

pasture for the young grasshopper. And furthermore we find on examination that not one-fourth of them have deposited their eggs as yet. Unless some overruling providence steps in Utah will not have much grain to export next year, and the farmers will do well to hold on to their grain this year, for the prospect looks very discouraging at present.

Yours respectfully,
TAYLOR HENINGER,
JOHN L. IVIE.

AULBORG, July 9, 1879.

Editors Deseret News:

Yesterday, July 8th was a day of great demonstration here in Aulborg on account of a visit of the King of Denmark and several of the royal family of this kingdom, Russia and Germany. They arrived here per steamer, about 10 o'clock a.m. A platform adorned with greens, flowers, pictures and flags, sufficiently large to contain the royal visitors and prominent officers, civil and military, of this place was erected at the harbor. The firing of cannons announced the approach of the steamer, and the royal passengers. Thousands of people civil and military were present.

The King and his suite entered and he presented himself by simply lifting his hat to the people, who responded with somewhat limited hurrahs as many of the people do not seem to think he is their friend, but rather the reverse. There is here as elsewhere contention, lack of confidence, and class distinction. Tyranny on one side, insubordination on the other, with the prospects of no alleviation or change for the better. The King and company entered the Royal Palace where refreshments were provided, and citizens who felt like paying 20 kroner might share the sumptuous repast. This being over, the company in carriages moved up the street, the houses on each side being beautifully adorned with flags, pictures, flowers and greens, forming a grand display all over the city to the railroad depot and over the iron bridge across Limfjorden. One of the objects of his coming here. This, I believe, is the greatest work of the kind in Denmark, and considering the distance and depth of water no little undertaking, costing a great amount of money. It is neat and handsomely constructed, arranged to let, with ease, ships pass through. After their curiosity was satisfied in regard to the bridge, the company returned and paid a visit to Frue church, a new red brick neatly built structure.

Among the crowd were several of the priests, wearing their usual long dresses and white cravat. From this place they went to the schools, which took but a short time, the buildings being close together. In passing through the streets bouquets were thrown from nearly every house. The grand display of the military and the multitude which thronged the streets made it almost impossible to get a glimpse of his majesty. He visited several places for refreshments during the day, and all with him who had borne the day's pressure was taken to the theatre. He at last went on board his ship after 11 o'clock p.m. I think all well satisfied when the day was past, the pleasant weather adding much to the pleasure thereof.

This season has been good, the fields, forests, and indeed all nature is clothed with beauty, but rain seems to be too plentiful, and keeps the air cold, the harvesting of hay is attended with much extra labor, and I fear loss. Labor is not sufficiently remunerated, and times among the poor not very good nor promising.

The gospel net gathers a few now and then, but it seems soon to require the Almighty hand of Jehovah to awake mankind to a true sense of their position before the Lord, for the humble, meek and earnest voice of a servant of God cannot penetrate the dark clouds of ignorance in which they are submerged.

As I have been removed from Copenhagen Conference, and called to pre-ide over the Aalborg Conference, I beg you to publish my address written below. My health though not so good as when at home, is tolerably good.

Brother N. M. Andersen, of Ephraim, if nothing prevents, will, before long, organize and begin to give lessons and start a choir, a thing much needed here, as we have four

or five meetings a week and tolerably good attendance.

The saints feel well, and most of them are doing as well as they can to promote the interests of the work of the Lord, but for deliverance they look to the west, and active men in every settlement to promote the gathering would prove an inestimable blessing to the poor saints in these lands.

Bro. N. M. Andersen and A. P. Rose join me in sending kind regards to the saints at home. My address until further notice will be:

N. P. RASMUSSEN,
Urbansgade, N. 23,
Aalborg, Denmark,
Europe.

Arizona.

SEVOIA, New Mexico,
July 20, 1879.

Editors Deseret News:

There are only seven families in this little valley, and two in the one adjoining us, about six miles distant. Four of the families are from Utah, five are from Arkansas, and came here with the company led by Elder Beebe. The people are blessed with good health in this vicinity. The season, as elsewhere, has been extremely dry, and consequently water and grass have been very scarce. The brethren commenced a reservoir last Spring, but for want of sufficient help did not finish it in time, and lost a great amount of water that might otherwise have been saved, and for this reason we will only raise part of a crop. There has been some little rain the last week and we are looking for more. Quite a number of Navajoes have been baptized since the mission first began here, and as a rule they feel well.

