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Golden Seed.

It was a golden seed I cast one day,
Then, with a lingering look, I went my way;
Three summer suns have shone upon that spot,
And, though the seed had grown, I knew it not.

The frost of winter did not kill the germ;
But, striking down, into a soil more firm,
It lay protected, through the sun and rain,
And grew to be a golden sheaf of grain.

I dropped the seed, in kindness and in love,
And prayed oft-times the Father from above
To watch the germ, and let no scathing ill
Uproot its tiny life, so deep and still!

And if He notes the sparrows when they fall,
Surely, I thought, He'll listen to my call!
And so I laboured in another field,
And left my God to keep his loving shield.

Go, cast thy bread upon the waters wide!
And if He watches o'er life's surging tide,
"It shall return"! His promises are sure!
And deeds which He has blest, abide, endure.

A. THAYER PRESCOTT.

Letter From Mexico.

AGNAS CALIENTES, MEXICO, Jan. 10th, 1894.

DEAR REVIEW—Now that my wife is on the way to recovery, after being near death's door with typhus fever which was followed in quick succession by severe cold, measles, and neuralgia, I send you a short letter. Our first Christmas season in the Foreign Mission field was rather dull. If we participate in the common complaint about cold weather our Canadian friends will laugh at us. On New Year's day the temperature in our house in Zacatecas was 62, while outside in the sun it was 100 above zero. It is occasionally from 10 to 15 degrees colder. Don't judge us harshly in running away from the cold. We hope a few weeks here will greatly improve my wife's health and the prospects are excellent. Although but 3 hours by rail from Zacatecas we are about 2,000 feet lower and in the midst of a much more productive country with a climate from 10 to 15 degrees warmer. On our way we saw farmers taking in corn, or at least corn straw from the fields. The land here is quite level but some miles away rise high ranges of mountains. This is a famous old town. In the main plaza stands a well worn, yet well preserved, tower which still acts as a fountain and bears the date 1575. The present population of the city is about 40,000. Railroads, electric lights and street cars seem to constitute all the modern touches. With few exceptions the flat roofed adobe houses are but one storey high. It seems odd to see on the roofs and walls weeds, cactus plants, and good sized bushes growing. These mud houses when well plastered last a long time in this climate. The city is not cramped for room, so there are many gardens. This being the winter, or dry

season, most of the trees have lost their leaves but will soon have new ones. There has evidently been a little frost as the extremely sensitive banana leaves are wilted. The weather now is much like the last of May and the first of June in Ont., without showers. People sit in the plazas and about the door steps day and night. The markets are well supplied with fresh fruits and vegetables which are reasonably cheap the year through. Woollen goods are manufactured and sold cheaper than in Canada. We have been greatly interested in visiting the numerous places where the famous Mexican pottery is prepared. The Cumberland Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Methodists, have missions here but owing to extreme fanaticism have found a hard field. It seems easy, however, to support 200 priests.

I must hasten to speak of the chief attraction, viz. the hot springs. Spanish and even the Latin students will see at a glance that the name "Aguas Calientes" means hot waters, or more literally waters hot, as the adjective in Spanish follows the noun. You can go from the depot to the springs by street car or use "shanks pony" if you prefer. The graded street car tract occupies the centre of a beautiful winding avenue about three quarters of a mile long; on either side are two rows of large shade trees covering a lovely walk. Further out is a good-sized ditch full of running warm water from the springs. If you will now exercise your powers of observation you will carry in your mind much that is strikingly characteristic of genuine Mexican life. Observe the numerous washwomen who use pieces of rock for washboards, the ditches for tubs, and bushes or the lower branches of trees for clotheslines. Baby lies on the ground good naturedly entertaining itself, or like some naughty white babies takes vigorous lung exercise while mama proceeds with her work. It is interesting to hear the vocal exercise and to see the facial expression and system of natural gesture when mama insists on introducing the nina to the ditch. In this short walk you may see from fifty to one hundred persons of both sexes, of all ages and sizes bathing. Some are dressed, dressing or undressing, and some minus clothing. When a visitor appears suddenly on the scene the latter mentioned persons perhaps ignore his presence or indulge in a laugh which seems to say "This is a good joke on you." I may in the future have more to say of the morals which differ from those of Canada. On reaching the baths we see numerous enclosures representing as many springs varying in temperature from cool water to that almost too hot for endurance. They are from two to four feet deep, and some large enough for swimming. One enjoys the pure warm water gushing up from mother earth. Without towels 13c. or with them 20c. for a bath. We go in about a week to attend our Annual Missionary Conference in Mexico City, and we may write you from there. —Yours, JAMES A. DODDS.