

neglects entirely some things that they deem more important. But the greater flexibility and wise liberality implied in our fundamental doctrine of immediate revelation is the basis of my belief that we may one day see our Society fulfilling its promise and affording the best means of spiritual development for the individual.

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To the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### A JOURNEY TO EL PASO, TEXAS

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El Paso, 2nd mo. 17th, 1895.

It may seem quite late in the day to write a description of a journey taken in 2nd mo., but I feel sure we have many friends who will be pleased to hear of that which gives us so much pleasure. We know that we are always glad to hear from our friends through the REVIEW, and wish more would respond to the invitation of the editors. We often wonder what has become of the various correspondents that we hear from so few. No doubt we have much more time for writing now than many of you, but we do so much of it we really get tired and think when we get back to the old home we will lay our pens aside and let them have a good long rest.

We left Lincoln, 11th mo. 7th, for Kansas City, where we were met by relatives who entertained us until the next afternoon, when we took a sleeping car for El Paso, nearly 1,500 miles away. The journey westward, though rather monotonous was still fraught with interest to us, who have known so much about the drought and had heard of the deserted homes in Western Nebraska and Kansas. The scene from the cars was desolate indeed. This vast tract of country is beautiful when there is sufficient rainfall, but it was then brown and bare. The most of the farms seemed deserted. We saw a little live stock, but wondered how it could live, for even the prairie grass failed to grow last season in most places. We saw a few fields of corn that had come up and grown a few inches and then turned

brown. It must have taken a great deal of courage and determination on the part of the settlers to make a home on these wind swept prairies. So many have been obliged to leave and lose all that has cost them so much labor and privation, and was home to them, although it might be only a sod house or a board shanty with only the broad prairies all about over which the winds of winter sweep the snow or make it sift and creep along like fine white sand. I think the rolling prairie is beautiful when it is covered with verdure, but winter, always hard on the poor, seems doubly cruel here. The second night overtook us while we were on the arid plains of New Mexico. We were in the country of dove houses when we awoke the next morning. About noon we had our first glimpse of the mountains. Pike's Peak, the goal of many a gold-seeker in the sixties, loomed up in the distance, and in the same direction, but much nearer, shone the snow-covered Spanish Peaks. Although many miles away they made a lovely picture against the clear blue sky. We were rapidly approaching the Ratone mountains, and at Trinidad our train was divided, each section having two large engines, and there we began the ascent. As we stood on the rear platform of the last car the scene was grand. We were going very slowly, and just before we reached the highest point we saw the old switch back as it is called when the road wound about the mountain top, ere it crossed over and descended on the other side. All at once we were in utter darkness, and when we emerged from the tunnel, we saw the great hole in the mountain, and the enormous rocks on both sides of the track, where they had been thrown by blasting, on each side, toward the great rocky strangers, making a scene of wild grandeur never to be forgotten. Darkness soon compelled us to forego further sight-seeing, but we went out for a few minutes later on to see the effect of the bright moonlight on it all. The next morning found us as eager-