

LETTER FROM MEXICO,

COLONIA OAXACA, Aug. 6.—Do not imagine, because we are not often heard from, that we are all dead. We are alive and rustling as hard as ever to get a living, build up homes, make ditches, roads and everything else that is needed in a new place. I call it new, because there has been no one living here for fifty years, the owner being driven off by the Apaches, and we had to make a road to get here, there being no roads between this state and Chihuahua, and the Mexicans had no wagons. We had to make roads wherever we went, but now they are getting wagons. They try to fix the roads near their towns, but do not see the use of wagons except when they go to their fields. We have cut out a road, so when the water is low we can go up the river to Bavipe instead of going over the hills, which is a much better grade, and in time we hope to have a road that can be traveled all times of the year.

We have located a townsite near the upper end of the ranch, but are not living on it yet, each family living on their land. There are but twenty-six families living along the river for six miles. We are so badly scattered that since the rainy season began we have had but very few meetings or Sabbath schools. The river is so high that in the absence of boats, it is very hard to cross. Then the brush roof of our buwery does not keep out the rain, but as a school house committee has been selected we expect in the near future to have a house near the lower end of the ranch for meetings and schools, but it will not be till after the rainy season is over. We are about done planting corn and cane and what we have is doing well. We have learned that water will not run up hill, as travelers used to say it did in Utah, and some have paid dearly for their experience, and now we are making better ditches and probably will not waste so much labor in the future as we have in the past. We live on Graham flour, consequently we are all healthy and there has been no deaths here in the seventeen months we have been here.

We do not claim this to be the best place in Mexico, but it is better than many of the stopping places we have in this country; in fact our people have not been able to get any of the best places and I can see the wisdom of that, for if we get places that no one else wants and make them look beautiful, then our work shows to better advantage.

May and June are the hardest part of the year, feed being the scarcest, and this year has been very dry, but since June 29th we have had rain, so now we have plenty of feed for stock and get plenty of milk. When the weather is cooler we will make plenty of butter and cheese to sell. We have been offered 37½ cts. per pound for cheese and butter is worth from 35 to 50 cts. per pound.

We are ninety miles from Bisbee, A. T., but as soon as we can get time to make a road we will save 20 miles and perhaps more, as the road has not been thoroughly prospected. Our nearest Mexican neighbors are nine miles off, but they do not bother us, being very good friends to us. Whenever we want

to raise a row we do it among ourselves having no Democrats or Republicans to quarrel with. PAISANO.

MACCLESFIELD TO MARPLE.

No. 14 A, HAMPDEN GROVE, Patricroft, near Manchester, England, Aug. 15, 1893.—Saturday, August 12, I paid a visit to what is called the Macclesfield district. The traveling Elders in charge of this district are Elders N. L. Morris, of Salt Lake City, and John H. Evans, of Idaho Falls. Chisworth was my first stopping place—a farming district. It is a very dilly country. Here are about half a dozen families, mostly good, faithful Saints. The meetings are held Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock, at the house of Brother and Sister John Salt. A very hospitable reception is given by the family to all traveling Elders and Saints. The few Saints present are ever willing to bear brief testimony to the Gospel they have espoused. After meeting Elder N. L. Morris and myself walked over to Rose Hall, otherwise called Marple (about five miles.) Arriving there, and having a spare half hour, we visited Marple Hall, a short distance from the railway station. An intimate acquaintance gives the following graphic description of this ancient looking building:

"Passing through the massive gates at the entrance of Marple Park we leisurely strode along the undulating path across the grassy field and soon arrived at the lodge; then approached the ivy-mantled mouldering wall which surrounded this sweetly secluded yet not lonesome sylvan abode. The heavy iron gates were closed and all seemed wrapt in a hazy quietude. Between the gate through which we were viewing this placid scene, and the little oaken door of the house, stretched a plot of richest green which encircled an antique sun-dial mounting a stone pillar. The front of the building was smothered in vines, ivy and climbing rose bushes, which ladened the air with fragrance, and through the orifices in this mantle of nature clear, little windows peeped here and there. From the front there seemed to be four stories, and on the roof where the irrepressible ivy formed in heavy clusters there was a watch, surrounded by a white railing, with a flag pole supporting a Union Jack, which hung undisturbed by any breeze, beside it. Two cone-capped gables helped form the front view, and to the side stood a number of small buildings, like the main one, built of rock. In the gable of the barn rests a clock whose corroded fingers have long since ceased traversing their orbital journey over the effaced and time mutilated face of this antique time-piece, which has slept for half a century. Mammoth oaks and chestnut trees form a soft and pleasing background to the picturesque scene and the rural surroundings and sweet simplicity of the whole are alone to be found in England.

"This poetic spot is not entirely disconnected with history, as it was built at the latest date four hundred years ago. Towards the latter part of the sixteenth century the 'Iron-hearted' Elizabeth made her temporary abode here; and perhaps half a century later

the invincible Cromwell, with his 'Ironsides' ('who were never beaten') made a demolishing tour through these parts, and after razing all the surrounding towers and churches retired to Marple Hall for a few days' repose. Today it is the seat of an immense estate and is a decidedly inviting and unique spot for a weary traveler to rest an hour and then brighten his memory by recalling historical events which have happened in this locality."

At 7:30 we took the train for Macclesfield, here we held a meeting at a private house—Brother Brown's. This town has been well treated and outdoor meetings held with but little result. Three baptisms and one re-baptism have recently been added to the Church. Brother O. Brown, wife and daughter are the new converts—a poor but honest family. Daniel Smith is the person that was rebaptized. Brother Smith was a member of the Church near forty years ago. At that time there was a thriving branch in Macclesfield but with some emigrating and others removing to different parts of the Isle, the branch was broken up, and for about thirty-five years Brother Smith has been like a wanderer—thirsting to hear the Gospel, but could find no one proclaiming the joyful sound. He often made inquiries but was unsuccessful in finding Elders, until about two months ago when passing along the streets one evening, he saw a crowd and heard the Gospel preached. It was an outdoor meeting. He soon learned it was the true Gospel proclaimed by Latter-day Saint Elders. At the close of the meeting he sought an interview with the Elders and walked home with them. The conversation was of such an interesting nature that midnight came and passed before they separated. He was shortly afterward baptized and went on his way rejoicing.

Macclesfield has about 34,000 inhabitants. It is a great silk manufacturing town, the labor being chiefly manipulated by female operatives. According to statistics the female population predominates over the male about four to one. The town has a cleanly appearance, situated, apparently, in a valley, surrounded by hills of verdant green.

Among the historical relics to be seen in Macclesfield is the old church. It is called St. Michael's, and was built in 1278. A large addition, and one which has made a decided improvement, has been added to it sometime during the present century. The old portion of the church has an ancient appearance. In the interior are vaults, with figures of human beings carved in marble. On the walls are a large number of mezz-tinted—brass plates, with inscriptions or epitaphs of reverends and other noted men who have been prominent members of the church in bygone days. In the square bell tower is a blackfaced clock, with brass numerals, scarcely distinguishable through the mutilation of time. The old part is built of sandstone and has a black and dingy appearance.

We are having another hot spell, reminding me very much of the Salt Lake weather in August. The thermometer has ranged from 90 to 95 degrees in the shade. R. A.

AUGUST 17, 1893.—Still the coal