

It is a superstition among them, if they erect these little altars on their way to La Paz, and they are still standing when they return, all is well at home; but if they have fallen, something dreadful has happened there. Not knowing this, I fear I was the cause of anxiety in two hearts, for I sat down on two of the altars, thinking they would make a good seat, but both went down.

On a hill were little earthen pitchers and jars, placed there by the Indians who have enemies. Witches come and put in them something harmful, and the enemy picks them up, and some dire calamity befalls his home. On another hill we found saucers of earthenware, crudely decorated, in which the Indians had been burning incense in worship—of we know not what.

The Holy Days are many, and are usually spent in dancing, always in drinking much alcohol—clear alcohol. One day this was varied by a rock-fight between the Community Indians and those of the "hacienda" (farm) to test the strength of each. Fortunately, no one was killed; but one young fellow came to have his wounds dressed. His lip was cut open, and a hole made in his cheek, so that he was badly scarred for life. May he learn his lesson and not enter into such sport (?) again—a shade more dangerous, perhaps, than football.

The Indians never leave a baby alone in the house, for some animal would either kill him or put some dreadful disease on him.

They never go out at night, for if they should, an animal like a coyote might run across their path in front of them; then they would die. Also, there is a horrible-looking skull abroad some nights looking for enemies. Going up and down the roads, it seeks them out, sucks their blood, and kills them. We walked until 9 p.m. two nights, but met nothing.

Every "hacienda" has a Romish Church, which the priest visits at least once a year. One day we went to look at the interior of the one at Watajata, and, to our surprise, found the door already open. Entering, before the altar we saw a woman kneeling, praying in a sweet, very plaintive voice. The farm Indians can only speak Aymara (a few exceptions), and our

friend cannot speak it yet; so she sent for her servant to interpret for her, as the pretty Indian girl seemed much distressed.

The young woman said her mother and two others of the family were ill. She had lost her cross, so could not pray at home, and had walked two miles to pray in the church. Before her were two earthen saucers, like those we found on the hills, three short candles in one and two in the other, which she kept touching with a stick to make them burn brightly. It was a blessed opportunity for our friend to tell her to pray to God, always through Christ Jesus, and not to Mary or the Saints, and to tell her a little about salvation. She said she was not praying to Mary.

Our hearts ached to tell her more, and to have her understand and believe; but it is difficult for them to understand. It is all so different from what they have been taught, and they know nothing of an inner life.

Over the altar, among other paintings, was one picturing God as a very old man, with a beard, sitting at the right; on the other side, Christ—a young man, both holding a crown over the head of Mary, who was between them; over all, a dove crowning Mary "Queen of Heaven." There were the usual tawdry ornaments—everything to attract the eye, nothing for the heart, as in all Romish churches and ceremonies.

On our journey we had many opportunities to give out the word of God, and "El Amigo de la Verdad," Mr. Mitchell's paper, rejoicing in the promise that His Word shall not return unto Him void. Perhaps some day we will tell you about the distribution of literature in La Paz.

But this article will be of no value unless these Indians are a burden on your hearts in prayer. God is the Rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, and I trust you will "give Him no rest," but continually remember these poor Indians before Him. They must know the Gospel to know all things passed away, and they new creatures in Christ Jesus; but we must pray for the quickening of the minds deadened from the effects of alcohol and all the rites, ceremonies and superstitions of the past, to make them able to take in the Gospel.

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