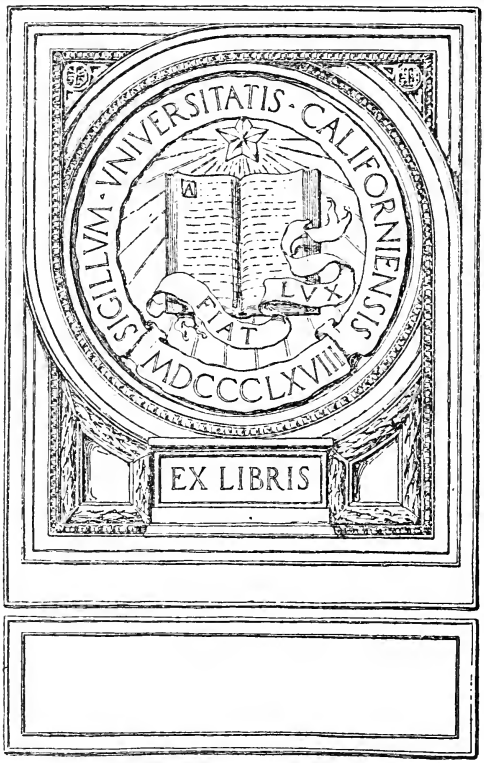
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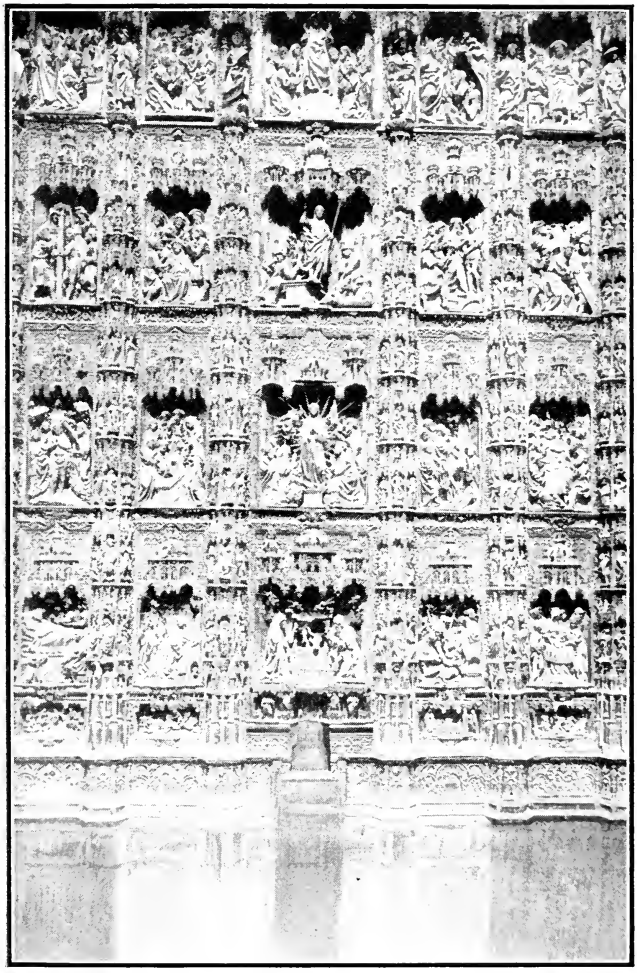

MAIN ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL

Wood-carved scenes of Christ's life

(*See page 70*)

SPAIN OF TO-DAY FROM WITHIN

BY

MANUEL ANDÚJAR

Editor "El Defensor Cristiano," San Juan, Puerto Rico

WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE AUTHOR

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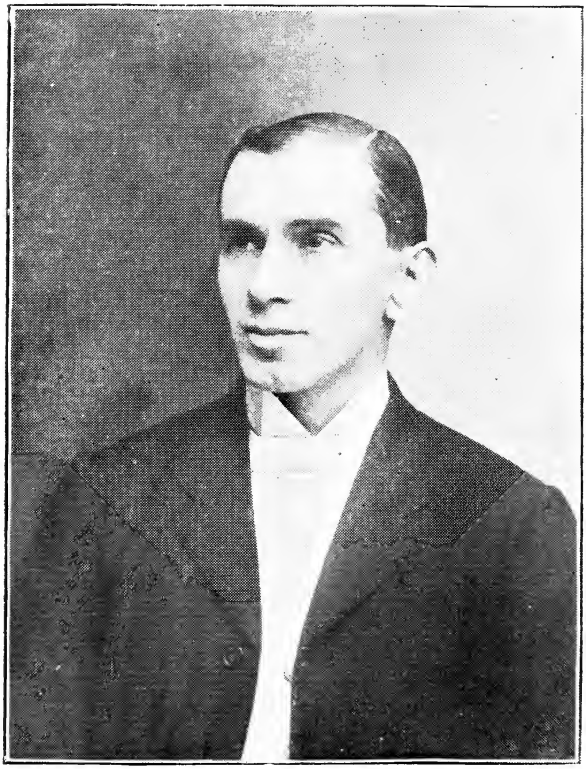
CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS



MANUEL ANDÚJAR

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRANSITION FROM ROMANISM TO PROTESTANTISM

THIS is not a complete story of my life. Such a work is not necessary for the purpose in view. There are two reasons for writing this autobiography: First, because my Christian experience in changing from Romanism to Protestantism has been a blessing to many who have heard it from my lips, and I believe its repetition now, in printed form for the first time, will be a help and a blessing to many others. Second, because many of my friends and classmates in the United States, in years past, have expressed a wish that I should write and publish my experience to help others in their Christian lives.

The purpose, therefore, being the narration of the change of my religious life, I will pass over many details—although some of them show clearly the hand of Divine Providence—and relate what led to my conversion and the results that followed.

I was born in Lamas, municipality of Estrada, Pontevedra Province, Spain, on June 16, 1856.

I was baptised on the same day, and, according to the Romish Church, I was from that moment, but not before, a Christian. Had I died unbaptised, they would not have buried me in consecrated ground, but outside the walls of the cemetery, nor could I have entered heaven.

My mother died when I was seven years old. I was the second child, but the eldest of three living; the other two being a sister, Dolores, and a brother, José, five and three years respectively. My father, José, and my grandfather, Manuel, completed the five members of the motherless home. My father married again, and, from that time on my grandfather became the guardian and protector of the three motherless children. He was very strict and upright. He had been a soldier, and he brought us up with military precision, tempered by his tender love. There was no government school in that rural district, but there were three or four private ones. Before I was six years old I entered school and continued regularly in attendance until I was twelve, and received such instruction as these schools could give me.

At home we were all strict churchgoers. From the time I was eight years old I never missed going to confession once a year, at least. I was religious, and according to the teachings I had received in the Romish Church I endeavoured to gain as many indulgences and merits as I could by fasting, by the repetition of prayers, by churchgoing, etc. Before I was ten years old I had

learned the Latin used in the mass and would aid the parish priest in the mass every Sunday morning, acting as altar boy, when I could hardly move the mass-book, and when I was not tall enough to pour the wine and water into the chalice,—the priest having to lower it in his hand. I performed that service without any compensation other than that of pleasure and piety. I did not understand the meaning of the Latin answers to the priest's questions and ceremonies during the mass, and I very much doubt if he himself knew the meaning of all the Latin he used in the mass-book.

On June 5, 1871, I left home for the first time with one of my uncles. My grandfather accompanied me to the seaport of Carril, to take the steamer for Cadiz, in the southwest of Spain. With many tears we parted, never to see each other again, until we meet beyond the river. In Cadiz I had my first experience in business and city life in a grocery store. I was in that city until September 30, 1872, when I sailed for Havana, Cuba, having been sent for by a cousin. During my residence in Cadiz I did not go to mass a dozen times. My employers, husband and wife, seldom went to church; business to them was more important; so far as I was concerned, I went in order to discharge a duty and be at peace with God and the saints, and thus avoid punishment, but I felt no inclination to go to mass, because I got neither instruction nor any practical benefit from it. However, before I left

Cadiz I went to confession. An elderly priest heard my last auricular confession in one of the confessionals in the cathedral. Never again did I relate my sins to a priest and depend upon him for pardon.

My cousin in Havana, Nicolás Brea, took me with him into the store he owned. The highest-priced cigars were sold in our store, yet neither my cousin nor I smoked; we considered it a foolish thing to spend money in smoke.

At the end of a year I was in sole charge of the store and in partnership with the proprietor, and thus I continued for nine years, until 1881, when I came to the United States. Nicolás was a man after my own heart; he was ten years my senior, and was a father and a brother to me. We were similar in disposition and principles, and in the nine years we were together in business we never had a disagreement. For seven of those nine years I visited the Stock Exchange nearly every week-day during business hours. I was neither a broker nor a speculator, but performed some of the duties of both. The currency in Cuba was paper, but most employés in the government and many of the workingmen received their wages in gold, which they exchanged in places like mine for paper money. I would go to the Stock Exchange to sell the gold for paper, relying on a small margin of profit. In those war-times the markets were excited and fluctuating, and I was liable to lose or gain more than I expected by change of quotations from evening to morning,

caused by news, true or false, of some defeat of the army by the insurgents, or *vice versa;* the price going up or down in some instances forty per cent. in a day.

This was a great school. I had to be always on the alert to detect the real news from the false, in order either to dispose of my gold quickly, or to keep it as long as there was hope of getting more paper by waiting an hour or more. I always went to the Exchange as a bull, but became a bear as soon as I sold my gold.

This life of excitement and nervous strain, not unmixed with simulation and false pretence, was contrary to my disposition and ethical principles, so I finally left it and gave all my time to the store, thus making less money but having more peace of mind.

What about my religion during these nine years in Havana? Not one in a hundred of the Spaniards in Cuba ever went to church to hear mass or to confession. From the day I landed I simply drifted with the tide. I was sixteen years of age when I went to Havana, the age of awakening to logical reasoning, to observation, to ascertaining the causes of things with which we have been familiar from the cradle. From the time I went to Cadiz I began to question the reasonableness of some of the practices in the Church of Rome. In Havana my suspicion grew, and my studying, thinking, investigating, and reasoning turned me strongly against the Church which I had served faithfully in my boyhood days, when, as an obedi-

ent child, I did what they commanded me. Now I did what they told me if it was in harmony with my reasoning, or if it was not against reason; otherwise, I refused to obey.

The auricular confession was one of the first things to awaken doubt in my mind as to its Divine origin. How can a man hear my confession and pardon my sins when he does not know if I repent or not, or if I have or have not determined to lead a new life? Further, how is it possible for a man, a priest, to have power to forgive sins when he is himself living an immoral life, when his concubine is spoken of as his mistress or housekeeper, and whose children call him uncle? How could a man forgive sins when, coming from the gambling table, he enters the confessional intoxicated?

Another phase of the auricular confession which is far more disastrous in its moral effects was early called to my attention—the celibacy of the priests and their relations with women in the confessional. The priest's immorality begins and is bred in the confessional. Does any one wonder that in Romanist countries rare is the man that now approaches the confessional?

Purgatory was another doctrine my inquisitive mind began to ponder over. When I was a boy, I had fasted, not only over the whole period of Lent, but some years I fasted an *extra Lent.* This is another period of forty days, beginning after Easter, and for which I was told I gained twice as many indulgences as in the regular Lent.

These were applied to the relief of the souls burning in purgatory. When, by fasting, prayers, visiting shrines, and attending other services, I got a good number of indulgences, I was told I released a soul from purgatory. I would save my pennies to pay the priest for responses (a litany for the dead), and masses which, if paid, are read for the dead in purgatory. If there is a purgatory, who knows if it is full or empty, or who goes in or comes out? But the traffic with the souls in purgatory, which is the greatest source of revenue to Rome, is the most unreasonable and immoral scheme ever devised in the name of religion. Two men die in a town, on the same day, one in the poorhouse, the other in a palace. Supposing both were of equal piety, both go to purgatory,—for even the Popes have to go to this place, and millions of masses are read for the repose of their souls. The poor man is buried from the poorhouse, in the Potter's Field, without even a mass being read for his soul—he has no money. The rich man has a big funeral, in which a large number of priests take part, and because they are paid, they read, chant, and pray for the repose of his soul. Hundreds of thousands of masses are read during the year and succeeding years, especially at the anniversary of his death, for his soul. They are all paid for with the money he left, or paid for by rich relatives.

According to the doctrine and practice of Rome, the poor man must suffer in purgatory until he is purged of all his impurities. The rich

man's sufferings are shortened with every mass read for his soul, and he will get out of purgatory thousands of years before the poor man. Could a just God sanction such a monstrosity, in the name of justice, and such a travesty on common sense and reason?

These things made my sense of justice revolt against that Church. I believed in God—in a just, reasonable God; but I felt He could not be in harmony with the Church of Rome, and so I kept out of the Church for nine years until I heard and read the Gospel. My religion was that of many sincere men in Romish countries:—Deal justly with your neighbour. I really believed that God would not require more of me. Many young men who are passing through the same experiences are driven to infidelity. They are not able to think of God outside of the Romish Church, and they revolt against both.

Such blasphemy as transubstantiation—the change of the water and wine into the very body and blood of Christ—did not trouble me then. I did not understand it. I had not studied theology. The same could be said about the worshipping of saints or images, the infallibility of the Pope, which few, perhaps not even the Pope himself, believe in. But the traffic with the souls of the dead is most unreasonable, and the pretension of power—sole power—to forgive sins, is such that no person with reason and sound judgment can accept or approve.

I did not know then, as I know now, that

Romanism is rather a political than a religious system, whose object is to wield power and have exclusive dominion over men's consciences and bodies, in the name of religion. Naturally, my attitude of hostility was not only against the Church but against religion, for in those countries Romanism and religion are the same thing. The people have never known anything else, although now a change is taking place with the preaching of the Gospel and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

While I revolted against the Church, I did not forsake my piety, so I repeated my prayers every night on going to bed. In my home in Spain we never went to bed without counting the beads—praying by the rosary—and also while lying in bed, and while tucking the bed-clothing around us, we repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and sometimes the Confession also. I never failed to repeat to myself upon retiring the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and to make the sign of the Cross, in all the years I was in Havana. I only left off doing these things, which are not bad, when I was converted and learned something better—to pray instead of merely repeating prayers.

In my business I came in touch with many American tourists every winter and I began the study of English soon after I went to Havana. I learned enough to understand in buying and selling. But, in 1880, I decided to master the English language, which, together with my knowledge of bookkeeping, would be of great value to me.

I began the study with an English teacher, and finished a course with him. Then I planned a trip to Spain, to visit my home, and, on my way, to spend several months in the United States, in some school, until I could speak the language. I knew English in theory, I could read and write and translate, but I had to educate the ear to the sound, and almost forget the Spanish for a while, in order to speak English and to understand those who talked to me.

Taking letters of introduction to Spanish merchants in New York, I sailed for that metropolis on February 19, 1881. The first Sunday I spent in New York one of my Spanish friends, a Romanist like myself, took me to hear Henry Ward Beecher. I heard him, but I could understand scarcely anything of what he said. I could only catch occasional words. This was the first time I entered a Protestant church and attended a Protestant service.

In New York, I was directed to "Fergusonville Academy," in Fergusonville, Delaware County, New York. It was a Protestant institution and I believe Methodist. The first Sunday in Fergusonville I was asked if I would like to join the boys and girls who went to church and Sunday school. I was glad to go and see what they did. I liked the service from the first Sunday I attended. I did not care for the church as I knew it, but I noticed that in this one they preached, prayed, and taught everything in English, the language of the people, and, as I

soon began to understand, I got profit out of every service. Then everything they taught agreed with my views of practical life and conduct. I concluded that it was useful instruction, whether they called it religion or something else.

The first person to ask me if I was a Christian was one of my teachers in the Academy, a Miss Smith, from Walton, N. Y. "Certainly," I said, "I am a Christian. I was baptised the day I was born." "But that is not enough," she said. "Do you believe in Christ?" "Well, I do not know; how am I to believe what I do not know?"

There was very little more said. I was disgusted with the religion that I knew, and the very name would bring back to my mind the unjust practices of Romanism. But I promised to study and investigate, as she said that the Protestant religion was reasonable, and nobody was expected to accept it without understanding it and having conviction of its truths and claims. I promised that I would read and study the Bible. The Revised New Testament came out just then, and Dr. James Oliver, the President of the Academy, secured me a copy. I began at the beginning, St. Matthew. I read very little at a time. It was a book I had never seen before; its contents opened a new world to me. I pondered over every sentence, in order to understand its true meaning. I soon felt that its sayings were directed to me. Before I had studied four or five chapters I began to feel that I was not such a good man as I had thought I was; that simply to

be honest with my neighbour and help him if I could was not enough. I felt that my life was rather selfish, that I owed God everything I had ever enjoyed, and this put me under such a great debt to Him that I could not see how I could satisfy it. Christ was constantly reasoning with me from the pages of the Sacred Book and showing me my faults.

It was providential that I was led to accept Christ by clear, faithful, strong, and convincing reasoning from the sacred pages. Had any one urged me to become a Christian, appealing merely to my feelings, I would have strongly repulsed him. Sentimentalism has always been repellent to my nature, and, even now, with wider experience, I still feel that when a speaker appeals to the feelings of his audience, to take some stand in favour of or against any cause, without demonstrating any reasons or it, he is insulting the intelligence of his hearers. I know we are not all alike, and some people will never be moved by reasoning, while they will easily shed tears if their feelings are appealed to. This is the result of training rather than of temperament; but it is a wrong training.

For five or six weeks I continued my study of St. Matthew. When I came to a passage I could not understand, I would think it over in different ways to get some light out of it; sometimes, I spent hours at night in this way. As I was feeling the conviction of sin, and I did not know what it meant, I did not say anything or ask any

questions of any of the teachers, who would gladly have enlightened me. But it was better so; the Holy Spirit had entire control of the teaching; perhaps it took a little longer to get me into the light, but in this way I have the assurance that nothing but the Holy Spirit, through His own teachings in that blessed Gospel, awakened, convicted, and converted me. Thus I know, by my own experience, the power of the Bible.

As I continued studying, conviction grew every day, until I felt so wretched that I eagerly searched in every sentence for some remedy to remove my trouble.

One evening, in the month of May, at ten o'clock, after all the students had retired and I had prepared my lessons for the following day, I sat down to study the Gospel. I had reached by this time the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew; my load was very heavy. I came to the last verses of the chapter, 28-30: " Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

I felt that the invitation was for me, and I felt as if Jesus Christ was standing before me and speaking those words to myself. The invitation to the heavy laden attracted me; but the command to take the yoke detained me. I did not know then, as I know now, what the yoke fully meant, but I felt enlightened by the Spirit of God,

undoubtedly, that I had to surrender myself to Christ's authority and make a solemn promise to obey Him. Now a battle began between my will and my desire to obtain peace. My conscience said: "Accept Christ, and do what He wants you to do." But my will replied: "No, I am sovereign, I am my own master. I never yielded to any other will; I cannot unconditionally surrender to another's will and become his servant, his slave. Am I going to surrender my freedom —have no more liberty to do as I please?"

The struggle lasted but a few minutes; it was a struggle in which all my mind and soul-powers were engaged. It was about eleven o'clock; there was not a sound to be heard; I was alone in my room; the lamp on my study table was the only one burning in the school, and probably in the town. I looked over the passage again and again. I would not go any further; here was to be my Waterloo, or my Ebenezer. The yoke was to be easy, and the burden light, but, withal, it was a yoke, not of my own device, but planned by my Master, and I still preferred to be the freeman in a cottage than the slave in a palace. But my mind at last was fixed upon "ye shall find rest unto your souls"; this was what I needed, and I decided that the life of a peaceful, happy servant is preferable to that of a wretched, soul-torn master. Then I said, not in words, but in my mind and soul: "Jesus, I will be Yours forever; I will be anything You want me to be; I will do anything You ask me to do; I am ready and willing

to be killed, destroyed—anything You want, only give me peace." While saying or thinking these things, I knelt down by the side of my table and prayed, for the first time in my life. I had *said* and repeated prayers all my life, but this was the first time I prayed with my own heart, and in my own words. I do not remember what I said; it was not merely a word-prayer, but a heart utterance. I rose up; the die was cast; the decision was made. I did not feel any extraordinary power, or any great blessing; I had done my duty and felt relieved of my burden, and, satisfied with my action, I went to bed and slept soundly.

The mind that slept that night in the peace of God awoke in the morning in a brighter mood. It was in the morning that I felt like a new man. It was springtime, it is true, but as I looked out into the fields and on the trees I was agreeably surprised at their extreme beauty; they never looked so enchanting before; I thought then that I undoubtedly had neglected to observe them before, and yet I was conscious that I had looked at them and walked by them every day. All the people in the school that morning seemed nicer and better; I could see faults in some of them before, but now I felt drawn to them all, as if they were perfect creatures. I had fallen in love with nature and with people, the works of God, and I did not see any flaw in them; I pronounced them *very good.*

I did not say a word to anybody for some time about all that experience. I did not know any-

thing about conversion, or the new birth. I had never heard of such things, so I considered that what had happened to me was a rich, happy event, which nobody would understand, much less believe. Several weeks after, one of the teachers, noticing my interest in the Protestant religion, in Bible study, in the Sunday school, and my enjoyment in religious practices, remarked, in the presence of two or three other persons, that if I was a Roman Catholic by birth I was a real Protestant by practice, and that my constant advancement in religion was noticed by them all. Then I told them how much I enjoyed the church work, and how eager I was to learn everything connected with the Bible since I had had that experience, and I related it to them briefly, at which they exclaimed: "Oh! you were converted; you are now a real Christian." Then for the first time I heard the explanation of what conversion was.

I remained there until August, after school closed. Then I came to New York and continued my trip to Spain, by way of England and France, arriving at my home on the 20th of September—almost ten years since I had first left my native land.

One of the teachers in the school at Fergusonville had made me a present of a small hand Bible, King James's version. Most of my English vocabulary I owe to that book. Eagerly and carefully I began with the book of Genesis; word by word I read all the Bible through to Revela-

tion, finishing it a month after I arrived home. Wonderful and interesting were the things brought before me in the perusal of that book for the first time. Of course, many were the passages whose meaning I could not understand, but I passed on, for the next one was laden with rich fruitage. I had been converted by reading the Bible; nothing between its pages and my mind intervened, except the unseen Holy Spirit; hence I had, and have to this day, such faith in the power of the Word of God that nothing could ever persuade me that it is not a Book whose contents have been inspired by God.

Soon my relatives and neighbours knew that I was a Protestant. They did not know what a Protestant was; they had never seen one. As I talked to them, they, without exception, recognised the superiority of Protestantism over Romanism.

A few days after my arrival, I went, with my sister, to pay a visit to the parish priest. He was very glad to see me, but he had already heard of my change, hence, as soon as he mentioned the subject of religion, I told him right out that I was a Protestant, that I had my Bible, and no longer belonged to his flock. Then he began a discussion, which lasted over four hours. My sister was present, and she did not move from her chair or make a single remark in all that time. Unaccustomed to such animated and heated controversies, she feared, she said to me afterwards, that we might end in a fight, so she was afraid

all the time. We touched almost every point of difference between Protestantism and Romanism. The priest expressed his sorrow for my new religion, and I expressed mine for his darkness in his old Church, but we parted with friendly feelings.

Two weeks after, not this priest but his chaplain, or assistant, preached a sermon—a very unusual thing to do—during the mass on Sunday morning against Protestants. I was present in the back part of the church, but did not take any part in the services. He was very tame, however, as he warned the people against the *forbidden books*—he meant the Bible. He overlooked the fact that my Bible was in English, and that none of those present could read it. As we came out of church, the people flocked around me, laughing and smiling and saying, " That was for you! " Of course it was, for I was the only Protestant in that region.

Within two months, I went again to see the priest, on business. My grandfather had died the year before, and, in his will, among other things, he requested his heirs to pay the priest for thirty-six masses, to be read for the repose of his soul. The year was up. My father had not paid for the masses, so, as a matter of respect, and to comply with the last wish of my grandfather, I paid the priest for them. He was very glad to get the money. He gave me a receipt, and then I put this argument to him: " Now, I have paid you for these masses, and you

will read them all or give the money to another priest to do it. I have no doubt but that you will faithfully perform your duty. According to your doctrine, the masses read for the dead are to relieve them of a certain amount of suffering, and thus shorten their stay in purgatory, or hasten their deliverance from it. For the sake of this argument I will grant you, just for the present, that my grandfather is in purgatory, a thing which neither you nor any other person has any means to ascertain. If nobody in my family would pay for these masses they would not be read, and consequently, my grandfather would continue in suffering."

The priest assented to all these points, as they had been mentioned in our previous discussion when we touched the subject of purgatory. Then I continued: "Hence we, his heirs, would be responsible for his sufferings for not paying for his masses. Tell me, now, would a just God make my grandfather suffer for what would be our sin or fault, and not his?"

I did not get an answer to this. Rome can never answer it without upsetting her purgatorial scheme. The priest turned in his chair and mumbled something about God's great resources to decide all such things. When I left him this time he asked me that, since I had such ideas and it was useless for him to try any more to change me from them, I should abstain from talking to people about them; that they had always lived undisturbed in the old beliefs, and anything new

now would unsettle them. "Yes," I replied, "you want the people to continue in darkness, undisturbed, but it is my duty to show them the light I have received." The priest knew I would go back to America before the end of six months, so he cheered up, in the hope of soon getting rid of this *heretic* before he would make much disturbance.

On March 21, 1882, I left Spain, and did not return until 1906. I arrived in Havana, Cuba, on the 6th of April.

Soon after I had landed in New York, in the year before, my ideas about life and happiness began to change, and with my conversion the change was made more thorough. My principal hope heretofore of securing happiness and restfulness was based on material acquisitions. Every dollar saved was a stone added to the edifice of my future felicity. But after my conversion I saw things in a different light. In the first place, the spirit of democracy and the practical side of life, manifested in all kinds of occupations, won my sympathy and approval; it was so different from Cuba. The climate, and in some respects the character, of the people—not the institutions—reminded me more than ever before of my native country.

Before I left Spain for Cuba I had already changed my plans for the future. I was sure of making money in Havana, although perhaps not a large fortune, while in the States I was not sure of even a position to earn my bread and butter.

But I had got a new experience; I had religion. As yet, however, I knew nothing about Protestantism, and there was no Protestant work in Havana, so I was handicapped. I wanted to learn more about it. I needed instruction, but could get none. My English Bible, which I read and reread and studied with the spiritual light I had, was the only Protestant book I owned and the only means of progress in my new life. I decided to wind up my business as soon as possible and come to the United States to live, so that I could learn more of Protestantism and practise my religion. My cousin was away in Spain, so I had to wait two years, but, in August, 1884, I left for New York.

My friends and relatives in Havana, and my own brother who was there established in business, could not understand my change. They could not understand why I left a sure, profitable business for an uncertainty in New York, although I tried to explain to them the best I could. I told them that I preferred to live and work in the United States for a mere living, than to continue in Havana with a profitable business. It was a question of religious principle hard for them to understand.

However, I had a plan ahead for business. I intended to buy or start a cigar-stand in some good place in New York. The principal cigar manufacturers promised, some without my asking, to send me all the goods I wanted. I had money to start business with, but I left it with my brother.

I decided to get some position in New York, brush up my English, get better acquainted with the business part of the city, and meanwhile look out for a chance to start in business.

I had several letters of introduction, one of them to Colonel Keifer, the proprietor of the "Grand Central Hotel," at Broadway and Bond Street, now called "Broadway Central." He asked me if I would accept a position in his hotel. He said that the work was hard and the pay small, but I could stay there until I found a better place. I told him I did not mind hard work, and if it were work I could do, I would be glad to accept it.

I was there until the next May. They treated me most kindly, but I was having trouble with malaria. At this juncture, my brother and an old friend who wanted to go to Spain, wrote me to take charge of the latter's store in Havana during his absence and promised me half of the profits. At first I refused. I did not want to go back there again. But they wrote saying a change would be good for my health, and at the end of a year I could return, and my passage would be paid both ways. So I accepted and was there just a year, returning to New York in May of 1886.

