

this town on my former visit in 1891, who told me a wonderful story of a ruined city about two days on horseback west of the place. At the time I paid little attention to the story, being used to tales of Mexican romance and gold mines. But from hearing the same story from the justice of the peace my interest was at once aroused. I decided to run the chance of a wild goose chase, and signified my willingness to proceed at once. We found, however, that the Indian who was to be our guide was out of town and would not return till evening. On his arrival I questioned him closely, and then felt sure that we were on the track of something of interest.

"The next morning, soon after day-break, we left the town of Xochipala, traveling over a trail due west for two leagues, when it began to wind around the foothills of the Sierra Madre, bearing a little to the south. About noon we camped at a spring in a deep canyon. The guide promised to show us the first sign of ruins at a place called Yerba Buena. We soon saw the first evidences of prehistoric structures, which, however, were little more than foundations. But the surprise at the top of the hill removed all doubts of the Indian's veracity, for there before us was what was once evidently a great temple, occupying a space of 200x300 feet. In the center was an altar of solid masonry ten feet square and in a good state of preservation. At each corner the foundations and part of the walls of circular towers, six feet thick, were plainly visible. Climbing to the top of one tower I found it covered with charcoal dust to the depth of eighteen inches. Then we mounted our horses and traveled till dusk, nearly ten miles, among the ruins of what was one time a great city. The houses, substantially built of stone and lime, had been from fifty to eighty feet square. The ruins were found only on the ridges of the mountains, while on the sides near the summit were visible many foundations. After descending from the summit 400 or 500 feet there were no signs of ruins of any description.

"I was satisfied that I had made a find of great importance, and hastened to the city of Mexico, where I began negotiations with the government for an exploration right to follow up my find, and my efforts were successful. I did not make the matter public at the time, for reasons that will be readily apparent.

"Who were these people and how came they to disappear I cannot answer. My impression is that once upon a time the country was one vast plain. It was probably submerged by a titanic convulsion of nature, and with it disappeared its people and their primitive civilization. Later the land was thrust up again, as we see it now, a barren, desolate waste. As the nearest water supply is several miles distant, and that only a small spring, it is evident that some great transformation in nature has taken place since the land was populated. Of course, their hieroglyphics tell us something. But not of their history. They speak of their every-day life, of their habits and customs, as plain as though it were written in books. But whence they came and how they went is only a matter of the wildest conjecture.

"There is another question that has always remained unanswered. 'Where did Montezuma get all his gold?' This discovery of Quechomictlipan may lead

to a solution of the problem, as its location is within sixty miles of one of the most promising gold belts in Mexico. Is this ruined city the lost city of the Aztecs? Who knows? That race wandered from 569 to 1312 in search of a land flowing with milk and honey and believing that they had found it settled Tenochtitlan on the present site of the City of Mexico in 1312. Is it not possible that Quechomictlipan was the goal which they failed to find? Everything goes to show that what now appears to be several distinct towns, broken apart by barrancas and chasms, was at one time in reality one great city. A city of this size would very naturally get noised abroad, even into the far countries, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to assume that the Aztecs hear of its fame and were, indeed, in search for its walls when they came across the eagle with a reptile in its mouth perched on a cactus plant in a swamp in the great valley of Mexico."—William L. Vail, in San Francisco Chronicle.

A MISSIONARY DIVERSION.

WISHAW, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
October 19th, 1896.

A few days ago Elders T. W. Jones, William McMillan, Robert Cameron, and myself walked about two miles to a little village called "Moss Bank Square," with the intention of tracting it. Brother McMillan and I commenced at the first houses we came to, while Brothers Jones and Cameron went through to the other side and tracted towards the center of the town, where they expected to meet us. When we met I had every one of my tracts left, and I did not have to take a second look to see that the others were in the same condition. We then walked to the outer edge of the town to talk over the advisability of holding an open-air meeting about the center of the town, for things were commencing to look rather warm near where we met.

On the way to the outskirts Brother Jones espied a few houses he had missed and turned in that direction saying, "I'll give them a chance with the rest."

The rest of us had gone but a short distance farther when we met the Catholic priest coming down the street. Brother McMillan, not wishing to slight him, asked him if he would accept a "Gospel tract" to which he said "No thanks," and passed on. Brother Cameron then gave a description of the way he was received at one house. He said, "After going to about thirty doors a little girl answered my rap. I handed her a tract and asked her to give it to her mamma. I then started for the next door, rejoicing to think I had got rid of one, but before I reached it, the mother of the girl hailed me and told me to take my tract as she had no use for it, and for me to get out of there or I would get into trouble."

Just then we heard quite a commotion down the road, and on looking in that direction saw about twenty "bare-headed and barefooted" women congregated on the corner, with Brother Jones standing a short distance from them, talking. The first we could understand of what was being said was Brother Jones saying, "I will be back in a few days and leave you another." One of the women shouted, "We'll warn you to not come back here again."

Brother Jones then said, "We'll come and preach to you also next time." The woman answered, "If you do, we'll stone you." Another shouted, "Insult the priest with your tracts, will you? We'll stone you, we'll fix you, etc." And then the whole crowd commenced yelling and screaming like mad, which they continued to do as long as we remained in sight. Brother Jones then gave his experience while tracting the last few houses. He said, "Every one of them refused to take one until I came to the last door, where the lady accepted it and thanked me, but I had hardly turned round until a man rushed into the house, took it from her, handed it to me, and said, 'We don't want any of your trash, so take it and git!'"

Brother McMillan then gave his experience. He said, "I had only gone to a few doors when an old woman invited me in the house. I of course accepted the invitation and went in. On the bed lay a very sick girl, and the woman asked me what to do for her. I told her she had better get a doctor. Just then a woman came running in and said, 'That's no oor kirk man, woman, dinna tak it.' With that the old lady handed back the tract she had taken and told me to go, which I did." It was my turn to tell how I got along. When I rapped at one of the doors a woman answered in a very gruff voice, "Well," I then asked, "would you accept a tract?" She shouted "what!" at the same time turning around and picking up an iron pot which she swung around as if intending to throw it. I again asked, "Would you accept a Gospel tract?" She then shouted no, and added "get out of here, and in a hurry too." I of course did not stop to argue the point with her, for from all appearances I would have the worst of it if I did, so I went to the next door, only to meet almost a similar reception.

On arriving home we commenced asking questions in regard to the place, and learned that the Salvation army dare not go near there. We also learned that they had stoned the police out of the town, and none of them dare go near there, for if they do they are liable to get hurt.

Of course this town is an exception, for most places we go we are treated very well. We have been holding open-air meetings every evening that the weather would permit and have had good hearings wherever we went until we arrived at Moss Bank Square. There are a great many people in this vicinity who are investigating the principles of the Gospel, and some have applied for baptism, and in the near future we expect to see a flourishing branch of the Church in this locality. HARVEY E. COLTRIN.

JUAB STAKE CONFERENCE.

NEPHI, Nov. 24, 1896.—The quarterly conference of the Juab Stake of Zion was held in the Tabernacle at Nephi on October 31 and November 1, Elder William Paxman, president of the Stake, presiding. There were present, during the conference, of the general authorities, President Wilford Woodruff, and Elder George Teasdale of the Council of Apostles. The speakers the first day were Elders William Paxman, Charles Sperry and J. W. Paxman, the Stake presidency, Elder George Teasdale of the Council of Apostles, and President Wilford