

87 AND 56

Anniversary Exercises in Honor of
President Wilford Woodruff
and his Wife Emma.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

You are cordially invited to attend
A Social Gathering,
to celebrate the

87th Anniversary of my Birthday,
and the 56th of my wife, Emma,

to be held in the
Annex of the Salt Lake Temple,
Monday, Feb. 26, 1894,
at 1 p. m.

(Signed) WILFORD WOODRUFF.

W. Woodruff, born March 1, 1807.
E. Woodruff, born March 1, 1838.

Such was the invitation which drew somewhat more than two hundred people—relatives, co-laborers and friends of the esteemed couple—to the precincts of the beautiful Temple yesterday afternoon. It is needless to say that few who received it failed in its acceptance—or that, had it been issued to a hundred times as many, there would not have been many vacant places. Room was the only limit to the hospitality of the aged President, who pleasantly remarked that whereas he had previously found his own home totally inadequate to the accommodation of those whom he wished to see on such occasions, he now was convinced that at least a five-acre lot would be necessary, if he invited all whom he desired to welcome.

The feature of the event was the entire absence of formality; all were urged to feel free and were made to rejoice in the hearty cordiality and warm friendship that prevailed. The honored host was full of vivacity and blessings, and through all the addresses there ran a spirit of the most unstilted congratulation, comfort and good cheer.

Shortly after one o'clock President Woodruff called the assembly to order, extended greetings and welcome, thanked his friends for their presence and hoped for their enjoyment during the exercises about to begin. Music was sweetly furnished by the Temple choir, after which President George Q. Cannon offered prayer. More singing followed, and then came brief addresses by Presidents Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith. Allusion was made to the almost miraculous preservation of President Woodruff's life through various accidents and dangers, to his restoration from his latest severe sickness when all human hope of his recovery seemed to have fled, to his blameless life, his integrity for truth, his untiring labors in the cause of righteousness.

The following song written by Elder H. W. Naisbitt was then given by the veteran songster, Elder William C.

Dunbar, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the audience joining in the chorus:

When pure affection stirs the heart
And wakes its brightest thought;
When righteous impulse bids us start,
We tender then unsought—
Our hands to greet, our lips to speak,
Our words as coals of fire,
Prayer soars beyond the mountain peak,
Love doth the soul inspire.

CHORUS:—

Then sing with right good will,
Our hearty welcome here;
God bless our aged President,
To live for many a year.

Today this thought reigns here, while we
In friendship meet as one,
To greet our President, that he
Hath one more birthday won!
That as a Patriarch he stands
And bears his weight of years;
While Israel with uplifted hands
Before the Lord appears;

To supplicate for length of days,
While peace shall spread its wings,
And bless the wife whose pleasant ways
Her warm attachment brings.
Bless Thou, O Lord, Thy servant still,
Whose history links the past,
With all that makes the present thrill.
Then crown him Thine at last!

A feeling address by Elder Franklin D. Richards upon the themes already alluded to, and in gentle and affectionate phrase, was followed by the reading, by Sister Emmeline B. Wells, of the following poem composed by Sister Emily Hill Woodmansee:

EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM.

'Tis fit that loving friends should bring,
Sweet floral offerings fresh and gay;
'Tis fit that Zion's bards should sing,
A jubilant and festive lay
On Wilford Woodruff's natal day.

Or rich, or poor, whate'er their sphere—
Honor to whom is honor due;
Honor to God's anointed seer!
Honor to Zion's chieftain true!
May gracious heaven his strength renew.

"An Israelite devoid of guile,"

To honesty itself akin;
Noble his record, clear and clean
Through many long decades of trial,
Through many a soul-appalling scene.

Born in a most important time,
Number'd amongst a chosen few—
Sent down to ill a role sublime—
A glorious, marvellous work to do;
Pertaining to an era new.

A dispensation long desired,
And waited for by seers of old;
A dispensation that required
The noblest spirits brave and bold,
To storm Tradition's powerful hold.

Joseph, the youthful Prophet, had
Sore need of heroes in the field;
Who in the Gospel armor clad,
Inspired with faith and light revealed,
Fought for the Truth, and would not yield.

Faith, steadfast faith, was unabated—
Unconquered and unterrified,
When howling mobs, the Saints pursued,
And dealt distress on ev'ry side
And drove them to these valleys wide.

These shelter'd valleys fair and broad,
That ne'er shall be the foeman's spoil,
Here in this refuge, long untrod—
Our Hero first upturn'd the sod—
And planted seed in virgin soil.

The wilderness is nowhere seen,
The desert is redeemed from drought,
Her summer robes of emerald green
Are rich and beautiful throughout;
The source of blessings, who can doubt?

Oppression's hand so oft upraised
To vex or put the Saints to flight,
Is turn'd aside, the Lord be praised,
Who from the gloom evolveth light
And ordereth everything aright.

"Amid the mountain tops" behold!
The Temple towers salute the sky;
The angel lifts his trump of gold,
And sends afar the warning cry—
"Repent, the judgment hour is nigh."

'Tis written, "judgment shall begin,
At God's own sacred house," and hence
A part of Bab'lon's strife and din,

Trouble and woe and dire suspense,
E'en Zion's children needs must sense.

The prophecies we see fulfilled,
The long predicted woes appear;
The stoutest hearts, the strongest willed,
And mightiest nations quake for fear;
Zion's redemption draweth near.

All Zion's friends should now rejoice,
So softened are her waning toes,
Hosanna sing with heart and voice,
For favors that the Lord bestows
Upon the people of His choice.

Peace shall descend like heavenly dew,
And on our host and hostess rest:
Forever shall their joys accrue,
Yea, for the good they've done, and do,
Truly they are and shall be blest.

Oh, may we all, as in the past,
However tried by needful cares,
Cling to the truth and hold it fast,
Lest peradventure, unawares,
We'll lose "the priceless pearl" at last.

Narrow "the way" and strait indeed,
Yet whereto should we be cast down?
"God is our help in times of need,"
And fittingly 'tis thus decreed—
Endurance wins the promised crown.

President George Q. Cannon was the next speaker. He referred to the depth of the love that existed between President Woodruff and all who had ever been called to associate with him, to his guilelessness, his honesty, his consideration for others' feelings and views, and to the great blessings that had come to Israel through his ministrations and preservation.

President Woodruff himself followed. He observed that his brethren had said a great deal about his virtues but not one word as to his imperfections—which he knew he had, like all other mortals. From one part of their testimony, however, he felt that he might not deviate in the slightest degree, and that was their allusion to the power of God that had preserved and sustained him. To Him he felt to give the glory; and as to whether his remaining time on earth should be brief or extended, he had no desires save that all of it should be employed in God's service. His remarks were full of promise and inspiration, and they were listened to with the profoundest interest.

Sister Bathsheba W. Smith called attention to the historical incident, and testified of it, that so far as she knew President Woodruff and herself were the only living persons who had received their endowments under the personal authority and administration of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo.

In announcing intermission for refreshments, President Cannon requested more music, after which Bishop John R. Winder led the way to the dining room. The arrangements for this part of the program were effectively planned and splendidly carried out. The food and fruit were abundant and in variety and excellence all that the most exacting taste could ask. The lunch was served to the guests by about a score of young men and women without the least confusion and with admirable celerity. These and all the other arrangements of the occasion were under the direct supervision of Bishop Winder.

Leaving the refreshment hall, the party reassembled in the lower room to listen to further music and speeches. Elders Heber J. Grant, George Goddard, M. W. Merrill, Ezra T. Clark and A. H. Cannon made brief remarks, Elder Clark's testimony being particularly impressive from the fact that he was present at the meeting after the