

The milk man follows with a gourd dipper with which to measure the milk.

Chickens are daily seen peddled upon the streets fastened in a coop on the back of a



A HEN-CARRIER.

huacalero—hen-carrier. Most of the villages are agricultural and mining settlements, but what strikes the visitor most remarkably are the old-fashioned methods and implements used in the work. The ploughing is still done as it was a thousand years ago by tearing the ground with a sharp stick pointed with iron, drawn by a pair of oxen. Some American ploughs were taken to Mexico last year, but the Mexican immediately added an improvement by cutting off one of the handles and proceeding as before.

The climate is most delightful, being dry and sunny during the day, but always providing a cool breeze for the evening. Mexicans learn to adjust their work to the climate. Rising early, the work is well started by noon, and the people seek the cool of the adobe house with its mud walls and straw or cornstalk roof, and spend the time in sleep and rest until the cool breeze of the evening calls them forth to the pleasures of the beautiful plaza.

Nothing but the pleasure of personal observation can fully give to one the charming picturesqueness of this people. They are so unlike other foreigners, so unique in their bright dress, so fascinating in their social life, with its gay plazas and famous fiestas, so generous in their response to each other's needs, so gay, so careless, so happy under all conditions, so delightfully indifferent to the things over which we toil until the brows grow wrinkled, and time touches with silver the hair, that one must be hard to entertain not to find a sojourn in their beautiful land, guarded by the lovely snow-capped mountains and weird with the life of a tropical land, a wonderful rest and recreation, an inspiration also, to make of life less of the battlefield and more of the peaceful valley through which the streams of helpfulness to others constantly flow.

A Match and a Vow.

In some large iron works near Pittsburgh many men were employed about the great blast furnaces, says a writer in the 'Golden Rule.' On a high platform ninety-six feet from the ground three men were employed by shifts night and day, in charging the furnaces.

It seems as if there were something in the nature of this work that conduces to profanity, for of all men these are the most addicted to this vice. On the platform at this particular place one of the men had tacked up a motto that he had secured at some gospel meeting which bore this text: 'O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'

The motto was large and printed in colors on ordinary paper, but it was used as a target to spit at by the men, and soon became so discolored that it was almost illegible. It was also the mark for many a ribald and blasphemous word.