When I first went to New York and worked in the hotel I lived in Brooklyn for several months, and attended any Protestant church I happened to find. As I did not know anything about the differences of the various denominations, they

were all alike to me. I only made sure I did not enter a Romanist church. Once, however, I got into a church that I did not like. They were singing when I entered. The minister was dressed in white robes, there were candles on the altar, and while all was read and sung in English and not in Latin, they went through many forms, and had but a fifteen-minute sermon, so that I suspected it might be some species of Romanism unknown to me. I resolved never to go to that church again. I found others that I liked. Soon after I moved to New York, and on the first Sunday I went around looking for a church. I came across the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, on 4th Street, near 6th Avenue. I approached the entrance and a polite usher—Mr. Dewitt Dobbs—invited me to come in. I asked him if I had to pay anything. "No, no!" he replied. I liked the services very much. The spirit of the singing, the preaching, and all the other devotions just fitted my experience and fed my soul. Dr. John Rhey Thompson was then pastor. On account of my position in the hotel I could attend but one service on Sundays. Sometimes I had to lose my noon meal, in order to be on time at church and at work, but during these three months that I resided near-by I always went to that church.

When I returned from Cuba, in 1886, I came back with different plans for my business future. My Christian conscience during those months I attended church, first in Brooklyn and then in New

York, had been developing, and was being trained to see clearer and in different light moral questions and principles which did not trouble me before. I had given up entirely the idea of dealing in cigars any longer. I was already convinced before I was converted that the use of tobacco was a bad habit and injurious to health, making the user a slave to it. Hence the question arose in my mind: Is it right for me to sell to others an article which, while I do not use it myself, I know does harm to those who do? Can I conscientiously stand behind the counter and tell the customer: This is a good cigar, that is better, and this other kind is the best we have, when I know that all are injurious? The men who buy them do not think so, but that would not relieve me of my responsibility.

This was a great sacrifice in my business life, but a great triumph to my conscience and an untold gain to my soul. I also had decided to accept no position where I had to work on Sunday. The Lord helped me to get what I wanted —man gets what he seeks after—for the day after I landed in New York I obtained a position as bookkeeper in a commission house, where I had Sunday and every evening free to attend church. I found room and board in West 9th Street, near the church that I wanted to attend, and the first week I called on the pastor, Dr. Thompson, to tell him my story and ask him what I must do to enter the Protestant Church. "Nothing," he said, "I will receive you on probation next Sunday." I

had an idea that it was not an easy thing to become a member of the Protestant Church—and it is not, spiritually speaking;—I thought I had to present some papers, such as a certificate of baptism, and to pay some sum of money or do some other thing.

In my memorandum book I have the following note: September 19, 1886, I embraced the Protestant religion, changing my faith from Roman Catholicism, and was taken on probation into the "Washington Square M. E. Church," to become a member after six months.

This was a great event in my life; I felt that all the millions in the world could not buy my joy. I was assigned to Mr. John D. Slayback's class. To his able leadership and practical advice I owe much of my Christian training. I entered heartily into the work of that live church. There I came to have my best friends; some still belong to that church, while others have moved away. I continued in that church until 1895, when I was received on probation in the New York Annual Conference.

How did I come to enter the ministry? After continuing in office work a while, I changed to enter the dry goods business. I wanted to learn the details of it first, and then to set up a store of my own. This I did. I opened a men's furnishing store on Columbus Avenue and continued there for a while. After I joined the church some of my dearest church brethren spoke to me about entering the ministry. That idea

was then remote from my mind. I expected to continue in business all my life, for I was then in my element. Besides, I felt that I was doing a good work as a layman by faithfully helping, in every way possible, in the church and out of it. But these friends did not forget now and then to remind me that they believed I was chosen of God for the ministry. I always made the same reply. However, it began to grow on me that perhaps I was resisting God's admonitions, and finally I really felt guilty of resisting.

Early in 1890, my sister was married in Spain, and I deeded to her the house she was living in, which I had bought a few years before. This event set me free to think seriously of the ministry. I had nobody depending upon me now. When I first left my home, at the age of fifteen, I went to work to earn something to help my aged grandfather, my sister and brother. This I did right along. Being the oldest child, I felt a special duty to the younger and the aged. I soon got my brother with me, first in Cadiz, later in Havana, in business and doing very well. I looked after my sister and grandfather, and after the latter died I kept helping my sister when she needed it, and she took care of the home. When she married, after giving her the house, I was relieved of further pecuniary obligations, and then I could plan more freely.

I thought about the years needed for my schooling if I should decide to be a preacher, of the money needed to meet the expenses, and of my

limited resources. My pastor, Mr. McCanny, was ill down South. Dr. C. H. Payne, Secretary of the Board of Education, had his membership in my church, and he and Mrs. Payne worshipped with us. To him I broached the subject. He encouraged me, and advised me to go to Drew Seminary and take a special course of study. I went to Madison, N. J., to see Dr. Buttz, President of the Seminary, and he told me to study, or review, certain books during the summer and come back to the Seminary in September.

I closed my store and commenced studying the books recommended by Dr. Buttz. While talking one day with William H. Wakeham, also of Washington Square Church, who was at Syracuse University studying for the ministry, he suggested that I should spend a year at Hackettstown, in the Centenary Collegiate Institute, in order to get my mind in training and to acquire habits of study, and then I could do much better work at Drew. I saw that the suggestion was good, but how about the expense? I had enough money of my own for the two years I expected to be in Drew, and, business-like, I did not dare to bargain for more than I could pay. "Oh, never mind that," he said, "others have started with much less than you have. God will help you when you are in need, and your faith will grow as you go along with your studies." He prophesied well. He wrote to Dr. George H. Whitney, the President of the institution, and I went there in September.

When I started across the Hudson for New Jersey I shed tears like a child. I was undertaking an enterprise depending entirely upon my own resources, and, while I had faith in God, I had not yet that faith which Brother Wakeham mentioned; that came later; it came just when it was needed. Ignorant of the character of the school, I feared that the influence of godless students might be a hindrance instead of a help to me. I arrived in Hackettstown in the afternoon of September 3, 1890, and when I went to bed that evening I thanked God from the bottom of my heart that I had been directed to such a Christian institution. While I studied very hard and lost fifteen pounds of my small body, that year, in "the Institute," I deemed it one of the most profitable and happy years of my life. God bless our Christian schools!

I spent the first Summer vacation, and others, clerking in a dry goods store in New York. The last Summer before I finished my studies at Drew I spent as assistant-pastor in Cornell Memorial Church, New York.

On September 16, 1891, I went to Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. Going from "Centenary" to Drew was like going from "glory to glory." As I had planned, I started with a special course that would take me only two years to complete; but when I had been three months in the Seminary I became convinced that I had made a mistake in not taking the full course. I saw that there was much to acquire in

that institution, and the "get-through-quick" course was not the right one for me when I could take the regular course. However, I did not think of making any change then.

An unexpected event, which, for the moment, disturbed me in my Seminary work, made me change my plan and take the regular course. On January 20, 1892, one morning, at ten o'clock, while I was in Dr. Upham's class, I received a cablegram from Havana, Cuba, saying that my brother was dying. By one o'clock, I was on the train to New York, where I took the first steamer to Havana. Five days after I arrived, my brother died. He had just finished his law studies with great success, but overwork had killed him. I had to look after his financial affairs and finally placed them in the hands of a trusted friend. This took several months of my time but they were not lost. My seminary year was broken, so I planned to begin, if possible, a full three years' course in the following September. This would require Greek and Hebrew. I got my brother's Greek grammar and made good use of it while detained in Havana.

After my return, late in the Summer, I consulted with Dr. Upham, Dr. Buttz being absent, and asked if it would be wise for me to take a full course and stay three years more. He inquired if I could afford the time and expenditure. I said "Yes." He was delighted, and said it would be a splendid thing for my future usefulness.

I soon began to realise that I had done one of the wisest things in my life. Indeed, next to accepting Christ, I consider the resolution to take a regular course the wisest thing I ever did. Here I spent three years and a half in this school of the prophets. I think of Drew Seminary as next to heaven, for its spiritual and uplifting influence and its broad culture. The many classmates and schoolmates with whom I associated, now scattered all over the United States and faraway in foreign missions, are Christian links by which I feel bound closer to my Master. The remembrance of them is cheering to my mind and uplifting to my soul.

And the faculty? Well, I dare not speak about those men of God. I revere them. I have a picture in my study of those saintly men, taken the year before I was graduated, and I often look at their faces and think of their teachings, their counsel, and their brotherliness. John Miley, James Strong, George R. Crooks, Samuel F. Upham, are now at rest in heaven. No, these men are not resting, they are working in heaven. Henry H. Buttz, Robert W. Rogers, Charles F. Sitterly, with the newer members of the present faculty, continue the glorious work, each year grander, of preparing young men for the ministry and helping to enthrone Christ, the Saviour, in their teachings and counsels, as well as manifest Him in their lives. To be associated with such scholarly, experienced, and sound Christian teachers is one of the highest privileges on earth.

I preached my first sermon, after I received a local preacher's license in Green Village, about two miles from Drew Seminary. It was on Christmas Sunday. I preached morning and evening, and was kindly entertained in a nice home, near the church. My host, who undoubtedly felt it his Christian duty to entertain the preacher during the afternoon, was an elderly man, rather hard of hearing, who asked me all sorts of questions. This was my *first* experience of being *entertained* on Sunday by continuous talking before going to preach, just when one needs quietness and wants to be alone.

I got along very well and did not feel embarrassed, for I supposed there was not a soul in that congregation who knew me. What was my surprise when, at the close of the services in the evening, a friend and schoolmate of mine, Mr. Noe, came to shake hands with me. He arrived after the service had begun and remained in the back part of the church, so that I did not recognise him. I always think about Green Village as having had a green preacher that Sunday.

After I had been about a year in the Seminary, I was engaged, through Dr. Upham, to go to Mexico as a missionary, after finishing my studies.

On the 8th of April, 1895, having been commended by the Quarterly Conference of my church, " Washington Square," I was received on trial in the New York Conference, ordained deacon and elder, under the missionary rules, by

Bishop John P. Newman, and transferred to the Mexico Annual Conference, and appointed pastor at Pachuca, the capital of the state of Hidalgo.

I was graduated from Drew Seminary on the 16th of May. Being one of the speakers on Commencement Day for the class of '95, and having the privilege of selecting my subject, I chose "Faithfulness to Duty, the Foundation of Character," a subject with the spirit of which I have always been in deep sympathy.

On May 25th, I left for my field of labour, sailing from New York to Vera Cruz. I held two services on board, one in English before arriving at Havana, and another in Spanish between that city and Vera Cruz. It was my first attempt to preach in Spanish. I had not used my Spanish for years, and it was then rather rusty. Moreover all the religious terms I had learned, both scriptural and theological, were in English, and when I tried to find equivalents for them in Spanish I could not get them. But we had, nevertheless, a good service. There was a Spanish theatrical company on board, and one of the actors came to me and offered to sing in the service. He assured me that they would sing sacred songs. I accepted. He played the piano and a lady sang two of what I hope were sacred songs. I did not understand a word. It was a beautiful sound, but I could not interpret it any more than congregations can who have operatic singers in their choirs.

Among my hearers was an intelligent Mexican,

a brother of the Bishop of San Luis Potosi. He was much interested in the Gospel. After we left New York we were very much attached to each other all the way until we separated at Mexico City. He defended warmly some things of his Church, such as the worship of saints and the mass, but he rejected the infallibility of the Pope, purgatory, and other tenets. Such is the position of most people in Roman Catholic countries; they reject more than they believe of what their Church teaches.

The first Sunday after I arrived in Mexico I began my Spanish work in Pachuca. It took me about three months to polish my rusty Spanish. More than once I pronounced the benediction in English, unconscious of the fact until I said "Amen," or some brother called my attention to it.

In the twenty months I was in that charge, I learned not only to preach in Spanish, but to change from Spanish to English, or *vice-versa,* with ease—something I can do to-day more easily than ever, at times, almost unconsciously. There is in Pachuca a large English congregation of Cornish miners. They had no pastor just then, so I often preached for them. I had Sunday school and preaching in Spanish in the morning, English preaching in the afternoon, and Spanish preaching again in the evening.

In the Spring of 1897, I returned to the United States. Early in the Summer I took supply work in the Central Pennsylvania Conference, at New

Bloomfield, Pa., and in the following Spring I joined the Conference, of which I continue to be a member. I spent four years in English pastoral work in this Conference.

In the Spring of 1900, I was asked to go to Puerto Rico as a missionary. I declined, for, after leaving Cuba, I intended never again to live in the tropics. To live in the tropics for northern men is weakening; even if one enjoys a fair degree of health, life is likely to be shortened. However, the following Spring I was called again and entreated to go at once, if possible, as our Spanish congregation in the capital was without a pastor, and Dr. Drees, the Superintendent of the Mission, was then in the States, detained on account of sickness in his family.

I concluded finally that it was a matter of duty on my part to go to a work for which I was already prepared, even at the risk of having to perspire twenty-four hours a day for the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. On June 22, 1901, we sailed from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico, arriving there on the 27th, and taking charge of the Spanish work in this city, where I am still located.

In August, 1903, we commenced publishing *El Defensor Cristiano*, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Puerto Rico, and the first evangelical paper published in the Island. It was issued monthly, with four pages, all in Spanish. It is now a semi-monthly, of eight pages, five in Spanish and three in English.

From the beginning, the Superintendent, Dr. Drees, put me in charge of the paper, both as editor and manager, and now it takes most of my time and strength.

The reader of this brief autobiography will be able to understand the perspective of the author as he reads about Spain in the following chapters.

That the perusal of this volume may be the means of demonstrating the vast difference between religious formalism and religious life, between uncertainty and certainty of salvation, between spiritual deadness and spiritual vitality, is the earnest desire of the author.

MANUEL ANDÚJAR.

PREFACE

THIS is not a book of travel, although it is the product of a tour through Spain. While the book contains a description of the country which is found in no other book about Spain, it also has in it a detailed account of the work and conditions of Protestantism, obtained by personal inquiry from pastors and missionaries, and from observation of and contact with the work and the workers in their own fields.

In contrast with Protestantism, Romanism, as it is practised in Spain, both in city and country, is also fully described. All this is done, not in any special article, nor with long tables of figures which usually weary the reader, but in an easy, natural way. We noted things down when we saw them and as we saw them, and soon after wrote about them. Thus the reader will find a great variety in the twenty-six articles: Protestantism, Romanism, the customs and manners of the people in city and country, the means of travel, the scenery, Moorish and other historic monuments.

The writer feels that he is peculiarly fitted to give a truthful representation of religious conditions in Spain. He was born in that country,

and obtained his primary education in the very heart of Romanism. Then he is an American, and has been a Protestant since 1881, having received his higher education and training for the ministry in the heart of Protestantism. He knows both sides well. Further, knowing the language and the ways of thinking and feeling of the Spanish people, he can represent them in a true light.

Spain, in matters of religious toleration, has taken a turn for the worse since 1906. The Liberals, from whom the best Spanish element expected a wider scope of freedom, had two or three cabinets in a few months, only to drop the reins of government again in the lap of the Conservative Maura. Since then, the power of the Vatican, strengthened by the great influx of friars from the Philippines and from France, has been tightening the screws upon religious toleration. The nation is groaning under an iron rule, sustained by the clergy and the nobility against the will of the majority of the people and the King, whose liberal inclination is well known.

These articles about Spain have been published, in English and Spanish, under the title of "Editorial Correspondence," in *El Defensor Cristiano* (The Christian Defender), the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Puerto Rico. The reader is taken along through the historic Moorish cities in the southwest of Spain, then to Madrid the centre of the Peninsula, thence to the extreme northwest and far into the interior.

The writer travelled, not bound by any iron rules of an excursion or tourists' party. He was his own interpreter, and went where he pleased and remained as long as he desired, and obtained information and saw things which one in a tourists' party can never secure or see.

For these and other reasons, already mentioned, it is hoped the reader will be rewarded in the perusal of these articles, in which Spain is simply but truly portrayed from within.

M. A.

SPAIN OF TO-DAY FROM WITHIN

I

FROM NEW YORK TO GIBRALTAR

THE distance between these two cities, one, the most populous of America, the other, one of the greatest fortifications in the world, is about 3,200 miles, which we covered in nine days and seven hours, in the S. S. *Königin Luise* of the North German Lloyd Line. We left New York May 19, 1906, at 11 A.M., with beautiful Summer weather, but the next day was cloudy and threatening, and until the day before we reached Gibraltar the weather continued cloudy, misty, rainy, damp, and disagreeable. The sea was not very rough, and the steamer, owing to its excellent seafaring qualities, rocked very little, and few persons were seasick. The day before our arrival, Winter changed into Summer and we reached the bay of Gibraltar at 6 P.M., on the 28th, in full Summer weather.

The steamer was bound for Naples and Genoa, hence most of the passengers were Italians. Among the Italians there were some who after

residing years in the United States could speak scarcely any English. One man, of about fifty-five years, had lived in New York twenty-six years and could not talk English; he knew only the names of a few things. This man, and the Polish priest, were the only two out of twelve at our table, most of whom were Italians, who refused to eat meat on Friday. One Italian, of high culture, who, with his wife, was returning to his native country after thirty-six years in the United States said—"Religion does not consist in meat and fish, but in sincere service to God"; when the elderly man told him he would have to confess to the priest, he replied—"I only confess to Jesus Christ." A brother of this gentleman was converted in New York twenty-five years ago and now is a Baptist minister in New Jersey. This cultured Italian speaks English, Spanish, and Italian perfectly. He told me that before he left Italy he promised his mother that he would attend mass. He landed in New York on Sunday and went immediately to church and sat down for service. During the collection the usher passed him the plate, but as he had nothing but one gold coin, he could give nothing. The usher spoke to him in English; he could not understand; then he shook him, and finally when he found he could not pay anything, he put him out of the church; since then this Italian never entered a Roman Catholic church. Another young Italian, who spoke English and Spanish fluently, said that the simple religion of Christ was very

good, but now Romanism has so many mixtures of strange things that one does not know what it has of truth. It is a mistake for any one to suppose that Italians are Roman Catholics at heart, by conviction; the nearer they are to the centre of Romanism the less they like it, as they know the church does not give the people the true Bread of Life.

II

FROM GIBRALTAR TO CADIZ

IN the last chapter I left the reader in the bay of Gibraltar on our way to Cadiz; but before I proceed on my journey I must mention an incident in the fortified city which brought to my mind the noises we often hear in San Juan, Puerto Rico, after midnight, depriving the peaceful citizens of their rightful sleep.

We stopped at the London Hotel, retiring at ten o'clock as we had to get up next morning at five to take the steamer for Cadiz at seven. We slept until half-past twelve, when a trio in that narrow street, just under the hotel windows, kept us awake the remainder of the night.

Their performance was comical. One talked as if he was telling some interesting story to make the others laugh, which they did at regular intervals of two or three minutes, but each in his own way: one laughed in such a loud, boisterous manner that he could be heard four blocks away; the other, trying to laugh, would burst into coughing in such a way as if he was going to cast out the cold of fifty winters which had been stored up in his chest. They performed these parts with such regularity that I was impressed with the thought that they had some grudge against the

hotel keeper, and were taking vengeance by molesting his guests. Although Gibraltar is full of English soldiers, the city undoubtedly has policemen; where they were that night is more than I can tell.

The trio retired a little after three o'clock. They were probably Moors, as the talker did not speak in English, Spanish, French, Italian, or German.

We were glad when at half-past four we saw the daylight. We were ready to rise.

The steamer sailed at seven, and crossing the outer bay stopped for a few minutes in Algeciras, on the Spanish territory.

Our readers well remember when not long ago the International Conference to settle disputes concerning Morocco met in this city, and how so many times the cable told us of a possible rupture between France and Germany, and how the plan of President Roosevelt, proposed by his representative, was adopted by the Conference and the rupture avoided.

We left here and steamed for Tangiers, the old Moorish city of northwestern Africa. As we leave the Strait we have Spain on our right, and for several miles along the shore we can see on the summits and slopes of the hills remnants of old castles and watch-towers that once served to defend the entrance to the Mediterranean, now in possession of England.

Although we left Gibraltar on a calm sea and with a bright sky, when midway to Tangiers a

strong east wind arose which made a very rough sea. It was near eleven o'clock when we anchored in that African bay, about a mile from the landing place. At such distance, Tangiers is beautiful to behold; part of the city is built upon a hill and part on the slope towards the plain. In the centre of the city we see the dome of the mosque scattering golden rays under the bright sunshine. But the contrast between the exterior brightness of the city and its inside rottenness could not be greater. An American who was in Tangiers for twenty-four hours told me that, if great was his desire to go in, greater was his desire to get out. The corruption, lying, stealing, filthiness, howling noises; in a word, the lack of respect for all order and decency, would be hard to duplicate in any other city in the world.

The scene we witnessed in the landing and embarking of passengers and merchandise in that turbulent sea is beyond my ability to describe. Passengers and merchandise were carried in small rowboats, rising on the crests of the waves as if going up to the sky and next instant disappearing, as if swallowed up by the howling sea. All the people, as well as the baggage and merchandise, were splashed with water. It was a pitiful sight to see valises swim in water in the boats.

Every time a boat-load arrived at the steamer, we witnessed a comedy. The boatmen, Moors, demanded four or five times more than they ex-

pected to receive, and unless the passengers yielded to their demands they made a great display of gesticulations and words to make good their demands. Yet, when the Moors speak in Spanish or English, as most of them in Tangiers know these languages, and some French, their tone of voice is not so rasping nor are their shoutings so savage; but when they dispute among themselves in their own tongue, for the slightest thing, one would think they are about to tear each other to pieces. Their guttural sounds, their shrieking words, their gesticulations and oaths, shaking their fists, frowning fiercely, twisting their faces, and showing their teeth, all these in the setting of their Oriental blousy dress, dirty and abominable, together with their turbans around the lower part of their heads, as if they all had headaches, would fit our idea of the savages of Central Africa rather than our conception of the Moors.

But the part of this scene in the bay of Tangiers which caused horror to all of us is the manner in which they hoisted cattle on board. A barge with about fifty oxen was towed from the shore to the steamer; once here, two by two their heads were tied together with a heavy rope around their horns, then hoisted up from the steamer for fifteen to twenty feet in the air and pulled in on deck. It was horrible to see those animals suspended in the air by their horns. Some one remarked that he could not eat any more beef as long as he remembered this sight;

but, one hour later, when we sat down to dinner, we all enjoyed the very fine beefsteak placed before us. *It was, however, not from these cattle.*

We could not blame the Moors for this brutal treatment of the dumb animals, but the Spanish Transatlantic Company who owns the steamer. Nor should we forget that the Jesuits own most of the stock of this Company, and their selfishness and ambition are above all humanitarian feeling.

It was one o'clock when we left the African bay and sailed for Cadiz. We soon lost sight of the continent of Africa, and sailing along the Spanish coast we entered Cadiz harbor at six o'clock. The strong east wind had not ceased. This wind has its rise in the sandy deserts of Africa, and the southwest of Spain is often a sufferer from it, lasting from a few hours to a week or more at a time. It is a dry, hot, irritating wind and dangerous to vessels. Our steamer anchored over two miles off the dock, and, although we landed in a tugboat, yet, to pass from the steamer to the tug, we were more or less sprayed with the dashing waves. As the tug-deck was frequently washed over by the waves we were all put down under deck, packed together like sardines; the only place for ventilation being the deck door by which we went downstairs; the last man to come in was the purser, who had the audacity, or lack of common sense, to light a cigarette and fill that small space with his

mouthfuls of smoke, where half of the passengers were ladies, several of these being from England.

At last we landed in Cadiz, and were glad to escape the discomforts of the sea.

III

IN CADIZ

THE southern approach to Cadiz by sea affords an opportunity to view most of the city, as the steamer sails around it before entering the bay. The tourist can see the beautiful exterior site; the brightly painted houses, with their little turrets upon the front roofs, as well as the strong sea walls, which, binding the city in a narrow circle, and defending it against the roaring, hungry waves of the Atlantic, makes the scene most picturesque.

As we enter the bay, while on our right the city attracts our attention, we cannot forget to look on our left, where, about ten miles away, is the old Convent of La Rábida, the temporary stopping place of Christopher Columbus, during his preparatory work before obtaining his commission to sail for the East Indies; and the seaport of Palos, whence he started on his voyage in the unknown seas, with his three small vessels, which ended in the discovery of America in 1492.

As we landed at Cadiz a swarm of men and boys offered their services to carry our baggage, and if we had not been on the alert, they would have started off with it without any ceremony. When we reached the custom house, we opened our

baggage; the officers asked us if we had any tobacco, and receiving a negative reply, they scarcely looked at it. Very different was this experience compared with the one I had, in 1881, when crossing the frontier from France into Spain; the custom house officer, after examining my baggage, desired me to pay some duties, perhaps he meant some tips, for the necessary change of garments I had, and insisted that I did not need more than one change.

After we finished our business in the custom house, there was yet another annoyance as we passed through the doors of the city; this is what is known in Spain as the Consumption Tax. It is one of the most odious means of taxation and occasions more complaints, more fights and rebellions, in cities and towns than anything else. Every package, satchel, or trunk that goes into a different city or town is stopped by the Consumption Tax Officer and searched to see if there is anything dutiable, in order to collect the corresponding tax. All vegetables for the markets, groceries for the stores, etc., must be taxed and taxes paid before they dare enter a city. Fortunately, I had not my baggage opened in any of the cities of Andalusia, Toledo, or Madrid, as they were satisfied as soon as I said I had simply necessary wearing apparel, but in Corunna the officer made me open a valise. I spoke to him so sharply and harshly for molesting travellers who come to Spain to spend their money, and expressed myself so strongly against the abomi-

nable system, that after scarcely looking at the opened valise, he told me to close it and go, without any further ceremony. He seemed to have felt uncomfortable as an officer engaged in such a mean employment.

Cadiz has a population of about 55,000; it is one of the most ancient Spanish cities, having a known existence of more than 3,000 years. It is said to be the Tarshish of Jonah. Its maritime position at the time of the discovery of America made it one of the most important cities of Spain. The ships from the New World, laden with their newly-acquired treasures, landed their cargo in Cadiz, when they did not go up the Guadalquivir to Seville, the "Queen of Andalusia."

But Cadiz is to-day not a shadow of what it used to be; the city is the same, but it is poor; there is scarcely any commercial life in it. Two things appear to be the cause of this downfall: the total loss of the Spanish-American colonies, and the spirit of liberty, which, since 1812, has distinguished the people there. It is republican, and even on the day of the King's wedding very few indications of festivities were apparent, aside from the formal illuminations in the evening in front of the City Hall and on a very few private residences.

Monarchical government seems to exercise a spirit of vengeance upon republican Cadiz, increasing the harbour and dock duties to such an extent that much merchandise for Cadiz is taken on the steamers to Seville and brought back by

rail, a distance of about one hundred miles, and even then it is less expensive than if landed in Cadiz. In Spanish, to be liberal, seems to be *a monarchical sin*, and, for this, one must do penance.

Cadiz is in the shape of a frying-pan, being surrounded by sea, except the handle, which unites it to the Continent. The streets are very narrow and crooked, as is the case in almost all old cities. There are several streets where neighbours on either side can shake hands from their balconies. The sanitation in Cadiz, as well as in most Spanish cities, is very unsatisfactory, and the lack of respect for decency and cleanliness, on the part of many men, is seen on every side. The great city walls opposite the handle, fronting the docks and railroad station, are being demolished, in order somewhat to extend the city. The removal of these massive walls, more than twenty-five feet thick, will be most beneficial.

There is little of importance to be seen in the city. The Cathedral, although not very extensive, is a beautiful edifice. It was about ten A.M. when we visited it and some thirty priests were celebrating services from place to place, having processions up and down the aisles, chanting, waving incense, some saying masses at the side altars, reading Latin litanies, etc. They seemed to do this for their own amusement, as there was no one paying any attention to their theatrical performance, for there were no people there, except one now and then, who came in, looked

around, and walked out; but as they are paid by the government, they care little or nothing if the people get any benefit or not.

We visited another building, the old Convent of Capuchin Friars, which has, upon the main altar of the church, the last picture which the renowned Murillo painted. It represents the marriage of Santa Catalina. After Murillo had placed the picture, he climbed up a small ladder in order to apply the last touches to his great work, when one foot slipped, and he fell down headforemost and was carried away, and soon after died.

We remained in Cadiz one day longer than we had intended, in order to attend the Protestant church on Thursday evening. There was an attendance of thirty persons at the service, which began at 8.30. Our readers will think it rather a late hour to begin, but we found it to be general wherever we visited evangelical work. One reason is that the people eat late, another is because most people are guided by daylight instead of the clock, so practically the services begin "by candlelight"; in winter, of course, they begin earlier.

