

the street and, diverging in all directions, a vast host, mingling with those who had lingered outside, sought their carriages and other conveyances ready to fall into line when the procession to the grave should be formed. Thousands thronged the streets in anticipation of witnessing the departure, and yet everything was orderly and all arrangements skillfully carried out. The marshal of the day, with his numerous efficient aids, and the detachment of police, rendered signal service in executing the plans so carefully arranged. Hundreds of conveyances lined the adjacent streets and were brought up in line in seemly order, and, in fact, everything attested the prevalent reverence in which the occasion was held, so that nothing might occur to mar or delay the marshalling of order out of seeming chaos. The services in the Tabernacle being finished at 1:30, the formation of the procession was begun on the west and north sides of Temple square, and at 1:45 p. m. the order was given to advance on the way to the beloved President's last resting place. Slowly and impressively the journey to the grave was begun.

As the procession passed into public view, many an eye became dim with tears and a last farewell was breathed from many a life-time friend and brother pioneer. Thousands stood with uncovered head as all that remained of him whose life and work had crystallized into the brightest gem of immortal setting had passed them by, and yet thousands more made up the cavalcade and retinue which followed at the shrine of death. This was the order formed and maintained on the way to the grave:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

1. Marshal of day and aides.
2. Held's bands.
3. Harmony Glee club.
4. Pall-bearers.
5. Hearse.
6. Flowers.
7. Carriages one to twelve inclusive—family.
8. Carriages thirteen to eighteen inclusive, General Church Authorities.
9. Ogden band.
10. Presidents of Stakes and counselors.
11. General organization Relief Societies.
12. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement associations.
13. Young Men's Mutual Improvement associations.
14. Deseret Sunday School Union.
15. Primary associations.
16. Church Board of Education.
17. Faculty and students of Brigham Young academy and representatives of different Church colleges and academies.
18. First Regimental band and Utah National Guard.
19. State and city officials.
20. General public.

The Line of March.

The line of march all along South Temple street was densely packed with a mass of humanity, as far as M street, and from there to the cemetery people were out in hundreds waiting the approach of the procession. Thousands of people also accompanied the remains of the dead Prophet to the place of interment, and it was a spectacle long to be remembered. "The Dead March in Saul," by Held's band, and other funeral dirges, were played, while the Ogden and First Regimental bands discoursed their sweet, sad music all the way. A wave of harmony rolled down the line from beginning to end, and surely it must have risen as sweet incense to the spheres above. Slowly and stately the procession moved on its solemn way, and when the ceme-

tery was reached a great concourse of people was already there. The various organizations and representative bodies disbanded at the gates of the cemetery and the simple white hearse bearing the remains of the departed leader was driven to the side of the grave, where it was followed by the private carriages of the members of the deceased's family and the general authorities of the Church. At 2:45 p. m. the casket was taken from the hearse and carried by the pall-bearers to the grave into which it was consigned while all the people stood with uncovered heads. Countless flowers in bouquets and designs of exquisite beauty were laid upon the sward by sorrowing friends, and when all was ready the members of the President's family and other friends gently laid some floral tokens upon the departed's bier in last farewell. Then the authorities of the Church, who had gathered on the northwest corner of the plot of ground signified that the final ceremonies began, and the Harmony Glee club sang with exquisite pathos and tenderness, the selection: "Not Dead but Sleepeth." President Cannon then called upon Apostle F. M. Lyman to offer the dedicatory prayer.

In opening his invocation Apostle Lyman asked that grace and strength be vouchsafed to those who were bereaved, to bear up under the burden of grief their loss had entailed, and asked the blessings of the Almighty upon the duty which had devolved upon him in dedicating the last resting place of him who for so many years had been identified with the work of the Lord in the earth. He prayed that President Woodruff's life and record might stand as an example to the hosts of Israel throughout the world, one would they would emulate, if possible, and further asked that the widows and children might be comforted in the knowledge that their beloved father had gone to a glorious reward. It was his desire that the Almighty bless the ground where so many had tender hopes and affection laid away, that it would ever be sacred and holy to the people. He prayed for the prosperity of the work of building up Zion in the earth; for the blessings of the Lord to rest upon the Church and the authorities upon whom its guidance would now devolve, and in conclusion asked that the dedication might be accepted of the Almighty in the name of Jesus Christ.

