

speak Spanish now fluently, though they have been in Mexico only a year and a half. I asked the twelve-year-old girl if she were lonely when she first went to school, and she said the Mexican children showed her how to play their games, and the language was easy. Isn't it great to be young and adaptable?

The cabins are named for the provinces of Canada and we were torn between Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia, but it was no time to hesitate, for other cars were driving in. After supper we talked with our hosts about the Collegiate Institute on Kate Street, E. Cora Hind, Dr. W. A. McIntyre, Neepawa and Minnesota, and after we had gone back to our cabin the little girl brought us copies of the *Free Press*, which we read from the editorials to the obituary notices!

Mexico is not only a strange country, but it seems to belong to another century. Men plow the fields with oxen, long-horned and the plow is made of wood. Patient women with Old Testament faces walk the highways, wrapped in black mantilloes with sandals on their feet or nothing at all. Even the long-horned cows have sorrowful faces and the same ageless expression.

The highway from Laredo to Mexico City had been open twenty months when we drove over it. When the road was opened I remember reading a story written by a newspaper man and his wife who made the trip, and their chief difficulty on the high places in the mountains was to get the burros to move off the road. We encountered the same problem, perhaps this stubbornness is the burros' only form of exaltation, for he is certainly a poor, burdened little creature in Mexico. He carries everything that can be piled on him—wood, straw, charcoal, ore. And even when the driver sits behind the load the little burro trudges on without complaint. Perhaps his fortitude is explained in Chesterton's fine fancy—that