It was in this place I had the pleasure of preaching the Gospel in Spain for the first time. The pastor of the congregation is Mr. Manuel Vargas, who has been working in the place for nine years. This house of worship has also rooms for a day school, and living apartments for the pastor and his family. Brother Vargas and his wife are the teachers of the day school, which is com-

posed of about forty children; the same number also attended Sunday school. The members of the congregation, all told, only number fourteen.

When we consider the fact that Protestant work began in Cadiz as early as 1869, it seems discouraging, but when we know the inconveniences and the hindrances against which these servants of God have to struggle, even in liberal Cadiz, we cannot but thank God for the faith and perseverance of Brother Vargas and his predecessors, as well as all his companions, in the work of the Gospel in Spain.

The evangelical chapel in Cadiz is in a central place, but they are not allowed to put any sign on their door. There is a sign "Capilla Evangélica" on the screen on the inside of the door, that people on the street can read when the door is open; this is permitted, as it is not an *external sign;* however, in Corunna, even this is not allowed, the authorities claiming that it is an external sign, as it is seen on the street when the door is open. The church in Cadiz, as well as those of its kind in Andalusia and southern Spain, is called the Spanish Evangelical Church, the name given it from the union of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Spain a short time ago. This mission is under the direction of the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland. All the Presbyterian congregations of Spain entered the union; the Congregationalists of northern Spain are not all in this union.

The atmosphere of an evangelical centre in the

midst of so much ignorance, fanaticism, and intolerance is like a flowing spring in a desert place, where the weary traveller can refresh his soul. In every place where we visited the evangelical pastors, as well as their congregations, we felt that we were among true brethren in the faith; that frankness, that expression that shows conviction and satisfaction in the Christian, that spirit of love to our fellowman, were characteristic of those, who, being saved by faith, felt and lived in the spiritual air of the sons of God, free from fear and punishment. The most sincere and faithful Romanist is always full of fear and distrust; he has no peace in his soul, nor does he know God, because he does not know whether his sins are forgiven or not; he only finds satisfaction or pleasure in external things which entertain the carnal man, while those that have the Gospel find their eternal peace in God.

IV

FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE

CADIZ has a beautiful railroad station, recently constructed. As one arrives there, a station porter, ever on the alert for arrivals, takes the baggage, checks the trunks, etc., and finally carries the hand baggage to the train and shows the passenger his section on the car. These porters are authorised by the Company, undoubtedly without salary, as a "tip" according to tariff, which seems to be an unwritten law, has to be given for the work. The passenger has to simply guess how much to pay; if he gives an exorbitant amount, the porter will thank him, but if he happens to miss the mark, he will be asked for more, and be told the tariff allows him more. This system exists all over Spain, and has its advantages and disadvantages. To a person travelling for the first time it is advantageous, as he is sure to get on the right train and to have his baggage properly cared for, but, to the average traveller, it is a nuisance, on getting on or off a car, to have these porters grab the baggage and have to yield to it, without necessity, not knowing what will be the cost. It is a system of "tips" from beginning to end, which is general in Spain, and is really an imposition.

If one stops in a hotel, even only for a day, he must pay the waiters at the table, the chambermaids, the scrubwoman who cleans the halls, the porter, and, if he happens to forget some, they will line up where they can be seen as one is departing, and if that is not sufficient, they will ask for a "tip." You cannot go into a public office and ask for information or make any inquiry in a station about trains or travelling from any of the helpers without having to give some "tip." When I was in Madrid, one day I went to the Northern Railway Office in Puerta del Sol, and, seeing a porter duly uniformed, I asked him about a train from Madrid to Corunna, and after giving me the information in less than ten seconds, he stood with sour face when I thanked him and left; he undoubtedly expected a "tip" also.

The trains here are on the European system; each car has four or five sections or compartments, accommodating in each from eight to twelve persons. Some have first-class coaches only; the mail trains of Andalusia have third-class, but those of the centre and north of Spain have not. Most of the first-class coaches are sumptuously upholstered, those of the second-class are plainly cushioned, and those of the third-class are of plain painted wood. The first-class rate is twice that of the third and the second-class fifty per cent. more than the third. Just here it may not be amiss to say that the first-class passengers have the distinction of a conductor with

gloved hands, while the second- and third-class have the same conductor, without gloves. Accommodation trains run about twenty miles per hour, mail trains faster, but even expresses run only about thirty miles per hour. On the arrival of a train at a station, it is not the conductor that announces the stopping-place but a station-porter, and he calls the name in a sing-song tone only once and how many minutes the train will stop. If you happen to be opposite the porter, you can understand, otherwise it is impossible.

We left for Seville on June 1st, at 3.25 P.M., arriving there at 7.45; the distance between Cadiz and Seville is nearly ninety-five miles. Seville is the capital of the province of the same name, and has about 100,000 inhabitants. The agreeable sensation felt in changing from Cadiz to Seville is one long to be remembered; from the narrow, limited, crowded area of Cadiz to the beautiful, spacious walks and parks and wide streets of Seville, justly called the "Queen of Andalusia." Although there are some very narrow streets, as in all old cities of Spain, most of the houses are beautiful and clean; many have entrance, yard, stairway; while all the interior is of beautiful white marble. Possibly no other city in Spain has relatively a greater number of these homes. The yards are profusely adorned with tropical flowers and plants. The public buildings are beautiful, and show the riches and splendour of the city, which in bygone days was the residence of Spanish monarchs.

Seville, once the capital of one of the Moorish kingdoms, was conquered in 1248 by Ferdinand III, afterwards known in history as Ferdinand the Saint. When we arrived in the city, they were still celebrating in honour of King Alfonso's wedding, chiefly by illuminations and decorations on public buildings and on a few private houses.

On the front of the City Hall we saw a sign, formed by electric lights, which attracted our attention, but which we could not then understand. We should not have thought more about it were it not for the fact that all public buildings, sidewalks, waterworks, etc., contained this sign. It read thus "no 8 do." The centre resembled a large figure eight. On inquiry, we learned from an officer of the city government a thing that seemed simple enough, after the explanation. *No* means no; *8* represents a skein of yarn, which of course is twisted and crooked and in Spanish is called "madeja"; *do* is the participial ending of the verb madejar, so in fact it is a hieroglyphic, which in plain English we translated "no crooked business"; this is the city's motto, and it seems fitting too. Those who are in charge of municipalities or in other governmental positions should take care that they do not get entangled by dishonest dealings, for the skein is easily tangled and hard to disentangle, and the only way is to keep it straight or throw away the skein. Seville is well supplied with coaches and trolley cars, as are all other important cities in Spain. The coach is hired for twenty cents a trip within the

city limits, and carries one or two persons. The trolley cars charge so much for distances, usually two cents each distance. Electric lights are found generally here in Spain, even in small towns; the many waterfalls, which are abundant, especially in the north and northwest, serving as motive power.

In closing, we might remark on the difference, even in facial expression, between the people of Cadiz and those of Seville; the former show signs of poverty and decay; the latter give evidence of abundance and prosperity.

V

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE

THIS edifice, one of the most beautiful and important monuments of Spain, is important, not for its utility in religion, for in a Protestant chapel, where ninety or one hundred people congregate to hear the teachings of the Gospel, there is greater benefit to the people, as to moral and religious instructions, than in this magnificent building, with its swarm of priests, engaged daily in forms and services which are little more than worthless; and even the people do not attend them, as they deem them useless: but it is important as a work of art, in architecture, in sculpture, as well as in its paintings.

The Cathedral of Seville is Gothic in style, made of white granite stone, supported by sixty-eight immense columns, which in their massiveness seem to defy the centuries, while in their symmetry and finish they are unparallelled for beauty and grace. Its construction began in the year 1401 and ended in 1519; it took one hundred and eighteen years to build the edifice, which, situated now in the heart of the Sevillian Capital, is a jewel of Spanish art.

The building, as most of its class, has three aisles; on the two side aisles are a number of chapels, more or less rich in sculpture and the tombs of eminent men, most of them being of the clergy; besides paintings of Murillo, Zurbaran, Herrera, and others. In one of these chapels is found the celebrated picture "El San Antonio" of Murillo. This painting represents St. Anthony, about half-size, in the lower part to the right, looking up at a great company of angels, who appear to him in one of his numerous dreams. Several years ago some one duplicated the key of the chapel rail, entered, and cut out St. Anthony from the picture, leaving only the angels. The thief sold St. Anthony in New York for $8,000, but when it was discovered and the purchaser, a rich New Yorker, heard about the affair, he sent it back as a present to the authorities of the Cathedral. The piece was reinstated, and to-day one can see at quite a distance where it was cut.

At the end of the centre aisle is the Royal Chapel, where the Royal Family used to worship. Here are the remains of the conqueror of Spain, Ferdinand III, and his wife, Beatrice, as well as those of Alfonso the Wise, all with beautiful marble sarcophagi. Near the Royal Chapel is the Council Chamber, the place where the clergy have their meetings. It is a circular room, with a high dome, elaborately painted by eminent masters. On one side of the centre aisle is a beautiful large sarcophagus containing the remains of

Christopher Columbus, which were brought from Havana, Cuba, at the end of the Spanish-American war. About eight feet farther is the tomb of Columbus's son Ferdinand. Upon the sarcophagus of Christopher Columbus are four figures, one on each corner, representing the four principal kingdoms of Spain in his time, Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarra.

The principal part of the centre aisle is occupied, as in nearly all cathedrals, by the main altar and choir; these are in the centre of the building, therefore neither main altar nor choir are against any end or wall of the Cathedral. The distance between the main altar and the choir is about twenty-five feet; in this space there are a few benches on either side, leaving a path from the altar to the choir. The rest of the cathedral has no seats, indeed, they are unnecessary, for scarcely any people attend the services, except on some special occasion, and even then it is not the people at large but the government officials and representatives, who come as a matter of duty on account of their position. The choir is for the music and the priests, for it is here they chant their litanies and perform their meaningless ceremonies daily.

It is no wonder that the Spanish people are tired of "*the religion.*" Travelling in a stage-coach in the Province of Pontevedra, with five other people, I listened once to the discussion of two men, one monarchical, the other republican, and I was surprised to hear the man who de-

fended the monarchy (as monarchical people usually defend the union of the Church and State) say that the clergy of Spain should be cut off from the support of the State, because they gave no service whatever to the people, while they receive the greatest salaries in the nation.

The main altar is the place where mass is read or chanted. Above and on the sides of the main altar the different scenes in the life of Christ, from His birth to His ascension, are beautifully carved. The exterior of the choir and main altar are beautified by altars or small chapels richly built. In the two lateral parts of the choir are two chapels, with very high columns made of fine alabaster. Our guide lighted a match behind one of the columns and showed us the transparency of the alabaster, and we could see the light through the diameter of more than eight inches.

Truly, if the end of religion is to raise magnificent temples of wood, marble, stone, and precious jewels, then Seville and many other Spanish cities have fulfilled their mission; but if it is to raise up " spiritual temples, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," then they have fallen far short of their duty.

We must also speak of the tower which stands at the end of the Cathedral. This is known as " La Giralda," on account of the beautiful figure of a woman, thirteen feet high, which heralds the city from afar. By paying five cents each, we

began our journey up an inclined plane, sufficiently wide for four or five persons to walk abreast. The floor is made of brick laid on edge, so that the walk is never smooth, and one is not in danger of falling in descending. Walking up an inclined plane is much easier than the tiresome climbing of steps. The tower has forty-one rests, or stories, thirty-seven up to the bells, and four from the bells to the base of the figure. As we reach the belfry we find ourselves in a large and spacious corridor all around the tower, and here one can better judge of the immensity of the latter. From this place we can see the entire city, as well as the Guadalquivir River, which crosses it and extends far away, zigzagging the level lands of that country.

The belfry has twenty-four bells; eighteen swinging and six stationary. Two men or boys are required to ring each swinging bell and one man to ring each stationary bell; thus when they ring all the bells at once, they require forty-two persons. The bells are all rung only on special occasions, like the day we were there, which was the Day of Pentecost. The man in charge of the belfry, from whom we gathered this information, opened an iron door for us to see the works of the great clock in the tower; of course, he had to receive his compensation for the trouble, as he was not obliged to open it. The clock works are in a crystal case and every part can be seen. A few steps more took us to the base of the figure at the top of the tower. The day was almost as hot

as in Puerto Rico, but at that immense height the breeze and cool air were so refreshing that one felt "it was good to be there," but we had to descend soon, for our time was short and we had to continue our journey.

VI

SEVILLE: THE ALCAZAR

THERE are alcazars, as there are palaces, but there are more of the latter than of the former. Palaces are not only for kings but for princes or potentates, but alcazars are the residences of royalty only: kings, sultans, or emperors.

The Alcazar of Seville is the ancient palace of the Moorish kings; it must be seen to be appreciated; its artistic value, its richness of colour and design, and its marvellous beauty are beyond our power of description. This magnificence and progress in architectural and decorative art heighten in value when we remember that, in the year 1000, when the Alcazar was built, the rest of Europe was plunged in the midnight of darkness.

Ferdinand III, called the Saint, came into possession of this wonderful edifice in 1248, when he conquered Seville and rescued her forever from the Saracenic power. From that time, it was used for many years as the residence of Spanish kings.

The Alcazar is now two stories high, the first story only belongs to the primitive building; the second was added by the Spanish kings for their

home, so as to reserve the first floor as a work of art.

Peter the Cruel restored the building, employing Moorish artists to retouch several halls, so as to preserve the parts in harmony with the original.

The Alcazar, where the Sultan and his family lived, is composed of a number of halls, distributed in such a manner that when one stands in the angle of one room he can see the distribution of all the halls, forming a combination of symmetrical groups. Each hall has a special design for the walls, ceiling, and floor, showing thereby a richness of gilt and colours that is enchanting.

Each hall has a distinct name and purpose; there is the Sultan's Hall, the Sultaness', the Prince's, the Princess', the Maiden's, the Ambassadors', the Ministers', etc. Among these there is one called the Dolls' Hall, not because there are any dolls in it, but in one of the arches the carver cut two diminutive, scarcely perceived, faces. The visitor would not notice them unless the guide should call his attention to them.

Neither in this edifice nor in any Moorish public building is there found a figure of man, beast, or angel; undoubtedly, these two little faces escaped the attention of the religious authorities.

When at the beginning of the seventh century Mohammed began his religion, he proclaimed that there was only one God, and he, Mohammed, was His prophet. He made war without quarter on all forms of idolatry, to the point of prohibit-

ing the figure of any animate thing, not only in mosques or temples, but also in homes.

The founding of Islamism was, in a great measure, a protest against the rising idolatry in the Roman Catholic Church, and especially against Mariolatry.

Mohammed was familiar with the Old Testament, and he also knew some of the teachings of Christ, and as in all these he could not find any justification whatever to make and worship idols, but on the contrary found that in every page of the sacred book it was forbidden, he warred against it.

The scourging which the Roman Catholic Church received from Mohammed was terrible, and in our judgment a punishment of Divine Providence for their deviation from the primitive teachings and practices of Christianity; however, Roman Catholicism did not change its ways.

The grounds surrounding the Alcazar are magnificent. They are ornamented with galleries, arcades, and extensive yards, where regiments of soldiers can be accommodated. The gardens are enchanting, the beautiful flowers and plants form figures, hieroglyphics, angles, etc. The Alcazar of Seville is a veritable jewel.

THE HOUSE OF PILATE

Another of the historical monuments, which enrich and give renown to Seville, is the House of Pilate. This does not mean that the Roman

Governor, who unjustly and cowardly caused the crucifixion of our Lord, has ever lived in or even seen Seville, but it means that here is an excellent reproduction of the house in which Pilate lived while in Jerusalem when he judged Christ.

One of the old Spanish dukes built in his own palace an edifice which is said to be an exact copy of Pilate's. The object of this duke was to show his religious fervour in those times when Spain had just conquered the Crescent, and expelled from her soil those who for nearly eight centuries had usurped the Spanish country.

The main entrance to the great yard of the ducal residence was built in the eighth century. After paying twenty cents admission each, which is used for paying the expenses of an orphan asylum, an intelligent lady took us through the house, explaining the designs and significance of each thing and place.

Around the yard are statues of all the kings and emperors of Rome. As we entered the prætorium we found the court of judges, and on one side the private office of Pilate, and the wash basin or fountain where he washed his hands when he condemned Christ, yielding to the cries of the multitude.

In this hall is also the column where Jesus was tied with a chain, while they were "beating Him with stripes." This column was presented by Charles V in the sixteenth century.

There is also a hall, with a balcony overlooking the yard where Pilate brought forth Christ

with a crown of thorns on His brow and presented Him to the public, saying, "Behold the man."

Several rooms are there also for Pilate and his counsellors. The dukes have a beautiful chapel where they used to attend mass; of course, this is not a reproduction.

The House of Pilate is extensive, and the materials with which it is constructed and the interior decorations are very rich. The architectural style, which is so striking, is of the time of Pilate.

The proprietor of the mansion is the Duke of Medinaceli, who inherited it from his ancestors. He lives with his family in Madrid, and goes to Seville only once a year.

MURILLO

The fame of Murillo is not confined to Seville, or even in Spain; it is universal. Although the Museum of Art of Seville cannot be compared with that of Madrid, either in size or in the wealth of its pictures, yet it has a treasure which that of Madrid has not: a numerous amount of the original paintings of Murillo, and the most famous ones.

The paintings of Zurbaran, Herrera, and Velasquez are superior to those of more recent artists, but Murillo is superior to them all. After nearly three hundred years have passed away the colourings and pictures of Murillo seem to talk. No other artist has ever been able to obtain such

a combination of colours, such expressions, or to paint such life-like pictures.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born in Seville, in a street that now bears his name, in 1617. His father was a tinner. He died April 3, 1682, as a result of a fall in a Capuchin convent in Cadiz, while finishing a large picture there.

We had considerable difficulty in finding where he was buried, and the house in which he died, as it is in a very narrow, lonesome street. At last, a shoemaker, leaving his bench, walked with us through several narrow, crowded passageways, and took us to the house, where a humble tablet is placed in the vestibule, No. 2 Plaza de Santa Cruz, with the date of his death and the place where his body rests.

One half-block from the house in which Murillo died, in a small, public square, are his remains. The sepulchre is not known, for having been buried in a churchyard, as was customary in those times, and this church having been destroyed, all trace of the exact spot is lost. Now this ground is converted into a Plaza, where, unconsciously, people are treading over the remains of their worthies. If the names of others buried there are forgotten, Murillo's name is indelibly stamped in his mighty works forever.

VII

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST IN SEVILLE

SUNDAY, June 3d, was the day of Pentecost. When, on the day before, we visited the Cathedral, our guide informed us of the services that were to be held in that place on Sunday morning; therefore, a few minutes before nine, we arrived there.

The preliminary services consisted of litanies, chants, and processions around the interior of the Cathedral, all performed by the priests, acolytes, and their employés, but without any audience, except about a dozen people looking around, like ourselves. This lasted from eight to nine. One of the ceremonies of Pentecost, performed the day before, was the blessing of an immense fountain of water for baptismal purposes. This water will last for six months for all baptisms in the Cathedral; the microbes will undoubtedly increase the volume of water, if it does begin to get scarce. When the procession ended, high mass began with the Cathedral priests in the main altar and choir.

This service lasted almost three hours, for it was nearly twelve when it was finished. High mass was chanted, with full orchestral accompani-

ment, a sermon, and a Te Deum for the miraculous escape of the King and Queen from the anarchist's bomb thrown at them four days before on their wedding-day. The civil and military authorities of Seville had been invited to these services. The irregularity with which these officers arrived, and the lack of interest which most of them displayed, were very noticeable to the observers. It was already 10.30, and the priest had begun his sermon, when the first two officers arrived, the General Commander of the navy, and his aide-de-camp, both dressed in gala uniform. There were not twenty officers present by 11.15, while two city aldermen arrived just at the time of the benediction. At the end of the celebration, there were about fifty representatives present.

The seats between the main altar and the choir had been reserved for the officers, leaving only the last four benches on each side for the public. As we were there early, we were fortunate enough to have a seat on one of the benches and could see and hear everything at close range. The manner in which these officers complied with the external forms of their religion, during the service, reveals a pitiful state among the high life of Spain. Some, as they entered, kneeled, crossed themselves, and after a moment of silence, or prayer, sat down. These few observed all the forms, such as kneeling, crossing themselves, etc.; others made the sign of the cross while standing, without any further ceremony; still others only in-

clined their heads as they entered and seated themselves; while a number of them came in, and sat down, without paying any attention whatever to religious offices or to what was going on. While some knew when to make the sign of the cross, during mass, others simply did so when they saw others doing it, as a matter of compliance, and not of desire. Many would rise and kneel when they saw others so doing, but they never crossed themselves. This is nothing strange, the Roman Catholic religion in Spain, with rare exceptions, being nothing more than a mere form; the great majority of the people do not comply with it. They have even lost their respect for the priesthood. Those in official positions, who attend church, do so because to refuse would be akin to crime or treason to the State. Many, both rich and poor, comply with the requirements of the Church for fear that when they die they will be refused burial by the priest in the cemetery, for the civil cemeteries are still very few.

In regard to the festivity of Pentecost, we can simply say that it was splendid. The sermon was upon the personality of the Holy Spirit, which was very well explained. The preacher did not seem to address the audience as such, but "His Excellency." We do not know whom he meant, as there were three persons present who had this title, the General Commander of the navy, the Governor-General of the Province, and the acting archbishop. The audience was small;

it seemed very strange to us that in a great festivity like that, one of the most important of the year, and in the Cathedral of Seville, which is said to be the largest in the world, next to St. Peter's at Rome, there were not two hundred people present. They do not receive any spiritual food whatever; they attend church as they would a theatre; but seeing always the same scene and representation in an unknown tongue is something like a foreign comedy or opera, where they do not understand what is said or sung, hence they grow tired and care nothing about it. All I could understand of the mass were the two lessons read, or rather chanted, in Latin, from the second chapter of the Book of Acts, and that I understood more from my familiarity with such passages treating of the coming of the Holy Spirit than to my remembrance of Latin. Without fear of making a mistake in my assertion, I might say that in all that audience, with the exception of the priests, there were not a half-dozen persons who could understand the passages in Latin.

The music for the occasion was sublime! We do not remember ever having heard better in any church or cathedral. One of the numbers, which attracted our attention most, was executed on the organ with masterful hands. It represented very vividly the coming of the Holy Spirit, and imitated the rushing of a mighty wind, accompanied with the noise of distant thunder and a tremor, all produced by the artistic manipula-

tion of the different stops, keys, and pedals, which the organist handled with wonderful ability.

An incident occurred in that place which we will not easily forget. It is customary when the host is raised, either in the celebration of the mass, or in passing along the streets in a procession, for everybody to kneel in the form of worship to the *dough god;* even those who do not care for religion, and others who boast themselves free-thinkers and speak against, if not curse, Romanism, fall down on their knees in order to be with the crowd. Three persons were present that day who did not kneel to that superstition and falsehood, Mrs. Andújar, another American lady, quite a distance from us, and myself. Of course, we remained with bowed heads, as a sign of respect to the place and the service, but a man behind me and a woman by the side of Mrs. Andújar took it upon themselves to advise us to kneel by touching, pushing, and finally pinching us. Mrs. Andújar remained quiet without showing any concern, and at last the woman stopped annoying her. I did not pay any attention to the man the first two or three times, but as I turned back to see who he was, he told me to kneel, in a commanding manner. I said in a whispering, but emphatic, voice, "I will not kneel down." This terminated the incident, and by this time the ceremony of raising the host had just ended. When we looked around, the disciple of Torquemada had disappeared. Undoubtedly the Amer-

ican lady had also received some admonition, but she remained standing with bowed head.

Very different were the impressions and teachings we received that same night in the services of the Evangelical Church, of which I will soon write.

VIII

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN SEVILLE

WHAT different impressions we received in the Cathedral, compared with those in the Protestant Chapel! In the former, we felt we were in a house or palace of the dead; in the latter, as if we were in a place of the living—there formality and pagan representations; here spirituality and real Christianity. In the Cathedral they entertained the public in a dead language; in the Chapel they explained the "Way of Life" in their own tongue. There they gave the people dry bones, whitened and polished; here they nourished them with the spiritual food of the Bible. In the former, fear, diffidence, and uncertainty among the believers reigned; in the latter joy, that you could note in the expressions of the faces of the Christians, confidence in what they did, and certainty in what they believed, and affiliation with God. In the Cathedral, the despot commands and is obeyed through fear; in the Chapel, the pastor directs as a brother, and is followed by thought and love. There, in the one, is the long and ostentatious vesture; here, in the other, is the plain brother, the gentlemanly pastor. There the believer is obliged to submit to the priest; here he is directed

to Jesus Christ, to the God who will liberate him from his sins.

The Cathedral, with all its splendid and grand material, is the temple of the dead; the Protestant Chapel, simple and plain, lacking in grandeur, is the temple of the living. Romanism is death; Protestantism is life.

There are three Protestant churches in Seville: two Episcopal, and one Presbyterian. On account of shortness of time, we could not avail ourselves of the opportunity to visit the Episcopal churches. The morning following our arrival in the city, we visited the Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. Emilio Carreño, who received us very cordially.

Brother Carreño is a pastor who is an honour to the Evangelical Church; he is a gentleman of wide education and extensive experience in Christian work. He is well equipped as pastor and is also teacher in the day school. He came under the influence of the Gospel when he was scarcely seventeen years of age, in that same city, where he was born. When the Protestant work had just begun in Seville, the parents of Brother Carreño began to attend the services. After some time, they induced their son to attend. Here was fulfilled what Jesus said: "the first shall be last and the last shall be first." He went, saw, was convinced, and continued, while his parents soon fell by the wayside. As the boy was intelligent, the Missionary Society decided to send him to school, to obtain the necessary education for a teacher.

On one occasion, while at school, he went to Seville to spend his vacation at the home of a rich uncle. After a few days of trying to persuade him to change his religion, he thrust him out into the street. This was not the only experience our brother had of this kind, for other relatives turned their backs on him in much the same manner. After he had finished his studies, the Church used him as a teacher and helper in preaching. Later on, he was sent to the Theological Seminary, and after being fully equipped, he confined himself entirely to pastoral work for some time.

The Presbyterian Church began her work in Seville in 1870. The number of members in full communion is only twenty, while the average attendance at the regular services is about forty. In the same house used for worship, the pastor and his family live, and there a day school is held. The latter has an attendance of about two hundred boys and girls, while three hundred are on the register. About one hundred children of the day school attend Sunday school.

By invitation of Brother Carreño, I had the pleasure of preaching to his congregation on Sunday evening. Among other things, I spoke of the extent of evangelical work in Puerto Rico, where, in less than eight years of labour, such has been the success, there is scarcely a town in the island without the privilege of hearing the Gospel. I also spoke of the complete liberty that we now enjoy in Puerto Rico,

and of the entire separation of Church and State, and that if the same conditions existed in Spain, the Gospel would undoubtedly make equal, or perhaps greater, progress.

After I finished speaking, Brother Carreño arose and said it was proper and fitting, before closing the service, that he should speak a few words; then he pronounced a really eloquent, although short, discourse. It came from the heart. It was a fiery, feeling, and enthusiastic speech, which filled every heart present. The speech was that of a Spanish patriot and evangelical Christian. He, together with his congregation, gave me a message of love and congratulation to the Puerto Ricans, for the happy conditions existing in that island, for the propagation of the Gospel, with the change of government. He said that, while the recent loss of the Spanish Colonies was a cause of shame and sadness to the Spaniards, he could see in all this the hand of God snatching them from Spain, since she would not grant the liberty which they were entitled to enjoy. He closed his remarks by asking the evangelical brethren of Puerto Rico to pray to God for their brethren in the Spanish Peninsula, that they may soon also enjoy the same liberty and freedom of worship, so that they may be able to work for the advancement of the Gospel, without being hindered by persecution, or by the tyranny of the State and the Jesuitism of Rome.

IX

CORDOVA*

WE left Seville by train at 5.45 P.M. June 4, and after four hours' ride on the main line between Cadiz and Madrid, zigzagging along the Guadalquivir River, we reached Cordova. Here we found great difficulty in procuring lodging, which we experienced nowhere else, for in every city in Spain we always had good hotels, without any trouble whatever, but the beginning of our trouble ended in the greatest blessing and comfort.

