

pictures were crude and seemed to show the same hand but there was a passionate reality in them.

Outside, on the steps of this great cathedral, dozens of vendors were selling charms and tokens, forcing them into our hands or trying to pin them on our coats; deer's eyes on scarlet strings, holy sweetcakes, rosaries of carved wood, glass or silver medallions with the Virgin's picture. An old woman, with the toes out of her shoes, tried to sell us lottery tickets, telling us it was all for charity, and to buy from her would bring us luck, for she was blind in one eye. Troops of shrill-voiced children pursued us to our car and made us very glad to get away from the cathedral, even though the guide told us it was the richest church in North America and the religious centre of the world.

One of the most distressing details of this picture was the face of the woman who brought her sick baby to the foot of the Virgin. She was so poor and wretched and yet believing. I hope her prayers ascended far beyond the cherub-sprinkled roof and were recorded some place. Out of faith like hers surely will come a regenerated church in Mexico, dominated by the true spirit of Him who said: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister".

Very different in character was the next religious institution we visited. On our way home we spent a few days in Los Angeles and I went to the Hollywood Temple.

I first saw Aimee Semple McPherson when she was twenty-eight years old. She had come to Winnipeg to hold services in the old Wesley Church. That was in 1920. Every night people were turned away, and then as always, there was a wide difference of opinion about her. I liked her the first time I saw her, and felt the impact of a great personality. Surely no woman ever