

the horizon. During the forenoon we passed many small villages surrounded by treeless wastes which the energy of man was endeavoring, with but poor success, apparently, to convert into fertile farms. Water was evidently the one factor wanting.

As we came further eastward the face of nature began to lay aside its stern and forbidding features and to assume an aspect of rural beauty and peaceful comfort. Yet at the same time we were struck with one feature that seemed to indicate an ever-present feeling of fearful precaution. This was an occasional dugout or cellar roofed over as a place of refuge when the terrible cyclone spreads destruction in its path. While the beauty of the landscape, with its gently sloping hills and verdure-covered vales, might for a time tempt us to forget our mountain vales, yet the general verdict was that the picture lacked the grand and essential feature of our mountain ramparts to complete it.

As an occasional stop was made at various stations along the route, our young people gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to vary the monotony of the journey by a run in the bracing air. The health of our party is generally good though some few have been slightly indisposed from the effects of a change in drinking water. The spirits of all seem to be buoyant and at times quite irrepressible, and everyone seems to enter thoroughly into the enjoyment of the trip.

Yesterday afternoon at Junction City, 138 miles from Kansas City, we met the train bearing the company of Henry Irving, the great actor, and our male chorus sang for them before we parted company, much to their enjoyment, if one may be permitted to judge by the hearty applause we received.

It was about 10:30 p. m. when we reached the Union depot at Kansas City instead of 5 p. m., our schedule time, and we all remained in the cars instead of beginning our sight-seeing. After all, what we deemed a misfortune at first was no doubt a blessing in disguise as it enabled us to prepare for the arduous toils of today by a good night's rest. Daylight, however, found many of our party out and up town viewing with wonder the sights of this wonderful city beside which our own Salt Lake slinks into the insignificance of a village.

Just before 9 o'clock we were visited by a special committee of five appointed by the citizens of Independence to wait upon us and assure us of the hospitality and warm welcome awaiting us there. Soon after, our special train with the Independence committee aboard drew out for the land of our fond pilgrimage. A run of half an hour brought us to the depot where we found many carriages and conveyances on hand to carry such as wished to ride to the Temple lot. Many preferred walking up the gently sloping hill to the sacred spot, and the serious cast of all features gave a sure indication of the deep feelings that stirred the heart as we trod the land endeared by a thousand sacred ties to the children of Zion.

Upon the Temple lot we found a large concourse of people assembled to welcome us. The choir gathered on the south side of the small frame

house on the Temple lot used as a house of worship by the Hedrickites. A platform had been arranged and on this were seated the First Presidency and the leading men of Independence. After the singing by the choir of the thrilling hymn, *The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning*, the crowd adjourned to the handsome Josephite church across the street which was soon packed with an appreciative audience eager to hear more singing.

When all were assembled the mayor of Independence addressed us in welcome as follows:

"To you American freemen, visitors from the Far West, from a land of fruits, of flowers, of milk and honey, I am here as a representative of the citizens of Independence, Mo., a broad, open people, free from bigotry, generous, law-abiding, God-fearing and lovers of liberty, and extend in their names and in their behalf the right hand of fellowship and a hearty welcome to our city, hoping that the memory of this day may be ever garnered in each of our hearts, and treasured as one of the most happy events of our lives."

President Woodruff responded, thanking the people for their warm welcome and invoked the blessing of heaven upon them. He then introduced President Cannon, who briefly followed in the same strain and said the welcome we had received while it was unexpected, was all the more deeply appreciated. He closed by blessing them in the name of the Lord and the choir sang the anthem "Light and Truth," and in answer to an enthusiastic recall sang the Temple anthem "Hosannah." R. C. Easton, by request, sang "O My Father," and with such thrilling power that the effect on many hearts, softened by the memories that hover around that historic spot, was witnessed in the warm tears that welled unbidden to the eyes.

These exercises, while necessarily brief, had occupied all the time allotted to our visit, and with deep regret we returned to the cars, bringing with us some memento of the spot in leaf, stone or twig gathered from the sacred soil, but carrying in our hearts more lasting remembrance in the joy we had experienced in being permitted to visit the land dedicated to the building of the New Jerusalem.

In the afternoon we gave a matinee performance to a small but thoroughly appreciative audience, and at night sang to a full house in the auditorium.

The reception our concert received amounted almost to an ovation. The applause was hearty for every number and the soloists were all enthusiastically recalled. Welles received the third recall.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 2.—At the close of our concert last night we returned direct to our train, and at 11:30 p. m. continued our eastward journey. Very early this morning the word was passed through the cars that we were about to pass through the state capital, and many got up to get a view of the renowned state prison and the capitol. The former has so many buildings devoted to various manufactures connected with it that it presented the appearance of a considerable manufacturing village.

Our route lay along the south bank

of the Missouri river until within a few miles of St. Louis. At that point the river bears away to the left and joins the Mississippi about twenty miles above the city. The country through which we were passing was very picturesque and beautiful. The soil seemed to possess a wonderful fertility. Every thing is raised without irrigation, and in many fields we noted with wonder that the corn stalks attained a height of ten to twelve feet and the ears seemed fully one foot long. Yet with all the advantages of apparent spontaneous growth, farming seemed to be carried on in a slovenly manner compared with the care our farms at home receive.

Many of us realized for the first time the sacrifice our parents had made in giving up such lands as these and going out into the inhospitable wilderness of the far West, and at the same time never before realized the credit due them for causing the desert to blossom like the rose. It was the subject of conversation among us that if more of our young people could take the object lesson this trip affords us they would view with greater reverence the pioneers of the desert, and appreciate more fully the glorious land bequeathed to them as a heritage of privation, toil and death.

We should have arrived at St. Louis at 8:30 a. m. but were fully one hour and a half late. We separated into three parties to take breakfast as no one hotel in the city could accommodate us all at such short notice. After breakfast we met at the Merchant's Exchange building by invitation of the citizens of St. Louis, where we were accorded a hospitable welcome. During the interim of waiting we had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the excited throng who assembled there every day to gamble in stocks. It was very amusing to watch the "bulls and bears" good-naturedly knocking each other about, jamming hats over each others' eyes, and mashing "duffers," etc. We remarked that none were so bold as to appear in a "slovenly" and the head gear of all seemed to be of rather inferior quality for men whose daily transactions run sometimes to the millions. As one of our singers, who boasts a silk tile, mounted the steps surrounding the pit, we watched to see it receive the same treatment the hats of members of the exchange were receiving but he fortunately withdrew in time to save it from such indignity.

At noon the president of the exchange called the assembled crowd to order and introduced the mayor of the city, C. P. Wallbridge, who delivered a warm address of welcome. He spoke of the great achievements of our fathers in building up a worthy and prosperous commonwealth in the midst of the forbidding desert, and in less than fifty years being able to send out such an illustrious body of singers to compete against the world as one of the wonders of the age.

Hon. John T. Caine responded, thanking the mayor and citizens for the distinguished honor conferred upon us in such a flattering reception, after which the male chorus sang "Love of Home," and in response to the hearty applause with which it was received sang "The Soldier's Farewell."

At 1:30 p. m. the entire party partici-