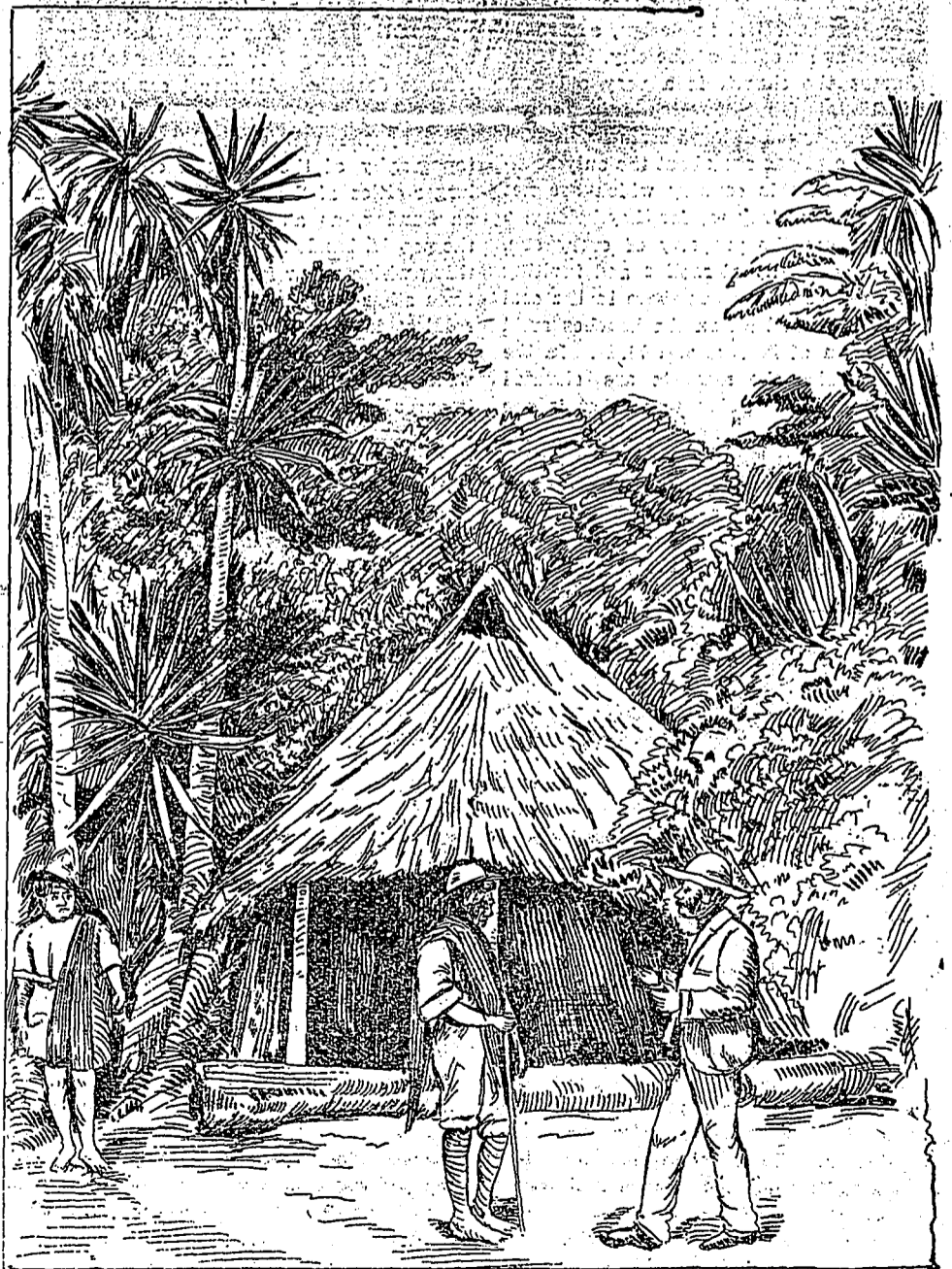
One day the deadly gas that issues from the top of the furnace, and is kept ignited in order to destroy its noxious qualities, became extinguished, and the two men nearest to it inhaled it and perished before the elevator could be sent to their assistance. The third man had one match, and the chance of his being able to ignite the gas in the big escape-pipe was as next to nothing. In despair he glanced about him, and his eyes fell upon the much abused text.

Like a flash a vow was formed in his heart that he would give himself to God if that

match and that paper should be the means of saving his life. Instantly he snatched it from the side of the scaffolding, and, having successfully lighted it, reached out and cast it into the gas-pipe, and in the same moment lost consciousness and fell beside his two comrades. A few moments later the elevator came with assistance, and the gas was found burning. Two of the men were dead, but the third lived to carry out his vow. Surely God moves in a mysterious way.—'Gospel News.'

College Work and College Friends.

'Study everything in the curriculum, even if it is irksome and does seem unimportant now,' is one of the many bits of valuable advice 'Ian Maclaren' (Dr. John Watson) gave to the Yale students the other day. That it was far better to do it while in the seminary than afterwards he had, he said, learned by sad experience. Dr. Watson also paid a tender tribute to college friendships and their influence in shaping his life and character. His own college friends were Prof. Henry Drummond, Dr. James Stalker, Prof. George Adam Smith and the Rev. D.M. Ross. These men have met at least once a year since their old college days. On these occasions they fish, walk, talk, emulate and freely criticise each other. They have believed in each other, trusted each other, fought for each other in public, and loved each other supremely.



STRIKING A BARGAIN.