

of American blood, but because the visit of the "padrecito" is a novelty, and besides, there are always a dozen children to be baptized. American Catholics in those three missions are not willing to meet with Mexicans at church. The natural temperaments of the two peoples do not harmonize.

Once, in the stage, after gazing long at me, a man showed that he felt rather bitter toward Catholics.

"Are you a preacher?"

"No; a Catholic priest," I replied.

"It is about the same thing," said he.

"Not that I know, and not that you think, either," I replied.

And he soon talked against his own statement. Quite in favor of all the preachers, he would not admit anything about priests or "Romanists."

After some further parley on contentious points I began to talk about cattle. My friend was a ranchman; our conversation became much more amicable.

It takes two full weeks to make this missionary trip overland. After it, the Lord's laborer longs for some hours of rest. But he does not get a very long breathing spell.

On the railroad, 140 miles from Del Rio, is Sanderson, sometimes called Gap City, on the top of a mountain, and the priest climbs to it once a month. Catholics are very few, but quantity is compensated for by quality—at least as far as American Catholics are concerned. They are of Irish and of German descent, and number eight families. Mexicans are much more numerous, and their religious spirit, considering that they are Mexicans, is about all that may be expected of them. For, you must understand, that, with the Mexicans of this border, to be religious is to have been baptized, confirmed, married before a priest, to go to Mass once in a while, and to give monthly a nickel for the support of the Church and the mission. But among so many goats are to be found some first-class sheep. So on December eighth of last year, that being the patron-feast of their church, I gave First Holy Communion to fourteen children who, for some time, at least, I believe will keep up their religious duties. People in Sanderson are rather poor,—most of them are railroad men,—but they do what they can to help their church and priest. *Three years ago they started to build a chapel.* That was surely a hard job, for they had no help from outside sources. The chapel is still incomplete. The altar was made out of