

creek stands, large and half-busy, the center part of the town, where Americans have their headquarters. Out from the town I see, distant a good ways each from the other, three suburbs, all Mexican houses and, apparently, all Mexican people. There is not a church in any of these suburbs. One priest walks, every week, one mile and a half to reach the children; get them all together in an old barn, and teach them, in three different groups of sixty children each, the truths of our religion.

Now, from my observatory, I turn to look east, and see what is known as the Mexican town. This, too, has its suburbs: they are four, and have odd names. The largest is called Phillipines. Why? History does not say a word about it. Another is Calaveras (skulls), and a third Puerto Rico. The church was built midway between the center of the Mexican town and its suburbs. Protestants have been working actively among our poor people and, so far, have succeeded in taking away some fifty families.

According to the size and situation of Del Rio, four priests are needed; but we have only three. One of the three is in charge of the American congregation. He has a nice church, though it is still unfinished. This is located, of course, in the American town. Close to it is the priest's residence. The other two priests minister to the spiritual wants of the Mexicans. We have the church, Maria de Guadalupe, and near-by a five-room house. We Mexican missionaries have also to serve all the Catholic missions scattered in four large counties. These missions are visited by your servant, or his assistant, some once a month, some every other month, and there are three places which we reach only four times a year; the main reason for the rarity of these latter visits is owing to the fact that we have to drive 250 miles to reach the nearest one.

American Catholics are very scarce in these three missions, and, sad to relate, these few are very poor Catholics, as far as their faith is concerned. Why is this? Because until lately, priests visited those places only once every other year, as they are so far away from any other missionary station. In Juno, one of these spiritually isolated missions, there are over thirty Catholic families, all Mexicans except two; in Sonora and Ozona, about two hundred Catholic families,—Mexican with the exception of three families in Sonora and five in Ozona. There is no Catholic church in any of these three missions. Mass is said in a Mexican hut. Mexicans come around the priest, not because they are more religious than their brothers