

with interest on questions that vitally effect our present and future condition as Latter-day Saints. The chief themes were the philosophy of our life here and hereafter; the pre-existence of the spirits of mankind; the eternity of the marriage covenant and family relations.

The brethren go on to Round Valley and Meadowville wards today and will finish up before conference, which convenes next Saturday and Sunday at Paris. A complete visiting tour of the Stake is contemplated.

The presiding brethren are now both over seventy years of age. They feel well and are evidently the recipients of God's choice blessings, physically and spiritually, and the hopes of our people are for a continuation of their useful lives. Our local Mutual Improvement, religion and Primary organizations have recently been set in working trim. The young men and young ladies have commenced meeting together on Tuesday evenings, for opening exercises and separating for association work proper, and this will doubtless produce increased interest and attendance. Elder Alfred Kearn, a recently returned young missionary, and Mrs. Phoebe Almira Nebeker, have charge of these societies, and this locally is taken as bespeaking with the divine favor great success therein this season. Our Sunday school, with Elder Heber C. Robinson superintendent, is a flourishing institution, conducted in as strict conformity as possible to the system prescribed by the Deseret Sunday School Union.

Our people enjoy a spirit of spacious harmony. We, like the rest of poor, weak mortals, are divided on political lines. At our election some put their cross under the eagle or under the rooster—by the way, the Populist hasn't camped there—while quite a number refused to carry out the partisan admonition as to voting.

The health of our people, excepting colds, etc., resultant from changes of temperature, is excellent. The wheat bins are full.

Our weather just now is quite cold, at this writing lightly snowing. But we have had a favorable season for out door labors so far.

John S. Lindsay and troupe held forth here on Saturday evening at the Kearn Hall, presenting to the evident satisfaction of the audience The Yankee in Cuba.

Elders Alonzo Francis, of Morgan City and E. J. King, of Syracuse, traveling in Bear Lake Stake as Y. M. M. I. A. missionaries, addressed our young people's meeting last night and will prosecute house to house labors during the coming week here.

The Stake presidency at Meadowville placed Elder Joseph Gibbons in charge and Church meetings, etc., will be resumed and held regularly there from now on.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH IRWIN.

THE PIONEERS OF UTAH.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE PIONEERS.

A Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Organ. Composed Expressly for, and Dedicated to My Dear Friend, Evan Stephens, and His Famous Tabernacle Choir.

BY JOSEPH PARRY,

Doctor of Music.

University College, Cardiff, South Wales, November 7, 1898.

The above inscription appears on the cover of an 18 page folio of closely written music, received by Prof. Evan Stephens, a few days ago, from Dr. Joseph Parry, the eminent Musical critic, who made such a favorable impression among our musicians and the

people of Utah, at the recent Elsteddfod.

The poem, now set to music, was written by Prof. Stephens and won the first prize at the Elsteddfod of 1895. It was the intention of the Cambrian association to have it set to music and sung at Pioneer celebrations.

The outline of the work is partly taken from Whitney's History of Utah. It opens with the scriptural verse which led the Prophet Joseph Smith to seek for light: "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." The music is written for a boy alto, as is also a beautiful solo prayer: "O, Lord, Hear My Cry." The music, representing the powers of darkness assailing the boy Prophet while engaged in supplicating the Throne of Grace, is intensely dramatic, and the words of God to Joseph most effective.

The message of the Angel Moroni (a recitative for tenor voice), showing the records upon plates of gold, and the chorus in brief comment, brings the first part to a close, the whole serving as an introduction to the main theme.

The Pilgrimage of the Pioneers. This opens with a short baritone solo, entitled The Prophet to the words: "Come my people, let us journey to the mountain of Our God." Answered by a male chorus, responsive at first, then the ladies' chorus, similarly respond, when the beautiful march theme is sounded by the tenors and taken up by each voice in chorus.

The march is interrupted later by the baritone solo again, calling to prayer, with the words: "Come, let us call upon the Lord, the wilderness lies before us." This is followed by the music of a prayer, the words of which is not yet filled in. (This and most of the remaining text is to be filled in by Mr. Stephen at Dr. Parry's request.)

