

walted in their silence and savagery for the coming of this band.

What that band endured who shall tell? The average American man cares little for hardship. When weary he can make the earth a bed and the sky a canopy and sweetly sleep.

If of practical turn he measures the distances by broken yokes or tires or mired wagons, if a lover of nature's pictures he marks the days by mountain peaks or rushing rivers, or sun-beam-painted landscapes.

But what of delicate women on a journey like that? The path becomes endless either way, the bark of the wolf or the hoot of the owl brings undefined terrors to them, the loneliness grows to clinging to them like a garment; such dreams haunt them that even when prostrated with fatigue they fear to sleep, and if they are mothers the apprehension of what would come to their children were they to be called away has within it more than the bitterness of death.

O, if men realized on what heartaches the foundations of states are laid, they would never meet a Pioneer woman without baring their heads.

The transfixed sea at length was crossed and this valley was reached.

No winter and no deep woods received them, but rather the desert in its robes of serge stretched out mockingly before them, and the only thing of cheer was the summer sun that sent his beams to touch their cheeks and tinge the heights about them with his summer-day splendor.

Still they, like the others, held a praise service; like the others they awakened prayers of thankfulness where never had prayers been heard before. On their eyes were somnolences that others could not see. When the Infinite upreared these heights, filled their vaults with treasures, leveled this valley, marked with his finger where the silvery river should flow, and spread out the great lake under his hand, he saw that the work was good and smiled. That smile was caught and fastened here, the eyes of faith saw it, troubled hearts grew tranquil, and in hope their work began.

Behold the change!

Had a stranger passed by and seen the ruddy boy David tending his father's few sheep in the wilderness of Bethlehem, no thought would have crossed his mind of the empire over which that boy would one day preside.

No more could any mortal, standing here fifty years ago, have by any sketch of fancy, predicted what would come before the half-way house of the century should be reached.

Let others tell the enchanting story. Let us with reverential heads bow in gratitude to the remnant of the august band; let us salute the memories of those who have laid down the burdens and gone to their reward.

It is well to rear monuments. They are good for the living, good for the youth of the land; the nations who forget the duty quickly perish, but for them they need no monuments; they built their own while they were here; their glory is secure.

O, Pioneers! O remnant of that band,
The first to storm yon mountains ramparts hoary,
We here salute you, and in reverence stand,
To read your wondrous story.

Ye, on whose lips was fashioned the first prayer,
That from this valley tremblingly ascended,
Ye, whose full voices first upon this air
In hymns of praise were blended.

Look now about you, mark the changes wrought,
Since first you came, O marvelous transition.

And tell us: Did you in your wildest thought,
Foresee this grand fruition?

A smile has come upon the desert's face,
Since, in the waste, you reared that first rude station;
A sovereign State has rounded into place,
A glorious creation.

Fair homes are everywhere, and temples high,
To justice, learning and religion lifted.
Turn mortal eyes to where upon the sky
The clouds of doubt are rifted.

Long may you live, may a great people's love
Surrounding you, supporting you—caressing,
Make you forget the flight of years, and give
To every hour its blessing.

May your last days be free from pain and care,
Fervently trusting in your great Defender;
May your last sunset fill your earth and air
With circumambient splendor.

And when the twilight merges with the night,
May all the sheen of all the stars be given,
To light your spirits in their final flight,
From care-filled earth to heaven.

The Tabernacle choir sang America and just previous to the benediction the chairman announced a telegram dated Paris July 20. It was from Mr. Dille, Utah's famous sculptor, the creator of the statue of Brigham Young. "Best wishes" ran the laconic message, and it was received with applause.

The benediction was by Bishop Scanlon, of the Catholic church, in the following words: "May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you all, and remain with you forever. Amen."

After the benediction the great gathering dispersed.

Promptly at 1:30 p. m. the south door of the Tabernacle was open for the Pioneers. They were met by a corps of genial ushers, who led them to alphabetically arranged seats in the auditorium, and each was presented with a handsome official program.

