

carrying silver trays of oranges, and tomatoes, lighted candles, and one little girl had a charcoal burner sending up a cloud of smoke. A poor woman, with a tired and pitifully sick baby tried to get her little son of five or six to kneel with her as the procession slowly crawled down the aisle, but he broke away, and ran down to the front of the church, thereby endangering her chances of getting relief for her sick child. Her distress at his action was pitiful to see. However, the little prodigal returned and knelt beside her, and the procession crept on. A blind boy played on his violin, as weird and terrible a tune as I ever heard; one, the guide said, which had never been written, but was known to every Indian of the tribe. The procession stopped at a shrine half way to the altar, and fervently prayed; the violinist redoubled his efforts, an old lady with tattered grey locks took the charcoal burner from the little girl and swung it in front of the Virgin, and the mother held up her suffering child, oblivious of everything but her child's sore need. Ahead of them gleamed the altar, set with many a jewel and gleaming with gold. The alabaster candlesticks, man-high, were lighted from within and glowed in the semi-darkness. The magnificence of the altar and the poverty of the supplicants in their tattered rags made a terrible picture.

The guide hurried us on to see another altar whose railing was of solid silver, and told us proudly how many tons of silver had been used in the Church. Then he took us upstairs to the sacristy and showed us the table where the treaty was signed between Mexico and the United States. "Without hard feeling" the guide said. He asked us as we were going up the stairs to observe the picture gallery on the wall, of home-made drawings, each recording a miracle. Here was an auto, just escaping a train, a woman undergoing a Caesarian operation. The