

cessors. At a time when Zionism had almost no place in Christian thought, they announced with true prophetic foresight the coming of the day of redemption. The divine interposition, for which some of the Jews now are looking, came through the house of Israel. Let their brethren turn to the Lord and acknowledge Him, and their hopes will be realized. Let them remember that in the day they are longing for the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel, the order being the reverse of that which took place at the return from Babylon, when the House of Judah had the lead, for so it is written by the Prophet:

"At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem; neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart. In those days the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I have given for an inheritance unto your fathers."—Jer. 3: 17, 18.

The gathering of the house of Israel is, as here stated, the beginning of the redemption of the house of Judah.

OVATIONS IN PORTO RICO.

The war with Spain has been characterized by many unique features, and one of these is the enthusiasm with which the people of Porto Rico have welcomed the American invaders as their liberators. Since the landing of the troops, their advance has often been an ovation. The mayors of the towns on the road to San Juan have issued proclamations stating that the people are no longer Spanish, but Americans. At Ponce, a city of about 40,000 inhabitants, American flags were waving, the troops were cheered and entertained in a liberal manner. At Yauco the people seemed still more enthusiastic. The Alcalde, on the arrival of our soldiers, hauled down the Spanish flag and hoisted the Stars and Stripes and issued a manifesto in which he said:

"Porto Ricans, we are by the miraculous intervention of the God of the just, given back to the bosom of our mother, America, in whose waters nature placed us, as a people of America. To her we are given back, in the name of her government, by General Miles, and we must send her our most expressive salutations of generous affection through our conduct toward the valiant troops represented by distinguished officers and commanded by the illustrious General Miles.

"Citizens, long live the government of the United States of America! Hall to their valiant troops! Hall to Porto Rico, always American!

"EL ALCALDE FRANCISCO MEGIA.
"Yauco, Porto Rico, United States of America."

It is said the populace flocked to the army in droves, anxious to render the American forces any assistance in their power. The march of troops towards the capital of the islands has a parallel perhaps only in the march of Gustavus Adolphus through Protestant Germany for the purpose of planting the standard of liberty where the despotism of Ferdinand had wrought destruction and misery. The Porto Ricans have similarly recognized in the Americans their liberators, their benefactors.

The fact is significant. It proves that the people there are an intelligent, liberty-loving race. There have been less disturbances among the Porto Ricans than among the Cubans during the long years of oppression, but the Spaniards have never succeeded in establishing themselves in the affections of the people. They are better edu-

cated than the Cubans and therefore know the people of the United States better; hence their outbursts of joy and their willingness to serve as volunteers in the army of liberation.

The manifestation of loyalty to the U. S. government, visible in Porto Rico, is a proof that the people in a short time will be worthy of the place that is reserved for them by the terms of peace now under consideration. Such spontaneous outbursts indicate a true appreciation of liberty, and where the heart is right, difficulties that may exist on account of race, intellectual capacity and neglected education are by no means insurmountable.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

Properly speaking, Marseilles as a center of commerce, with its board of trade, its institutions of every kind, such as conservatories of music and painting, would be called a great city, large in size and the third one of importance in France. But there are two distinct parts to this city and their characteristics are strangely pronounced, so different indeed are the aspects of the two portions, that the eye of the traveler cannot help being impressed by the contrast. The new city is a finely built town upon the hill and it is kept very clean, just as the other towns of Europe; therefore I shall not try to describe that portion of Marseilles, which resembles any other city of the Union, having residences and stores or shops of diverse dimensions; although, according to European custom the streets are not straight, but set at random, intermingling as they please or rather as people have pleased to intermingle them; making it very difficult for a stranger to find his way in or out. The only part of Marseilles that is really of importance and interesting, to be visited by the tourist is the "old city" the old Massilia; the remains of the part founded long before Christ, by the Phoenicians, those proud and daring sailors who extended their trade to the whole of the known world.