Leaving the railway station by omnibus, the driver took us to the hotel where we intended to stop, but what was our surprise when we found that there was not a single vacant room there, nor any hope of getting one elsewhere, although we tried in every possible way. The reason for this was that the city was in the midst of a great annual fair and the number of strangers exceeded the capacity of the accommodations; at last, our driver offered us a room in his own home near-by, "very clean, neat, and with all necessary comforts, etc." The price he asked was three times more than in a good hotel! All prices of hotels, coaches, etc., during the eight days of the fair

* In Spanish, Córdoba.

were double, and this man would charge us all of that and more for lodging "in a private house." Under sheer necessity, we accepted his "hospitality," and he drove us to a tenement house surrounded by a large yard, which was full of people, horses, mules, donkeys, and other animals, who were spending the night in the open air, lying on piles of hay and straw, the people playing guitars and other stringed instruments and singing gipsy songs under the bright moon.

Our host took us to a room near the yard and told his wife to prepare us a bed, the only one in the room. We made objections to being near the yard, as it would be impossible to sleep, as the only ventilation was from a window that opened into the yard, even supposing the singers would rest after midnight, but he assured us everything would be comfortable, and as he was in a hurry to leave, we paid him an exorbitant sum for the omnibus, and he returned for more passengers. From the looks of the persons in the yard, Mrs. Andújar was frightened lest we should be robbed during the night, but I knew they were only country people coming to the fair, and so did not fear any mishap. But the worst had not yet been discovered; we did not know this was the only room for the whole family for eating, sleeping, etc., but further operations opened our eyes. When they hired the room, we expected they would stay in another place, but we soon saw the hostess preparing a bed for her family in the same room on the floor, and, by the dim light of a

candle, we noticed a babe of a few months, huddled in a distant corner, the mother assuring us that she would look after him occasionally during the night. This was too much, and, viewing the situation from all sides, we decided we would rather spend the night in the street, or in the balmy air of the beautifully illuminated boulevard, than in such a place, or, as the host assured us, in a "clean, neat (?) room." We departed from our hostess with much "regret" and walked two blocks with our baggage, when we encountered two boys, who were anxious to relieve us. Here we were in the *street* at eleven o'clock at night, without knowing where to go, like Abraham when he left Mesopotamia.

It was here that we thought about the Rev. Rafael Blanco, pastor of the Evangelical Church in Cordova, whose address we had, expecting to visit him the following morning. His house is at the extreme end of the city, and about the farthest point from where we were. We could not get a carriage; hence, after the boys assured us they could carry our baggage and guide us, we started a pedestrian tour along the narrow paved streets of Cordova. We were afraid that the Rev. Mr. Blanco would have retired, but fortunately it was not so. We knocked at the door and he appeared on the balcony. We told him of our situation and asked him if he could direct us to a place for the night, but he could not do so. However, as soon as he learned who we were, he and his distinguished family received us into their

home most kindly. They gave us a cup of tea to refresh us and made us comfortable in their hospitable home. We felt that the change was like a step out of purgatory (if there were such a place) into heaven.

The following day, the two daughters of the Rev. Mr. Blanco accompanied us to the Mosque, and after breakfast, and bidding farewell to his kind and intelligent family, whom we will ever hold in sweetest memory, they went with us to the station, where we left for Granada.

Brother Blanco has been preaching the Gospel for thirty-four years, the last nine in Cordova. He was born in Malaga, where his stepfather already preached the Gospel, in 1858. His theological education was received in Switzerland, where he also was blessed with his noble, educated, Christian wife.

Gospel work began in Cordova in 1869, yet the actual congregation is only 13, with about 20 or more in attendance at the regular services. They have a day school with about 140 enrolled and an average attendance of 100. The Sunday school has about 90 members. We noticed in the cities of Andalusia, while the membership is small, the schools are flourishing. Besides the work in the city, Brother Blanco has four stations outside with school and preaching privileges and in these suburban places he has about an equal number of members as in the city. He told us he held 270 services during 1905. The Mission House in Cordova, which serves as chapel, school, and

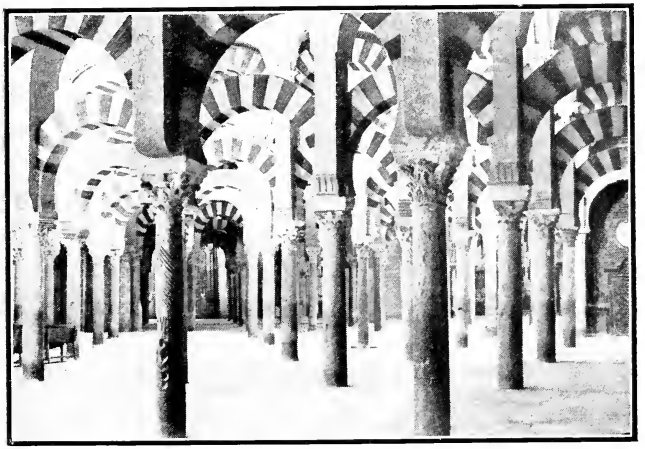
parsonage, is spacious and well situated, and is the property of the Mission.

Cordova is the capital of the province of the same name. Its population is about 60,000 and it is one of the oldest cities in Spain. Here were born the two Senecas; our readers will remember one of these, Gallio, was Governor of Achaia when St. Paul was at Corinth (Acts xviii. 12-17) and the other was a great philosopher. Its principal renown, however, is its having been the centre of power and splendour of the Crescent for several centuries, for its Califate was the most powerful in the West.

The Mosque is the centre of attraction to every tourist; this curious edifice was the temple of the Moslem religion. Its architecture dates from the eighth century, and is of the most antique Arabic design. We noticed in it a great contrast in its simplicity and severity, compared with the splendour and brilliancy of the Alcazar of Seville, which was destined to be both a palace and a temple, but was built much later, when there was more perfection in art and wealth of decorations.

"La Mezquita"—the Mosque—is immense; it has about 850 columns, which support the interior of the building, and they are united by arches and semi-circles, always imitating the Crescent. These arches are now mostly double, one is the original, the other an addition that the Spanish Government put in to reinforce the building. The most extraordinary, not to say the most ridiculous thing, in this Mosque is the use and

THE EXTERIOR WALL OF THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA



THE EAST AISLE OF THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

alterations which the Roman Catholic Church has made of it. She has built a cathedral within, or rather transformed the interior into a church, so that the Romish Cathedral is in the Moslem Mosque. The chapels for the saints and the sarcophagi of the Church dignitaries are around the interior of the building, against the walls. The centre of the Mosque was altered for a main altar and choir. Behind the main altar is the Royal Chapel, where the kings used to attend services. The Custody or Holy Sacrament was placed in the Holy Place where the Mohammedans kept the sacred book of the Koran.

While we were visiting there, they were altering various parts of the Mosque. Not long ago, while trying to make alterations, when they broke the thick, heavy plaster, with which they were covered, they found the primitive wall, covered with inscriptions, undoubtedly very valuable to Arabic literature. From that time they have been discovering many such; the truth is, the walls inside and out are literally covered with inscriptions. We saw a space about thirty feet long, where masons were working, which was covered with inscriptions, chiselled or cut into the stones. When the Spaniards conquered the Moslems, it was natural that they should cover these writings, as they pertained mostly to the Islamic religion, and, hence, they would try to obliterate every possible sign and remembrance of Mohammedanism.

Before closing, we must speak about a picture,

which, if we had not seen it, we could scarcely have believed it existed. It is found on a large canvas, 8 x 5 feet, on the left side as we entered one of the main doors of the Mosque. On the left of the picture stands Mary and on the right is a friar, in the attitude of prayer, but not kneeling, looking towards Christ, who, nailed above on the cross in the centre, inclines His bleeding head and body towards the friar. The significance of all this is that as the friar is beseeching Mary to influence Christ in his behalf, the Son of God bends Himself on the cross to attend the friar. The picture is known by the people as "Christ doing reverence to the friar." We do not believe a more sacrilegious thing could have been painted. But this is not the only one in Spain; we saw another, a copy, in Granada, in the Convent of the Cartujan Friars, and in the Province of Pontevedra we noticed three or four such representations, not on canvas, but on stone crosses along the road in the country places. Undoubtedly, there are many reproductions of this picture of "Christ doing reverence to the friar," in Spain. It is not strange that the people in that country laugh at religion and hate the clericals, when they have such exhibitions before them.

X

GRANADA

IT takes nine hours to traverse the distance from Cordova to Granada by rail. The trip is rather tiresome, on account of the long period of waiting in Bobadilla, where you have to change cars, but, as you are nearing Granada, the distance seems to be shortened and the hours fleeting when you look at the beautiful panorama and enjoy the refreshing climate, which grows more charming as you approach the city.

The excessive heat experienced in the level lands of Andalusia is not agreeable, although the nights are somewhat cool, but as we approach the mountains of Granada the climate is entirely different. At 11.10 A.M. we left Cordova with warm and dry weather, and arrived in Granada, at nearly 8 P.M., encountering a few showers near the city, and the temperature was so cool that it reminded us of the sensation experienced by the traveller from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; a burning heat in Vera Cruz and a refreshing coolness in Orizaba, a distance of only about seventy miles.

For nearly three hours before arriving at Granada, the train goes zigzagging along the mountains, passing viaducts and tunnels all

through the valley, which is known as "La Vega de Granada." How many battles have been fought on these grounds! For nearly two hundred years, Moors and Christians disputed this ground inch by inch. All the place has been bathed with the blood of both armies, and thousands and thousands of heroes have left their bones on this battle-field.

But the thing that most surprises and pleases the traveller, especially in the month of June, is the snow-capped Sierra Nevada Mountains. They half encircle the city, and are covered with snow the whole year.

As we arrived at the hotel, dusty and weary from our journey, our most pressing need was water for bathing hands and face. The water was so cool and refreshing that we felt like keeping our hands in it. It is not like ice-water, which gives only a momentary relief, but it seems to convey a permanent refreshing sensation that makes itself felt throughout the body. In about five minutes we drank three or four glasses of water, and almost preferred to continue the pleasure of that water, drawn from the springs of the Sierra Nevada, than to go to the dining-room, where our dinner was awaiting us.

Granada is the capital of the province of the same name; it has about 60,000 inhabitants. Some of the streets are wide and spacious, with good business houses, but there are also some very narrow streets. The greater part of the city is level, though a portion of the old city is on

a hill, especially the Alhambra, which is on the top of a hill commanding all the surrounding country.

Until the year 1491, Granada was under Moorish power; it was then that the army of Ferdinand and Isabella took the last stronghold of the Moslem dominion in the Peninsula. It was from this city that Christopher Columbus received his commission, immediately after the taking of the city, to undertake his great enterprise, which resulted in the discovery of America. On this account, being so intimately connected with the New World, Granada is of special interest to all.

Our first errand, the morning after our arrival, was to the Protestant Chapel, where Señor Mariano Trancho is in charge of the work. It is now called the Spanish Evangelical Church, formerly it was Presbyterian. Brother Trancho was converted in Madrid in 1883, when he was twenty years of age. He was preaching and teaching in other places until four years ago; now he is following the same line of work here, for with his church he has a day school, with about sixty pupils. The number of church members is very small, notwithstanding the fact that as far back as 1859 the Gospel was preached there. Alama, Murray, and others worked there in successive years, but as they never formed any nucleus for steady work, what they did was almost lost by intermissions. The present pastor has three more places outside of the city where more than eighty pupils attend the day schools, and, as

usual, the work in the country is easier than in the city. From this place we went to visit the Cathedral.

This is in Gothic style, and although it is not so large and magnificent as that of Seville, it seems more spacious, as it is not so full of ornamentations. The most famous thing in its naves is the Royal Chapel, where lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Juana la Loca and Philip the Handsome; they form two beautiful groups with marble sarcophagi, upon which a life-sized statue of each person is sculptured in marble.

Our guide was a very intelligent boy, the son of the sexton of the Cathedral, and he took us to a private house, near the Cathedral, where a jewel of Arabic art is found. The boy rang the door-bell, a servant girl responded, and he asked to see the mosque. We ascended a marble staircase to the first floor, then walked to the rear of the house, and descended a similar stairway and found ourselves in the beautiful mosque, twenty feet in diameter and forty feet high to the centre of the dome. It is of a spherical shape, ending in an elegant dome; to the front is the altar, where the Koran used to be kept. The walls and roof are covered with beautiful and rich mosaics and Arabic inscriptions, much like the interior decorations of the Alcazar of Seville. This little mosque was discovered about ten years ago. Soon after the proprietor bought the building from the city government, it is said that he tried

to open a door in order to connect a store on the lower floor with the rest of the house above, through this room, for it was nothing but a nice cosy parlour. As they began to break the wall, in order to make the door, they found under the plaster fine, elaborate inscriptions, similar to those in the great Mosque of Cordova. Then they only broke the plaster and uncovered the walls, and, by cleaning the ceiling and walls, that beautiful jewel came into evidence. This mosque undoubtedly belonged to a Moslem Prince and served as a chapel for private use.

As we have said before, the Spanish Government, or Church, which at that time was the same thing, and indeed to-day it is not much different, took care to cover all the inscriptions which related to Mohammedanism. They did not charge us any admission to this place. Being a recent discovery and private property, undoubtedly the foreign travellers have not found the place, and very few have seen it.

In the evening we visited the Carthusian Convent. Of course, to the Convent proper, that is, the cells where the monks live, no one is admitted, but only to the church, and this is one of the most elaborate interiors we have ever seen. The most attractive and costly portion is the vestry, the place where the monks keep their vestments and utensils for church services. It is a room about 40 x 15, and is full of wardrobes and stands made exclusively of ivory, pearl, mahogany, and silver, all artistically inlaid. The doors are of the same

structure, while the columns, floors, and walls are of fine marble. All this work was done by the Carthusian monks in the 16th century. It is in this church, on the left of the main altar and before passing into the vestry, that we found another picture, like that in the Mosque of Cordova, representing Jesus on the cross inclining Himself to the friar.

Our guide in this church was a priest, who would cross himself and kneel every time he passed or crossed any of the altars or saints. Undoubtedly, he must have thought it strange that neither of us imitated him. There is no doubt that Romanism is not poor in forms, relics, and material riches, but its spiritual life is so meagre, dry, and stiff that it has not sufficient juice left to allow the knee to bend in true faith to Christ. It has used it all in bending to the saints and virgins in the convents and cathedrals.

XI

IDOLATRY IN GRANADA

IN order to measure the depths of corruption to which the Roman Catholic Church has descended, it is necessary to observe her in those countries where she has absolute dominion; a power created not by intelligent obedience that comes from conviction in its members, or slaves, but by the civil law, which, prostituted into servile obedience to the Pope, still exercises its religious dominion in unfortunate Spain.

In Protestant countries, such as the United States, England, and Germany, it is scarcely known how idolatrous the Church of Rome is. It is known that she has many superstitions, it is known she has idols in her church before which the faithful prostrate themselves on their knees and worship, but those idols are never seen in processions on the streets, and the people at large, who are not Romanists, are inclined to believe that there is little idolatry in the Church. They never see the idols, therefore as "out of sight, out of mind," they imagine Romanism is no longer what history tells us it used to be.

If one desires to see the degradation and superstition of Romanism and the power and dominion she pretends to exercise over the individual, he

must go to Spain, where if a man does not remove his hat on the street when a procession passes, carrying saints or dolls, he is sent to jail. We noticed more fanaticism in Granada than in any other part of the Peninsula which we visited.

In the first place, there is an idol, called "La Virgen de las Angustias," whose image is found in every nook, crook, and corner of the city. It is found in the stores, in the cafés, in the restaurants, in the small stands, in theatres, and we have been positively assured by good authority that there is not a house of prostitution in Granada where this doll is not exhibited.

But it is not of this or any other image of which we will now speak, but of an exhibition of the old Paganism of Greece and Rome. Eight days before the celebration of the Corpus Christi festivities, they begin a series of processions along the streets every morning from seven until nine, sometimes lasting even more than two hours. Each day it appears on different streets, which beforehand are decorated with a profusion of flags, curtains, and flowers. There was one that passed in front of our hotel the first morning we were there, stopping before it over twenty minutes, while they took the Holy Communion to an old gentleman.

The procession was headed by seven municipal guards, mounted on beautiful, prancing horses, decked with plumes, etc., then following three rows of boys, girls, and men, the men marching in the centre, with burning candles in their hands,

and some with banners and crosses. A band of music followed, and after it came the Bishop under the Pallium, accompanied by priests and acolytes bearing huge crosses and swinging incense in the middle of the street. Behind the Pallium came the Royal Carriage, an open coach, drawn by four horses richly decorated. The coach was literally covered with flowers on top, sides, wheels, bars, and even the coachman was well trimmed with roses.

In this coach was the priest with the Ciborium —a receptacle for the wafer or Holy Eucharist— in his hands, which we heard two gentlemen remark was a *black beetle*, such is the regard they have for the things which the Church they have to submit to considers most holy. The coach stopped, and as the priest alighted, the band played the royal march as if the King or Queen of Spain approached, for the Ciborium contains "His Divine Majesty" (?), that is, the wafer, or as Father Chiniquy called it "the dough god."

A squad of infantry soldiers accompanied the carriage, acting as guard of honour, and presented arms, kneeling, while the priest stepped from the coach and entered the house. Several boys and acolytes accompanied him, with cushions in their hands for the communion service, also a small orchestra with harp, violin, and clarinet, which played in the sick room during the administration of the communion. This done, the priest returned to the Royal Carriage, the soldiers again knelt and presented arms, the band played the

Royal March, while they enveloped the priest with a profusion of incense.

This performance indeed carried our minds back to the time of Paul and Barnabas, when the people of Lystra fell down before them and desired to make sacrifices to them, calling them gods.

During the procession, there was a continuous display of sky-rockets and fire-crackers along the line. The carriage began to move, followed by the soldiers, then a long line of about fifty empty carriages, which were sent by private families, whose names then appeared in the papers as contributors to the splendid success of the occasion.

All traffic and business was suspended for two hours or more, and that morning we saw a long line of trolley cars stopped during all that time. Many men laugh at these things, and scoff at the whole affair, and even the very men that send their carriages, but with all this they take off their hats and bend their knees to "the dough god."

These exhibitions continue for eight days in the streets, culminating with the Corpus Christi festivity, on June 14th. Of course, the principal attraction of the great event was a great, well advertised bull-fight, for which special excursions from distant cities, even from Madrid, were run.

What opinion can an intelligent person have of such Pagan representations in this twentieth century? And this is not an isolated case. The truth is, Romanism has no spiritual influence

whatever among the people. Religion in Spain consists in carrying out external acts of formalism required by the Church of Rome, with the authority of the government, which helps the priests to impose their superstitious practices upon people, who, if left free to express their will, would scarcely vote for the retention of one saint, unless it was for the sake of amusement.

There is more religion, and more spirituality, in the small handful of Protestants in Granada than in all the pompous exhibition, golden vestments, and decked chariot, of the Romanists. That procession and its whole atmosphere seemed more an inquisitorial imposition than a religious act. Thanks be to God we are free from such tyranny in the island of Puerto Rico, and in every place where "the Stars and Stripes" wave in the breeze.

XII

THE ALHAMBRA

AMONG the treasures of antiquity that the Spanish nation possesses, the Alhambra of Granada is one of the most famous. It charms, fascinates, interests, and repays every traveller who visits that part of Andalusia. A combination of fortified castle, palace, and rustic retreat, its very complication makes it the more wonderful. Surrounded by a wall, with thirteen towers of defence, it contains twenty-six acres of ground, where you find the palace with all its dependencies.

The Arabic word, Alhambra, signifies red, which is the colour of the bricks that form the exterior of the edifice. The Moors began this work in 1248, the same year that Fernando III rescued Seville from Moorish dominion, and it was terminated in 1354. During the Conquest of Granada, in 1491, as well as in subsequent years, the Alhambra suffered much damage. The pictures and inscriptions were covered with lime, and several alterations were made. In 1812, the French destroyed various towers, but in 1863, the government of Isabel II ordered the restoration of the Alhambra. Although, for want of funds, it lacks considerable in the way of

completion, yet the most important part is in excellent state.

At the entrance of the wall, there is a stone cross, which was erected in 1599. Three broad, spacious, and perfect roads lead through the park, those to the right and left forming triangles with the centre one. Near the middle of the park, another road, equally spacious and beautiful, crosses these three and leads to the entrance of the palace.

The afternoon we visited the place, we were favoured with a violent thunderstorm in the middle of our journey, but such are the density and luxuriance of the very ancient trees that abound on either side of the highway, that, although the rain fell in torrents for over twenty minutes, we sat on a stone bench, under the dense foliage, without feeling a drop of water coursing over us.

The principal entrance to the palace and its dependencies is called the "Door of Justice." Here the judge sat to administer justice to the people, according to the Oriental custom, which is so often referred to in the Bible. From here you pass to the "Place of Cisterns," where the traveller walks over tanks of water that serve for refreshing and magnificent gardens.

At the left is the "Watch Tower," noted for having been the place where the last flag of the Moors was lowered, in 1491, and in its place the Spanish flag hoisted., From this tower one can view the whole city and a great expanse of

territory. Towards the right, is the palace which Charles I (Emperor Charles V) constructed partially during the middle of the 16th century, but it was never finished. It is in Romanesque style, representing the character of the Emperor: grand, but severe and cold. It has nothing but the walls, and its appearance, without any ceiling, especially in the interior, is distressing. To build this edifice, Charles I destroyed the Arabic Winter Palace.

To reach the Moorish palace, a guide is necessary, although it is directly before you. There are different buildings in sight, but all have a very humble appearance. We went to the one most prepossessing and found the keeper of the grounds living there. Finally, a little girl directed us to the door of the wonderful palace, the last place we would have imagined, without an exterior sign of its magnificence. It is surrounded by a low, common wall, and an unassuming door, as if it were the entrance to an ordinary dwelling. Walking through a narrow corridor, we reached the guards, one of them accompanying us as our guide. What a change when we entered the "Hall of the Maidens," what a transformation! The contrast between the exterior and the interior is indescribable. At first, it gives you the sensation of having been suddenly translated to an Oriental Eden of richness, luxuriance, magnificence, and splendour that seems to rival the descriptions of the "Arabian Nights."

One is impressed with the idea that the simplicity and unattractiveness of the exterior were intentional, to deceive the people as to the internal splendour, but this was not the object. The contrast was made so remarkable that the pleasures of the palace could be more appreciated. The profusion of flowers, the variety of plants, the abundance of water, crossing and recrossing from all parts to and fro over little hills, with its joyful, gentle rippling and murmuring—all enchant and delight the finest senses of human nature.

The maids of the Sultan had their baths in the "Hall of the Maidens." It is surrounded by beautiful, delicate columns of alabaster, that sustain a gallery of apartments. The floor is of marble and the centre is an immense pond of water, encircled by beautiful, luxuriant, well-trimmed myrtle.

The "Hall of Ambassadors" is the most extensive. It is noted in history as the place where Ferdinand and Isabella gave Christopher Columbus his commission to seek a new world in 1492.

In the centre of the "Hall of Lions" is a superb fountain of alabaster, upheld by twelve white marble lions, from which it derives its name. These are emblems of strength and valour. This Hall is 116 feet long by 66 wide, and is surrounded by a gallery supported by 124 columns of white marble.

The "Hall of the Abencerrages" received its name from a great tragedy. Boabdil, the last

king or sultan of Granada, invited all the descendants of the Royal Family to a sumptuous banquet, and after all the ceremonies were over, he massacred every one, so that he could be at ease about being dethroned. The victims were called the Abencerrages.

A room, with two small alcoves, all marble, is termed the "Hall of the Two Sisters." On the floor of marble are two flagstones of perfect whiteness, each one being 15 by 7½ feet, which after nearly six centuries are preserved without a spot or blemish. In the centre of the room is a beautiful fountain. The ceiling is adorned with more than 5,000 stalactites, hanging gracefully and naturally as if from a cave.

The Bath Rooms of the sultan and sultana are rich and commodious, the room of the latter being smaller, but having the same conveniences. Perfume seems to have played a most important part in the baths of the rulers at that time, for each bath was equipped with its perfume faucet which could be turned on or off at will, as well as hot and cold water.

The Mosque was the Royal Chapel, and is in harmony with the rest of the palace. One of the rooms contains a beautiful glazed vase dating from the year 1320. It is 4 feet 3 inches high, narrow at the mouth, with a handle at each side. It is white, enamelled in blue, white, and yellow. This vase was found in the "Watch Tower" full of Arabic gold. The value of this ancient jewel, with such a history, is inestimable.

Each hall or room is constructed and decorated in many distinctly different ways: floors, walls, cornices, ceilings, doors, are of all combinations of colours and all are arranged with perfect variety and symmetry.

In leaving the palace, passing through the beautiful gardens with their variety and richness of flowers and beautiful rosebushes one feels sorrowful to depart from such grandeur, and unconsciously looks backward, stands still, and each moment enjoys the enchantment of such luxuriance of nature as God has bestowed in that place and which man's hand has distributed with such mastery.

It is not strange that the Arabs of Granada wept for the "Incomparable Pearl of the Occident," when they lost the last capital of Spain.

XIII

THE CITY OF ANDÚJAR

I HOPE the reader will pardon this description of a city that bears my name. It seems so personal that I at first concluded not to refer to it. But after visiting this very ancient city, I hesitated no longer, for I acquired such a number of important historical facts, that were so interesting, that I decided to relate them.

My principal object in narrating briefly the most important accounts of this city is that the fate of Andújar is identical with that which happened in all parts of Spain.

My object in visiting Andújar * was one entirely of curiosity, however. In journeying from Granada to Madrid, we passed near the city, so I decided to learn all I could about it. There are very few people by the name of Andújar. In Pontevedra Province, there are only three groups of families of that name, the remainder all live in Andalusia, although, even here, the name is very rare, and it seems incredible that any relationship should exist between those in the North and those in the South.

Andújar is one of the oldest cities in Spain, and has about 15,000 inhabitants. It is in Jaen

* Pronounced, *Ahndwhar*, accent on *dw*.

Province, on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, at the foot of the Sierra Morena Mountain. The railroad passes by the city from Seville to Madrid, and it is equally distant from Cordova and Baeza.

The two principal industries are pottery and soap. I venture to say that there is no other place in Spain, large or small, that has so many ancient edifices in proportion to its size; houses of three or four centuries, with their coats-of-arms over the doors, landmarks of grandees or nobility, though to-day there remain scarcely a half-dozen of them in any state of preservation. Some of these ancient palaces are now used for stables, and while they show their coats-of-arms in stone, yet they are mossy and wasting away, without any care.

Andújar is the ancient *Illiturgi*. This Latin or Roman name was changed by the Arabs in the eighth century to Andorálcal. The Spaniards, in trying to pronounce this Arabic name, called it Andújar. The present city is three miles from the place called "Old Andújar," or Illiturgi, which was destroyed by the Romans, and the city was rebuilt in the place it is found to-day.

The greater part of my information I found in a book, called "The Virgin of the Head," an account of the patron saint of the city. The history of countries as ancient as Spain has to depend largely on facts, intermingled with romance; and, in the Peninsula particularly, it is interwoven with the life of some saint. To re-

ject it all would be mere stupidity, to admit it all would be injudicious; therefore, I have procured the principal historical points for the reader:

It is said that Tubal, one of the grandsons of Noah, went to Spain and took possession of it 2163 B.C. Cordova, Andújar, and Cazorla, alongside of the Guadalquivir, seem to have been founded at that epoch by Atalo, one of the sons of Tubal, who constructed *atalayas* or castles, of which one yet exists, with two towers, near Andújar.

After several centuries there came to Spain Celts, Rhodians, Carthaginians, and Phœnicians to conquer it. Later came the Romans, who, defeating the Carthaginians, became sole masters of Spain two centuries before the Christian era.

When in 216 B.C. the Carthaginian General, Asdrubal, went to Andújar and besieged it, the Roman Scipios, by uniting themselves with the Spaniards, defeated Asdrubal. Andújar, which was already an independent republic, was now made military headquarters by the Romans.

Later the Carthaginians defeated the Romans, the two Scipios having died, and Andújar was stripped of Romans. After a time the new pro-consul, son of one of the Scipios, besieged and took it, and destroyed it by fire and sword in 208 B.C. The city was re-established where it stands to-day, and as in the war between Pompeii and Cæsar, in 59, Andújar united with the latter, and he triumphed, the city was honoured with the title *Colonia Illiturgitana.*

Pliny, in describing Andalusia or Betica, speaks of Andújar (Illiturgi) as one of the four free cities out of the 175 in that country, also Titus Livius, Strabo, Plutarch, and Cornelius Tacitus make mention of it.