At the close of the prayer, flowers were laid upon the grave by loving hands, and the vast concourse of people dispersed to their homes and various pursuits, feeling that this day would be accounted, while time and memory should last, as one of the most notable in the present dispensation, and would be hallowed forever.

Where the Grave Is.

The place where the body of President Woodruff will rest until the day the grave shall give up its dead, is situated near the original entrance at the old stone gate through the antiquated wall that formed the western boundary of the city cemetery, and is about half way up on the western side. The seventh cemetery avenue forms the northern boundary of the plat, which lies about seventy-five yards from the old stone wall. On the south, is the plat of the late Apostle Erastus Snow, whose monument, entwined with honeysuckle, towers over the new made grave. Over on the hill a stone's throw distant, the granite shaft that marks the resting place of the late President John Taylor, points silently toward heaven. Just to the west, across the drive, is the Noble plat, where rests Lucien Noble, who was born the same year as President Woodruff was, and who, too, lived to a great

age, dying in 1891. President Woodruff's grave is in the extreme south-eastern corner of the plat, and is made alongside of his wife, the late Phoebe Carter Woodruff. Just across, in the Snow plat on the south, rest the bodies of two children. The Woodruff plat is simple and plain; a substantial stone wall raises it above the drive and simply the close shaven green grass covers it over. The open grave this morning was dug into the hard soil of the mountain which was as solid in its formation as the character of the man whose body it was to contain, only a few planks were placed to keep the loose earth from falling in, and a plain box of white wood at the bottom to contain the casket. Nothing about the grave was intended for ornament or show; all was plain and substantial as the dead President wished it to be. From the grave where he rests there is a fine view of the city he helped to found, and the valley stretched away to the south in its beauty until shut in from the sight by the September haze. Around him rests those who fought the battle of life with him but who laid the burden down, wearied before the load fell from his own shoulders and who will welcome him in death as they honored him in life.

Tabernacle Decorations.

Promptly at 7:30 a. m., by a prearranged signal with the janitors, a "News" reporter was admitted to the Tabernacle to view the work of the committee on decoration. Silence brooded over the vast auditorium, and a spirit of awe, which is the invariable accompaniment of solitude in the midst of vastness.

A faint odor of sagebrush pervaded the room. So subtle is the sense—the little-valued, much neglected sense—to which it appeals, so keen an instant is its power of association, that the mind is carried back in almost realistic vividness to a scene on this spot over half a century ago. Closing one's eyes, the present grows dim and the past rises in panoramic distinctness.

"The primeval desert is slumbering. Only on the eastern and western peaks are seen the signs of awakening day. In the valley the shadows are beginning to lift and dissolve. What is it that the eye beholds? A vast expanse of sun-browned sage and yellow bunch grass. For a moment, we listen and catch the musical ripples of a stream hidden beneath an irregular line of willow and squaw bush, extending from the north of the canyon to the lake. The sun now breaks over the eastern range. A breeze is stirring down the canyon. Ah, there is that same, never-to-be-forgotten perfume of the desert—so full of freshness, so suggestive of freedom!

"What! the bark of a dog? Surely it is. And now a half-mile distant, in the shadow of a gnarled and crooked grove of cottonwoods, the eye catches sight of a dozen campfires, white and curling wreaths into the morning sky. The sunlight is playing fantastic games with the strands of smoke as they weave themselves into flax and linen fabrics, and finally disappear as gauze. Beneath this spreading halo, we get glimpses of an irregular village of wick-i-ups, smoke-begrimed and tattered, but otherwise quaint in harmony with the scene; as if they were in a strange, grotesque plants that had sprung out of the native soil!

"Now, from out these rude habitations, through many a rent and flapping door, the children of the desert are pouring—a curious lot of black-headed, squatty-figured little men, women and children. Sublime picture of blissful indifference! You do not know that this is your last day of indisputed reign