

*Los Latinos
pueden tam-
bien "a fin
petitio ad."*

ray of shrubs and trees and flowers, because they took more pains, or because they have more, and more wealthy, residents here, or because they have a more cultured taste for landscape adorning. An improvement has since been made, under the direction of our consul-general, in the American grounds, which now vie with, if they do not surpass, those of their elder brothers. They are getting sadly populous, but still remain undisturbed, a grave rebuke to the loose Latin notions concerning the dead, whose temporary permission to occupy their niches in the wall is a sad proof of the powerlessness of their faith. Their cold mottoes are sadder, for a glimpse or glow of faith, such as makes the underground catacombs light, rarely finds a place on their transient slab. Our higher faith strikes a higher note even here, and the grave of Protestantism is a proof of its superiority.

Inside the American is a monument to our soldiers who fell before Mexico. It is somewhat touched with time, and needs a little attention on the part of our officials or visitors.

We must give up our pleasant walks and rides about this pleasant capital. It is a long respite to ceaseless wanderings, this two months in one place. This room is almost home-like, and the lively little landlady, almost one's mother. True, not a few long excursions have been made in important directions; two last week, four days in one, and a day and a half the other. But the flight back has made this spot only the more like home. It must be left, hotel, streets, city, environs, friends not a few, and foes none at all.

*Femores sin
es de repeti-
dos y nunca
realizados*

Being told that poison, assassination, kidnaping, robbery, every thing baleful was my certain portion if I set foot in this city, under my own name or in any incognito, I must bear testimony to the contrary experience every time.

In a hotel owned or managed by a priest, I have had the best of treatment. Remember the Hotel Gillow, ye who turn your feet hither.

*Fanta de un
cia y talento
en un "papel-
ta" es cosa
q. padma.*

Daily dining with an earnest Romanist and distinguished officer in the United States Army, I have met him only in pleasant conflict on religious questions, and have had many proofs of his gen-



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN THE AMERICAN CEMETERY.

erosity and gentlemanliness. At the table of the American minister I have met as devoted a Romanist (who boasts of being a papist) as ever bowed the knee to the Virgin of Guadalupe, or believed in that miraculous folly; yet there was little of the inquisition in that inquisitress.

We could feel as safe in these devout hands as in those of their own brethren. There will no doubt be trouble and conflict in the outer settlements, but the only danger at the capital is too warm a welcome. Hannibal fell at Cannæ, under the luxuries of Roman hospitality. The Church should beware lest like Roman hospitality here destroy the courage to renew this land in holiness.

For that it needs such renewal, there is proof on every hand. The people are religious, but not in the true faith, nor with the true life. General education, enterprise, the uplifting of the toiling

*Christianis-
mo, segun
queva orcha,
es la Refor-
ma.*

masses—these are absent. Especially is experimental faith, the personal, joyous experience of believers, gone. Nay, it never came. The Church needs renovation. A monopoly of religion is as dangerous as a monopoly of inferior businesses—the more dangerous; infinitely more. The Roman Catholic Church has suffered from monopoly. It is bestirring itself as never before, because of the invasion of other churches. It knows the talk about its being the exclusive Church is all humbug; that the other ecclesiastical expression of Christianity is as truly divine as any it claims from a Peter that never was at Rome, and a Church that has been historically the most imperfect of any that has existed.

We are needed. We are welcomed by the people, and shall yet be by the priests. All American churches are needed. The idea that it is sectarian for these churches to come here in their own proper form, is another folly more foolish than the Romanist counterpart, because more inconsistent with the history of these churches. Come in your own clothes, not dressed as Joseph or a harlequin. Come as Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists; the five fingers (for the thumb is a finger) that make up the right hand that Christ stretches out for the salvation of the world. Let not the hand be doubled up against itself, nor even against that left hand of superstition and irrational rationalism which so often unites to smite the Lord's right hand. Use your own forces in your own way, and God will give the increase.

That such increase is certain, I have no doubt. My stay here has convinced me that this is a very open field; that many are waiting our coming; that if the Church takes possession of it boldly and liberally, she will have instant and large reward. May her faith and works be adequate to the signs of the Lord's will and pleasure. Let her not smite the ground timidly, and only thrice; but in such abundance of prayers and means as shall show how strong is her faith, how ardent her love for her Saviour and her brethren. He that soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; but he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. Let her so

sow that her harvest may be plenteous of saved souls and a saved land.

In this calm, sweet summer night I bid a Mexican *adios*, an English good-bye—God be with you—to this fair city, beautiful for situation, and which may yet be the joy of the whole earth. To my host, my friends, my brethren, adieu. To-morrow for the North, and a twenty days' long, long ride on a tempestuous diligence. *Vamos!*