

"There is power enough in wind, steam, and lightning to grind all this corn, lift all these loads, carry all these burdens. These powers leap over the mountain-tops, lift acres of lava in yonder volcano, and parade their swiftness in the daily lightning, trying to tell man that they are servants, that he is king. They offer their powers for the burden and reach the scepter toward his hand." But his hand is clutched on the means of his oppression, he puts by the scepter, and the forces God has provided to work for the emancipation of his children frolic and play on.

One of the most striking things seen in Mexico is the perpetual suggestion of the customs, manners, and ways of the East. The houses, in the country, at least, are mostly one-story high, made of mud, or sun-baked bricks of adobe; they are entered by a front door into a *paseo* or open court. Here all the animals herd. One meets the same little donkeys as in the East, bearing the same burden of three hundred pounds. In the field are the same plows and other agricultural tools. One of the oldest Aztec idols has a head-dress singularly like that of the sphinx of Egypt. One constantly sees the same complexion and physiognomy among the Eastern races. There is the same style of dress. The people have the same patient, helpless look that belongs to contented slaves. Women wash by the stream in the same manner. One may eat bread baked at the foot of Hermon and at the foot of the Cordilleras and not know the difference except by the material of which it is made. The scenes call up the ideas from which these striking resemblances spring. Even the Aztecs believed in catastrophic epochs; they had traditions of the deluge, of the ark, of the dove and the green sprig of leaf. The great religious structures of the country are pyramids; the one of Cholula is in design and idea a repetition of Babel. Further back they represent Eve as bringing sin into the world by the temptation of a serpent, and as bequeathing to her sex the sorrows of childbirth. The ancient languages are exceedingly similar to those of the East in organization, but not in etymology. The astute arguments of Galatin, Barton and Vater, drawn from intellectual analogies, easily persuade one that early Mexican civilization drew its characteristics from Eastern and Western Asia by way of the Behning's Strait and by way of the lost

continent of Atlantis; but the more evident material scenes of to-day thrust the same conclusion far more forcefully on the observer whose steps have wandered around the places of the changeless customs of the Orient.

Street scenes in Mexico are amusing at times; but the general impression is that of sadness that a race can be oppressed for centuries till all elasticity has been worn out, that men with immortal minds can become contented beasts of burden, and, saddest of all, that the most of this has been accomplished by what claims to be religion.--*The Independent*.

EXCUSES.

BY D. L. MOODY.

But I hear some one say, "He has not touched my case at all. None of these things ever troubled me; but the fact is, I cannot believe. I would like to come, but I cannot believe." Not long ago a man said to me, "I cannot believe." "Whom?" I asked. He stammered and said again, "I cannot believe?" I said, "Whom?" "Well," he said, "I cannot believe." "Whom?" I asked again. At last he said, "I cannot believe myself." "Well, you don't need to. You do not need to put any confidence in yourself. The less you believe in yourself the better. But if you tell me you can't believe God, that is another thing; and I would like to ask you why?" If a man says to me, "I have a great respect for you; I have a great admiration for you; but I do not believe a word you say," I say to myself, "I certainly do not think much of your admiration." But this is the way a good many people talk about God. They say "I have a profound reverence for God; the very name of God strikes awe to my heart; but I do not believe Him." Why don't you be honest and say at once you won't believe? There is no real reason why men cannot believe God. I challenge any infidel on the face of the earth to put his finger on one promise God has ever made that He has not kept. The idea of a man standing up in the afternoon of the nineteenth century and saying he cannot believe God! My friend, you have no reason for not believing Him. If you say you cannot believe man, there would be some reason in that, because men very often say what is not true. But God never makes any mistakes. "Has