

be had, for not many miles distant ran a most noble mountain stream full of the grandest trout that ever delighted the heart of a fisherman, and when the question was put to one of the old Indians he shook his head and replied: "The people of Nambe never eat fish."

"And why not?"

"Who not? I will tell you. Many years ago Nambe was great and powerful. You see what it is now, dead or dying—the last of the people dropping away one by one. Why? Because years ago there came a great flood."

"It was in my grandfather's father's time. The flood came in the middle of the night. It swept down the mountain side. It engulfed the pueblo, and when the waters went down the pride of the pueblo had been washed away. Hundreds of men and women were drowned, swept away and their bodies never recovered. And why not? Ask of the fishes. The people of Nambe never eat fish."

"But what had the flood to do with the fish, and why, because of it, do you never eat fish?"

"Pah!" cried the old man, angrily. "You have no intelligence. Do you not know that all drowned men and women turn into fish?"

So that is why the people of Nambe never eat fish.

It was in a little pueblo in Central New Mexico, now deserted and uninhabited except by the coyotes and the tussas or prairie dogs, that the sacred tree once stood. This tree was planted by Montezuma many hundreds of years ago. It fell in 1847.

When Montezuma, in his march through New Mexico, come to this pueblo he planted a small tree upside down, and when he departed from the pueblo, after forming a colony there, he told the men left behind to sacredly watch the tree.

"When I am gone," he said, "a race of dark men will come over the waters and put you in bondage. You will be taken into captivity and beaten, and for many years you will be in degradation. Then shall the mountains cease to give up their treasures, and the rain will no longer fall and your corn will not grow. But watch this tree sacredly, for when it shall fall a race of white men shall come over the great mountains from the land of the rising sun, and conquer your oppressors. And then again the mountains shall give up their treasures and the rain shall fall and there will be an abundance of food and happiness. When these things come to pass watch and wait, for then I shall return in a cloud from the land of the rising sun to you, and again you shall be my people."

Then he left them and journeyed southward, building other pueblos and forming other colonies. And after he was gone some hundreds of years came the Spaniards, the dark men, the oppressors. All these years the sacred tree was tenderly cared for, but the tribe grew smaller and smaller, until finally there was but one priest or wise man left. And one day he, too, left the pueblo and joined his brethren in another and larger pueblo. For the sacred tree had fallen. And on the day it fell General Kearney, at the head of the United States troops, in the year 1847, marched into New

Mexico from the East and planted the stars and stripes on Fort Marcy, near Santa Fe.

Since that day the Indians, remembering the words of Montezuma, have watched for his return. Every day at sunrise a sentinel climbs the eastern wall of the pueblo and scans the horizon for the coming of Montezuma.

W. R. McV.

LECTURE TO LAMANITES:

INDIANOLA, Sanpete Co., Utah,
November 6, 1894.

Last evening the Lamanites who are located on farms in this valley, were much interested to hear a lecture on the early settlement of America, the first of which was a colony who emigrated from the tower of Babel, some 2,000 years B. C., as referred to in Gen. 11: "And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language;.....let us go down, and there confound their language.....So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon all the face of the earth; therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." This took place only about 100 years after the flood. Men then were a large, powerful race, tall in stature and lived to be many hundreds of years of age. Shem was an hundred years old when he was the father of Arphaxad two years after the flood; and Shem lived 500 years after." (Gen. 11, 10—11.) "And Noah lived after the flood 350 years. And all the days of Noah were 950 years; and he died." (Gen. 9, 28—29 vs.) As one more evidence that the Lord did scatter the people and that they were a large race, such as are being disintegrated quite often, even recently, as high as eight feet in stature, here are the words of those who were scattered from the Tower to America: "Jared came forth with his brother and their families, with some others and their families from the great Tower, at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people and sware in his wrath that they should be scattered upon all the face of the earth; and according to the word of the Lord the people were scattered. And the brother of Jared, being a large and mighty man," (Book of Ether, 1, 33—34.) Then God fulfilled His words, and they came to America; they were large, mighty men, and they became a numerous people. This explains why so many lately exhumed bodies measure seven and eight feet high. Here is evidence: "Giants unearthed.—Minneapolis, Minn., June 11, 1894.—An Egan, S. D., special to the *Journal* reports a valuable pre-historic find in a mound at that point. A tomb has been uncovered lined with cement; in the tomb's compartments were twenty-two skeletons averaging eight feet in height. A rude altar and many bronze utensils were exposed." Near Kirtland Temple, Ohio, on Lake Erie's shore, twenty-three skeletons seven to eight feet high were unearthed; also two on Put in Bay island, each of them eight feet high, were also discovered. No one is able to reveal the secret who they were or from whence they came, only their own history, the Book of

Mormon, which book discloses still another colony who came to America 600 years B. C., from whom the American Indians sprang. It is the only history which gives a satisfactory account of the forefathers of those many nations discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492.

The Lamanites of this place, as well as others present, were pleased to see the paintings and to hear the explanations. Nephi Lehi came forward and closed the lecture by prayer. On our way to this place we had the pleasure of two lectures on Sunday last at Springville and two meetings with the Seventies. After this came a rough journey up Spanish Fork and Thistle valleys of over thirty miles. Although the altitude of Thistle valley is so high as to be subject to early and late frosts, yet the Indians succeed in raising wheat, oats, potatoes and abundance of hay, which they have done more abundantly this year than heretofore. There is an improvement in putting their houses in a better condition, attending their meetings, the women attending the Relief Societies, learning to sew, etc. Water is scarce in the valley, but some success has been made in dry farming. Rye has been raised without water, and some wheat. The prospects, with experience, are somewhat flattering in this line. A railroad runs through this valley, with trains daily to and fro. Thistle valley is a very pretty place up in the Thistle mountains. E. STEVENSON.

DEATH OF ELVIRA MANLEY.

SMITHLAND, Livingston Co., Kentucky, Nov. 1, 1894.—For the information of the many Elders, who, like myself, have labored in this conference and had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of and receiving many acts of kindness bestowed upon them by the deceased, I submit this brief article on the death of Sister Elvira Manley, of Rochester, Butler Co., Ky., who after a long illness and being confined to her bed for about three months, closed her eyes in silent slumber on the 20th of Sept. 1894, leaving behind 10 children, a number of grandchildren and many friends who mourn her loss. The deceased was interred in the Huntsville cemetery, beside her husband.

Sister Manley has for several years been identified with the unpopular sect of the day, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being the only one of her family circle and surrounding associates who were of the faith, and therefore stood, as it were, alone, amidst considerable opposition, and worldly sympathy, because of her peculiar belief. Yet she was firm and immovable to the last, for she truly had received the promise of the Father, for the Savior said that "whosoever would do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Her last words were expressions of great anxiety for the salvation of her family, none of whom have yet obeyed the Gospel as she plainly understood it. All who had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Sister Manley learned to love and respect her as a true, kind-hearted, charitable mother, sister and friend; and all feel the weight of the sad parting.

Fraternally, F. C. JOHNSON.