

permitted to go through the factory; guides are furnished by the kindness of the president. Mr. J. B. Coughy took unceasing pains to impart information which, he amply proved, he abundantly possessed, regarding the factory and its workings.

Six p. m. found us again in Chicago. Wednesday, the Art institution being free of admission, we did not fail to call and curiously gaze on the works of man that therein abound—but space forbids further mention.

Begging pardon for being so lengthy—I close for the year by wishing my friends and all lovers of truth a very merry Christmas, and many happy returns of New Year's Day—to be supplanted only by the grand millenium.

SAMUEL G. SPENCER.

MORE OF MEXICO.

PALOMAS, Mexico, Custom House,
December 24th, 1895.

Having concluded our mission to Juarez, on the 17th day of December, instant, Patriarch William R. R. Stowell and his fat team and carriage took us a ride through the town and to his grist mill, which is much admired by the Mexicans especially. We had the pleasure of meeting four of the dignitaries of the Casa Grandes, one of the neighboring places, which looks more like an adobe town, than anything else, where about 2,000 Mexicans reside. Senora Jose Terrevoz the post master could talk English, and interpreted for the other three, namely, Secretary, Juan, Hidalgo, Judge Sebastian Garcia, and Gotro-dis-Considra. After a pleasant interview they said the Mormons had built up the country, which was progression, and they liked it very much. It looked good to have them kneel down in family prayer.

Leaving Juarez for Dublan, eighteen miles, we passed Casa Grandes, on the same river that runs past Juarez. There is a large scope of most excellent land, well watered. Piles of shucked corn are to be seen. The fodder is almost invariably stacked up on high sheds, where the animals, mostly burros, cannot steal it. With the facilities of this people, what a beautiful country could be made with proper system and cultivation! The sermons being preached by example to the natives has a telling effect, and already wire fences and other improvements are being resorted to by the native Mexicans. Many old terraces were pointed out by Philip Cordon, a passenger in our carriage, who is an Italian by birth. He remarked that in Italy they carry soil and put it on just such terraces as these and raise potatoes and rye. These terraces are made by placing stones in neat rows across little ravines, one above the other here and there, and on the sides of the hills, very numerous all over the country, to secure the rain, and on these terraces on which the soil and water is caught to raise something to sustain life. These old terraces look as old as the caves which I described heretofore. The more I see of this country the more is my mind led out to the past history of the Aztec race.

After our pleasant journey to Dublan a large, full house listened to a lecture by E. Stevenson, on the early rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—to be continued on the following day, as well as a Seventies'

meeting. We slept at Doctora Laquana's, as (George, Lakes), the Mexicans call him. While several visitors came in, surrounding the fire place with glaring pitch pine, the sad tale of the murder of Elder Christopher Rilby Heaton—came up and it was told that just before going out where the barrel of molasses was hid away by the Mexicans, he, with others attended evening prayer, in which he uttered these words, "O Lord, thou knowest we intended to do no wrong, but may this that we are about to do tonight, result in good for Thy Saints, that the natives of the land may be turned from their stealing and evil ways and turn to obey the laws of the land." The officers sent to capture the thieves did not put in their appearance until late, but they were followed up and captured.

On the 18th instant we held three meetings at Dublan, in the evening following we held a Seventies' meeting and a sociable, preparatory to leaving early next morning on a long drive of about sixty miles to Diaz. Elder Philip Hurst volunteering to convey me over this journey.

A few words about this long ride over this wonderful country and journey of sixty miles unmeasured. After leaving Dublan, there is no sign of civilization on the way only an open country, of great value if only developed, until we come to a little mining, mud-walled town, called after the name of a very extensive mine, Corallitos, which has been worked constantly for at least 150 years, and is becoming more valuable with late development. Its output is mostly silver. Just before arriving at the mud town, we passed Baranco, an old ruined pile. No one can tell its age, but the officers at Casa Grandes, tell me that it is 400 years old or more; and now the crude smelting dump found hereabouts is being looked after as being valuable. It is here, at this ruin where the death of the sewing machine man took place, which makes it all the more desolate. If some of the spirits were to detail their experience of past centuries at this mining camp of from 300 to 500 years ago, no doubt wonderful tales would be unveiled. At all events what is already known of these ruins, makes the travelers feel the influence that exists, and causes him to pass on with solemn thoughts of what a wicked world we live in, and how much reform is required to bring back the former Garden of Eden time.

