

6 p. m. we were served with a meal by the mother of my guide. After a few moments' rest we continued our journey to the St. Elena Mine the point I had started for and where we were met by the captain and his secretary, Mr. Buffett, who received me with a cordiality characteristic of western people. After supper and a general look around the place, visiting the stupendous works of a sixty-stamp mill, with all its appurtenances, then I lay down upon a cot, tired indeed. Next day being the Sabbath I rested and talked with the captain relative to the purchase of the Delicia, the old resort and home of the late Governor Pesceira, who had sold this St. Elena mine and Las Delicias to a Boston company. The property has, however, passed through various hands, and is now owned by a New York company. The price originally paid was \$350,000 to the governor. The captain was compelled to go off on business, carrying with him some \$16,000 in bullion, while Mr. Buffett was detailed to show me around the land claims, which we commenced the next day. This property is all that its name indicates, once the mansion where General Pesceira made his home and where he prided himself in taking his visitors; where he quartered his soldier, and where he worked his servants to help to beautify and to keep all things pleasant.

The sixteen-acre garden adjoins the houses on the south, and is filled with all the variety of fruits and flowers that go to satisfy the taste and please the eye. There are orange trees towering sixty feet in the air, the olive, lemon, apple, the pomegranate in all their varieties interspersed with berries of various kinds and surrounded on every side with double-headed roses, sending forth a delightful perfume.

But to return; we found that the property did not embrace nearly as many acres as had been supposed, and after three days' visit I was furnished with an excellent horse and a guide to return by the different places to learn more of the country.

My course from the railroad to the Delicia was easterly. I now turn directly north, following the Sonora river most of the time. This runs south and southwest. That night we were favored with a visit from Eguacio Pesceira. I think he is the oldest son of the General. Next day we left the river and kept nearly north, passing small farms all day until about 4 p. m. We then opened out on to a higher plateau. Thus far the country outside of the cultivated fields was utterly worthless, though the entire surface, hillside and all was covered with an underbrush, which is not the case here where our people dwell, as our mountains around us in Diaz are entirely bare. At the foot of this higher plateau was an excellent farm and well tended, beautiful corn, very large and tasty melons, with plenty of grass and timber along the narrow valley, which extends six miles to the Hacienda headquarters, as it is called here. Along this valley grows timber of an immense height. Cottonwood trees are grown here 100 feet high, the trunk measuring sixty feet without a limb; ash in abundance, 100 feet. The mulberry and peach can also be found along this stream. Oaks are plentiful, and other timbers I am not acquainted with.

We now reach the Hacienda, where the widow of the late Governor Pesceira resides. She owns 180,000 acres and 10,000 head of cattle and 1000 head of horses, with houses along the stream for miles; but these are not inhabitable, owing to their age.

Here five thousand acres of land could be cultivated up and down the stream, which affords ample water. On this Hacienda are natural reservoirs, which could be improved so as to increase the water privileges and thus bring under cultivation hundreds of acres not already included in the adjacent hills. Utah cedars are in abundance, while there are live oaks in every direction. I had a pleasant visit here and was treated kindly.

Our next point is back on to the river, where we find the country much more open. Here we have the hills and mountains not only covered with an excellent growth of oak and musquit, but also grass. Here dwells a people ready for the Gospel, and I assure you that I lost no opportunity in bearing my humble testimony of the truth.

We continued our journey eastward, while the river turns a little to the west. We passed the divide and down to an American's ranch (Jerry Dillon's). We are now and have been since leaving the river in one of the finest countries for timber and grass that my eyes ever beheld or my feet ever trod. But water is scarce. Oaks can be found in abundance.

We at last reach the Fronteras. All along the route my friendly old guide pointed out the places of note where battles were fought and where the Apaches stained the ground for miles with the blood of the people. No one could believe the heartrending tales that are told by the aged among this people about the wars and revolutions that have been their lot for so many generations, and the hunger and suffering they have endured in their retreat. Judging from their own accounts, consternation seemed the lot of the people who inhabited the land, while the very opposite seemed to inspire their foes; for in many cases the Apaches would whip and put to flight to one, carrying off women for torture and children for slaves, and to sell and barter them with other tribes.

Fronteras is a small town. The stream, which is likewise called by that name, rises in the south and runs north, bearing east until it makes a complete turn to the south, emptying into the Bavispy river, fifteen or twenty miles north of the purchase of Brother Williams, John C. Nalle and others who bargained and colonized the place last spring. This frontier stream is not sufficient to irrigate nearly all the land along its banks; but the country is susceptible of reservoirs, where water can be husbanded while the stream is flushed and then drawn in the more dry season. This stream is at least seventy-five miles long and could, under more practical and judicious management, be made to sustain fifty thousand inhabitants. Timber is fairly plentiful. Pine for lumber can be obtained, which as a rule is scarce in Mexico. It is an excellent climate with plenty of grass; in short, all things considered, the land, the water, the timber, the climate, coupled with the distance from our other settlements seems to be sufficient

to warrant me in saying that Fronteras affords the best opening for colonizing that I have seen on my journey. It is no farther from here to Fronteras than to our settlements on the mountain. It is only thirty-five miles from Bisby railroad station (which is located in the United States) to Fronteras, and the greater portion of the land can be obtained at a very low figure, while a step in that direction would tend to strengthen our brethren on the Bavispy.

Starting in another direction we went across the hills with a view to strike the Fronteras, where it empties into the Bavispy river, this we did early next morning, when my guide left me as per agreement, while I trudged along lonely indeed. Continuing my journey I reached Ojitas just before daylight. Here I was kindly treated and arrived home last night at dark. I found my family all well but a little anxious over my long delay.

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COLONY DIAZ, Chihuahua, Mexico,
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MIRACLES AND THEIR USES.

THE *Interior*, a Presbyterian paper, endeavors to give a reason why miracles were performed in olden times, but are not now manifested in connection with the Christian religion. It says that in dealing with a polytheistic race, "it was necessary that divine manifestations adapted to their comprehension should be employed to arrest their attention, and convince them of the existence of God and of His fatherly interest in them."

After this was effected, it assumes that miracles were of no further use, and that they ceased because "a miracle after the close of the written revelation would have been unnecessary, and an anachronism in the divine guidance of men."

It is strange how blind intelligent people become when attempting to justify their own deficiencies. Christ promised that certain gifts should be given to "them that believe." Not as a proof of the existence of God or as a means to create belief, but as the consequence and effect of faith, for the benefit and comfort of believers, and as signs of their true faith in God. The absence of these "signs" in the modern orthodox churches is a standing argument of skeptics against the truth of Christianity, and an awkward thing for theologians to explain. They usually fall into folly equal to that of the *Interior* in their endeavors.

If miracles were only necessary to turn polytheists to monotheism, how was it that they were continued among the Israelites for many generations after they embraced the Mosaic creed and worshipped the "one living and true God? And further, is it not a fact that the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth were performed among a people who were monotheists? Were the people of the early Christian Church polytheists? Were not miracles common also among them? These manifestations were certainly not given to convince the Saints, either of the existence of God or of the fact that He was One.

As to the "close of the written revelation," we fear the *Interior* is equally