The invasion of the Barbarians, in the 5th century, affected all of Spain, and the same thing happened again during the Arabic invasion in the eighth century. It was the Arabs, as already mentioned, that changed the name from Illiturgi to Andorálcal, that the Spaniards misconstrued Andújar.

Alonso VII rescued this city from the Arabs in 1010, but it fell into their possession again in 1150, and they held it until Fernando III, the Saint, conquered it in 1219, and gave it his coat-of-arms, with a crown over it, in 1225.

Thus far the accounts have all been historical; let us now turn to the ecclesiastical events, which incidentally show that the Andújars of Galicia proceeded from Andalusia, from the city which bears their name.

From history, mixed with tradition, we learn the following: St. Eufrasio was the first Bishop or Pastor of Andújar; he was one of the seven first evangelists who were sent by Peter and Paul to preach the Gospel in the Peninsula. Paul, in his trip to Spain, spent some time in Andújar, when the city was without any evangelist. St. Eufrasio in one of his journeys to Jerusalem brought James with him, who did great and good work in Spain. In returning to Jerusalem, he

was killed by Herod in 42, and St. Eufrasio and his companions placed the body of the Apostle in a ship and took it to the coast of Galicia—North-west of Spain—burying it in *Iria Flavia*, now Padrón, and later it was moved to "Santiago de Compostela."

St. Eufrasio, according to this account, was Bishop of Andújar from 44 to 58, and was martyred. His body was deposited in his house, but later in a temple that afterwards was erected. When, in the 8th century, the Arabs invaded Spain, and destroyed the temple, the people of the city rescued the body and hid it in a mountain near-by with an image of the Virgin. Fearing that the Arabs might disturb his remains, some citizens took the body and carried it to Galicia, and placed it in Val de Mao Convent, of the St. Benito Order, in the Bishopric of Lugo. "*Very few Christians who conducted the sacred body of St. Eufrasio returned to Andújar, as they were horrified by the Saracen dominion.*" Thus originated the Andújars; their ancestors were natives of the city, from which they derived their name.

In the city there remains one man of that name, a watchmaker, and he said that his uncle, who lately died in Madrid, was the only man he knew that bore the name of Andújar.

XIV

TOLEDO

LEAVING Andújar on the banks of the Guadalquivir by train for Madrid, June 9, at 5.30 A.M., we changed cars at Castillejo at 7 P.M. and arrived in Toledo two hours later. We traversed the distance from the station to the city by omnibus, zigzagging up a very steep hill. There are also city cars, with broad low wheels, drawn by mules, and in lieu of trolleys, they give good service to that hilly city.

Toledo is built on seven hills, and is one of the oldest and most historic cities of Spain. In 193 B.C. it was conquered by the Romans, then the Goths captured it in 467 A.D. It fell under subjection to the Saracens in 714 and remained in their power until 1085, when Alfonso VI, of Castille and Leon, conquered it. It then had 200,000 inhabitants, but to-day it has scarcely 25,000. When the Spanish Court fixed its residence permanently at Madrid, in the sixteenth century, Toledo received its death stroke. The distance between the two cities is about 47 miles. For many centuries Toledo was a Levitical Spanish city, that is, the ecclesiastical centre. Her numerous councils were noted for the impartiality and independence with which they were cele-

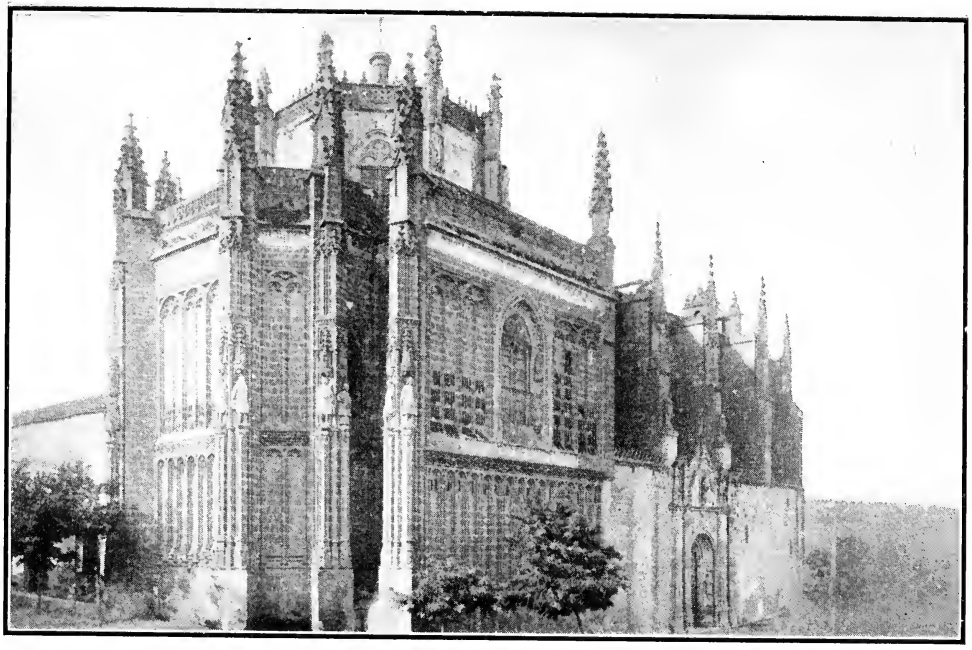
brated, when the Pope or Bishop of Rome had nothing to do with the Church of Spain. For more than 1,000 years the Church was completely free from Rome, and not only free from her authority, but also from the greater part of the corruption which had centred in Romanism.

The river Tajo surrounds most of the city; its name—*tajo* means "cut"—is well merited, because the low bed of the river cuts between the city and the high rugged mountains.

Although Toledo, with its narrow winding streets, is far from being beautiful, it is without doubt very interesting for its monuments of antiquity.

The Cathedral is one of the most magnificent in Spain. It was built on the plot where an antique mosque formerly stood. It is Gothic in style, was begun in 1227 and terminated in 1492, the year Columbus discovered America. It is in a low part of the city, and, owing to the hill and configuration of the city, it is scarcely perceived until one reaches it. The front, facing the west, having two magnificent towers, one of them 325 feet in height, is a perfect piece of art. The interior is immense; it is 400 x 200 feet, and is divided into five naves that contain 84 columns. Among the kings, princes, and notables who are there interred is Cardinal Jimenez, author of the Polyglot Bible.

"The St. John Church of the Kings" is quite large, and very beautiful in architecture and in its interior decorations. It was built for the



THE ST. JOHN CHURCH OF THE KINGS AT TOLEDO

Catholic King and Queen in the 15th century, in elegant Gothic style. The Royal Family attended services here. One of the relics of the Church is the Crucifix of the Inquisition, a rough pole, 16 feet long, with a small crucifix at the top, which served to apply to the poor victim, when he was in the burning heap and began to feel the scorching of the fire, the *Holy Inquisition;* if he kissed the crucifix, he was liberated from being roasted. It filled us with horror to look at the pole and crucifix, which are entirely black as if they had been scorched thousands of times. It seems strange that they preserve such relics or instruments and are not ashamed to display them in the church that was so base as to tolerate them.

Near this church stands a synagogue, and although built for the Jews, it has the name of a saint, "El Transito." This edifice has been declared a national monument. When we saw it, it was red, and we had then to walk over rubbish instead of over the fine marble floor that is found there. Samuel Levi, Treasurer of Peter the Cruel, had this synagogue erected; it was finished by another Rabbi in 1366. The Jews worshipped there until 1492, when they were expelled from Spain. The Order of Calatrava, that had charge of the edifice, dedicated it to St. Benito; later it passed to "Our Lady of Transit," but the priests did not take care of it, so the government had to claim it and restore this jewel of art, the only one of its kind in Spain. Different Spanish and foreign Jews proposed to the government to

restore it, as it is very costly, on condition that they be permitted to hold services there on Saturdays and have it open the remainder of the week for visitors, in this way preserving this work of art without any expense to the nation. But the Vatican would not consent, and the Synagogue will likely crumble away before the government finishes the repairs it requires.

The Alcazar, or Palace of the Kings, occupies the most prominent one of the large hills of the city, in such a manner that the top of the Palace is level with the street. The front is surrounded by an extensive esplanade, from which can be seen half of the adjoining territory of Toledo. From below, at a distance of about 500 feet, and nearly perpendicular, one can see the Tajo River and the narrow valley which runs along that side of the city. The perspective from the esplanade, extending the vision to the other side of the valley, is enchanting. When you glance directly below, it is imposing; the terraces, walls, and walks made to descend to the plain, seem to hang at your feet.

The palace was first built for the Gothic King, Wamba, in the 7th century, but was later destroyed and rebuilt at various times by the Moors and Christians until Charles I and his son, Philip II, restored it to its present condition in the 16th century. It is no longer a palace, but an immense military academy, whose officials and cadets are the life of the city. The truth is that, without its clergymen and army men, Toledo

would be dead. One observes that the cases in the clothing, haberdashers', and hardware stores are filled with objects for either the priest or the cadet.

We visited the famous Factory of Arms, where so many Toledan swords are manufactured. It is on the outskirts of the city, in the valley, about a mile and a half from Puerta Cambron, the city gate, and along the banks of the Tajo, whose waters are always yellow with clay after rain. The situation of the Factory is excellent, and its grounds are spacious and beautiful. The flower gardens are enchanting, "they are the pride of the Factory," said the guide. The groups of rosebushes of numerous varieties are beautifully arranged, as to forms and colours, and scatter their perfume throughout the whole place.

Swords, knives, folding-knives, and blades, cut in all shapes, as well as cartridges, are manufactured here with such perfection and finish as to well merit the fame given the place. There are a number of buildings, separate from one another, each one containing a particular department. The machinery is moved by electricity. Firearms, cannon, etc., are not manufactured here. The number of operators does not exceed 200 at most; there were but 75 employed when we visited there.

One of the most agreeable surprises is to encounter a friend or countryman on a foreign shore. When we left the Hotel Toledo, on the afternoon of June 11 by omnibus, to reach the

station for a train to Madrid, in front of our hotel, two American ladies and a gentleman entered. It happened that one of the ladies was Mrs. Stone, wife of Colonel Stone, Governor of Pennsylvania at the termination of the Spanish-American War, whose residence at that time was Harrisburg, the native city of Mrs. Andújar. The gentleman was born at Manatí, P. R., but was of German parentage. These people had arrived the day before and left with us for Madrid at 6 P.M. At 8 o'clock we reached the capital of Spain.

XV

MADRID

ON June 11, at 8 P.M., we reached the capital of Spain. Although many strangers had already left the city, after the magnificent festivities of the Royal Wedding, which terminated two days before, we had, nevertheless, considerable difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory hotel, as they were all crowded.

As I had visited this city for two weeks in 1881, it did not excite my curiosity, and, furthermore, Madrid does not contain the treasures of antiquity that other old Spanish cities do; Madrid, indeed, is comparatively modern.

It is situated at 40 degrees north latitude, 2,372 feet above the level of the sea, in the heart of the Peninsula, and is a great railroad centre. It lies along the Manzanares River, a deep ditch, which is usually nearly dry except when it rains, then its rise is remarkable.

"La Puerta del Sol" is the centre of Madrid, and from that small circle radiate all the principal streets in different directions. There are extensive walks and parks, so that the poor, as well as the rich, can enjoy the fresh air near their homes.

Although the city is modern, its origin is old. Alfonso VI captured Madrid from the Moors in 1083; however, it was of little importance until Charles V fixed his residence there, in 1532, and his son, Philip II, established *the only court of Spain* in that city, in 1560.

Madrid is a city of palaces, built, for the most part, at the expense of the welfare of the rest of the Spaniards. Without doubt, the most extensive edifice, and likely the most valuable, with the exception of the Royal Palace, is the Spanish Bank, and that is not a palace.

When we visited the Royal Palace, the King and Queen were residing in Aranjuez; but while we were admiring the exterior, after having enjoyed the interior, they arrived in an automobile, and dashed through the carriage-way.

The Royal Palace is probably the most beautiful in Europe; it is built of white granite, resembling marble. They have enlarged the Palace, adding to the two parallel wings; the Royal Armoury, which is the most complete in the world, was apart from the building in 1881; now, while it occupies the same place, it is a part of the Palace, the additions having been increased until the two buildings are one.

A visit to the Royal Armoury is time well spent. As we noticed the changes as well as the improvements in the warriors' weapons of offence and defence, from century to century, and brought to mind from the pages of history what was gained and what was lost, the good accom-

plished and the evil inflicted, we wondered which side weighed heavier in the scale.

The most conspicuous and magnificent pieces of armour are those of the sixteenth century, and those of Emperor Charles V outshine them all.

But what good did the wearers of those coats of mail and plumed helmets do for humanity? We saw no armour there of Martin Luther, yet this warrior of God outweighs the enemy of the Reformation with the best we have to-day for the welfare of humanity.

Let Francisco Grandmontagne, an eminent writer in *El Imparcial* of Madrid, make the parallel from a visit he made to the Royal Armoury. Contemplating the armour of the Emperor, he says:

"All is gone. All that was conquered by these heroes in coats of mail has disappeared. Doubtless the ideal which moved so many strong arms could have no lasting permanence in the world. The religious imposition, source of the great crash, made us turn our eyes to its supporter, Charles V.

"There is the hollow steel that protected his untired body. There is the spear engaged in maintaining the universal integrity of the Roman Catholic creed and in destroying and smashing the recent born and humble hosts of Lutheran Protestantism.

"Vain struggle; vain endeavour. Thy sword, O Charles! is long. But it will never reach to all

places where an idea has filtered in. Thou hast, magnificent Charles, two crowns on thy head, numerous war-tried troops, and millions of subjects ploughing the fields to give thee their products in taxes. The other, the austere Monk, has nothing but an idea, also austere. But this idea, though only air, spiritual air, will blunt thy spear and notch thy sword, will turn to naught the taxes thou art snatching from suffering Castile, and thine armies will fall by despondency and defeat, by the miraculous and obstinate action of a thought. It will avail thee nothing now to lay aside thy weapons of war and try to conquer by suggestive speech at the Diet of Worms. Soon, at Augsburg, the parliamentarian word of Melanchthon will affirm the new faith. Neither thou, powerful Charles, nor thy soldiers, nor thy subjects, are able to cope with that poor Luther, without weapons, without armies, but having the power of a timely idea. It makes no difference whether thou orderest a safe-conduct for him, or in a moment of wrath givest orders to hang him. In the mystic, disquieting field, in the endless and eternal space of metaphysics, he has conquered thee now and forever!

"This Charles V, whom I now contemplate before me, clad with all his armour, is indeed bewitching. Before him, all the other figures in the armoury, in spite of being so great in the country's history, fade into insignificance. I search for him in this mass of wrought-iron pieces which bring to memory the bodily shape of

the Cid, Ferdinand the Catholic, Juan of Austria, the Great Captain; Philip II, Herman Cortés, and of many others. But all my attention is absorbed by this Charles V, the father of our decline. Indeed, it was an unlucky day when such a disastrous lord arrived in Spain. Besides impoverishing the country with taxation, he destroyed all our political and administrative regimen, all the local institutions. He used violence in Castile and Valencia, and bribery in Galicia, in order to conquer all the legal opposition against his unbounded greed and exactions in order to maintain far away, in Germany, an army, to fight against the Protestant spirit, that spirit which, in ages to come, was to be the spring of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

"It is our profound conviction that the northern countries owe their extraordinary progress and civilisation, above all, to the moral effects of the Protestant Reformation, and that the decline of the southern nations of Europe is due, above all, to the reaction of Catholicism."

The principal point of interest to which visitors are admitted in the Royal Palace is the Royal Chapel. It was not adorned as it had been preparatory to the wedding of the King. When we arrived, a priest was administering communion to a few people, who are employed there, and as soon as they concluded, the decorators, who were waiting, entered and began to raise carpets and withdraw the tapestries.

The King's Guards at the Palace use the classic spears, that together with their sumptuous uniform, give them a magnificent appearance.

We also visited the Church of San Geronimo, where the Royal Wedding was performed, on May 31. It is situated on the outskirts of the ancient part of the city, near the Museum of Art. The church is large, but very simple; however, it has important historical value.

The Museum of Art is undoubtedly the richest in the world. The walls of the spacious salons are literally covered with the paintings of the greatest masters.

The House of Congress is a beautiful edifice. Although it would have been more interesting to have been there during a session, yet it is worthy of a visit. The Senate is far from the House, and while the building has an ordinary appearance on the exterior, having been an old convent, renovated for the purpose, its interior, the session room, as well as the departments for the ministers, is exquisite in rich decorations and in magnificent pictures. No kodaks or photographic apparatus are admitted, as they will not permit copies of their valuable pictures to be produced.

The means of communication in Madrid are very satisfactory; besides the trolleys that depart in all directions from Puerta del Sol to the suburbs of the city, there is an excellent carriage service, which costs but twenty cents a cab for one or two persons to the city limits.

The sanitary conditions are not all that could

be desired; there are wards that have no drainage, where people are obliged to live, surrounded by stagnant pools.

Naturally one would expect the educational advantages to increase according to the population, but this is not so in Madrid. The friars have multiplied and progressed, and undoubtedly this is the principal reason that the public schools have remained at a standstill. Let us read an account on this point from *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, of recent date, by an eminent Spanish writer, Vicente Blasco Ibañes:

"The Madrid schools have been installed in miserable houses, similar to pig styes. In thirty years, only one edifice for public instruction has been constructed; on the other hand, on the outskirts of the city, they have erected more than 100 enormous and splendid buildings for new religious orders, that encircle the city like a girdle of future fortresses. The friars and monks of all orders and nationalities, expelled from France and other countries, if they do not embark for the Spanish American Republics, which view their religious fervour with an occasional earthquake, come to Madrid to plant distilleries in Tarragona, to prove the sweetness of their dogma by manufacturing liquors."

Only one school-house has been erected in thirty years, when the population has doubled itself in that length of time! Although the gov-

ernment has no means to educate the children, it has sufficient for luxurious and imposing processions of the Church, which only inculcate more superstition and ignorance.

On June 14 we observed the Corpus Christi procession. Madrid has no cathedral; there is one in course of construction, but as yet, only the crypt is finished. The procession started from St. Domingo Church, each church forming, with its contingency of priests, acolytes, sacristans, etc., with their respective vestures, crosses, banners, candles, and other accessories that dazzle the sight and obscure the reason. The procession being an official act, the King, who was absent from Madrid, was represented by his carriage, drawn by eight pair of beautiful horses, with his coachmen and footmen dressed in the style of the 18th century. While the procession was official, there was nothing distinctive about it. Placed at an easy distance, we were able to observe the attitude of the people when "the consecrated host" passed. In Granada, the men removed their hats; in Madrid, some of them directly in front, stood with their heads covered, while those in the rear, with rare exception, kept their hats on.

An incident occurred during the procession that caused, to some, tremendous terror, to others, abundant laughter, but to the majority only a slight scare. When the procession was returning to the church, by way of Mayor Street, very near the house from which the anarchist Morales had thrown the bomb at the King and Queen

fifteen days before, a man, standing on the balcony of the second floor, dropped his hat, a Derby, and it fell upon the heads of several ladies on the balcony just below, and as they were screaming with fright, the innocent hat was bumping against the heads of the people jammed together on the street. Such were the terror and dread that existed in Madrid after the awful crime of the anarchist, that any little disturbance excited the people and they immediately feared another bomb. When the hat fell, the crowd scattered in all directions, falling over one another, not knowing what had happened; only about a half-dozen persons having noticed the hat. Several people were injured, two old ladies especially, one quite seriously, as she fell and was trampled by the crowd.

XVI

MADRID

THE EVANGELICAL WORK

AS we remarked in a previous chapter, the fondest recollections of our travels through the provincial capitals of Spain are those of the visits we were privileged to make to the evangelical work in each of them, and Madrid, the capital of the nation, is no exception. As we greeted those brethren, whom we had never seen, we felt that we were in the presence of old companions; our blood, indifferent in the midst of strange and worldly people, warmed with enthusiasm and joy, as if it would like to mingle in expressions of Christian love with those Heralds of the Gospel.

The Protestant work in Madrid is well established. There are thirteen evangelical centres, representing several denominations. For lack of time we could not visit them all, but we saw a number of the most important of them. We first went to call on the Rev. Cipriano Tornos, Editor of *El Cristiano,* President of the Spanish Evangelical Church, and Pastor of the Church at 4 Leganitos Street. In this building are also the headquarters of the British and

Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society.

Brother Tornos's congregation has 262 members. Over 150 attend regular Sunday morning preaching services, and about 70 attend the Sunday school. He has also a day school of 140 pupils. Mr. Tornos is a man of broad education and long experience. He was converted in 1873, from which date he has been pastor of the congregation at his present address. It was here that Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain, attended services during her stay in Madrid last spring, while her daughter was ill.

We next visited Bishop J. B. Cabrera and his church, "The Redeemer"; his denomination is called the Spanish Reformed Church. This congregation is the oldest now existing in Spain. It was founded January 24, 1869, by Antonio Carasco and Francisco de P. Ruet, sustained by Presbyterians from France and Switzerland. Mr. Carasco went to New York in 1874, to attend an evangelical conference, and, on his return, his steamer was lost near the coast of Spain, he perishing with many others. Mr. Cabrera, already a pastor in Seville, was then called to take charge of this congregation, from which time he has been working in Madrid. In 1880, the church left the Presbyterian form and was placed in communion with and under the protection of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland. The residence of Mr. Cabrera, to-

gether with the church, is in 18 Beneficencia Street. He was once a Roman Catholic priest, and is one of the best Spanish writers of hymnology to-day, having composed many excellent hymns. He is editor and founder of *La Luz*, one or the oldest evangelical publications in Spain.

Bishop Cabrera and Señor Tornos have recently published the Old Testament Revised, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the work of revision having occupied several years. Their work was to render an accurate version of Casiodoro Reina and Cipriano de Valera in modern phraseology. Spanish-speaking countries owe a debt to both Bishop Cabrera and Señor Tornos and the British and Foreign Bible Society for this excellent work, and nothing would be more profitable to the evangelical work in these countries than the adoption of this modern version in pure Castilian.

The Church of the Redeemer, or the Protestant Cathedral, as many call it, is the only Protestant edifice that has been built in Madrid. It is a beautiful and ample structure, of fine architecture, seats 400 persons, and adjoins the Episcopal residence. There are 100 members in the congregation and a day school of about 70 pupils. A complete account of the persecutions which the Bishop endured in the construction of this church would fill volumes. The building was dedicated to the service of Almighty God in 1893. It was finished some time before, but every time permis-

sion was asked from the government for its final opening some technical red tape, pharisaical, hypocritical requirement, was demanded. They always pretended to find some requisite that had not been filled, according to the technicalities of the law, and each of these would take five or six months to pass and resolve in the offices of the government. Of course, no cross or symbol or sign whatever of religion was allowed on the exterior of the church. When at last, in 1893, permission was given to hold services in the church, it was on condition that the front or street door should not be opened and that the people should enter through the Episcopal residence, cross the yard, and enter the sanctuary by a side door. Oh, Satanic intolerance and perfidy! characteristic only of a priest-ridden nation, or of the times of Torquemada! How long do our readers think this door remained closed? *Thirteen years!* It had only been opened six months in June of last year when we visited there. Bishop Cabrera related the story of his final victory as follows:

At the time a chapel in Barcelona was being built, opposition to its opening was strongly made by Cardinal Casañas, and he asked the coöperation of King Alfonso. The answer to Casañas resembled that of a Philip II; it was not from the King, however, but was forged by his private secretary, Merry del Val, brother to the retrograde secretary of the Pope. This letter appeared in the papers on the same day that Alfonso

XIII landed in London to visit the Protestant King Edward, and he considered it an insult, causing of course the consequent blush to Alfonso. The papers both of Madrid and of other towns of Spain strongly criticised such intolerance in Barcelona. The foreign representatives insisted on their rights, and the Protestant Episcopal Chapel of Barcelona was opened and dedicated to the service of God. It was then that Bishop Cabrera went to the Governor of Madrid asking him what reason or excuse there was to keep the front door of his church closed when the Chapel of Barcelona had its doors wide open, to which His Excellency answered "Go ahead and open it"; the door was opened, and may God grant that it may never be closed again.

While visiting Bishop Cabrera we learned that the Rev. Lino Abeledo was in Madrid. Brother Abeledo is a native of the northwestern part of Spain. He was converted in Buenos Aires in 1873, and has been a member of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Argentine for many years. He was also visiting his Mother Country, and although we had never seen him, we knew him by name, and we had the pleasure of meeting in Christian fellowship. Later on, we met him again in Pontevedra, where we preached the Gospel in the same place.

Another evangelical and educational centre is the Academy for Young Women, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Gulick, at 5 and 20 Fortuny Street. There were 58 pupils, with 4 teachers at

the time of our visitation. Mr. Gulick has been working in Spain for nearly forty years. His wife died a short time ago, after thirty-three years of active and successful work for the education of women in Spain. He is in charge of the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions in the Peninsula. Most of his work, however, is in the northern and northeastern part of Spain.

The brothers Fliedner, sons of the German missionary, who worked many years for the Gospel in Spain, have also a great work in Madrid and in Escorial of preaching, teaching, and publishing. They have just built a large school, with all modern improvements, where they educate to the B.A. degree, in 63 Bravo Murillo Street. Mr. Teodoro Fliedner, President, is a well-educated man. This same society publishes the *Librería Nacional y Extranjera* and *El Amigo de la Infancia.* In this book room there is a large assortment of books on religion, science, and literature.

The Christian Endeavour Societies are very numerous in Spain, and their organ, *Esfuerzo Cristiano*, a monthly paper, is excellently edited by Don Carlos Araujo García at 13 Montleon Street. The "Brethren," whose work is mostly in the northwest, have also some work in Madrid.

The educational work and the propaganda which are being carried on in the capital, besides the pure evangelical work, are of great importance

for the influence which already is being exerted. Great Madrid dailies, which some years ago would not dare to speak in favour of Protestants, even if they sympathised with them, now advertise their meetings, and work and expose and denounce the persecution which often is the lot of our brethren to suffer in that unfortunate country.

XVII

THE ESCORIAL

EVERY traveller who visits Madrid for the first time, and even for the second time, does not consider his visit complete without a trip to the Escorial, especially as it is almost one of the suburbs, being only 51 kilometres distant, taking about one hour and a half by train. The scenery between Madrid and the Escorial is picturesque, not for the fertility of the land, but for its bleak and stony mountains, crowned with immense boulders, of all forms and sizes, which try to hide their nakedness amid the numerous flowers and shrubs that enchant the traveller with their rich and heavy perfume and their variety of colours, thus making the bracing mountain air twice enjoyable.

The Escorial is the name of a small village, which contains the Monastery of St. Lawrence, commonly called the Monastery of Escorial, the eighth wonder of the world, which was built by Philip II. The sloping side of the mountain, where this monument is built, as well as the neighbourhood of the village, was useless for agriculture or anything else but some quarries and hunting, and they are not any better now. Only such a man as that monarch, severe, taci-

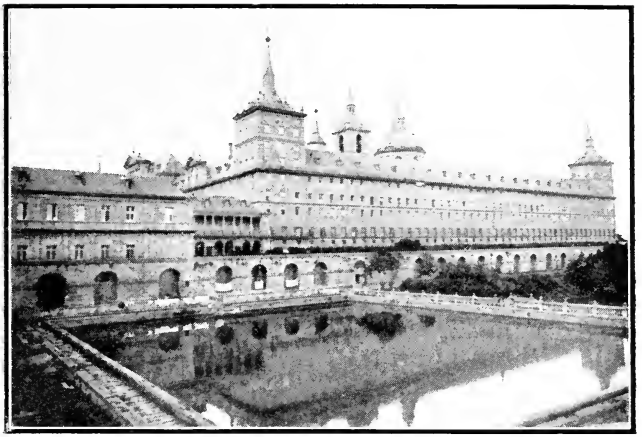
turn, slow, extremely austere, could have raised such a great work in such an uninviting place. But the place as well as the edifice is in harmony with the character of Philip II of Spain.

