

room my friends had prepared for me. It had been the covered way to the Inquisition, and was of most astonishing proportions for a bedroom. In the centre of the room was a large brass bedstead. Beautiful lace curtains were gracefully draped around the brass rods, that reached nearly to the ceiling, and with such an imposing canopy it looked as though it might have been the couch of an empress. In the dim light of the tiny lamp the dark, uncanny corners seemed to me to be only hiding places for the shadowy forms of those cruel monks who had been driven from Mexico years ago. I passed back again down the stone stairway, through the open court to the dining-room. The room had been enlarged. Twelve cartloads of human skeletons my friends found in that mysterious wall four yards thick. The mortar had been made out of the dust of dead men's bones. The horrors of the place oppressed me, and I was glad when the evening meal was over and my friends led the way to the parlor. The theological students had gathered around the organ with violins, cornets, and flutes, and as I entered the room they commenced playing so gayly the air "Bonnie Annie Laurie," that I soon forgot the ghostly terrors of that gloomy building. But how strange it seemed to me—the Inquisition of Mexico transformed into a theological seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church! The great, gloomy, sunless stone structure, with its grated windows and brick floors and unwritten histories of untold horrors, erected to crush Protestantism, had become the training school for Mexican missionaries.

The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico had become very rich. The cathedrals were ablaze with gold and jewels. A statue of the Assumption was said to cost \$1,089,000. It required two men to lift the candlesticks of solid gold. The statues of the saints were covered with precious stones. The high altar was the richest in the world. The crosses were studded with amethysts and diamonds. The annual revenue of the clergy from gifts, charities, and parochial dues was more than the entire aggregate revenues of the country, derived from all its customs and internal taxes.

The wealth of the Church was hundreds of millions of dollars, but the nation was impoverished. The war of Independence had devastated the country. The treasury was empty, the soldiers were unpaid. The widows and orphans of the noble patriots were suffering for bread. At this time of dire necessity the Government asked of the Catholic Church a loan of \$14,000,000, but it was refused.

Congress decided to confiscate the Church property in order to save the country from bankruptcy, and convents, nunneries, and monasteries were offered for sale. And then commenced the struggle between the Roman Catholic Church party and the "Liberals," and there followed a series of revolutions that plunged the country deeper and deeper in misery. A few miles from the city of Oaxaca are the ruins of the wonderful palaces of Mitla, the home of the ancient Zapotec kings. The rocky spur of the Sierra Madre has a wildness of beauty here that is unsurpassed.