On the communion table stood thirty-three beautiful baskets, the bails decorated in red, yellow and green, the colors chosen for the occasion by the Pioneer committee: the green to represent the sage-brush, the yellow, the sunflower, and the red, the Indian paint brush. The baskets were filled with leathern caskets containing gold Pioneer medals. On the stand sat twenty young ladies dressed to white whose pleasant duty it would be to distribute these souvenirs. Hanging from the baluster of the gallery were banners of the Pioneer colors, and underneath hung the emblems of all the states in the Union.

At length all the Pioneers were seated and presented the following statistics as to numbers: Those whose names began with A, 17; B, 70; C, 51; D, 20; E, 21; F, 23; G, 28; H, 65; I, 11; J, 7; K, 8; L, 26; M, 42; N, 17; O, 5; P, 35; R, 28; S, 77; T, 31; V, 6; W, 42; Y, 12; unclassified, 30. Total, 663. The unclassified are names of Pioneers who have reported since July 15, when the official list was made up.

At 2:30 the doors were opened to general admission, and in a few minutes the Tabernacle was full. The

Fort Douglas band was present, and discoursed sweet music. But all eyes were turned upon the Pioneers. It is a surprising fact that a third of them at least impressed one as being still young. Their lives must have been temperate, for their hair in many instances remains unbleached, their forms erect and stalwart, and their step elastic.

The meeting was called to order by Spencer Clawson, and Elder J. Golden Kimball offered the opening prayer. The choir sang the chorus, Hail to the Morn in its sweetest strains. Elder David McKenzle then read the prize poem, and announced at the conclusion that it was written by Mr. N. Albert Sherman of Salt Lake City, and won the \$100 prize. The poem is as follows:

Men built a city;—flanked by fields of grain,—
Gardens and vineyards—nursed with tender care,—
Near where a river cleft the billowy plain—
Aye seaward sweeping; it was very fair.

Their watchful neighbors saw a Temple reared—
Wherein strange creed and and mystic rites were taught,
And with fierce impulse rose; perchance they feared

Those who the seeming miracle had wrought,
Changing to Eden's bloom the stubborn sod;

Whatever adverse causes rancor lent,
They—knowing all are children of our God—
To love enjoined, decreed their banishment.

When Israel by Jehovah's prophet led,
Ousting the heavy yoke and bitter toil
Of slavery, from cruel Egypt fled,
Nought they could claim remained the oppressor's spoil.
These men who built the city, tilled the lands,
Reared homes of plenty with a freeman's right;
Saw their possessions pass to covetous hands
Of their embittered foemen ere their flight.

No faith, no courage of the ancient day
Exceeded theirs who thus their march began;
Despite the hosts against them armed for fray,
These exiled Saints a glorious victory won.

Unshielded by the law, nay buffeted
And persecuted, they—midst wintry blast—
Went forth with buoyant step and spirits, led
By no more weak and wild enthusiast;
A tender born came forth! who knew not fear!
As obstacles opposed his strength increased;
Was one faint hearted he was nigh to cheer,
A counselling, guiding, brother, prophet, priest.

Astute, inscrutable; in him were blent
Gander and subtlety; with wise command,
Through trackless wilds, o'er half a continent!
He brought them scathless to the promised land.

A waste of barren steeps and intervals,
And wells of marsh: they must perish there,
Lost on the lava beds and desert trails;
Trod only by the nomad and the bear;
No land of milk and honey had they gained—
To capture, aye! to devastate and spoil;
Nor blood of innocence their scutcheons stained,
They brake the bread of peace and honest toil.

Be just! O grave historian! just! O bard!
The Saints—who, angel led, or fury driven,
Sought Utah's valleys—torn and tempest scarred.

Breathed prayers that rose an incense into heaven.
We laud the Norman—who the sword unsheathed—
Usurping Harold's Kingdom—with intent
To found a dynasty—no word he breathed—
Nor thought disclosed save self aggrandisement—

Barons were made—adventurers gently born
With honors laden, and sequestered lands;
But pawn and peasant meted alms and scorn,
And bid to venture not where nobles stand.
Wiser than baron or Plantagenet
Who staked their lives for gain, the pioneer
Transformed the desert wastes to Deseret,
And hailed each man a brother, and a p