We have within the last week been favored with a visit from the President of the Stake, Jesse N. Smith, accompanied by Bishop John Hunt, both of Snow Flake. We had a most excellent time; held three meetings, two here and one at Brother Tenney's. Two of our Lamanite brethren were present at the meetings and one spoke a few moments, expressed his regret at the carelessness of some of his tribe, said once there was plenty of water everywhere here, and believed it would again be the same, if the people would repent and not follow the example of "bad Americans," as he termed some of the whites.

Bros. Smith and Hunt gave us great encouragement, and we feel much blest by their visit, and our determination is renewed to still continue in our missionary labors, which we know with the help of God will result in much good to the natives of this country.

While the brethren were present, this branch was partially organized. We believe there are facilities for quite a settlement at this place, and we expect and hope to be strengthened by some families from Utah the coming season.

I will not trespass more on your space, but will say the NEWS is a welcome visitor.

From your brother in the truth,
L. BUMHAM.

CHRISTCHURCH, Canterbury Province, New Zealand,
June 21st, 1879.

President J. Young, Senr.:

On my arrival here I bowed myself before the Lord, told him his humble servant had arrived, a stranger in a strange land and desired to do his holy will. The Lord opened my way, prepared men to receive me, and since that time I have been abundantly blest on every hand, have warned many thousands, preached in various halls in Christchurch, Lytleton, Rangorua and Auckland, also much private preaching, and very much writing to various people concerning our principles, etc. I advertised ourselves, also our places of meeting, wrote to the principal men, editors, ministers, and others; in fact, the gospel is now brought publicly before the country. Our hall is densely crowded. Last Sunday, in Christchurch, the door-keeper informed me that many went away, as they could not get near the doors. But you know I am a very loud speaker. One of the brethren said those outside could hear me, also Brother Batt, as he speaks as I do, if not louder. Brother Batt and I are perfectly agreed in all things; he is the best companion I ever had in the ministry. It makes things pleasant for us both

in this far off land. We have had 2,000 tracts printed here, and in circulation. People are being baptized; we baptized two very intelligent young men last evening, who heard our preaching in Christchurch. Many persons who have received the gospel at our hands are rejoicing. I feel that I am far from home, but the spirit of God comforts me, and the Saints are exceedingly kind to me and Brother Batt. Although it takes many pounds to carry on this mission, the Lord opens up the way for us to pay the rent of halls, printing, etc. I want to return home feeling I have done my duty, and wishing ever to merit the trust imposed in me by my brethren here and at home, and return home with clean hands and pure heart. I remain, your humble servant,
ELIJAH F. PIERCE.

Following is an abstract from a letter written by a young elder who is now on a mission, to his brother who resides in this city:

Tell me all about yourself and what your prospects are, what kind of company you keep, your habits, how you spend your time week days and also Sundays. You have abilities and good ones, all they require is culture, and that you must give them. We are all belogs of advancement, and as a people there is more depending upon us than any other people in the world, especially upon our young men. You are of this class of which so much is expected. Honorable positions in society are waiting to be filled as soon as our youth prepare themselves. You are now old enough to contrast the conditions of men, those who live soberly, honestly and morally, with those who are debauched, drunken, and filled with corruption and vice. You can see who are our best and most useful men, and who are the inmates of our prisons, you can comprehend who are the men that advance science, beautify the earth, live happily here, and merit blessings in the world to come, and can contrast their acts with the acts of those who build nothing, beautify nothing, advance nothing that is good and pure, but only pull down and destroy, seemingly possessed with a crazy notion of making all men equal. These two lives, the one of virtue, the other of vice, all lie in the choice made while we are yet boys. Whether we use our time improving our minds and storing them with knowledge, or waste our time, forming habits which will eventually cost us hard struggles to break, or, if that be impossible, go down till we fill dishonorable graves.