The ground of the Monastery, about thirty miles in circumference, is fenced by a stone wall. The building proper occupies a surface of 500,000 feet, and contains, all in one group, convent, cathedral, palace, and royal pantheon. It is built of dark granite, in Doric style, mostly covered with blue stone slate and lead sheets. Its form is that of a rectangular parallelogram. Over 1,100 windows give light to the interior of the edifice.

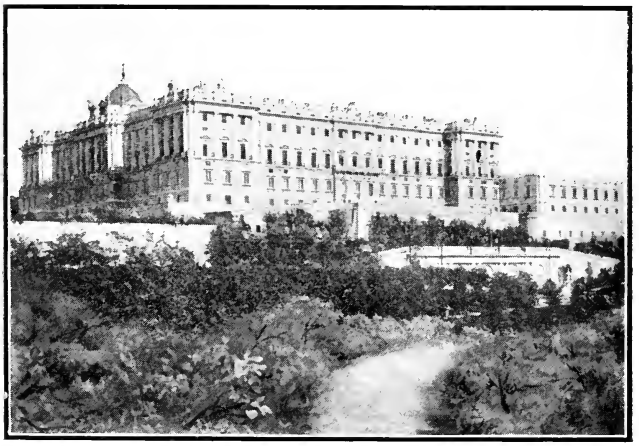
The reason Philip II built this place and dedicated it to St. Lawrence, was in honour of the great victory at the battle of San Quintin, which the King won August 10, 1557, the saint's day, and on account of the King having destroyed a Monastery of that saint in order to gain the battle, directing his troops against the French army. We wonder why Philip II did not send St. Lawrence with his great armada against Protestant England, in 1588.

The Monastery was begun in 1562 and finished in 1584. The dedication took place in 1595, when the interior of the Cathedral was finished. The architect who had the honour to carry out this work to completion was Don Juan Herrera, although the one who began it was Juan Bautista de Toledo.

Three years after the dedication, in 1598, the



THE ESCORIAL
Side View from Huerta Pond



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID
(*See page 128*)

King died, at the age of 71 years. He ordered his coffin to be made of the wood that was left in making the great crucifix for the main altar of the Cathedral, which wood had been taken from the bottom of an old Portuguese vessel, called *Cinco Chagas* (Five Wounds), which had been stranded on the shore of Lisbon for over twenty years when Philip took possession of the kingdom. The wood of the vessel came from large trees of India, called by the natives Angeli.

Several times this Monastery took fire by electric sparks; the seventh fire occurred in 1872. In some of the fires the building and contents suffered much, but in each successive construction it came out richer. During the French invasion, in 1808, they looted the Escorial of its richest jewels, paintings, etc.

After we entered and had passed the principal porch, we found ourselves in a large yard, called "El Patio de los Reyes," on account of the six statues of the Kings of the Old Testament—Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, David, Solomon, Josiah, and Manasseh. Each statue is 18 feet high. They are of granite, and together with the statue of St. Lawrence, which stands above the portico, were taken from a single rock from the Prado de los Reyes, where there is still the following sign:

"Seis reyes y un santo
Salieron de este canto,
Y quedó para otro tanto."

Which means, six kings and one saint came

out of this rock, and yet there remains sufficient for as many more.

The Cathedral, in Doric style, is a perfect square of 180 feet, in the shape of a Greek cross, with the two arms equal. Everything in the building is grand and majestic, although sombre and austere. Philip II made a vow at the battle of San Quintin *to build a house for God and a hut for himself*, and this he did as we can see by visiting the humble quarters of the King.

On one side of the Cathedral are the Pudrideros (places of decay), vaults where the corpses of the Royal Family are placed until they are finally deposited in the Pantheon. They remain in the Pudrideros for twenty or thirty years, until they are entirely desiccated.

From the Cathedral we went to the Pantheon of Infants, where the descendants of the Royal Family, not heirs to the crown, are placed. This Pantheon was very modest and simple at first. As, however, it did not correspond with the grandeur of the Monastery, Isabella II built it again in 1862. She made it entirely new, monuments, floor, walls, dome, ceilings, etc., all of the finest marble. All is bright and sumptuous in this particular place; nothing sombre or dreary.

The Pantheon of the Kings is situated directly under the main altar of the Cathedral. Philip III began to construct it in 1617, and it was finished by Philip IV in 1654. Entering behind the altar, you descend by a spiral stairway 64 feet deep with 34 steps and 3 resting places.

It is 6 feet wide, and is made of jasper of Tortosa and the marble of Toledo, so well joined that they appear as one piece. On the second rest, there are two doors, which lead, one to the right to the vestry of the Pantheon and to one of the Pudrideros, and the other to the left to the other two Pudrideros and to the Pantheon of Infants. The Pantheon of Kings is octagon-shaped, 26 feet in diameter and 38 feet in height. The style of architecture is mixed, and its material is jasper and marble, trimmed with gilded bronze, which gives the place grandeur. In the centre of the floor is a large sunburst of marble and jasper of different colours. From the centre of the ceiling there is a ring of jasper, 18 feet in circumference, and another sunburst of bronze from which a chandelier of the same metal hangs. This is octagonal, 7 feet high and 32 feet in diameter, elaborated with figures of angels, winged children, etc. Upon the altar is a bronze crucifix, 5 feet high, placed on a black marble cross.

The urns where the remains of the Kings and Queens are deposited are all alike made of gray marble 7 x 3 x 3 feet. Each is supported by four lions' paws. In the centre of each urn is a bronze plate upon which the name of the King or Queen appears in black letters. In this Pantheon are deposited only the remains of those Kings who were heirs to the crown, and the Queens who had left heirs to the crown of Spain. The urns for María Cristina, the Queen Mother, and Alfonso XIII, are there awaiting them, names and all.

At this writing, there will be another urn for Queen Victoria, because she is mother of the future King Alfonso XIV, and has therefore acquired the right to be buried there. Had she died childless, she would have been buried with the children in the Pantheon of Infants.

When this Pantheon was finished, in 1654, the first King that was buried there was Charles I (Emperor Charles V), a man who destroyed the liberties of Spain, civil and religious, and who more than any other man is responsible for the backward condition of the Latin nations, as he deprived them of the benefits of the Reformation and the precious blessings of freedom of worship carried to the Anglo-Saxon nations, which stand to-day in the vanguard of civilisation. It was ninety years after his death that his remains were transferred to this place, but his body was intact, except his nose, which was a little bruised, according to historians. Immediately the bodies of Philip II, Philip III, one empress, and three queens were also deposited there. While this Pantheon is so imposing and majestic, yet there is something simple about it to admire. All the urns are equal, whether they are of Emperor, King, Empress, or Queen; there is not a single inscription or allegory, only the name on the plate that distinguishes one from the other.

In visiting the Convent, the most important thing to see is the library. It is a large hall, 184 x 34 x 36 feet up to the roof of the dome. It is divided into two parts, one for printed books and

the other for manuscripts. It is noted for the variety of its rich and ancient manuscripts. There are some very beautiful ones from the 10th and following centuries. The shelving along the walls, designed by Juan de Herrera, and executed in mahogany, cedar, ebony, orange, walnut, and other rare woods, is magnificent. In another place in the Convent there is a hall, called "El Camarin" (little bed), where a large number of relics are exhibited. One of them, they assured us, was one of the jars which Christ used in performing His first miracle in Cana of Galilee when changing water into wine. This relic was venerated in a castle about six miles from Vienna, where Emperor Maximilian procured it and presented it as a gift to Philip II. Another relic is still more wonderful. Upon the altar table is a closed vessel or urn containing a small skeleton, which is said to be of one of the children slaughtered by Herod in Bethlehem. Our readers can make their own comments.

The Palace, although modestly begun, was later enriched and its walls beautified with costly tapestries and pictures by the successors of the founder of the Escorial. However, the most important part of it, the Hall of Battles, was arranged and ordered by Philip II. Its walls are covered with mural paintings, representing various battles, especially that of San Quintin.

The dwelling apartment of Philip II, where he lived, worked, suffered, and died, is behind the main altar of the Cathedral. It is a hall, 33 feet

square, divided into three rooms by two partitions. The floor is of common brick, and the walls and the ceilings are whitewashed, without any other trimming than a tiled wainscoting. The sitting room and the sleeping room of the austere monarch, and his office, with a writing table and a walnut bookshelf, are still there.

Two stools and a chair, old-style leather seats and back, where he sat resting his diseased leg upon the stools, are also preserved. It is said in the last years of his life that the odour of his leg was so offensive that his own servants could scarcely bear it. Sitting in his bedroom, in a position in which he could see the priest celebrating at the main altar, he could hear mass when it was almost impossible for him to move. The contrast of these poor plain, unostentatious rooms with the rest of the Monastery is tremendous. There is no doubt that he made *a house for God* (or St. Lawrence) *and a hut for himself.*

Coming from the Monastery, and looking on the exterior towards the cupola, which rises 330 feet above the basement, we saw a bright square piece of apparent bronze or gold, about which our guide said: "That is a piece of gold placed there in order to finish the work, when stone had been exhausted, which proves that Philip II was short of stone, but had abundance of gold." It sounds very beautiful, but we did not want to show the guide what history really tells us; he was left therefore with his enchantment, if he really believes the story. The account of the construction

of the building relates that the apparent golden spot is a copper plate, fire gilt, which serves to indicate the place where Philip II ordered a wooden box, lined with lead, containing the relics of St. Peter, St. Paul, and Santa Bárbara, to be placed. It is rather strange that Santa Bárbara, advocate of the Roman Catholics against thunder and lightning, did not perform her duty better than allow no less than seven strokes of lightning to cause as many fires.

La casita del Príncipe is a small palace within a short distance of the Monastery. It was built by Charles IV. He never lived in it, but filled it with the rarest jewels of art. It contains seventeen small rooms, of beautiful furniture, pictures, tapestry, instruments of art, etc. There is nothing common or even plain there; all is of the best.

Coming down from the Monastery to the town and railway station, we found ourselves at a bull-ring, full of people in and around; a free bull-fight was going on.

We visited the Evangelical School under the direction of Doña Elisa Ruet, a daughter of the first pastor expelled from Spain to Africa for preaching the Gospel. This modest school, where the pastor from Madrid goes weekly to celebrate religious services, had just been visited by a German prince, who was in Spain to attend the Royal Wedding. This event was talked about with great enthusiasm and admiration, so much so that when we asked for the Protestant school, several persons remarked, "the school

that the Prince visited." Of course, we knew nothing about the visit, but it shows the value of a man in a high station showing his love for and principles in religion, even if in a foreign country and in a place, most humble, under the shadow of that great Monastery.

XVIII

FROM MADRID TO CORUNNA *

AT 9.20 on the morning of June 16, we left the capital of Spain by the train that reaches Corunna at 4.30 in the afternoon of the following day, a distance of 826 kilometres. The journey was rather long, but we were very anxious to reach the north and northwestern provinces to enjoy the cool climate, for in Castile the sun was hot and scarcely any breeze favoured us. This long trip was not tedious, but rather amusing and pleasant, especially so on account of the following experience:

A few minutes after we boarded the train at the station in Madrid, while we were looking out the window at the passengers getting into the coaches and different compartments, we were wishing that some pleasant people would come with us, or, better still, that none would come. There was room for eight or ten persons to be accommodated where we were; and what was our surprise to see no less than five bull-fighters make a bee-line towards our door and enter. I turned to Mrs. Andújar and said, "Now, we are in for it, but I hope they will not travel with us very far."

* In Spanish, *La Coruña.*

One of them was from the provinces of Galicia, another from the Asturias, a third from Santander, the fourth from Seville, and the last from Madrid. The fifth had the nick-name of *Curro*, which means pretty, and the others were known as *Gallego*, *Asturiano*, *Montañés*, and *Sevillano*. The Gallego was the manager of the company.

Their dress, manners, and expressions distinguished them from afar as bull-fighters: tight pants, as if there had not been sufficient cloth in the store, a short woman-like coat, scarcely reaching the waist, a wide sash around the waist, where they kept their *sevillana*, a big spring knife. Their faces were clean-shaven, like a priest's; they wore very low-crowned, flat, short-brimmed beaver hats, cues of hair resting on the back of their necks, and the rest of their heads was well clipped. These were our travelling companions night and day until four o'clock in the morning of the following day, when they reached Astorga and left us. What a strange combination—Methodists and bull-fighters!

As "there is no evil that does not bring some good," so here good came in abundance. These five men divided themselves so that two remained in our compartment and three in the half of the next, and with their jokes and bravados they succeeded in keeping everybody away from our side during the whole journey. Both of us had plenty of room to recline and rest and sleep nearly the whole night, without fear of any

molestation whatever at any stopping station. These men were faithful watchmen.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the form of railroad coaches in Europe will better appreciate our situation. They do not open from end to end, like American cars, but on the sides, with lateral doors, making four or five divisions in each coach. Before we left the station at Madrid we already had benefited from the work of our companions.

They stationed themselves at the doors, looking out the windows, and if they saw any passenger walking towards them they would say, "The other car, mister, the other car; everything is empty back there—here it is all full," and the result was that the man went to the other coach. This speech, with a little variation now and then, was repeated at every station whenever any person tried to seek a seat with us.

When some courageous passenger, who did not mind them at first, insisted and tried to open the door to see whether in reality there were no seats and that all was full, they would pour upon him a long string of bull-fighter's terms and Andalusian vocabulary and invoke the Virgin Mary and all the saints in the celestial abodes, so that the daring individual, half-frightened, would flee away, glad to get into another car and not in the company of such fellows. The fact is nobody wants to have any dispute or contention with bull-fighters, and seeing four or five looking out of those windows, all of one mind, they went

away. Then when participating in a lunch of bread, frankfurters, cheese, and wine, they used their *sevillanas* to cut meat and bread, they would wave them with their hands as they looked out, which, together with their saucy phraseology, peppered and salted with an attitude of defiance, served to defend the castle with efficiency.

After midday, the sun shone bright and hot on us through the glass windows. One of them opened his valise, and taking out his bull-fighting cloak, red, not over clean, and with blood stains from the arena, he fastened it with a nail and several pins against the window, making a pleasant shade inside. While this cloak was up, until dark no passenger ventured to approach our door; undoubtedly, it was considered an infectious place. The sight of that red curtain, stained with blood as a trophy from a battle-field, scared everybody away. As we occupied part of two divisions, three or four persons at one station entered the one next to the window covered with the cloak, when one of the bull-fighters exclaimed, "Sirs, are you crazy? Do you want to die in this smallpox hospital?" The passengers turned and went to the farthest car to get as far as possible from the *smallpox*.

Those who are not acquainted with the manners of the bull-fighter or the type he represents, on hearing him talk, the tone, form, and agitation peculiar to him, would conclude that he was a cut-throat and be frightened beyond description, while the whole thing was merely words, words,

words. We have known that class of people since childhood, and for that reason we laughed heartily. We saw by their expressions, movements, and tricks that they would not hurt anybody, and they certainly amused us.

Late at night, a man from one of the stations entered the second compartment where there were four people, besides the three bull-fighters, but they persuaded him that it was full. He then looked over at our side and was about to jump over the seat where we four were very comfortably resting and trying to sleep, having all the luxury of travel as kings and queens. One more coming into the place would have crowded all of us, and, seeing the situation, the bull-fighter exclaimed, "But, sir, do you not see that sick lady? Would you dare to disturb her?" pointing to Mrs. Andújar. The man left and found a more congenial place.

The jokes, bravados, and tricks of these men of the arena were successful at every station, till about two hours before they arrived at their destination. A man who seemed to be somewhat stubborn entered, and the bull-fighters, not being able to dispose of him, showed a challenging spirit, this attitude was assumed only after their former programme failed; the man showed his teeth and returned the challenge, and said he was not afraid of any bull-fighter in the world, they were simply talkers, "their bark was worse than their bite." However, it was not congenial for him there, and he departed, saying that

they would measure their *sevillanas* in Astorga, where they all stopped; undoubtedly, they never remembered one another any more.

At 4 A.M., the five men left, with their bull-fighting paraphernalia, after bidding us good-bye with all the courtesy and politeness of true friends of travel. They had treated us royally. They are the product, in their exterior life, of a detestable trade, which they have undertaken, and which, demoralizing as it is, cannot fail to affect materially those who live by the business; but under the tight clothes, the low, flat hat, and the jokes and bravados, there are many noble and honest hearts, capable of producing good fruitage if the sun of righteousness could shine upon them.

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the Tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

At 6.30 P.M. of our first day's travel, we arrived at Valladolid, where the north and south bound trains pass each other. The train from the north was full of reapers, who were going to Castile to reap the wheat, with their old-fashioned sickles hanging at their waists. They were young, strong, robust men. About one hundred of them alighted on the platform, where they began to jump, dance, and play musical instruments, and some howled with content. There was no homesickness there, nor pale faces, all were bright

and gleeful. Their mental nature, however, did not seem to have much dominion over these men.

During the first hours of the morning of the second day we passed Ponferrada, a great number of tunnels indicating to us that we were entering the northwest of Spain, Galicia. The station of Montefurado and Sequeiros confirmed our expectations. The perfumed and invigorating air of those valleys and fields was also a sign that we were travelling in the old Suevia. For some distance we were zigzagging along the river Sil, one of the tributaries of El Miño, whose crystal waters permitted us to see the clean sand of its bed. At last we arrived at Monforte, at 10 A.M. Here we changed cars, breakfasted, and left at twelve o'clock for Corunna, where we landed at 4.30 P.M.

XIX

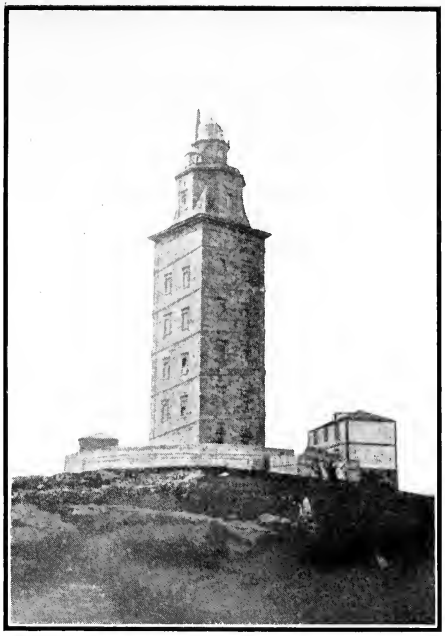
IN CORUNNA

THIS maritime city is the capital of the province of the same name, and in times past it was the capital of the old kingdom of Galicia. Situated in 43 degrees north latitude, not far from Cape Finisterre, it is the extreme city of the northwest of Spain, and therefore of the European continent.

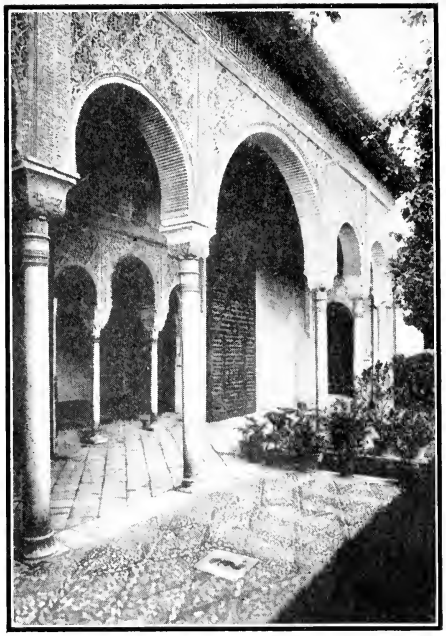
The Tower of Hercules, built, it is supposed, by the Romans, is now doing duty as a lighthouse. It is 365 feet high, and has a revolving lantern that throws light twelve miles over the sea.

Corunna has a large bay, but it is not easy of access. The city, although old, is thoroughly modernised. Its houses have the distinctive feature of crystal galleries, or balconies with glass windows, which serve as hot-houses in winter and cool places in summer.

The city is completely commercial, with over 50,000 people. More than once it has been the scene of bloody battles, especially during the French Invasion. In 1809, Sir John Moore, commanding the British army, was attacked by the French General Soult. Moore held back the French, but was mortally wounded. He was



THE TOWER OF HERCULES AT CORUNNA



THE ALHAMBRA
The Exterior Gallery.

(*See page 110*)

buried in one of the walls along the seashore, but later removed, and a beautiful monument was raised to his memory in San Carlos Park, where his remains rest.

But what most interested us in Corunna was the evangelical work. Mr. G. J. Chesterman is the missionary in charge both in the city and in the interior of the province. This brother, as well as the other missionaries who work in the northwestern provinces, belong to "The Brethren" from England. In Spain, they are known as the Evangelical Church only. They have no system of central government, each congregation is entirely independent of every other. They baptise by immersion, celebrate the Lord's Supper every Sunday, passing a loaf of bread around, with a bottle of wine and a glass, from which the brethren help themselves while seated.

They are enthusiastically evangelical. They have no day schools, except in one or two places in the interior; their work consists exclusively in preaching the Gospel. The numerous flourishing congregations, especially in the seaside towns in Pontevedra Province, witness their great success.

As soon as we were settled in our Hotel, "La Ferrolana," we went to 9 Plaza de Pontevedra, where there is a fine building centrally located. On the first floor there is a hall for church purposes, while the second floor is the home of the missionary and his good family.

It was 5 P.M. when we arrived at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. Chesterman and they offered us tea. It would be more difficult to know what the hours are when English people drink no tea than when they partake of it. Of course nobody can equal the English in making good tea.

Mr. Chesterman has been in Spain for thirty years, and of those, twenty-five were spent in Corunna. He has 40 members in his church, and as many attend Sunday school. Besides this place, he preaches in several small towns, some quite distant. Sunday evening I had the pleasure of preaching to an enthusiastic audience of over 50.

These brethren must be fired with the Gospel, otherwise they would not be there, for the persecutions many of them endure, in order to earn their living, are most trying. These persecutions do not come from neighbours and friends, but from the bigoted priests who compel every one they can to boycott the Protestants.

The Sunday evening of my visit, there was present Señor Bouza, a colporteur of long experience, in that congregation. He had just arrived from Santiago, where he was arrested and had his Bibles taken from him, and was put in jail by order of the mayor. Mr. Chesterman telegraphed to Señor Bouza, and at the same time to the mayor, telling him that if they would not set Bouza at liberty and return his books, he would immediately report the case to the English Consul, and they would have to deal directly with him. Señor Bouza was released and his Bibles

returned. This is one of the many instances which frequently occur in that country. The priests are the secret police, who watch and order the mayors and judges to put all possible impediments in the way of spreading the Gospel. These officers are at the priests' mercy; if they do not obey, they lose their jobs. On account of this, many times the mayors and judges are glad when the Protestants who have been arrested or abused know how to defend their rights or gain their freedom, for then they can give a plausible excuse to the priests for setting them free.

When we entered the chapel we noticed a brick wall, about 15 feet long and 10 feet high, which served as a screen inside of the door, and this is its history. When the place was opened for religious services, they had a wooden screen inside of the door, so that no one could be seen from the street, for in Spain it is prohibitory for the interior of a Protestant Church to be seen from the outside.

The priests began their Jesuitical machinations and got the authorities to compel the church to build a brick screen, sufficiently thick and large, so that singing could not be heard in the street, and high enough that a sign that was inside against the roof—"I am the way, the truth, and the life"—could not be seen. So this is the reason for the brick wall.

Not only evangelical hymns, but the words of our Lord and Saviour, are offensive to those benighted priests; but how can it be otherwise

while such tools of the Pope as Maura rule and dominate in Spain?

In Corunna, there is a Protestant English Cemetery, and a Civil one. The last has been built lately, because the present Governor of the Province is a republican, and hence not domineered over by the priests. The law is that every town should have a Civil Cemetery one-third the size of the Romanists', but, the fact is, very few towns comply with this law. The threatenings of the clericals keep the municipal authorities from fulfilling this duty.

On this account, the Protestants have to build their own cemeteries with great difficulty and persecution in order to have a resting-place for those of their congregation who sleep in the Lord. The cemetery is a place for a large concourse to hear the Gospel when there is a funeral. It is customary to take this opportunity for a preaching service, which lasts sometimes three hours. The cemetery is the only place where nobody will molest Protestants. There they have the right to sing and preach in the open air all they want. The people, knowing this custom, when there is a Protestant funeral flock to the cemetery. Mr. Chesterman told us that in some cases as many as 400 people there listen to the Gospel. When it is possible, three or four preachers are invited to help in the service, and great benefit is derived from these occasions. It is strange that the priests have not yet invented something to deprive our brethren of this blessed opportunity.

We left Corunna for Santiago in the *diligencia,* an old-style stage-coach drawn by four pairs of mules. The distance is about forty miles. We left at 7 P.M., travelling all night, and arrived at our destination at 5.30 the following morning, covered with dust, and our ears tired of the rough and unpleasant phrases which our coachman used trying to tell his mules what he wanted them to do and what he thought about them. Our bones were well shaken, and the whole night had been spent without sleep. Owing to the excessive heat, the night was preferable to the day for the trip.

These *diligencias,* if they had sufficient space for every passenger to sit erect, and not be pressed in like a sardine, and if there were good, level, smooth roads, would not be so bad; but in summer there are always more passengers than they can accommodate, and they press them in and hang them on top, every place the passenger is willing to go. It is about thirty years since Santiago has been connected with the seaport towns of Carril and Villagarcia by rail, and as many years that Santiago and Corunna could have been similarly united, but rivalry and the egoism of both cities deprive them of the railroad.

XX

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA (ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELA)

THIS city, which to-day has only 25,000 inhabitants, in the Middle Ages was of great renown, on account of the pilgrimages to the sepulchre of St. James the Apostle, from all parts of Europe. Now there are neither pilgrimages nor thought of them; the European nations seem to be busier making munitions of war, large cannon, etc., than to seek for St. James on his white horse, unfurling his white flag, in order to gain battles.

But be this as it may, Santiago de Compostela is a famous city, and its fame is due solely to the Apostle James, whose remains are supposed to rest in the Cathedral. Some Spanish historians speak of this as a matter of legends and inventions. We know from the Book of Acts that St. James was murdered by Herod in Jerusalem about the year 42 A.D. From this time on, traditions and legends began. We have already noticed in connection with the history of the city of Andújar that St. Eufrasio and others brought the body of the Apostle to the coast of Galicia and deposited it in a place near Iria Flavia, now

Padron, in the Province of Corunna, not far from Compostela.

The Moors invaded Spain in 711, sweeping all before them. About the year 808, according to Ferreras, and 835, according to Morales and the Marquis of Mondejar, several men of recognised authority communicated to Teodomiro, Bishop of Iria, that they had seen strange and marvellous lights for several nights in the woods not very distant from that city. The Bishop hastened to the place named and himself witnessed the phenomenon; so he ordered the woods to be cleaned, and, digging about the place, they found a small chapel which contained a sepulchre, which was acknowledged to be that of St. James.

The Bishop left immediately and hastened to the court, and King Alfonso II, with his nobles, went to the site, where the King soon ordered the erection of a church and donated three miles of land for this purpose; at the same time, the Bishopric was changed from Iria to Santiago de Compostela (the place where the miracle occurred); later Alfonso III built a better church.

The word compostela, according to some writers, comes from *campus stellæ*, which means "the field of the star," having reference to the light that was shining in that place. According to others, it comes from *campus apostoli*, that is "the field of the Apostle."

Shortly after finding this sepulchre one of those miracles, in which the history of the Middle Ages abounds, occurred. We say the history of the

Middle Ages, for the story of St. James riding on the white horse was not related by any chronicler until 400 years after the event is supposed to have taken place. It was Rodrigo de Toledo who first wrote about it, 400 years after its occurrence.

The story is, that a little before the year 850, on account of the wars with the Moors, King Ramiro I was defeated, and the Spaniards retired to weep over their misfortune in the Valley of Clavijo. The King had a dream that night in which he saw the Apostle James riding on a white horse, unfurling a white flag, exhorting the King and his men to rally to the fight the following day, and he himself would be at the head of the army. Astounded, Ramiro communicated his dream early in the morning to the Bishops and the Grandees of the court, as well as to the army. The result was that the battle was renewed, in which St. James was *visibly* present at the head of the army and made a butchery of the Moors, killing over 60,000 men.

However that may have been, the fact is that it produced good results for the Apostle, or rather for the priests; on account of this event the Spanish nation promised then to offer the first fruits of the annual grape harvest and to give the Apostle a part of the booty that should thereafter be taken in the wars against the Moors. These contributions seem to have continued as late as the end of the 18th century, as appears from the journal of the Cortes of Cadiz, in 1812,

and from the history of the Spanish Revolution by Conde Toreno.