The old Massilia from the point of view of archeology looks like a mixed style city, the Gothic, the Byzantine and even the Renaissance style all in a general mix-up; and if it were possible to have a bird's-eye view of that picturesque portion of Marseilles, it would—metaphorically speaking—resemble a bric-a-brac city—something like a long line of curiosities laying upon a shelf for the pleasure of the amateur of old relics. The houses are all of unequal size and built at random, without method; some are elevated above the street with crooked flights of steps to reach the apartments, others almost under the ground. These houses have no shape and no contractor of modern abilities could think of planning their erection; they are neither round nor oval, neither square nor rectangular, and they cannot be said to be either octagonal or hexagonal. They have all shapes, all heights, all colors and it could be said with veracity that they contain all shapes within their structures. For instance, you often see a square house with arched doors, a cupola on the top of its roof, with ogival windows, cariatides under its balconies and every other style of olden architecture mixed. I suppose that these houses must be very unhealthy, especially as the streets are so narrow that the sunlight cannot enter the interior and that is the reason why, when cholera breaks out in Marseilles, it finds so many victims. During the last epidemic, about 400 died daily and it is a wonder to me that mortality should not be greater in such a filthy district.

Santiago rules are enforced with the greatest difficulty by the local govern-

ment. The most of the population in that old quarter is composed of Italian and Spanish refugees of lowdown character, and Italians alone number 85,000 in Marseilles. You can see by this that it is not only the United States who have to bear with Italian invasion, but that France also has its contingent. Hardly a day passes here without a crime being committed by the foreigners, who are the outcasts of their own nation. Here they are employed for the dirtiest work and receive very low wages. The French workingman will not do all kinds of labor; therefore the Italians do it. Marseilles—I refer to the old city—is very old, and, as I stated above, I will not endeavor to give a description of its new quarters, but I may try to depict some of the peculiarities of those people who live in the old city and who, by life called honest—God knows why—bring up families that most surely become some day the scum of society, and who flood our states of America with their hearts full of vengeance against these classes, by which they have been held down during so many centuries. The people of the world have a tendency towards cruelty, and all these anarchists of France, Germany, Prussia and Spain, without counting England, that also breeds a great number, come to American with that vengeance uppermost in their minds, and so stern indeed that even the innocent citizens, during revolutions, are not spared. The French revolution has proved it. Louis XVI was noble, powerful and great. The nations of Europe were yet bowing to the heir of Louis XIV; the queen Maria Antonette was young, beautiful, scornful, and around her forehead she wore these precious stones that had shone in the Austrian empire upon her mother's forehead, the celebrated Maria Ceresa, who had asked the help of the proud Magyars, while riding through the streets holding her young baby boy in her arms and begging protection for him, their future king. Oh! mighty talisman that a woman can wave over the trembling crowd of her subjects when she is a queen! That word "help" from the mouth of the tram is received and rewarded by a hand-out! The word "help" uttered by a great queen finds an echo in millions of breasts. There is no man, as low as he may be, who would not give his life, his fortune and sacrifice, his children and property when the queen has spoken.

Among the many professions in Marseilles, one of the most profitable for the poor is the gathering of cigar stumps in the gutters after midnight. I have been assured that these industrious people can make from one to two dollars per day, and the work is quite easy inasmuch as it requires from those who follow the occupation only a couple of hours each night. The cigar-stumps are quite valuable and can be sold by the pound. The old ends of cigarettes are also quite desirable, but only according to their size. There is a regular market for this kind of tobacco upon a little square near "Place de la Yoliette," and of course, only the poorest people avail themselves of such merchandise which is sold to the highest bidder, generally from 20 to 40 cents a pound.

The rag-pickers are organized in a vast corporation and are mostly Jews and Italians. They go through the streets from house to house, buying all the rags they can find, no matter if they are clean or dirty and afterwards sell them to the paper manufacturers who pay a good price for them. The principal paper manufactories are at "Llimges" and some of the best letter-writing paper is manufactured there. Those rags that are of linen are sold very high and those which are of cotton are used only for common wrapping paper and are very cheap.