The music of this prayer is wonderfully descriptive with the calm, melodious flow of the appealing voices, are blended, the sobbings of women and children interwoven in the accompaniment. At the close of this movement the march is again resumed, shortly to be interrupted by the entrance to the valley, a brief and startling interlude for chorus, trumpets with triumphal effects accompanying. This leads to the final Hymn of Praise, in majestic but joyous movement, the words to be supplied by the recipient.

The whole work is classic in its seriousness and beauty. Director Stephens is more delighted with this mark of esteem for himself and his choir than he was to have won even the \$500 prize at the recent Elsteddfod. As soon as practicable the work will be published and mastered by the choir. It is hoped that the masterly composer will be here in person to conduct a performance of it during the coming summer.

Director Stephens has for some time past been in communication with California, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Colorado musical organizations in hopes of banding together to induce the doctor to bring a few eminent Welsh artists over and give us a series of concerts from his own operatic works and oratorios. It is yet too early to announce the results.

The people will no doubt be too glad to show their appreciation of Dr. Parry and his services for music whenever he may visit Utah.

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

While under the direction of the lyceum bureau, during the decade 1870-1880, I traveled eight months in the year, from October to June, mostly in the Western states, speaking nearly every night. It was my custom in

the large cities always to stay at the same hotel, that the landlord and clerks might know me, and I might be received at any hour of the night. If possible I always secured a room on the second floor with a balcony, for safety in case of fire.

One night I arrived rather late at Indianapolis, having previously telegraphed. The hotel was crowded, as there was some unusual public gathering, just what I do not remember. On meeting me in the parlors my kind but distracted host said: "Mrs. Stanton, I have not room in the house for you. I am sorry, but you will be obliged to go to some other hotel." "That," I replied, "I cannot do; you must give me a bed in the parlor if you have no other place." "Well," said the host laughing, "I'll see what I can do." So while I was taking supper he surveyed the ground and at last returned to tell me he had a small room on the third floor, but with no balcony. If I would accept that, he would have it prepared for me. "Well," I replied, "since I can do no better I must accept that." In due time he announced that all was ready.

I found a pleasant little room, lighted with gas, a bright fire in the grate, everything looking fresh, clean, and attractive. Being very tired, I lost no time in going to bed. As usual I left the gas burning, and looked under the bed and in the closet to see that neither men nor cats were anywhere concealed. I was soon sound asleep, when suddenly I found myself in the strong grasp of a powerful man. At the same instant a cry of despair rent the air, an agonized voice shrieked, "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!" Terribly frightened, I sprang from the bed in horror. But all was still. I searched the room in vain. No one was there, the gas was still burning, the door locked, everything as I left it on going to sleep. So I concluded the terrible experience I had just had must have been a nightmare, and as I was thoroughly tired by my long journey of the previous day, my excitement was soon overcome and I fell asleep again.

Only a few moments had elapsed, however, when I again felt the clutches of those desperate arms, and my ears were filled with the sound of that piercing shriek: "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!" Again I shook off the horror, and, fully awake, convinced myself that I was alone, and that no one had entered the room. Gradually I grew calm, and then, from sheer exhaustion, slept once more. My rest was as brief as before, for in an instant, it seemed, the grip was around me and the voice tore at my very heartstrings: "Oh, save me, mother! Save me!"

It is useless to rehearse the continued torture of the night. Suffice it to say that with the dawn only it ceased.

When the maid came to make the fire, she said: "How did you sleep madam?" I replied, "I have had a night of intense suffering." "Oh," cried she, bursting into tears. "I told them not to put you in this room. A man died here yesterday with delirium tremens. His cries could be heard over the whole house. For days his constant appeal was: 'Oh, save me, Mother. Save me!'"

This startling corroboration of my recent impressions quite unnerved me. I begged the maid to remain until I could leave the room whose walls had witnessed and were still repeating the despairing appeal of that distracted soul. I never think of that night in Indianapolis without a shudder—Journalist.

The muster roll of Roosevelt's Rough Riders' association has been formerly opened in Prescott, Ariz., and has met with a response from every member present as well as the receipt of numerous telegrams from every place. Col. A. O. Brodie is president and Lieut. J. D. Carter, secretary of the organization.