

than five millions of landless people, whereas in Mexico there are more than ten millions of such people. Or, to put the case in a much more striking way, of the more than five millions of Ireland's population about nine thousand are land owners, while of Mexico's more than ten millions of people not more than six thousand, it is estimated, are owners of land. It is no doubt true that there is much more waste land in Mexico than there is in Ireland, perhaps ten times more. But Mexico is twenty-six times larger than the Emerald Isle, and probably contains at least ten times as much arable land. With this all in the hands of only six thousand *haciendados* or landed proprietors it will readily be seen that the smallest estates must be immensely large, while the largest may very likely contain as many acres as the whole State of Connecticut. No country can be prosperous in such a state of things, and so long as it continues so long the condition of the poor class must remain practically what it is now. Mexico needs one more revolution, not necessarily a bloody one, to break up this huge land monopoly and rid the country of the all-pervasive and blighting effects of it.

Beggars—a word about these, for they meet the traveler every-where. They press their suit sometimes with great volubility, sometimes with merely piteous and mutely appealing looks, and sometimes with expressive and excruciating pantomime. Of words I learned to distinguish the *por el amor de Dios*, "For the love of God." Other and frequent forms of adoration, as I was told, were "For the love of the Blessed Virgin," "By the precious blood of Christ," "By the holy mystery of the Trinity." Surely not Italy, nor even Sicily can boast of so many beggars as Mexico; relatively to the whole population it seemed to me as if they were as one to ten. And such looking beggars! They utterly beggar description! It is said of Michael Angelo that he often drew from beggars, and his biographer Fuseli says of him that he "ennobled his beggar into patriarchs and prophets in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel." Mexican beggars would need a good deal of ennobling to make them look like prophets, though some of them, on the score of age, and of a certain rugged and remarkably striking appearance, might well be considered patriarchs. Many of them look old enough

to be the Wandering Jew. Now with these three classes—the *hiperos*, the *peones*, and the beggars—present in such large numbers, it is safe to conclude that the higher classes cannot be very high in the scale of civilization. Individual exceptions to this statement there no doubt are, and many of them. But, making all allowance for the it will still remain true of the higher classes as a whole that vice in many forms, and licentiousness in particular, is very prevalent among them. And if the general condition of the people morally is low, even lower yet is their intellectual condition.—*Evangelist*.

PALM-TREE CHRISTIANS.

What a grand spectacle is some lofty tree standing in regal height among its fellows, the very king of the forest! From the spout where its trunk strikes the ground to its topmost twig it is a thing of sublimity. Look at it yonder towering towards the blue sky as if ambitious to brush the clouds with its leaves. With its roots piercing the soil to a great depth, and the sap of strength coursing through its veins, that tree is a veritable storm-wrestler, able to resist the wildest hurricane that ever ran through the woods.

The Psalmist probably had such an image of rugged vitality in his mind when he wrote the sentence in which he declares that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree."

The analogies stored up in that passage are various, for there are many likenesses between the true saint of God and a palm-tree. There is one similarity here, however, which may well arrest the attention of those who are suffering any kind of affliction.

The palm-tree the more it is pressed upon the more it grows. That which might seem to be a hindrance to its development is instead a stimulation, giving it greater roundness of trunk and length of branches, and sending its feathery plumes higher into the sunlight.

In God's Church there have been found just such hardy specimens of heavenly strength. Such a palm-tree servant of the Lord was the patriarch Job whose trials, instead of blistering his lips with curses, called forth that sublime expression of confidence, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Loss of property, loss of children and the accusations of