

present age. "His work is neither very powerful nor very original, and adds very little to the real thought of the world; but no poet has embodied to such an extent, or in as graceful a form, as Longfellow, the domestic affections, the simple tender feelings of humanity." It is probable that "Resignation" and "The Psalm of Life" will be read as long as the English language lasts.

Papers on the different subjects relating to the present Spanish-American war were well discussed. Man's nature is three-fold, spiritual, mental and physical, and when any question is settled by war, or physical strength, that is the very lowest way by which we are capable of settling difficulties, and consequently the one which is least apt to be correct.

GEORGIA ZAVITZ,
Cor. Secretary.

THROUGH MEXICO.

Concluded from last month.

I was interested in seeing the manner of greeting between two large well-dressed men on the street. They clasped their arms around each other in a loving embrace, touched their cheeks together, or their lips, I could not see which, and then patted each other on the back. Mexican pottery and drawn work meets you at nearly every stopping place; some, especially the drawn work, is very beautiful; we wonder, when we see those who make it, how they can do it.—poor, dirty, ragged, forlorn looking creatures. They teach the little children as soon as they are old enough to make it; it seems to be the one work of their lives; baskets were covered with towels worked on the ends, looking as though a tempting lunch might be hidden beneath it. We found the dining halls anything but inviting, with their dirty table cloths and no napkins; tea and coffee were

brought in tin pots, with long awkward handles, and in another of similar make was the "litchu calientes," or hot milk; after this was brought we were left to ourselves; our call for spoons was not heeded or understood, as also the call for hot water, which we learned was "aguas calientes," water hot. The menu was not to our liking, and we were glad to return to our dining car, where everything was as neat and nice as it could be. In the towns and cities the houses are white, or colored in delicate tints of pink, green, blue, etc. They are adobe brick, very thick, of one story mostly, and flat roof. Two of our party had spent five years abroad; they said they were strongly reminded of Palestine by these houses. The Spanish houses, with their open courts, enclosed by a door of iron rods, through which we could see the beautiful vines and flowering plants, growing in large urns and vases, and hear the sweet songs of the birds in the cages; these reminded our friends of Spain. A carriage drive in the finest and wealthy part of the city showed beautiful houses, some of the finest horses and carriages we thought we ever saw, with richly dressed occupants, but the ladies without any hats, bare headed, unless a thin veil was lightly thrown over the head in some cases. We passed through some grand mountain scenery. Our friends, who had spent so many years visiting foreign countries, said they never saw its equal.

At Cordova we had lunch in a coffee plantation, saw the beautiful evergreen shining leaves of the coffee tree, with buds, blossoms and coffee in different stages of growth. A moist warm atmosphere, with partial shade, suits it best.

On our way to Mexico City we visited Perente de Dios or "Bridge of God," half a mile from the train, some Soo steps all the way down hill, and a climb coming back, but a pleasant picture remains to think of. The