positive it was Joseph who was talking.

The following poem, written by Elder H. W. Naisbitt, was eloquently read by Elder David McKenzie:

THE VETERANS OF OUR CAUSE.

Affectionately to President Woodruff on his 87th birthday, March 1st, 1894.

The veterans of our Zion now, are few and far between;
One now and then with silver hair, and faltering step is seen,
Then memory's tide comes rushing in, to lave our weary feet,
For we too feel the load of years, and think rest will be sweet.

Who now can tell the story conned near by the eastern sea?
Who from the consecrated land of Kirtland had to flee?

Ah, few of all those favored ones, who had the heavens unveiled,
Have stood the test of life and faith, when earth and hell assailed?

From mad Missouri's blood-stained soil, far from its precious sod;
We hail a veteran now and then true to his faith and God.

His quivering lip the story tells of carnage, fire and loss;
And yet the Centre stake he claims his crown despite the cross.

From out Nauvoo—the beautiful—what veterans led the way,
Forsaking all when Joseph fell that dark historic day!
A weary pilgrimage they had, a grave-marked route, 'tis said;
For many a weary soul went out, the martyr's grave their bed.

Since those wild, stormy days of yore, our God gave Israel peace,
Yet hundreds of those valiant ones since then have found release!
Their bodies rest on fair hillsides, beneath the mountain's grand,
Their works are seen in Utah's vales, for ages yet to stand!

'Twas Brigham, Heber, Willard, Grant—'twas Taylor, Pratt, the crows!
'Tis Woodruff, Cannon, Richards, Smith, all known by friends and foes;
All links in that eternal chain of priesthood, history too;
Grand veterans in the glorious cause of Zion, tried and true!

Their lives we honor by our own; their days of birth we keep;
And when they pass the great divide, in tears our souls we steep!
They are beloved for counsel-giver, beloved for mighty deeds;
In faith sustained as those inspired, for all that Israel needs.

This day we greet our President, preserved by power divine;
A veteran of the noblest type, in this last age to shine;
True from the first, true to the last, in every land the same,
God grant him birthdays without stint, in heaven—immortal name.

A suggestion, prompted by Brother Clark's and Sister Young's remarks, was that all present should rise to their feet who had heard the sermon of President Young after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, on which occasion the Saints were convinced that the mantle of Joseph had truly fallen upon Brigham. The following responded:

Wilford Woodruff,
George Q. Cannon,
Zina D. H. Young,
Bathsheba W. Smith,
Rachel Grant,

Jane S. Richards,
Ezra T. Clark,
Lucy Walker Kimball Smith,
Jane S. Farnsworth,
Margaret Pierce Young,
Maria W. Wilcox,
John McDonald,
H. B. Clawson,
Ellen C. Clawson,
Joseph Horne,
M. Isabella Horne,
Samuel W. Richards,
Emmeline B. Wells.

Those present who knew the Prophet Joseph in Kirtland were asked to rise, and the following seven responded:

Wilford Woodruff,
Lorenzo Snow,
Joseph Horne,
M. Isabella Horne,
Sarah M. Kimball,
Laura Miner,
Zina D. H. Young.

Then there was a request for the names of those present who knew the Prophet Joseph Smith in his lifetime. There were responses from the following:

Wilford Woodruff,
Lorenzo Snow,
Franklin D. Richards,
George Q. Cannon,
Joseph F. Smith,
Wilford Woodruff, Jr.,
Emma Woodruff,
Bathsheba W. Smith,
Zina D. H. Young,
Jane S. Richards,
Priscilla C. Saines,
Ezra T. Clark,
Mary S. Clark,
Rachel Grant,
Lucy Walker Kimball Smith,
Joseph Horne,
M. Isabella Horne,
Sarah M. Kimball,
Emmeline B. Wells,
John Miller,
Samuel W. Richards,
A. M. Musser,
Elijah F. Sheets,
Seymour B. Young,
Laura Miner,
Brigham Y. Hampton,
Angus M. Cannon,
Jane S. Farnsworth,
Mary Alice Lambert,
H. B. Clawson,
Ellen C. Clawson,
Lucy B. Young,
John McDonald,
Mary Jane Thompson,
Samuel Bateman,
Maria W. Wilcox,
Susan E. Smith,
Hannah C. Wells,
Margaret Pierce Young.

It was then announced that inasmuch as all present would doubtless be pleased to clasp the hands of the beloved couple in whose honor the exercises, now concluded, had been held, the assemblage might pass around in order and, after shaking hands, could retire. The program terminated with the singing of the Doxology, after which, for half an hour, President and Sister Woodruff stood receiving the personal greetings and congratulations of their friends.

It was a delightful occasion in every respect. Nothing occurred to mar its harmony or disturb its pleasure. All the arrangements were perfect, and they were perfectly carried out. Bishop Winder and his assistants deserve great credit for the smoothness and thoroughness with which every detail was attended to, and Prof. Thomas and his sweet-voiced associates contributed not

a little by their melody to the pleasure of the event.

The News need not consume space in passing eulogies upon the venerable man whose name was on every one's lips. Wilford Woodruff's long life is before the Saints and before the world. The earth is better for his having lived. To no person has he done an injury, and we pity the soul that can find occasion for the least feeling of enmity toward him. In the hearts of the Latter-day Saints his place is well-assured, his name will ever be held in loving remembrance. We congratulate him on having lived so usefully and so long beyond the allotted span, and echo the sentiments expressed by the speakers above-named, that he and Sister Emma may both continue in mortality as long as life shall be desirable to them. These, we feel sure, are the sentiments of all the Latter-day Saints near and far, and we deem it opportune, in view of the anniversary already celebrated, to express them now, although the actual birthday is still two days in future. May God's choicest blessings attend our beloved and honored President!

WHIRLED BY THE ELEMENTS.

Logan Journal, February 21st gives the details of two accidents, one caused by the wind and the other by a snowslide, in which the victims escaped death, but two of them received severe injuries. One of the occurrences was at Smithfield, where the house of March O. Peterson was blown in by the hurricane which prevailed on Saturday night. A large quantity of bricks and other material crashed in upon the family while they were in bed. Mrs. Peterson was badly bruised and skinned about the head and shoulders, and her right arm was broken near the wrist. Her baby was saved from death by the woman's arm being around and over it, as the blow which broke her arm would otherwise have fallen on the little one's head. Mr. Peterson escaped with a few slight bruises. In the darkness and confusion of the wreck nothing in the shape of clothing could be found, and the entire family had to make their way in dishabille and barefoot to a neighbor's.

The other instance was in Logan canyon on Saturday night. Albert Hugi, of Logan, was working along with his father, brother and brother-in-law about three or four miles up the canyon, where are located some very high cliffs. Above those the men were at work, when a snowslide came sweeping along, narrowly missing two of the men, and carrying Albert over the almost perpendicular cliff at least 175 feet high, and further down the ravine some two or three hundred yards below, where the slide came to a stop and Albert found himself with his head protruding out of the snow. He worked loose and called for his father, who found his son in a pool of blood which issued from a very large wound in his head. The other men repaired to the scene and the young man was relieved from his position. He was taken to Logan and Dr. Ormsby summoned. He found a large scalp wound on the top of the head, besides which the young man had one rib broken, and was otherwise badly shaken up internally.