

known region, with civilization, with Christianity, with fields and with gardens, with the flowers of summer, with the golden harvest of autumn, making the desert to bloom as the rose and the barren waste to bring forth in rich abundance. Forever honored be their name! And may they go down in history, throughout the channels of time to the latest generation, the honored heroes of this our beloved country!

"And now, without extending my remarks, in behalf of the Brigham Young Memorial Association and those who have contributed to the erection of this monument, we present it to the public, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor of the State, a worthy son of a noble sire and honored pioneer of Utah."

It was now announced that President Woodruff would unveil the monument, and expectation became breathless, then burst into applause, as the venerable Pioneer arose and stood before the audience. Silence fell again, and President Woodruff said: "In the name of God I now unveil this monument," and instantly the Stars and Stripes began to unfold and fell away from the splendid granite column surmounted by the heroic figure of Brigham Young. Again the streets re-echoed with cheer upon cheer, and from the north came the answering boom of cannon, while steam sirens all over the city joined in the joyful acclamation.

Governor Wells then accepted the monument in behalf of the people of Utah. His speech was delivered in a clear, resonant voice, and elicited frequent applause. He said:

"In behalf of the people of Utah and all the people who have contributed or may hereafter contribute to the fund for its erection, I now accept this monument in honor of Brigham Young and the Pioneers.

"Let us, my fellow citizens, here and now, in the presence of these surviving Pioneers, whose forms are bent with toil, whose heads are whitened by the frosts of time and whose hearts are throbbing with gratitude to God that they have lived to see this day—and to the presence of all this honorable attendance, let us resolve to guard well this monument; to shield it from the vandal and the marauder; to keep it as a solemn trust; to treasure it as a sacred heritage.

"As we look upon its sculptural beauty, let the granite of its base, hewn from our own mountain fastnesses, denote the hardy heroism of the men and women who founded and reared this splendid commonwealth; and let the bronze statue, carved by our native sculptor, symbolize the civilization and culture to which our people have attained; and as all classes of our citizens have donated for its construction, as we muse upon the history of the events it commemorates, let us learn to regard it also as a monument to that friendliness and twice blessed mercy—blessing him that gives as well as him that takes, which happily have created a new and brighter destiny for Utah, luring away all hatred from her hills and dropping upon her valleys like the gentle dew from heaven.

"And now let me indulge the hope that this monument may stand on this historic spot as stands these rugged hills

—"rock-ribbed and as silent as the sun;" that it may endure as they endure down through the ages and be remembered ever as a tribute of respect paid by a grateful people to their Pioneers, as an emblem of half a century of Western progress and as an offering of peace and good will to the blended brotherhood of Utah.

David McKenzie next stepped to the front and led the multitude in hip-hip-hurrah, three times, and the people clamored for a "tiger."

Apostle Brigham Young was introduced amid cheers as the oldest son of the Pioneer whose monument stood before them. The speech was short, to the point, and delivered with an eloquence born of an emotional appreciation of the occasion. He said:

"I do not hope to make this vast concourse hear the words that I speak; but I rejoice in the opportunity afforded me of saying a few words in the presence of our honored President, Willford Woodruff, the oldest Pioneer in Utah today (applause) and also in being in the presence of the Pioneers of 1847, who came with President Brigham Young and followed also in his footsteps over these plains to plant us in these valleys. I am thankful that I behold this day. It is a marvel and a wonder to me, because I had never dreamed of such an occasion arising here upon the corners of these streets. But I rejoice. God be thanked for the opportunity that we have today in celebrating the unveiling of this monument, which represents the heroes, with their leader, who paved the way and made the path straight that brought us to these valleys. It seems to me like this monument is an old friend; that I have seen it gathering sand by sand, day by day, for the last fifty years, because recorded in my heart is the fact that President Brigham Young, whose name, whose name, whose name, stand at the back of this monument, is a worthy son of his Maker and a hero to this people. (Applause.) I am glad that we are here. I am glad that this is a State. I am glad that we can honor these men, and I may say women also, who have paved this way for us and made us the happy citizens of one of the most noble states in the Union. (Applause).

"I thank you for your attention. God bless the people. God bless every man and every woman whose hearts swell with gratitude for the free institutions of our country which God has given us so freely to enjoy, with none to molest us. God bless the people. May peace be to our midst, and may we exemplify in the future the actions which are recorded in the past of the heroes who have led us on to victory and to success in a life which must end for us in eternal life if we are faithful to the cause we have espoused. God bless you. Amen."

Judge C. C. Goodwin's speech, which followed, was a masterpiece of rhetorical eloquence. The audience seemed to know this, although comparatively few could hear what was being said. In his peroration the orator turned to the Pioneers and then his speech burst into poetry which could not fail to warm the hearts of the white-haired veterans. He spoke as follows:

In thought no other more majestic

spectacle can be presented than the processions of the Pioneers.

As through the ages, with unabating energy the glacier flows, by its erosion making the sill cut of which, in later periods, men raise their bread, so through the centuries the conquest of the wilderness by the irresistible advance of the Pioneer has gone on and on.

Nor trumpet nor martial music sounds their advance; no thrill of battle ecstasy makes their pulses leap; no moving standards lead the way; no applauding world cheers them; no guidon marks their halting place.

The holy record tells us that when the spirit of the Infinite contemplated the framing of the world, His first command was, "Let there be light." That when appeared the greater light to glorify the day, and the lesser light to fill with splendor the night, the watching Deity saw the light, that it was good.

One thinks of that when he contemplates the mission of the Pioneers.

They disappear from the visions of their fellow men, as the outgoing ship disappears in the haze that veils the ocean, but after a season a new sheen like the wake of a ship in phosphorescent seas, shines back along the path that they trod, and the world knows that the frowns from another wilderness have been driven away; that another signal station has been erected; that a new path has been smoothed over which the delicate feet of civilization, in untraveled sandals, may advance.

Of old, the fathers, in a little, uncouth ship, braved the billows and the sweeping gales of the Atlantic to plant a new esplanade on the ocean's further shore. Only a rocky strand, beneath the frown of the forest and wraped in the white, winding sheet of the winter, received them. But they prayerfully and thankfully accepted their new inheritance, and they awakened such a triumph anthem of praise as Miriam sang when the path through the sullen sea had been trod.

They lighted home fires amid the snow and began their toil.

No one knows what they endured; what longings they expressed, what hopes, without ever finding expression, died voiceless in their self-contained souls.

But the lights never grew dim; rather with purer, brighter rays they glared; the wilderness receded before them, until at last a nation, consecrated to freedom, rounded into form, and the poor and the oppressed of the earth turned to that new light in the West, as turned at dawn, the devout fire-worshipper to the rising sun.

At last, after seven generations of the race had lived and died after all the space between the ocean and the prairies had been redeemed, another little band started across another waste, half as broad and quite as desolate as the Atlantic, to find a home.

At first over undulating waves of green they pursued their way. Later, as they advanced, the waves became mighty billows, only they were not like Neptune's billows that rise and fall at the advance and retreat of the winds, but rather they were upheaved by Pluto in an angry mood, and when piled mountains high, they were transfixed, and there while unknown centuries ebb and flowed, they