

Their class of horses is very poor. Every Mexican has a pony because he is too lazy to walk. When he breaks a pony, he breaks it in body and spirit. Then the poor little burros—they are a comical, but pitiful sight—with perhaps two stalwart Mexicans on his back, who look like they were better able to carry the burro than the burro to carry them. Then to see them with their great packs of wood on their backs, that look larger than the little animals themselves. If the little burro falls over with his load, as he sometimes does, he cannot get up again until the load has been taken from his back.

The wood of which I have just spoken, is called mesquité, and comes from the *mesa*, which is the flat top of the foothills. A Mexican will go up there with three or four burros and be gone a day or two. Some of them go with wagons. This wood is dug from the sand. It is simply the limbs of the mesquité bush, which grows from four to ten feet high. The sand blows and drifts in the bushes like snow. When the limbs are covered they become enlarged three or four times the original size. The Mexican takes it to El Paso and gets about thirty cents for a good burro load.

About four miles south of here is a small town called Ysleta. It is an old Spanish town, and is said to be the oldest town in the United States. The long, low houses are all built of adobe. The old Catholic church there, which is also built of adobe, is about three hundred and fifty years old.

The mountains are in full view. Northwest are the Franklin mountains, west and south are mountains in Old Mexico. They are huge piles of rock and sand, with very little on them except cacti and brush. They are truly beautiful at times. The other day we saw the rain on them. It was wonderful to see the clouds drag themselves on the top and then break up into a beautiful mist. There are many other things of interest of which I might speak, and after I have seen some of

the wonders of Old Mexico, perhaps you may hear from me again.

NELLIE E. LOWNES.

El Paso, Texas, 12th mo. 9th, 1894.

THE LAW.

Our first parents, being placed in the Garden of Eden, were forbidden to eat of the fruit of a certain tree, but, being disobedient, ate thereof, and brought death into the world and all our woe.

This, it is true, would hardly accord with our ideas even of human justice, that because of one man's sins all his race should perish. Besides if they had not eaten, and had jumped into the sea, they could not have been drowned; or fallen from a cliff, would not have been crushed.

But now, all having passed under condemnation, where was their hope?

The Jews had the Law and the Prophets. These prophesied that One should come who would deliver them from the Roman Yoke and restore the Kingdom to Israel.

Though expecting some wonderful Personage, they were greatly disappointed in Jesus when He came making so lowly and meek an appearance, and declared, "We will not have this man to rule over us."

Paul, who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and strictly instructed in everything pertaining to the Law, was exceedingly mad, as he says, against the new sect, and persecuted them even unto strange cities.

But the "Great Light" was very convincing, and he became an earnest advocate of what he had before opposed so bitterly.

The Jews were not the only people in that age of the world who considered everything out of the ordinary as the result, not of natural but supernatural Law, and Deified remarkable Personages.

Thus, the Courtiers of Alexander the Great, declared that he had a God for his Father, and the priests of Apollo,