Those who are not for the Kingdom of God are against it. Those whom we love, who have cherished us in sickness and health, provided for our every want, borne the pain of our birth, and the trouble of our raising, and who are wholly engaged for the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. Which way shall we choose? Go to the enemies of our only earthly friends, or cling to the rock of revelation wherein they are firmly grounded, which will lead us to eternal lives? I say to you, walk in the footsteps of our faithful parents. Follow the narrow path, go in at the straight gate, break off all your bad habits and make yourself respected among honest men. Be considerate of our parents' feelings and you will never regret it.

ST. GEORGE, July 30.

Editors Deseret News:

Since my last letter, I have visited all the western settlements of this Stake with A. R. Whitehead, Sister A. R. Whitehead and Sister Hannah Hill Romney, counselors to the Y. M. M. I. A., Y. L. M. I. A. and counselor to the Female Relief societies of this Stake.

The trip is a delightful one to take at this season of the year as we have to cross the rim of the basin where we are braced up with the pure mountain breezes which we never feel in St. George during the hot months. We held meetings with the different societies in Hebron, Clover Valley, Panacca, Eagle Valley and Pinto. In all our meetings an excellent spirit prevailed. The young men, the young ladies, the Sunday schools, the relief societies, all treated us well, and our meetings were well attended, the good spirit of the Lord prevailing and it enables us to speak with much freedom to the people, and I

am pleased to be able to state that the young are greatly improving through the agency of these societies, all of which speaks well for the future of Zion, and their numbers and faith show that Zion must and will lengthen her borders and strengthen her stakes. In all these settlements the effects of drouth is painfully apparent. No grass green, trees in places leafless, and the prospect is that unless we have rain before long, much stock will die before another spring.

On our return we came through Pine Valley, which is now one of the driest places I ever saw in my life, usually the valley has a fresh, green appearance, now it looks dry and desolate; not one drop of water running out of the Valley.

In St. George it is hot, not warm, but absolutely hot! The last three nights the warmest I have any knowledge of ever passing in Dixie. However, it now looks cloudy, and we are earnestly hoping and praying for rain. Yes, let her rain; we can stand considerable of it without complaining. It would be the means of doing us good in many ways, more ways than words can tell. Still, for all it is sohot, the health of the people is very good, unusually good for this season of the year.

Last Saturday a county convention was held, with the following results: Erastus Snow was nominated as councillor from Kane and Washington counties; P. Romney for superintendent of district schools for Washington County, and G. H. Crosby as selectman. The convention also sustained the People's Ticket for territorial officers.

Joseph Standing is a young man of good integrity. We had the pleasure of his company in Marion, Ohio, three years ago. Held a number of meetings together. He was moral, true to his friends, his religion, and his God, and may all the young men of Israel be as fearless in expounding and maintaining the gospel in which he lived, and for which he died, for truth is planted in the earth, in the hearts of thousands of the young as well as the aged, and though hell may rage, men conspire, peoples and nations oppose the march of truth it will be onward until the wicked cease to reign, and God and his people rule in righteousness.

The able and fearless editorials of late in the NEWS meets a response in the hearts of the people of Dixie.
AMRAM.

"Into the Mouth of Hell."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY ONE OF "THE SIX HUNDRED."

Lord Cardigan's eye glanced over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said:

"My men, we have received orders to silence that battery."

"My God!" my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand he said:

"Fred, my dear fellow, good-bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me."

"What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of:

"Charge!"

"We went in a trot; the trot changed into a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the line I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'this is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said:

"There goes the first!"

"The first was Lord Lucan's aide de-camp, Capt. Nolan, who after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell and tore through our

squadrons, mangling men and horses, plowing bloody furrows through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and they passed close together. The very horses caught the mad spirit and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell plowed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricochet shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our center and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men, bareheaded and splashed with the blood of their comrades, pressed closer and closer, and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the center of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabering the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the banks of the Teurnava river.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper, who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper when I heard my brother cry:

"Ah! you would, would you?" and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through, and once more entered the fatal valley. When halfway back to our starting point a cannon shot struck my brother and beheaded him.

"When we formed upon arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said:

"It was not my fault, my men."

"And all the men replied in one voice:

"We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us."

"Just then I became dizzy; my scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek was cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood."

"When my time expired in the cavalry I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Lady (to rheumatic old woman): "I am sorry you should suffer so; you should try galvanism. Old woman; "Thank you kindly, mum be I to swallow it or rub it in?"

A little three-year old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."