

the patron of marriages, and many a timid confession of love is dropped into the letter-box, and it often happens that a marriage is arranged as a result. The superstitious maiden believes that her letter goes directly to the Virgin or to the saint in his heavenly mansion, and she has no suspicion that it is read by the parish priest.

Truly, saints are innumerable and their powers extraordinary. When travelling in Entre Rios I learned that St. Ramon was an adept in guiding the path of the thunderbolt. A terrific storm swept across the country, and a woman, afraid for her house, placed his image leaning against the outside wall, that he might be able to see and direct the elements. The tempest raged, and as though to show the saint's utter helplessness, the end of the house was struck by lightning and set on fire. Little damage was done, but I smiled when the indignant woman, after the storm ceased, soundly thrashed the image for not attending to its duty.

While preaching in the town of Quilmes, in 1901, a poor deluded worshipper of Rome "turned from idols to serve the living and true God." He had been a sincere believer in St. Nicolas, and implicitly believed the absurd account of that saint having raised to life three children who had been brutally murdered by their father and secreted in a barrel. He brought me a picture of this wonder-worker tapping the barrel, and the little ones in the act of coming out alive and well.

South America groans under the weight of a mediæval religion which has little to do with