

the braid. It weighed three pounds, and cost \$5.00. The women go without either hat or bonnet, and the little children without anything at all worth mentioning in warm weather. Sometimes the women wear a long black shawl about their heads, which generally falls to their shoulders. Their dresses are usually very light calico, or dark blue, made with a very long full skirt, finished at the bottom with a ruffle that gathers the dust. The blouse waist usually hangs loose from the shoulders without any belt, and I have seen a large turkish bath towel, with a fancy colored border, worn about the shoulders. They are very dark skinned, with coal black hair and eyes, and quite good features. I often see them come to the well for water with their large oyers or jars, which they fill and carry away on their heads or shoulders. Sometimes a little boy and a very little girl come. They bring a pole and a heavy wooden bucket, which they fill with a small tin pail and rope. The well is an open one. They then put the pole through the bail of the bucket, place the ends on their shoulders, and rising gently from the ground they march bravely away. I think some of our northern children might learn a lesson of perseverance from these little Mexicans.

We stay out of doors a great deal this delightful weather. Sometimes we drive to Ysleta, a few miles further down the valley. It is such a curious old Mexican town. There is much here to remind one of foreign lands. If the REVIEW were an illustrated paper we might send some interesting sketches. There are many old pear trees here. No one knows just how old they are. One in Ysleta measures thirteen feet in circumference, not far from the ground, and there are others that are still larger. They look much like the scrub oaks in Illinois, but think of an oak tree white with fragrant bloom. The pears are small and brown, and not very good, being seedlings. We can stand near our house and, with a

field glass, look across the Rio Grande and see a village in Mexico, where there are pink peach trees and white pear trees, and a queer old church. We can also see the church in Juarez, which is over 300 years old, and is about eight miles away. We expect to visit that curious old city soon, and we are planning a trip to the Waco Mountains. We will then have much of interest to write, as we expect to be gone several days, and camp out. I fear my letter is already too long, so begging pardon for imposing on good nature, I shall bring this to a close.

FANNIE C. LOWNES.

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### "THE LIGHT."

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"The Light which lighteth every person who cometh into the world hath appeared unto all" and worketh by love to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and wickedness, and as above it gives us that peace and happiness which we so much desire, and enables us to do what is agreeable to our heavenly Father's will, and consequently fits us to receive his blessings, not only here, but hereafter. But people love darkness or selfishness (which is contrary to the Light which works by love) rather than the Light, consequently the evil or darkness, with which we are surrounded, is produced and experienced. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil and darkness to the Light which works by love, and which, as followed, will lead up unto the perfect day, and cause us to help do our heavenly Father's will on earth as it is done in heaven. and thus walk in His ways of pleasantness and paths of peace whilst in this state of being, at the same time preparing us to receive the welcome words of "well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over more."

WM. TYSON.

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Every spark of mercy in us is from God's-hearth.