In about two miles we entered the new town on the river amid great cottonwood trees; the landscape is cheerful all around,—all but the poor humanity, little ones and ail, with the Mexican habiliment surrappo, or sort of blanket, drawn around their poorly clad bodies, and their crowded huts is a sad sight. Out on the sunny side of this mill by day are groups, one of which is a sight, equating any exhibition which would demand twenty-five cents in New York very readily: poorly clad men and women, some picking wool, and others carding it with hand cards, then some were spinning with broad rimmed wheels, not near so large as our olden time spinning wheel minus the wheel head; but the spindle straight was used without the rapid motion gained by the yankee patent head. The looms on which they do their weaving, are something like our hand looms, only more primitive. To see this work going on

on the sidewalk in the sunshine, and the children sunning themselves against the walls, reminded me of our dirt roofed houses of 1847, on pioneer square, Utah, where a person was standing in the rain storm, who was asked what he was doing out in the storm. Why sir, I came out of my leaky house to get out of the heavier rain. So we may say these natives came out of their huts to get the light and warmth of the beautiful sunshine of this season of the year, for with the exception of the cool nights it is delightful.

Passing along we came into the Antelope hills, where at a distance a herd of antelopes were feeding on the foot hills, four miles from Asencion, which we pass in the evening shades and arrive at Diaz at 8 o'clock p. m.

On Saturday and Sunday 21st and 22nd, inst, we held conference at Diaz. Elder Lyman and party arrived from Sonora in good time and had a successful trip. The meeting house here is capacious, and divided into three parts. Elders Lyman, Ivins, Eyring, Pratt, and Stevenson took part in eighteen meetings. On Sunday morning about 450 persons were in attendance, 250 of which were Sunday school children. Every person, children and all, desired to shake hands with us as they passed out from the meeting.

Only five persons who ever saw the Prophet Joseph were to be found at this conference.

In the evening the house was crowded to hear a lecture on the mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet, by Elder E. Stevenson. This being the night of the Prophet's 90th birthday, made the lecture all the more appropriate. The crowded house listened with silent attention to the numerous evidences scripturally adduced, as well as the living witnesses to sustain the divine mission of Joseph Smith, one of the greatest Prophet's that ever graced the earth.

This concludes our mission in Old Mexico, and, so far, in Arizona and New Mexico, having held about seventy meetings, including council meetings and Seventies' meetings, and the complete organization and setting in order of the Mexican mission. The name given the only stake in Old Mexico is the Juarez Stake of Zion. Besides the high council and Bishops of wards and the ninety-ninth quorum of Seventies, three patriarchs were ordained by Elder F. M. Lyman, assisted by other authority of the Priesthood. One of them was A. F. McDonald of Juarez. The other two were James A. Little and W. D. Johnson, father of the Bishop of Diaz. There was also a patriarch ordained at St. Johns, Arizona. William Farr was the one thus favored.

On the 23rd inst. our party of F. M. Lyman, A. Ives, Edward Stevenson and Henry T. Martineau as teamster, started for Deming, 100 miles, in a rain storm at 10:30 a. m. We camped on Boca Grande (Big Mouth in English). It was moon-light when we camped, the storm having cleared away. Our journey was about thirty miles. After our door prayer room services we slept in peace to pursue our journey on the 24th to reach the Mexican custom house, forty miles from Deming. Elder Lyman and I slept in a covered wagon; the others in a store room on a bed made on the floor. Thus we spent the Christmas Eve; and on the 25th, we took our