The Church of Compostela was destroyed by the victorious Moorish General Almanzor, in one of his campaigns in the northwest of Spain, in 997, but this chieftain respected the sepulchre of the Apostle, and left it intact. The country was soon retaken by the Spaniards.

The numerous pilgrimages from not only all parts of Spain, but from all over Europe, which used to be made to Santiago de Compostela, were in part the motive for the formation of the fanatical Crusades to the Holy Land.

The Cathedral of St. James is one of the oldest in Europe. It was begun in 1078, and the principal part was finished in 1188. It is in the shape of a cross; 380 feet long, 60 wide, and 70 high. It is in the purest Romanesque style found in Spain. While the interior preserves its original form, the exterior has been disfigured by many additions for the purpose of enlarging it.

In the eastern part (looking towards Jerusalem, or Rome) is the famous Holy Door, which is opened by the Archbishop only in the year of jubilee, which comes every four years or rather in each leap-year. The most beautiful portion of architecture in the Cathedral is the Door of Glory, made in the 12th century, with Gothic arches. On this door is represented the final judgment, with scenes cut in stone.

The interior of the building is dark and gruesome; the light and space which enchant the

visitor in the Gothic cathedrals like that of Seville are noticeably absent; this is more imposing, but less attractive.

Among the various chapels along the side of the naves there is one that is called the Reliquary, where there is a gold crucifix made in 874, which is said to contain a piece of the cross on which Christ was crucified, and a silver-plated custody, made in 1544. Under the main altar the remains of the Apostle James are supposed to lie.

One of the chief attractions in this Cathedral is the renowned *botafumeiro*, an immense incensory suspended from the dome in the centre of the edifice which is built in the form of a cross, and through a mechanical contrivance this immense *smoke-thrower* is made to swing on special occasions from one exterior of the cross to the other, thus filling the whole building with the fumes of incense.

A university and a theological seminary are also found in the city. For this reason, the place has always had a priestly atmosphere. Besides some ancient public buildings there are several houses yet standing which belong to the 12th and 13th centuries. All this antiquity is quite in harmony with the inhabitants. Those who are not priests or students for the priesthood are either relatives or friends. It is a Levitical city, and one cannot walk far without meeting a black-robed priest.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JAMES
Obradoiro door of the Cathedral

XXI

IN THE INTERIOR OF GALICIA

GALICIA is the name of one of the several kingdoms in which the Spanish Peninsula for centuries was divided. It now comprises four provinces: Pontevedra, Corunna, Lugo, and Orense, in the northwestern part of Spain.

We left our readers in our last chapter in the Levitical city of Santiago (St. James). From there we travelled a distance of about six miles to a village called Los Angeles, where we visited our old friend, partner, and cousin, Nicholas Brea, after twenty-five years' separation. We left here on nearly a day's journey by stage-coach for Estrada, Lamas, Pontevedra Province, where the writer was born. The coach had a capacity for six thin persons, and eight were pressed in, two of whom were priests returning from their spiritual exercises and examinations, and the festivities of St. James, which had been celebrated on July 25. One priest was actively engaged in gaining indulgences by reading his prayer-book, and now and then making the sign of the cross; the other priest said that he was too tired and sleepy, and had no desire to gain more merit. Poor deluded men! they know no more than they have been taught.

About midway from Santiago to Estrada we crossed Ulla River, which divides the provinces of Corunna and Pontevedra, by an old bridge called Puente Vea, which was built by the Romans in the first century, and, like Roman work, it was constructed to last forever. No repairs have been done to it except, in places where stones were worn by traffic, new ones were inserted.

Once in the interior of Galicia, a thousand scenes and customs flock to our view, and one need not be a keen observer to note the old customs which the greater part of the inhabitants still have. Here the one-handled Greek plough used in Christ's time, drawn by oxen or cows, is still in use. Indeed, more cows are used for ploughing than oxen. With rare exceptions the farmers of this region, unlike those of Andalusia, each possesses his own land. They are not large farms; nearly all are small, but yet they are independent. As the farms are small they have cows to do their work instead of oxen because they only do a small amount of ploughing and drawing; in this way, they get the benefit of their cattle the whole year, having milk, calves, and work from them. Only a few large farms can afford to have oxen that do nothing else but work. Horses and mules are mostly confined to use in the cities and on the pike roads; in the country places they are used only for riding and taking goods to market.

A most peculiar thing that farmers use is the

two-wheeled cart, with fixed axle to the wheels, and revolving between four curved wooden pins that produce a peculiarly screeching sound. This kind of cart has been used for centuries and while it appears behind the times, people from the outside informed us that this is the only kind of vehicle that could be used on those hilly, uneven roads.

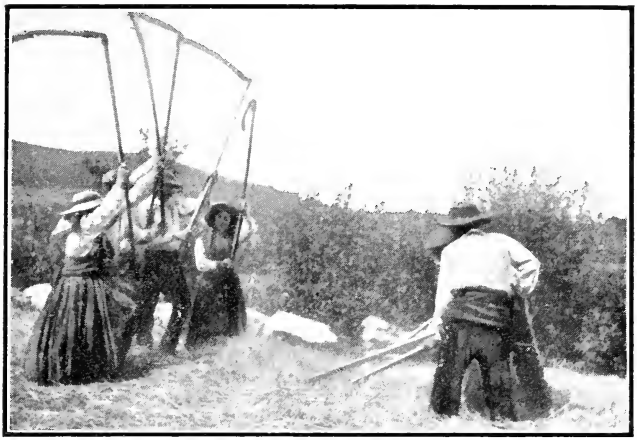
Another old custom which has not changed is having the stable inside of the dwelling house. This is an abomination; a hindrance to cleanliness and health. In most of the houses the sleeping rooms are just above the stable, which is on the lower floor, parallel to the kitchen. While people are eating in the kitchen or dining-room, which in most country places are one and the same thing, they are looking at their cows in the manger. We talked with many people about this bad custom, and showed the advantage of having the stable away from the house. The reasons some gave for having them or continuing them so, was that the cattle help to warm the house in winter and that it is handier for feeding.

However, they seem to understand the advantage and reasonableness of the separation of the stable and house, for some of the modern buildings have already made the improvement, but it will be a long time before many such changes will be made because very few repairs are needed in farming villages. The houses, no matter how poor or small, are invariably made of stone; there is not a frame house to be found anywhere.

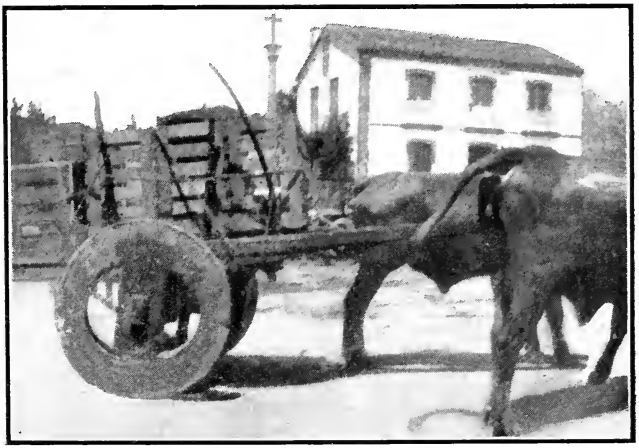
These common stone buildings, with little repair, will last for centuries, hence this separation can only be expected to take place when new houses are constructed. Most of the farmers are too poor to make improvements. The preachers of the Gospel in that country have a great work to do to teach those people not only to love God and obey His commandments, but how to live in their daily lives.

We noticed a great change in women's dresses. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was a rare thing to see a woman in the country wear a dress of light cotton goods; now it is the rule. They used to wear a skirt of heavy men's cloth, apron fashion, tied around the waist and lapping over in front, and it was usually home-spun. It was many times heavier than the goods used now, and not in a skirt-like shape.

Another change we noticed, with regret, is the dance, and even the music. The classical bag-pipe, which was the first and foremost instrument of music twenty-five or thirty years ago, has been put aside and the brass band is taking its place. This, however, does not affect the ethics or morals of the people, for they have good music; but the change and abandonment of the old-style dance or minuet for the modern waltz and two-step, which has now invaded every village and hamlet, caused us real sorrow. Many times in preaching and speaking about the evils of the modern dance, my mind reverted to the old dance of Galicia. The men, placed in a row, and the women in a row



THRESHING WHEAT
Five on each side



A TWO-WHEELED OX CART

opposite, whirled in a circle, the men playing castanets, and both men and women making forms and figures with their hands and feet, never touching one another, and keeping time with the music. This dance was always in the open air, and was wholesome, moral, and free from any fault whatever. We see nothing of this dance now, as the abominable hugging, with the name of waltz and two-step, has taken its place, and is a disgrace to any community in which it is performed. We regretted this change, for it is certainly a sign of retrogression. It is the same kind of progress that the people of Africa show when they learn to drink the rum of civilised nations.

One of the most pleasant visits the writer made during his stay in that region was to the priest of the parish. This curate has been in that place nearly fifty years; he is now 77 years of age. He was somewhat indisposed, but not confined to his bed; he said he was a little weakened from the two hammers weighing heavily upon him: 7 and 7.

In 1881, when the writer made his last visit to Spain, soon after his conversion to the Gospel in the United States, he had several heated controversies with this priest, about the difference between Protestantism and Romanism, always however in good spirit, for the priest had a warm heart for the man, who used to be a good, devout, and faithful Catholic in his boyhood, when he knew nothing better. This time, as soon as the

priest learned of our arrival, he sent word to me to come and visit him. My cousin and I went to his home and had a pleasant chat that afternoon. He seemed to talk from his heart; neither he nor I spoke about religion. He insisted upon us taking *merienda* (lunch), some cake and sweets, which we accepted, although we did not feel like eating. He also offered us a bottle of wine, which of course neither of us touched, but asked for water instead. He enjoyed having us eat with him. The priest repeated several times that he felt honoured to have me visit him. Talking about the future of Spain, he made reference to the recent marriage of Alfonso and Victoria, and asked this question: "Do you think Victoria was really converted from Protestantism to Romanism, or was it simply a matter of convenience for the crown's sake?" I replied I did not think there was such genuine change of heart in her, but rather a conversion to the crown of Spain; he said, "I think so, too, and in that case there is little hope for the future of Spain." We parted, never expecting to see each other again in this world, but the old priest was touched, and tears came to his eyes as he said, "Good-bye until we see each other in heaven;" may it so be!

A new movement has recently started in Galicia which is destined to produce great results for the farmers, an association similar to the grangers in the United States. The cause of these farmers associating themselves appeared in the need of defending themselves against the de-

mands of the priests, to collect a kind of tithe, called "La Obrata," which consists in giving annually to the priests one bushel of rye and a dozen of eggs for each married couple and a half-bushel of rye and half-dozen eggs for each single person over twenty-one years, and for each widow or widower. These tithes were abolished in 1868, and there was then a great deal of trouble; as usually happens everywhere, since the priests disregarded the law of the land and continued collecting them. Some refused to pay, because they knew they did not have to; then the natural persecutions followed, making them suffer before the rest of the people. When they went to confession, one of the questions asked was if they paid their tithes, if not, they were refused absolution and communion. If any died, they were refused burial in the regular cemetery. On account of these persecutions, most people paid the tithes, while some did not, but in these country places the priest is such a lord and tyrant that people would rather pay than suffer. They are still paying those tithes, but some intelligent men, who left Spain and have lived in Cuba or South America and returned to live in their own homes, thought the best way to protect their interests would be in an association, as one single-handed could not accomplish much. They have many other interests besides this, but this is the principal one.

It is not yet five years since these associations began, and they are spreading. The priests fear

them; in some places they say nothing about them. It is understood in most places that they will pay the old priests as long as they live, if they are not tyrannical, but the new priests will get nothing. These associations, among other things, interest themselves in the education of children, and where the government provides scarcely any schooling they contribute to the maintenance of the teacher for their children. In several places, in their struggles with the priest, they have established Protestant services, as we will relate further on. It is on this account that the priests fear them and are angry. They go so far as to try to hinder the people in parishes from celebrating the annual festivities to their patron saints, and sometimes sharp questions arise whether the church and the saints (of wood and plaster, of course) belong to the priest or the parishioners, and in some instances they decided to have their festivities without the priest and his mass.

The atmosphere is permeated with dissidence; men ignore the priests; they brand them with spiteful and hateful adjectives which cannot be put in print; some do not even believe in God; of Jesus Christ they know little, and what little they know they do not believe, for they put Him on the level with the *saints* and their miraculous legends and throw all together into the ash-can of atheism. Yet the very men who express themselves thus go to mass every Sunday, so that the neighbours, who are generally of the same con-

viction, will not call them atheists. They also go to confession once each year so that they do not appear as excommunicated heretics. They return from church speaking against the priests, religion, the Church, and even God, saying that they do not believe in Him. This is certainly a pitiful state—a country in rebellion against the religion that is imposed upon them. As they have no other religion, or chance to know any other, and the government would not protect them against the priests in case of death to give them proper burial (in the interior there is scarcely a civil cemetery), these people are practising what they do not believe. They remind one of Galileo retracting himself about the movement of the earth, in order to avoid the flames of the Inquisition.

All these things occur in a land most beautiful and blessed; nature has endowed her as richly as any country in the world. Pontevedra is a veritable garden. About the end of July, in a comparatively dry summer, when no rain has fallen for three months, the fields are green, fruits and grains of all kinds are in abundance, and one can scarcely find a spot that gives evidence of a lack of rain; everywhere there is vegetation. Wherever one casts his eye, all is verdure, exuberant and tender; the perfumed air, like divine fragrance, seems to lift up its heart to God in gratitude for so much beauty and goodness which He has bestowed in such abundance in this little corner of the universe. Besides, there is not a

foot of land where the hand of man has not touched.

If it is true that the primitive woods have all disappeared, and most of the mountains are denuded, the hills and valleys are full of useful trees, and there is scarcely one that has not been planted by the hand of man. In a region like this, where every farmer possesses the land which he tills,—the contrary of what is true in the southern part of Spain,—and that for more than two thousand years, these lands have been caressed and blessed by the grace of God, it is not strange that nature should show herself in her beauty and grandeur and fill the air with fragrance.

XXII

CHURCH FESTIVALS IN GALICIA

ALTHOUGH in other provinces of Spain many festivities are held in honour of the saints, with the name of feast or fair, yet in these provinces in the northwestern part the festivities are much more in evidence and their style is quite primitive.

The number of church feasts in the summer months is such that in a radius of nine miles there is scarcely a day without some celebration of a patron saint in some parish. These occasions are so distributed that the priests from the neighbouring churches can go together to chant the high mass, where several priests are always necessary, and the money they receive is the most important matter to them.

Each saint is a special healer of some ill. They all are specialists; in this they have been centuries ahead of modern medical science. St. Lucia is a specialist in diseases of the eyes, and it would be useless to apply to this good doctress for a toothache, for the dental office is to be found only in the chapel of St. Apollonia. If an animal gets lost or falls into a ditch, then they must apply to the office of St. Anthony, for he will find the lost and rescue the perishing

animal. St. George is a specialist for the preservation of hog meat; he seems to be above all modern inspectors of health, for he does not wait until ham or lard is in a state of decomposition then throw it away, but he seems to put salt and pepper from his special pharmacy and the hog products are preserved safe and sound.

Of course, the holy doctors must get a living as every good man does by his own work and profession, therefore it is not sufficient that their clients should be devout and pray frequently to them; they must contribute their fees (alms). That is, they must pay their bills to the Saint Doctors. By this means there are some saints of great reputation and riches, owing to their success in obtaining large alms; they live in sumptuous palaces (chapels). But there are some saints who, on account of great competition or advanced age, are bankrupt and thrown aside into an old chapel abandoned and full of dust and cobwebs, or back into a corner of a side altar of the parish church, always in darkness, for nobody thinks of buying a candle to give them light in their awful destitution. Sometimes it is even worse; they are found in the sexton's quarters or in the vestry room, thrown among old pieces of furniture.

One of the saints of great renown and large patronage is St. George, in Cereijo, Pontevedra. Romish history tells that this saint appeared at the river bank where his church now stands. He was taken by the priest of the immediate parish

to the church and escaped twice, being always found in the same place where he originally appeared; hence they built the saint a chapel on the same spot. Such is his fame that every year, on his day, he gathers a large amount of meat from devout people at his services. They say he is a specialist in the preservation of salt meat; therefore, hams are found there in profusion. They sell them at public auction, and hundreds of dollars are received in a single day, for the people are sure to buy that meat. They say it is honoured and blessed by the saint, and is sweeter than the rest. In this manner, the treasury is enriched every year. St. George's Church is one of the richest in that territory.

The church festivals of Galicia are of three kinds, poor, medium, and sumptuous, all according to the popularity of the saint. We will tell of one that belonged to the middle class, which we witnessed. It was in a parish in honour of St. Anthony. Saturday, the day preceding, the ringing of the bells, not chiming, but clanging, and the firing of sky-rockets began. On Sunday morning, high mass was to be at 10.30; we were at hand to witness all the performance, but had to wait until 11.30, standing and leaning against the wall, for there were no seats. People squatted on the floor. There are no Protestants in that place, so they have not learned about having seats.

The interior of these churches, built of granite stone, is generally cold, dark, and damp. The first impression one receives in stepping into the

building during summer is agreeable, but within a half-hour one feels a cold perspiration and suffocation for lack of air.

The reason this mass did not begin on time and all were obliged to wait was that one of the priests was intoxicated and arrived very late. He was one of the two that accompanied the organ in the choir. This priest came out of the vestry with his sacerdotal robes, walked down the church, zigzagging, passing by us where we could detect the odour of liquor quite perceptibly, and went to the choir to chant. The mass began; while the other four priests sang well, this one "in his cups" would not keep time with them, and, to make matters worse, his voice was so strong that it rose above all the others and he shouted like a madman. An old gentleman of the parish, commenting on the occasion, said it had been one of the worst affairs he had ever seen or heard, owing to the drunken priest who had spoiled the whole ceremony.

We remained in the church for only a part of the mass, as we wanted to go out to get fresh air, and there we sat on the stone fence which surrounds the place. We noticed many men standing outside talking, smoking, and idling away the time. With them was the man who had charge of the fireworks. He had a boy watching at the door, to see the progress of the mass, so that when they came to raise the host they would fire off a dozen sky-rockets. About one hundred feet away, the brass band, composed of eight musi-

cians, were waiting under the shade trees for the procession, which appeared at the end of the mass. The reason they were on the outside is that the priests will not allow brass instruments in the church accompanying the music of high mass; they only permit stringed instruments.

This band played in the procession which went around the church, then crossed the road and proceeded around a large stone cross and came back into the church again. In the procession were four flags, three banners, two large silver crosses on the end of long poles, St. Anthony, who was accompanied by four lady saints, five priests, several men with lighted wax candles and a number of church people. Bells clanged and sky-rockets of all descriptions were fired off.

When the mass and procession ended, there was a dance on the grounds outside the church, where a number of women were selling candy and cherries. In the afternoon, there was another dance in the same place from five until dark. They had refreshments for sale; people visited the saint, the church being open, then resumed the dance again.

When the festival is of greater importance, the afternoon dance is likely to end in a fight. The young men of some parishes club together against those of other parishes, or over love affairs, and after they have danced and drank, they challenge even the very saint of that day, ending in clubbing, fist-fighting, and even in the use of daggers or knives, sometimes resulting in death. The

most notable feasts are not deemed a success unless they end in a fight.

In the middle of the week, we attended another feast, which is quite famous. It was that of St. Isabel of Escuadro. We left home early in the morning, and after climbing up two high mountains, walking up and down hills, we arrived at our destination about 10 A.M. About a half-mile away, before reaching the church, we met a number of persons returning home with bottles of holy, miraculous water from a pond of St. Isabel. This water gathers in a high, concave rock. It was already green with age, and doubtless full of microbes. In seasons of dry weather, the water is taken from a spring near by and placed there; it answers the same purpose. The virtue of the water is in the rock, where the saint is said to have appeared and with the rain water there gathered is supposed to have performed many miracles.

All around the church, cross-roads, and neighbouring houses were people selling sweets, refreshments, wines, bread, etc. There was a large number of beggars showing their deformities and appealing to the sympathy of the people to enliven the occasion. The blind beggars are quite amusing with their musical instrument, the *zampoña*.

They sing improvised couplets addressed to the man or woman whose pocket they try to relieve. Each blind man has a guide, who usually is as well trained in the poetic arena and answers back

and forth to his master. One of these happened to come to the place where we were lunching; his wife was his guide, and she was as astute, sharp, and quick to improvise as he was. They amused us for nearly an hour with couplets to each of the eight or ten in our party. They began improvising couplets, describing the appearance and dress of the person, so that he would know who was meant. If the person does not show any sign of giving, then they begin by pressing all they can, appealing to his sense of greatness and honour. When they have done all they can to extract money in vain, then they turn their battery and call him all manner of names and say mean things. They do not expect to get anything from him, but they do this so that others will not expose themselves to like treatment.

When we free our minds from these simple diversions and notice the ignorance and superstition that still holds sway there, our joy turns into sorrow. Now and then, in Roman Catholic countries, we have seen persons travelling on their knees certain distances to churches or chapels, fulfilling some vow; sometimes it was far, other times only a trip around the outside of the church. They go on their bare knees over sandy and stony roads. We had never seen so many persons taking these pilgrimages as we saw around this church. From ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon there were scarcely fifteen minutes passed without seeing a woman on her knees, making a pilgrimage

around the church. Even when the procession passed, after the mass, two women were on their knees, just ahead of it, and by the side of the saint, which was carried on a stand by four men.

Another sample of ignorance and superstition was seen in the afternoon inside of the church. We entered to see the building, which was very fine, and especially to see what the people were doing, as they were constantly going in and out. Some went in with bowing reverence to the saint, kneeled, said a prayer, then arose and kissed the bronze feet of St. Isabel. Some took handkerchiefs from their pockets and passed them over the feet as if they were wiping away the dust, kissed the kerchiefs and placed them in their pockets again. Bottles of water, wine, and oil were placed against the feet, also napkins, lunch baskets, bread, etc., hats, umbrellas, canes, and other articles, hoping thereby that some miraculous power would be transferred from the bronze saint to those articles of food and apparel. And all this in the Twentieth Century!!!

Are there still those who question the necessity of teaching the Gospel to those poor people, who are seeking light and spiritual help from forms of plaster, stone, wood, and bronze? Can there be a grosser materialism than such practices demonstrate? It is strange that thinking, intelligent men despise, and even curse the Romish Church, and with it religion, as they know no other? The Church of Rome grows more materialistic every day. The commerce with Saints and Virgins on

their altars leaves no time or place to think about God and Jesus Christ. To such extremes the farce and blindness have arrived that Pope Leo XIII called the Virgin Mary "*The Almighty Mother of God.*" They have thrown God from His power if Mary is Almighty, for there can be but one Almighty. Horrible heresy!

XXIII

THE GOSPEL IN VILLAR

VILLAR is a village composed exclusively of farmers' families, about fifty in number. Situated in the very heart of Galicia, in Pontevedra Province, it is sixty-five miles from the sea coast, and about twenty from Santiago de Compostela, the nearest railroad.

The manner and circumstances of the entrance of the Gospel into Villar are most extraordinary. The organisation of an evangelical congregation in such a remote and fanatical place, where out of fifty families nearly forty were converted, leaving a Roman church almost empty, is a more important miracle than the resurrection of Lazarus.

As the man from Macedonia asked Paul to come and help them, in like manner Villar went to the missionaries, sixty-five miles away, to ask them to come and preach the Word of God to them.

The first motive was not wholly a desire to hear the Gospel, but as God works in various ways and uses different means to make His Word known, thus it happened in Villar.

In 1902, some of the parishioners refused to pay tithes to the priest, as was being done in other parishes. He sued one of the men, and seeing

that " in union there is strength " they formed a common cause to defend themselves, and seven neighbours united in defence against the priest.

It usually happens in those villages and rural places, far away from the principal centres of government, where the judges and municipalities, together with the hayseed politicians, are under the thumb of the priest, that everything is always done as he wishes, and in this instance there was no exception.

The local judge decided against the parishioners; they expected nothing else, and were already prepared to make appeal to the superior court, which they immediately did. This court was guided in the same manner as many superior courts are in Spain in similar cases; where the law is against the pretensions of the priest they have to decide against the lower tribunal. They do not want to do this, on the one hand, and on the other, yielding to the influence and money of the priest, they usually set aside the case. There it is left on the table, and unless large sums of money are spent to make the wheels of justice move, the suit will never be decided.

The Villar suit still remains *on the table*, and it will never be taken up, but the neighbours do not pay any more tithes. The priests soon began excommunicating and threatening to such an extent that the parishioners were almost deprived of his services, when, finally, the crisis came.

One of the men, Manuel Fernandez by name, over sixty years of age, knew something of Prot-

estantism; when he was a young man he was in Cadiz, in the southwestern part of Spain, where he bought a Bible. From it he learned enough to understand several of the greatest errors of Romanism, such as idols, the auricular confession, purgatory, traffic of indulgences, mass, etc. More than this, he had recently visited Marín, a bathing town where the Gospel is already well established, with a large number of Protestants, and attending the services he became better acquainted in the way of the Lord. He said to his neighbours: We ought to go and bring the Protestants here, that we may have religious services and free ourselves from the priest's tutelage and obtain the true religion.

Mr. Fernandez undertook the journey to Pontevedra, near Marín, on foot, a distance of sixty miles. He saw two missionaries, and they told him that as much as they would like to please him and take the Gospel to Villar, it was impossible on account of the great work they had on hand at the sea-coast towns. They had not sufficient labourers to spare any to go to such a remote place as Villar, as they would lose four or five days on a single trip. They had to go by omnibus or bicycle. They gave him some tracts, however, and he went away.

The missionaries did not know whether this man was worthy of confidence, and even if he were sincere, they might not be able to trust his judgment. Then the personal appearance of Mr. Fernandez, a poor farmer, badly dressed, dilapi-

dated, dusty, and tired from a long tramp, did not inspire much hope, humanly speaking.

About two months afterwards, the old man appeared again in Pontevedra with the same message; then one of the missionaries, Mr. Thomas Dodd, decided to visit Villar. On his arrival, most of the neighbours gathered together and he explained in a general way the principles and conditions of Protestantism and evangelical work. He asked them if they were satisfied to begin the undertaking. The people assented to it, and promised their coöperation.

For several months the missionaries limited themselves to visit Villar from Pontevedra three or four times each month, and gave them some Gospel meetings, but, perceiving the field was white for the harvest and of great promise, Mr. Dodd moved with his family to that place, hired a house, and began work with a series of protracted meetings at which over thirty were converted and came to be as many Gospel lights in that region.

The Archbishop of Santiago, hearing of the movement, sent missionary friars to Villar, in order to counteract the evangelical work. They held processions, cried nearly every day "Down with the Protestants!" and planted large iron crosses in the neighbourhood of the church; but tired of their unsuccessful attempts, crestfallen, they went away to another place with their processions.

This resulted in a greater victory for the

Protestants, because many discussions continually arose between disinterested and sincere persons, which usually ended in giving the right to the Protestants. The latter did not answer with abusive words the insults and public lies the friars uttered; they demonstrated a spirit of patience and love, characteristic of the true disciple of Christ when evil spoken of.

In August, 1906, we spent a Saturday and Sunday in Villar, where we had the pleasure of preaching the Gospel to those Christian, independent farmers. To hear them sing our hymns and offer our prayers in the midst of those mountains, sixty miles away from the nearest evangelical congregation, was truly an inspiration.

At the evening meeting nearly one hundred people were in attendance, at the morning and afternoon Sunday school there were a few less. There is a membership of eighty, thirty-four of whom have been baptised.

They were planning to build a stone chapel, which we have learned recently is already finished —all contributed by the people, both in money and in work. Even more important than the chapel is a civil or Protestant cemetery in such a place as Villar, for if a *heretic* died, the priest would not allow him to be buried in the parish cemetery.

The difficulties which Brother Dodd and his members experienced in building their cemetery could not be told in many printed pages. The

priest did all he could to hinder them, not by means of the law, that was on the side of the Protestants, but in a Jesuitical way. He informed the local authorities about the situation of the ground, alleging it was detrimental to the health of the village, etc. At last they procured a piece of land alongside the Roman cemetery, and, of course, he could not make any objection to that, for it was the same ground as the Roman.

