

compelled to depend on the natural rainfall for moisture. Many of the former are continually longing for that which can only be found in a milder climate and greater elevation. In considering various localities we too often neglect to consider the claims our Society and the principles it represents have upon us. If we ever have gatherings in our name in the West it will largely be the result of the care our parent meetings extend in this line.

This article is in the interest of Los Lunas, in Central New Mexico. It is the county seat of Valencia county, twenty miles south of Albuquerque, the largest city in the Territory, and on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroad. I spent a few days there the latter part of Tenth month enjoying the company of my good friends, J. Russell Lownes and family, and pleasant drives for three days north and south in the Rio Grande Valley. Our friends came to this place from Lincoln, Nebraska, on account of Fannie's health (Russell's wife), and the change a year has wrought is simply wonderful, and they are enthusiastic in their praise of New Mexico.

The elevation here is 4,800 feet, 1,800 feet higher than the top of the Alleghanies. The latitude is about that of middle Tennessee, and the atmosphere so clear that mountain peaks 120 miles south are plainly visible, while the surrounding mountains that to me seemed only from two to five miles away were from ten to thirty, and the trees were plainly visible almost to the summit; some of their summits were covered with snow, the result of storms a few days before, but not expected to remain long. "The air seems so pure and the sky so blue," is the universal remark.

There is said to be bear, antelope, and other wild game yet in the mountains, but not so plentiful as in former years. New Mexico was settled by the Spanish early in the Sixteenth

Century, and some of the earliest buildings yet remain. I visited a Catholic church in Albuquerque said to be over 300 years old. In the western part of this country it is said a person cannot travel six miles without observing some evidences of a former civilization entirely pre-historic. Near San Mateo a buried city covering 200 acres has recently been discovered. The tradition of Pueblo Indians is that the men went south when the Spaniards invaded Mexico, and never came back. What an interesting field for the antiquarian! I did not visit that part of the country, but hope by another summer to do so, and pitch my tent by the side of one of their crystal mountain springs.

I spent three days riding over the country and viewing it mainly from an agricultural and business standpoint. One tract of 1,200 acres across the river east from Los Lunas is particularly nice. It lies immediately on the river (Rio Grande), and has its own ditches for irrigation. I think it is all level land with sufficient fall to carry the water to every part, quite sandy, and with little clusters or isolated cottonwood trees indicating a warm, moist soil. I thought as we rode over this beautiful tract how nice it would be for a colony to own it all. They could make their own society, schools, etc., and better yet, could own and control the water.

The following day was *First day*, and it seemed to be the mutual desire to hold a meeting in one of the spacious rooms of the house our friend Russell now occupies. So at 3 p. m. a goodly number assembled. One Jewess, some Catholics, a Methodist, a Baptist, and a few Friends were at the meeting, and as the prayer arose that all might be done in His name, a feeling of thankfulness came that He had done so much for us. There were several testimonies borne. We all felt it to be a favored time, and in great solemnity closed what we believe to be the first meeting