

As a proof of some of my assertions, I will mention a few facts. In the large town of "Yinacaupec," distant about two leagues from Toluca, I visited the annual feast on various occasions. It draws an immense number of spectators from all parts, and for several days bull-fights, and cock-fights, and religious processions hold sway. The procession is a very gorgeous affair, and issues from the church. Banners, and wax-candles, and images in great number; music by the band, and rockets whizzing; but the greatest feature of all consists of a number of Indians dressed in grotesque attires, with skins of animals, bulls' horns, cows' tails, and some with their heads helmeted with the entire skin of game-cocks—altogether forming a wildly fantastic mob, shouting and dancing around their priests and saints like so many imps from the lower regions. The famous church of "La Villa de Guadalupe," near the city of Mexico, is built on the site of an old Aztec temple, and the Roman Catholic priests adopted their usual plan of removing the old and replacing it with the new one, and by means of a pretended apparition have made "Our Lady of Guadalupe" become the patron saint of Mexico.

The far-famed convent of "El Senor de Chalma," about fourteen leagues to the south of Toluca, is another instance. It is the favorite shrine of all the Indian tribes of the land. Formerly, before the convent was built, the place was occupied by an Aztec idol, located in a cave. This idol existed long after Roman Catholic churches had been built in neighboring towns; and the Indians, when they wished to have a child baptized, would first carry the infant to be blessed by their Aztec god, and from there would go to the Romish church and complete the ceremony. To make the most of this propensity, the Catholics, in their usual fashion, stole the idol from the cave and placed there the present "Lord of Chalma," which is a crucifix, the Saviour being painted copper-color. This apparition gave rise to a convent being built; and all the year round the Indians, whole families, and whole towns, make pilgrimages from all parts of the land to the said convent. The sales of candles and the Popish requisites are enormous. A shop is attached to the convent, where the poor Indians buy their candles, which they carry to the priests, who remit them by a back door to the shop again, where they are sold and sold again many times over. But here, also, the chief feature of the Indian worship consists in dances inside the church, which is of great size. Eye-witnesses assure me that at one time can be seen as many as sixteen distinct groups of dancers, each group with its separate band of music, all playing different tunes at the same time, and the worshippers tripping it merrily in different dances, producing a Babel confusion and a grotesque pantomime, which baffles description.

These are of daily occurrence, and are a true and faithful specimen of the spiritual condition of the Mexican Indians of to-day.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A TEACHER'S LIFE. Including a Residence in the Northern and Southern States, California, Cuba and Peru. By Miss Holt. Quebec.

Few teachers have had such varied experiences as Miss Holt, and it is no wonder that she has desired to make a permanent record of her life in the different climes in which the vicissitudes of her profession led her to reside. We copy part of her sketch of Lima, Peru.

The Land of the Incas was the scene of my last efforts in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." Attracted by the favorable reports of teachers already in the field, I sailed from New York in the Pacific Mail S. S. "Henry Chauncey" on the 20th Nov., 1870. I was again fortunate in finding a pleasant party on board, several of whom were also bound for Peru.

Arriving at Aspinwall on the 28th, we took the cars across the Isthmus, and on reaching Panama, the California bound passengers went immediately on board the steamer which was awaiting them in the Bay. We were not so fortunate. Our steamer was not ready to sail, and a three days' detention at "The Grand Hotel" was in store for us. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Prain, the agent of the British Steamship Company at this port. He called promptly and promised to secure me a comfortable stateroom on board the "Chile," a promise which he faithfully kept. I found the Grand Hotel hardly worthy of its pretentious title, and decidedly inferior in its accommodations to the hotels of Havana. It was built very much in the same style—a square building, with wide and lofty corridors opening on an inner court-yard, with a fountain playing in the centre. The charge was three dollars a day in American gold.

Panama is a very old and desolate looking town, of some ten thousand inhabitants. How they all live is a mystery, for apparently there is nothing but the foreign trade to support them. Being a free port, many of the goods are very reasonable in price. Very beautiful pearls are found in great quantities at Pearl Island in the Bay, and immense profits are made by their sale in the North.

It was the rainy season when we arrived, and the dampness added to the unhealthiness of the town. My friend, Miss T—, had some years previously lost a brother who took the fever simply from sleeping on shore one night at that season.

At noon on the 30th, we gladly exchanged our spacious apartments at the Grand Hotel for smaller quarters on the "Chile," and it was with a very decided quickening of the pulse that I stepped on the deck where the Red Cross of Old England floated proudly on the breeze.