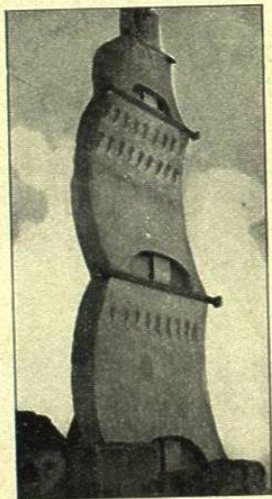
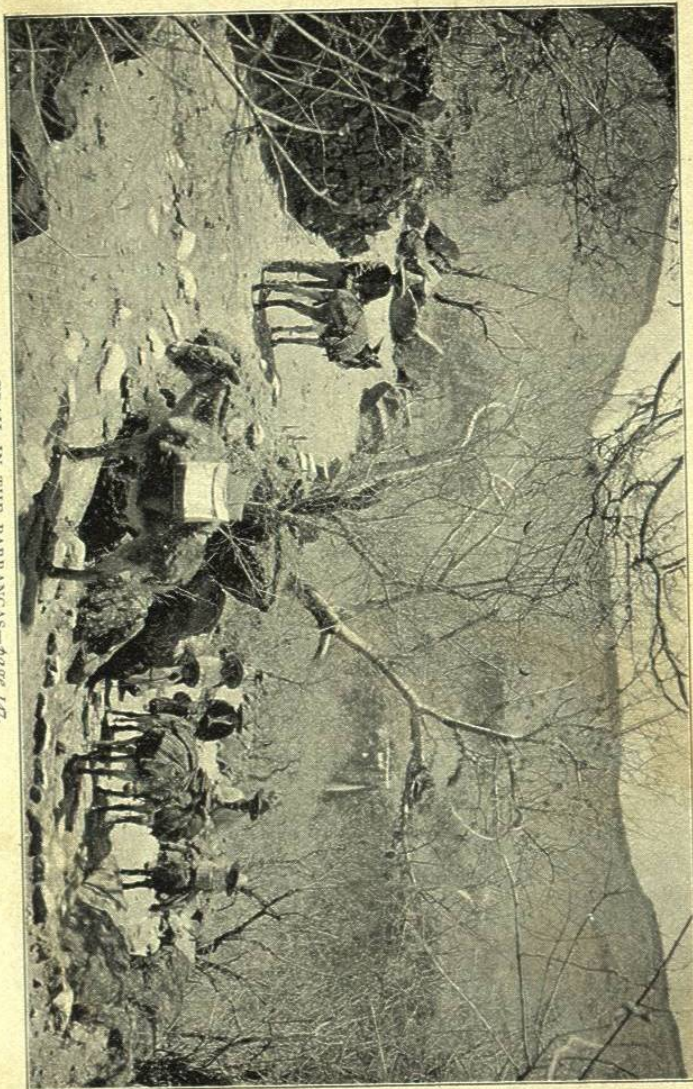


penitents, carrying lighted candles several feet long in each hand, crawled from the entrance door to the high altar, upon their knees. There was about these poor souls an air of proud proprietorship in their favorite saint, and I could not find it in my heart to criticise their mental or spiritual attitude. Doubtless superstition is as great an inspiration to them as enlightened religion is to us, and no one who knows how utterly empty these patient lives are would wish to deprive them of any hope for the present or the future.



STONE SAILS.



TRAIL IN THE BARRANCAS—page 147.