It was a surprise indeed to the priest when he found out that it had been sold to the Protestants, but it was done. While the cemetery was being built Roman hatred did not abate, and the priest thinks of nothing else but of molesting the Protestants. A short time ago a little child died and was buried by the Protestants. The priest accused the physician who attended and the father of the infant of having wilfully or negligently caused his death and demanded an investigation and an exhumation of the corpse. The object of the inquisitorial curate was to frighten the Christians and confine in the jail the only physician who dared to give medical attendance to the Protestants, Dr. Eduardo Vazquez; but he did not succeed. Dr. Vazquez is a man of great and long-standing reputation, and he was absolved before the court. A few months after, this doctor was assaulted in the public road by the brother of the priest with the intention of killing him. What kind of religion is that which tries to destroy those who think differently?

Just before we visited there a Protestant lady

died who had previously arranged with her sons that she should be buried in the Protestant Cemetery, a wish which they faithfully fulfilled. The family as well as Pastor Dodd were sued by the priest, who demanded that the corpse be removed in five years to the Roman cemetery, alleging that the deceased had never made any formal or written renunciation of her Catholic religion; hence she died a Romanist, according to the priest.

The missionaries in Spain have to be of necessity lawyers in order to disentangle the webs which those Jesuitical priests are constantly weaving to catch, and if possible to crush the disciples of Christ. The priests know of no law; respect no authority, except as it suits them. Of charity they know nothing but perhaps the mere word. Their neighbour is like the priest and Levite from Jerusalem to Jericho.

XXIV

PROTESTANT SOLDIERS IN THE SPANISH ARMY

ONE of the institutions in which a Christian life is most difficult to live is the army. The gathering of men in the vigour of life, when passions boil, to run in the way of the world, completely separated from the refining influence of the home, where women elevate the ideals of men in acts of reverence and virtue; this condition is such as to hinder the development of Christ-like characters.

This is the case in the army of every nationality, but what will happen in the Spanish army if a Protestant soldier tries to comply with his religious duties and privileges? There, besides enduring the laughing disdain and mocking of religion in a general way among his companions, being a Protestant he cannot conscientiously take part in any official religious acts which are mixed with Roman idolatry; hence, in the Spanish army, he is persecuted and punished—unjustly—by his superiors.

The Spanish Protestant soldier who purposes to practise the Gospel and refuses to participate in the customs of idolatry and Roman superstition, is more than an ordinary character; he is a hero. Not all are punished, for some have come

under liberal and reasonable officials, who have protected them from confinement in a dungeon.

A Protestant soldier while in Burgos with his battalion once refused to attend mass. The captain called him and told him the punishment he was incurring for disobedience. The soldier demonstrated to him not only that the Spanish constitution guaranteed liberty of conscience, therefore he should not be compelled to take part in religious acts that were contrary to his principles, but that as a Christian he could not bend his knee to idols. In order to protect the soldier from any difficulty, seeing that he was a man of purpose, the officer took him as his orderly, thus relieving him from attending any military Romanist services.

One day the officer asked his orderly to read the Bible to him, which he did. Later on he asked him to pray, and after several days the officer himself prayed, and the Lord opened his heart and he was converted. He was afterwards an instrument in the conversion of his relatives and friends who used to visit him; thus the officer's pavilion became a centre of evangelical work.

But other Protestant soldiers had not the same privileges. José Graña was sentenced to six months in a dungeon, in 1892, for refusing to attend mass, and he would have preferred to have spent all his life there than bend his knee in idolatry. When they saw his firmness, they assigned him as cook to his company, where he was much beloved by all. He has finished his mil-

itary service, and is now a blacksmith in Marin, Pontevedra Province.

The hero whose picture is found in this chapter is of more recent date, and in our late visit to Villar we had the pleasure of calling at his home and getting his photograph. Indalecio Sanchez is one of the converts of Villar, which was the subject of our last chapter. His parents are humble, honest farmers, and his brothers, three or four in number, are stone-cutters. When we visited them, they were renovating the old homestead.

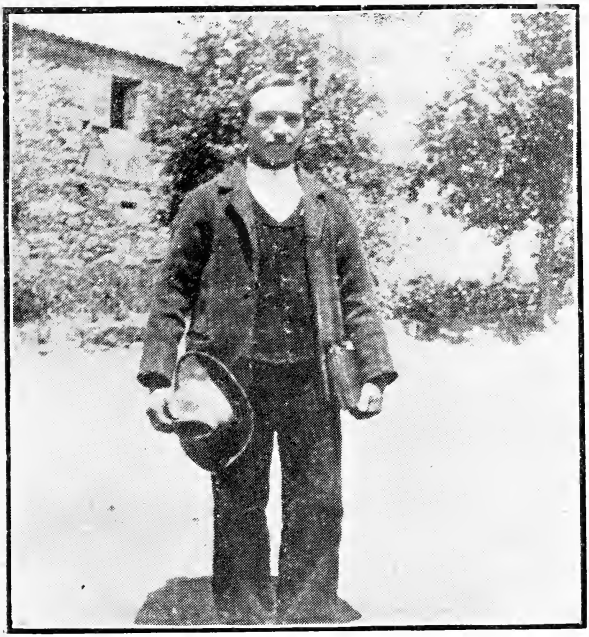
Indalecio was drawn into the army; some friends and relatives offered to redeem him by some influence and money, but he refused, and said that if it was his duty to serve his country, he wanted to do it. In 1905, he was enlisted in the regiment of Cariñola, then in the barracks of Tuy. It was in the cathedral of this city where he refused to kneel when they raised the host at mass. He had repeatedly informed his superiors that he was a Protestant, and that he could not take part in certain religious acts of Romanism; however, when the occasion arrived, they compelled him to go to mass on parade with the others. Of course, he knew he could not refuse to form and march on parade, so he went into the church, stood up like the rest, but when the little bell rang and the host was raised and the soldiers, presenting arms, kneeled down, our brother remained like a statue on his feet in the midst of the cathedral and almost in the centre of his regiment. He never bent his knee, never bowed to a

piece of dough, which that superstitious Church pretends to make a God. Like Daniel in Babylon, he worships only the Almighty God, and Him only will he serve; although they may put him in the cannon's mouth, he will not mingle in idolatrous practices.

Brother Sanchez was arrested and placed in a dungeon; his trial lasted six months. The court recognised his right according to the Constitution. He could not be compelled to participate in a religion that was not his; this was ably shown by the officers who defended him. But in order to satisfy the demands of the ecclesiastical authorities, who like hungry, inquisitorial wolves were unwilling to allow their prey to go free, he was condemned to six months and one day in jail. They counted the time, however, he had already spent, six months exactly to the day, then he had only one day to serve, which was the following one, when he was given his liberty.

Commenting on this sentence, the *Heraldo de Figueras*, Spain, says—"We have just read the good news, which has caused great satisfaction to us, and we are sure the hearts of our readers will rejoice also. The hero of freedom of conscience, our soldier Indalecio Sanchez, has already left the darkened dungeon of Tuy, where he has been shut up during the time of his trial.

"Although the military court proceeding against the principles of justice assigned Señor Sanchez to six months in jail, at least they had the consideration to recognise the time he had spent in



Soldier Indalecio Sanchez

the dungeon during the trial; hence, as soon as his sentence was declared for six months, he was set free.

"Hereafter Indalecio will be free from all compulsion against his conscience, for they will not oblige him to attend any religious ceremony in which his conscience will not be in harmony with his military duty.

"In order to dictate these wise measures, those that composed the court for his case did not need to discuss or argue; it was sufficient to remember the decrees of January 8th and 23d, 1870, given by General Prim when he was minister of war—decrees that have not yet been abolished, and which recognise the inviolability of conscience in every individual in the army and point out to them those duties which have reference to certain acts in the service, such as swearing allegiance to the flag, escorting at processions, etc.

"We heartily congratulate Señor Sanchez on having recovered his liberty, and, above all, for his firmness and constancy, which bear testimony to his faith."

Brother Sanchez won the sympathies of his superiors for his Christian conduct and character, as well as his humanity and sturdiness and his tenacious resistance. He is medium-sized, amiable in disposition, and strong and immovable as a rock. He is a man, moreover, of few words but of powerful convictions.

Subsequently, they assigned him to work where his military and religious duties did not conflict.

He was appointed truckman of the regiment, where he is greatly esteemed and highly respected by all. When we visited him, in July, 1906, he had a leave of absence for three months; he had then been in the army for seventeen months.

The Bible Brother Sanchez holds in his hands in the picture is not a common one. It was not only in Spain that the evangelical papers wrote about and took great interest in this persecution, but in Spanish-American countries, especially in the Argentine Republic, and it is from Argentine that this Bible was sent by the Protestants of that place to show their appreciation for a soldier who stood so valiantly for Christ, almost single-handed, facing the ecclesiastical and military authorities of benighted Spain. That Bible is a jewel, although without diamonds, because it represents Christian love from America to the Old Continent.

Thou, Christian reader, who on account of thy humble position thinkest thou canst do nothing for the cause of Christ, look at thyself in the mirror of Indalecio Sanchez and be faithful wherever thou art, no matter how humble the place or how difficult the situation.

"Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go!"

XXV

THE SEACOAST OF PONTEVEDRA

THERE is no other place in Spain, and perhaps not in Europe, where in an equal extension of seacoast like that of Pontevedra, such a variety of inland sea-waters, islands, fisheries, as well as a most enchanting scenery, can be found.

A string of towns and villages border the seacoast from Ria de Arosa in the north to La Guardia in the south, full of life and activity. However, the most important thing for us is that nearly all the towns have the Gospel preached in them. Considering the few workers, they have obtained blessed results.

The Galicia fishermen are similar to the fishermen of Galilee in the time of Christ. They preserve an independent spirit, characteristic of those regions far away from the court and official life—the central government of Madrid—where the constant thirst for official positions weakens and enervates men, leading them to servitude that hinders independence.

As we left the interior of Galicia we went to Villagarcía, an ideal seaport for spending the summer. Our hotel was along the shore where we could bathe in those crystalline waters, while,

on the other side, it was full of orchards and verdure.

These shores are fascinating; at low tide there are places where more than a mile of the bottom of the sea is left dry. Every morning one can see a great number of fishermen, or rather fisherwomen, for there are more women than men, stepping down from fishing boats far in the distance in the low water with large baskets of fish on their heads, walking along in the water to the dry sand and out to the railroad station to ship their fish.

The station here is just at the junction of Villagarcía and Carril. Here we witnessed a scene that impressed us greatly and offers food for reflection and comment. Women, not men, are the express agents; they take baggage to the station, take it to the hotels or on board ships. A woman pulls a wheelbarrow with two or three trunks. while another one pushes it. They are strong, intelligent, business women in every sense. A small trunk they usually carry on their heads.

Where are the men? Well, young men are either in the army or in some place in America; a great majority from this region are in the Argentine Republic.

In Carril, there were two women missionaries who held religious services and had a dispensary. For lack of preachers, the work there was not developing much, but now Señor Enrique Inurrigarro has taken charge of the work, making his residence there, and, of course, giving new life to

it. This brother worked for some time in Ponce, Puerto Rico, before he returned to Spain.

An English lady who as a girl of eight years went to Spain and had been in Linares, Jaen Province, was then in Carril and had been there for eight years previously. She lives independently on her income, while earnestly and constantly working for the extension of the Gospel.

While we were in Carril and Villagarcía we had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Mould, and talking with her at length about the work of the Gospel in that region. This lady, also from England, lives in Padron, but was visiting the missionaries for a few days and helping them with their work.

Padron is on the railroad line from Carril to Santiago, by the Ulla River, and only about a half-hour's ride by rail from Carril. As our readers may remember, this is the town, according to Roman Catholic history, where the body of James the Apostle was deposited, and later was found in a miraculous manner in Compostela.

Mrs. Mould went to Spain in 1864 and remained until 1883, when she went back to England. In 1891, she returned to Spain, and since then she has continued to live in Padron. As her husband, now deceased, was the constructor and principal stockholder in the railroad, she is very well known and highly respected in that country. This faithful woman not only lives an exemplary life, but speaks of Christ whenever she has an opportunity, and several persons in that town of

4,000 inhabitants were converted through her instrumentality.

This small place contains two great convents and a large flock of friars.

An old man to whom she had taught the Gospel here became seriously ill and was dying. His family brought the priest and he refused confession, but the priest regarded not his wishes and gave him extreme unction without the sick man uttering a single word. Both the priest and the family thought the man was almost dead, but a few moments later Mrs. Mould arrived, and as soon as he heard her voice he talked to her and asked her to pray with him. He told her there was a time in his life when he was afraid to die, but that fear had disappeared entirely; he knew that Christ and not the priest pardoned his sins, and that he was at peace with God, and in this attitude he died in Christ.

One time the friars held a mission in order to preach against the Protestant Mrs. Mould. They placed a pupil across the road, opposite her house, so she could hear what they said. She sat on the balcony and the crowd looked more at her than at the preacher. She simply nodded her head assenting to or dissenting from every statement made by the friar. While he was preaching, a number of men were playing cards on the other side of the church. Many persons has this faithful lady enlightened about the Gospel, and her influence for Christ no one can estimate but God.

Before we leave Carril for Pontevedra, we

must mention the island of Cortegada, just in sight of Carril, in the Ria or Bay of Arosa, where King Alfonso expected to have made his summer residence, it being one of the most picturesque and salubrious places in Europe. The *Gallegos*, who are not slow in business, donated the island, not to Alfonso, but to the nation; and His Majesty, like Naaman of old, was full of wrath, although he did not show it, but refused to accept the donation and simply stopped the preparations. The Gallegos intended by this act that neither Alfonso nor his family should acquire the property for their heirs, but that it should belong to the nation.

In Pontevedra, the capital of the Province of the same name, there is not much evangelical work done. The official element in the city is not friendly to religious work. The missionary, George Conde, has not been able to concentrate his time there on account of having to attend to other more fruitful fields.

Pontevedra is a beautiful city, with extensive and attractive parks and walks. Some of the modern buildings, which are now being constructed and finished, are of granite, resembling marble, and are most beautiful. The city has also a wealth of ancient buildings. Our attention was greatly attracted to the old convent and church of St. Domingo, which is now almost all in ruins. We were told that after they began tearing down the convent and church by order of the government the order was countermanded

when almost half of the building had been destroyed. This is a pity, for it is full of old relics. The architecture is unique, because of its combination and adornment of statues and forms and shapes in doors, windows, and arches. A number of large coats-of-arms, sculptured in stone, were on its walls, and they are now on the floor, leaning against the wall. In the yard are a quantity of old Roman milestones, with inscriptions of the emperors of their time. We saw two with the names of the Emperor Trajan. It seems that this church was built with trophies of the Roman Empire, making the riches and art of paganism subserve the Christian Church.

In Pontevedra, there is a projection of land, like a peninsula, towards the sea, where the Gospel has taken deep root. The most important town in the peninsula is Marin, where the richest sardines in the world are found. Bueu and Cangas are other fishing villages, and San Tomé is in the interior, mostly a farming community.

The Gospel work in this town, as well as in other parts of the Province, was begun in 1882 by Mr. Blamire of England. He made Marin his centre, where many were converted to the Lord, and he worked there until 1894, when he went to his celestial home. His mortal remains are buried there in the Civil or Protestant Cemetery.

According to previous arrangement, we went by trolley car from Pontevedra to Marin, on Saturday afternoon, whence we went by coach to

San Tomé, where we were entertained at the home of Miss Geiser, who has been a missionary in Spain for twenty-four years. On Sunday morning we had the privilege of speaking to the San Tomé congregation, of which B. S. White is pastor. He has been working in that place for nine years. An enthusiastic congregation of over a hundred greeted us. They have a building for church, day school of eighty pupils, and a parsonage. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith there, the pastor of Bueu and Cangas. The Rev. Lino Abeledo, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Conference of the Argentine Republic, and a native of Pontevedra Province, who was also visiting his native country, joined us that morning and spoke in the church.

After dinner, we returned to Marin by coach, arriving in time to attend Sunday-school. Over a hundred men, women, and children were studying the Word of God and singing the songs of Zion. The Marin missionary, Mr. C. Hoyle, was absent, and Mr. Geo. Conde of Pontevedra occupied his pulpit. He and his estimable family entertained us royally until the following day, when we left for Vigo.

Mr. Hoyle has done great work in Marin. He not only increased an intelligent and enthusiastic congregation, but raised a splendid building for the work of the Lord. He was five years battling with the Jesuitical policy of the government before he could get permission to build, but in 1900 that beautiful building was finished. It is

the best in town, and is situated in one of the most desirable localities. It contains four spacious floors, ventilated by the four winds. The first floor is for the congregation, the second for the Sunday school, the third for the day school, and the fourth for the parsonage. The Lord bless Mr. Hoyle, who of his own private property built this monument to God's glory! On Sunday evening we enjoyed preaching to one of the most enthusiastic and strongest congregations in Spain. The actual membership is 130, but there were more present that night.

The Archbishop of Santiago had been in Marin a week before, preaching as usual against the Protestants, but his preaching is in vain in these parts of Spain. The town has 5,000 people, and although the number of Protestants would not exceed 300, with adults and children, their influence is such that the great majority are on the side of Protestantism, so much so that some persons claim that the Marin people are all Protestants.

The Protestant Cemetery was begun fifteen years ago. It is situated in one of the highest places outside of the town, near the Roman Catholic. Once there was a Protestant funeral, and it happened at the same hour that there was a Roman Catholic burial. The Protestants, as we have already mentioned in a previous article, are accustomed to hold preaching services at the interment, and hundreds of people who never go to church will go there to hear the Gospel.

The priest and about a dozen persons went to

the Catholic funeral. The Protestants arrived soon after with their 200 following the corpse and began their services in the cemetery. After the priest had finished his work, he passed along before the Protestants, and enraged at seeing such a number of people and hearing the preaching of the Gospel, he walked in and railed against the people, saying that they should not listen, they should go out. They did not pay any attention to him, especially as they thought he might be intoxicated. As he insisted on disturbing the meeting, they took him by the hand and led him away. This enraged him more, and he lodged a complaint against the missionary before the court.

When the judge learned the circumstances he said to the priest, "You ought to be very thankful if they do not have you arrested for disturbing their meeting. That was their place, and you had no business to enter; they were perfectly right to put you out." The priest left the court and never molested the Protestants again.

XXVI

VIGO—FAREWELL

WE left Marin by trolley for Pontevedra, where we took the train for Vigo, the last journey of our trip through Spain. The distance from Pontevedra to Vigo, about 19 miles, is made in one hour and six minutes. It is one of the most picturesque trips. Arriving at Puente San Payo, six miles from Pontevedra, we are at the head of the "Ria" de Vigo, similar to Long Island Sound, 25 miles long to the point between Bayona and San Martin Island, where it is lost in the Atlantic Ocean. The city of Vigo is situated midway between the head of the "Ria" and the Ocean.

From Puente San Payo to Vigo we travelled through a series of promontories along the "Ria" with enchanting scenery, passing from one to another, most of them with deep cuts, a few perforated by short tunnels. Every time the traveller emerges from a promontory his eyes are met by the steep hanging mountains on the left, covered with verdure and all kinds of fruits, whose fragrance, even in the short interval between the promontories, charms and bewitches, and one feels like praising God, the creator, for the variety of such beauty. To our right the scene before our eyes was yet grander; down at our feet lay

the "Ria" with its uncovered sand during low tide, and with the sun reflecting those crystalline waters and scattering the bright soft rays through the many houses and villages all along both shores. One wished that this trip would last three or four hours. About halfway on our journey we passed *over* the town of Redondela by a long viaduct, stretching across from one hill to another, and leaving the houses surrounded by vineyards and orchards down in the deep narrow valley along the shore lined with fishing boats. Here we met the train from Madrid, distant 480 miles.

It was 17.53 (5.53 P.M.) when we arrived in Vigo. The population of the city is now about 25,000. The old city, about half of what it is to-day, was, and is still, grouped on the skirt of Monte Castelo, on the summit of which are two fortresses commanding the city, the bay, and most of the Sound or "Ria." But the newer city is spread along the shore, the steep hill being undesirable for buildings. Behind Monte Castelo, there is a long stretch of level land suitable for the extension of the city; for years they have been talking, and planning, to undertake this extension, but the levelling of Monte Castelo is an expensive enterprise, and the execution of the plan is, apparently, far in the future.

Vigo, in its geographical position and its world-renowned bay, may yet be one of the most important seaports in Europe. It is the best and nearest seaport for America. Nearly every steamer ploughing the ocean between the north of Europe

and South America stops here. If the Spanish Government would build roads for swift travelling across Spain, and attend to the construction of docks and the extension of the city, Vigo would come to be the New York of Europe.

The Cortes have more than once considered and debated these projects, and they even voted to do something. But the chief object of those in power in the Spanish Government is not to benefit the people, but to squeeze money out of their pockets; and if some private firm tries to carry out some great enterprise, the government will tax them more than the interest on the capital amounts to.

Notwithstanding the steepness of the city, there are extensive walks and parks on level ground rescued from the sea; there are also modern buildings of beautiful white granite, which are jewels of architecture. There is a large fish-market with modern appliances to clean and put up fish for export.

Not far from this is the market-place, well stocked with all kinds of provisions. There we saw what we had never seen before, in such a degree: the meat stands, and almost every kind of business in the market, are conducted and attended by women. We suppose men do the butchering in the slaughter-house, but women cut and sell the beef in the market of Vigo. We looked all around and the only two men (young men about 15 and 18 years old) we saw in two beef-stands were helping their mothers.

Mr. Thomas Berkeley is the missionary in this city, and, like all the missionaries in these north-western provinces, he is from England. He, with his wife, had been ten years in Spain, the last six in Vigo. Here we also met Mr. and Mrs. Bell, from La Linea, the boundary line between Gibraltar and Spain, close to Algeciras. They came to spend a few days in Vigo and would return to La Linea, where they have an important evangelical work.

The congregation in Vigo has forty members; they also have a day school, with the same number in attendance. We had the privilege of attending two or three preaching services and of preaching the Word to that congregation. They are not many, but they are strong, enthusiastic, and intelligent. There are a number of men of intelligence and with deep-rooted convictions, who will be a great power in the future work of the Gospel in the city.

Owing to the frequent visits of English men-of-war to this port, Brother Berkeley holds services in English quite often. We attended one of these on the Sunday we were in Vigo.

The city is the centre of a circuit, as Mr. Berkeley has other preaching places in country villages near-by. He has twenty members in Morgadanes. He also has a chapel-hall in Camposancos, which he succeeded in opening after eighteen months of renting it and struggling with the covered hand of Jesuitism. The opposition on the part of the local authorities, under the

thumb of the priest, was such that another man with less patience and grit would have abandoned the attempt to open the hall. But Brother Berkeley is an ambassador of Christ, and he must press forward. Not being able to obtain justice from the local authorities, he appealed to the Governor of the Province, who sent an engineer to inspect the building. He declared it all right, and the Governor ordered the Mayor to allow the hall to be opened for services. With all this, when the day for opening had come and the people were gathered, there came a police agent with an order from the Judge that some red tape requisite had yet to be complied with. Oh, Jesuitical Inquisition of the twentieth century! Thou respectest no laws except of thine own making. Thou art always ready to deceive, lie, prevaricate, raise false accusation against thy neighbour in order to destroy him. Thy feelings are dehumanised, they are those of a snake, and thy policy is that of a fox. Happy is the country that is free from thy presence.

As there are only about two steamers a month going from Vigo to Southampton, and as we had bought our tickets to sail from there to New York on September 3, we took the Royal Mail steamer coming from South America and stopping in Vigo on the 22d of August; thus it gave us ten days to spend in London, for the passage is to London, not to Southampton. The fare here is excessively high, $25 (five pounds sterling) in the second class for less than two and a half days from Vigo to Southampton.

Brother Berkeley kindly introduced me to the Superintendent in the steamer's office, who treated me most courteously. I asked him if I had to get some papers from the government authorities, but he said, no; being an American citizen I had nothing to do but go on board.

About 2 P.M. the steamer arrived and anchored some distance from the docks. We took a row-boat, our only means of getting to the steamer. There were three of us in the boat, besides the boatman, Mrs. Andújar, another man, and myself. It was a nice breezy day, and while the sea was not very smooth still it was not choppy; there were no white caps. We never experienced such a fearful dread on the sea in such a short distance. Well did the Psalmist say: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." We must bear in mind that the bay of Vigo is very deep, and although it is well sheltered, the sensation felt in a small boat is the same as in mid-ocean. These boats are oval and have very wide, round bottoms, in order to keep on those great waves which seem to be moved by the monsters of the unknown deep. We were going against the wind; for no sail could be used under such conditions. The boat would rise up to an immense height threatening then to bury us in its descent or to throw us into the water. Those great waves filled us, not only with fear, but with terror. I observed that the boatman was a strongly-built man, and he man-

aged the oars with great skill; this made me hopeful of safety. It took us about half an hour to reach the steamer, though it seemed a week. There was only one ladder to climb up on board, and it was jammed with landing passengers waiting for boats. At last we reached the top, but here we were stopped; a custom-house officer asked me for my *sailing papers*. I told him that I was an American citizen and a tourist, and that I had no other papers than those of my citizenship. He kept me there for several minutes insisting that I had to go ashore and get a permit from the Captain of the Port to go on board. I insisted that I had no need of more documents; that the shipping agent had also told me the same thing. Mrs. Andújar had passed in, but the man would not let me pass until an officer from the steamer came, and learning of the affair, he took hold of my arm and pulled me in. The man did not say one word more. He was working for a *tip*, but he did not get it from me. He very well knew that foreign travellers in Spain need no papers of any kind to go in or out of the country.

It was about 3 P.M. when they weighed anchor, and we started up the majestic bay. We had to sail thirteen miles to reach the Atlantic, but when we had gone about eight miles we were suddenly stopped by a very thick fog which did not disappear until the sun was setting, when we again proceeded on our journey.

In bidding farewell to my native country, many were the thoughts that came to my mind,

and that dense fog covering the Spanish coast had a great significance. Spain, with a beautiful and healthful climate, with a varied and fertile soil, producing all kinds of fruits in abundance, and with a people, industrious, noble, frank, haughty, yes, but patient and suffering unto death; that Spain is encircled with the Papal cloud which enshrouds it in superstition, intolerance, and ignorance.

The government of Spain is not the government of the Spaniards, nor even of their king; it is the government of the Pope; the Vatican has put an iron chain around the neck of the Spanish nation, a chain of friars and Jesuits who, together with the Spanish nobility, so called, are enslaving the country and pushing it further every day to the rear of civilised nations. That nation, which, like no other, struggled for 800 years to free herself from the Saracen dominion, her efforts and sacrifices being rewarded with the discovery of a new world, refused the light and liberty of the Gospel offered her in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and to-day she is reaping the harvest of this action. It was not the nation nor the Spaniards, who opposed Protestantism; it was their rulers, tools of Vatican greed. The most eminent theologians of Spain, sent by Emperor Charles V to Germany to watch and study the Reformation, in order to attack it, came back converted; the very Chaplain of the Emperor became a Lutheran; these were, when discovered, burnt by the Inquisition in the *Autos de Fe* of

Valladolid, Seville, Toledo, and other capitals of Spain, under the rule of Charles V and Philip II. The smoke of the fagots that burned San Román, Herrezuelo, Charles de Seso, Domingo de Rosas, Julianillo, the 800 of the congregation of Seville, the congregation of Valladolid, and other hundreds and thousands whom it is impossible to mention here—that smoke began then to form the thick fog of Romish tyranny and slavery into which unfortunate Spain is now sunk. The smoke of those fires, made with green fagots in order to prolong the agonies of the Christian Reformers, has contributed to deepen the darkness which has enveloped the nation in gloom.

Farewell, Iberia, beautiful land, but enslaved by the Romish curia! Thou art worthy of a more exalted position, but little or nothing wilt thou improve unless thou breakest the oppressing chain. Thou seemest weaker every day, and the chain that binds thee is heavier and stronger. In the constant changes in the King's Cabinet little good will come to thee.

But thou hast the Gospel seed, sown and rooted in most of the cities, towns, and villages. Thy hope, thy future happiness, is in this seed. The Gospel alone will be able to create convictions and establish such principles as at last will free the Spanish people. Trust in Jehovah; go forward; be patient; and thou shalt see the day of thy redemption!