

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

THANKSGIVING AT KANOSH.

KANOSH, Millard county, Dec. 2.—The cry of hard times is scarcely a reality here, for on Thanksgiving day the whole town seemed to breathe the aroma of roast turkey and the rich bounties of a gracious Providence. The day was commemorated as never before in this place. Feasting and fun were everywhere. There was the usual horse race, and in the evening a character ball, at which the great contrast of now and twenty-five years ago was employed as never before. The innumerable characters represented called into activity the talent and ingenuity of our young people to a degree that placed them in the front rank of the spirit and intelligence of the times. Among the characters represented were George and Martha Washington, Pocahontas, Goddess of Liberty, morning and evening stars, Indians, love, poetry, life and death, and almost everything between. And the devil came also, black, with horns and tail, the very idea of our childhood's imagination when we heard an uninformed preacher belch forth a hymn,

There is a dreadful hell,
Of everlasting pains;
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.

The fire and chains have vanished, at least from our loved Utah, and the mind of the youth is not warped by fright, but is sown with mental images, that in a dignified research and adoration of that Providence which planted us in these mountain vales with promises more than realized today.

We have seen motley crowds in that same old house before. O, what a contrast to the silks and furs, golden and silver stars and diadems. A man was an object of admiration with his pants inside a pair of cowhide boots, pistols and butcher knives adorned the waists of many, for Indians were Indians then. The stand was strewn with habes and sunbonnets. A new garment of any kind must be worn at a dance. We have seen more than one brother put on style in cowhides, without a coat, but he had a new three yards long worsted comforter hung over his neck, which acted as streamers in the whirl, and the girls would put their hands on it with admiration. Some people even went barefooted to the dance. Out on the cry of hard times in the face of such facts. The providence of God is everywhere manifest let us rather utilize every hour in honest labor or study, practice economy and keep out of debt. There are no people under the sun who have greater cause to give hearty thanksgiving to the Lord for his blessings than the people of Utah.

The proceeds of this ball will go to help swell the fund for a new meeting house, an eligible site having been secured for the building.

Several of our citizens have prospects upon Mount Baldy. Quite a few have just returned from working assessments, as they were a little doubtful about the new law. All think

they have "a good thing." There is no question about there being gold in the rock. Mr. Wm. Johnson showed me rock, in which gold in lumps as large as a June bug were plainly seen. Mr. Wm. Cummings has a claim that will next summer do its own talking. Baldy will be a great gold producing camp in the near future unless all signs fail.

If we all get rich, will we all be happy?
A. BIRD.

Written for this Paper.

PARAGRAPHS FROM HOLLAND.

WITTENKADE, 35, AMSTERDAM, Holland, November 21, 1893.—The NEWS comes regularly every week and its interesting pages give us great comfort here in this far-off, foreign land.

The missionaries in the Netherlands mission are all well. They enjoy good health and are meeting with good success. Some souls are added to the Church. Occasionally we find a straw dropped by the reaper. We pick it up very carefully. The actual number that has been baptized in the Netherlands since I came here, eighteen months ago, I do not know, but I have attended to forty-three baptisms myself. There are many in different places all over the country who believe the Gospel of Christ, and I think a good many will yet come.

We have of late distributed a number of tracts. In Amsterdam alone we have distributed about 5000 the last two months. I have also inserted in a paper here with a circulation of 20,000, a tract entitled, "The Gospel of Christ." In this way we are sowing the good seed, hoping it will bear good fruit. I expect after a little to place in another paper that has a circulation of 41,500, another tract entitled, "The Tidings of Joy." I like to leave no stone untouched which I can handle, in leaving my testimony with this people before I am released to return home, so that I can conscientiously feel I have done my duty to the best of my ability.

Last Sunday a lady came to our meeting who sought information about her daughter, Maria Christina Isker. April next it is four years since she emigrated to Utah. Her mother's name is Wed Cramer, maiden name Rees. It would confer a great favor upon the missionaries, if the members of the Church in Zion would remember their obligations, their promises to relatives, families and friends, which they have left behind, whether in the Church or outside, particularly promises to write. Families and friends here naturally expect to hear from them, and if they would comply herewith it would be productive of good.

C. F. B. LYBBERT.

Written for this Paper.

THE VAN WINKLE OF STATES.

A DAMSVILLE, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1893.—Ohio is a great state. Not that it has very great cities, nor is it especially remarkable in any one line; but there is

an all round completeness and comprehensiveness that give one a sense of its greatness as he travels over the Buckeye commonwealth. It is great in manufacture, we find as we hunt up its statistics; but seen from car windows it is its vast agricultural extent and resources that give it the claim of greatness. Hour after hour the train speeds along, and for a whole day a magnificent panorama is spread out to the beholder; hill and dale, upland and valley, green fields and woodlands, modern houses and antiquated residences, cattle and horses, sheep in small flocks browsing almost everywhere.

Withal Ohio does not seem to be crowded. In fact there seems a want of compactness; and one cannot drive away the impression that the people are lonesome, or that they would necessarily feel isolated if they have a keen, social sensibility. Utah with her little towns and villages looks more heartsome and companionable. Ohio under the genial glow of a November Indian summer sun seemed to be dozing in a Rip Van Winkle slumber. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry. The cows and horses and pigs looked to be genuinely lazy. The dogs did not have the energy to set up a bark. The children were walking home from school without a tag or a tussle. The very air and the mellow sunlight seemed charged with languor. A vision of peace and rest and quiet hung over the fleeting landscape; and only the many and bright colored leaves of autumn spoke the full gladness of the lovely scene.

Onward sped the ponderous train multiplying a thousand times every hour these lovely visions of an immense agricultural domain.

And when I paused at this quiet hamlet of my boyhood, but little changed for more than a generation, and walked the hills and strode through the deep leafy recesses of the woods, how full seemed the atmosphere of the precious memories of days long vanished into the past!

But the memories of childhood have their highest value in the awakening of deeper thought, feelings that scarce define themselves in consciousness, yet they tell us of a childhood farther away and remoter, or perchance nearer, more comprehensive and real; a childhood that hushes the soul in a sense of infinite and eternal existence, long ere the stars raised their voices in song or worlds were fashioned in space. From the childhood memories of the natural life 'tis but a step into the infinite silence where we can hear these cradle songs of the eternal and imperishable life.

But Ohio has done one thing which in her sleepy way she thinks was done while she was fully awake. She has had an election. McKinley and Neal stumped the state; but only a few people comparatively went out to hear them. There were lots of stay-at-home Democrats, and there were about eighty thousand more go-to-the-polls Republicans; and the result is that McKinley is booked for '96. Every Ohio Republican thinks he will get there.

I tried to find out what the people were thinking about when they voted for one man or the other. I was pleased and almost surprised to know