

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

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One can not speak of Mexico and forget the churches; tired of the straight lines and monotonous tints of shops and dwellings, the eye rests gratefully on the low arch of their domes, the airy rise of their towers, and the coloring and carvings of their walls. Numerous as they are, it is as nothing to the palmy days of the church in Mexico, and fragments of the old buildings are yet to be seen, sometimes in strangely incongruous places.

Down in the city among the business houses one finds thick-buttressed, lichen-covered walls, whose tiny windows far up from the street speak of the old days of the convent and the monastery. In one dwelling, the home of two retired Philadelphia school ma'ams, which was once a convent, the battered figures of the saints still stand in their niches in the wall at the back of the sunny court-yard. The nuns are gone, but much in their manner the quiet Quaker ladies go in and out of the old cloisters.

The church of San Hipolito is interesting. It stands close to the Alameda and within a stone's throw of three others. The present building occupies the site of that great one which the Spaniards erected in commemoration of the great battle fought here with the Aztecs, and the walls surrounding the courtyard in front still bear "alto relievos" of the arms of the warriors and the trophies of that struggle, with an inscription to the memory of the "martyrs" who fell on that "sad night." This inscription says: "So great was the slaughter of Spaniards by the Aztecs in this place on the night of July 1, 1520, named for this reason the 'Dismal Night,' that after having in the following year re-entered the city tri-

umphantly, the conquerors resolved to build here a chapel to be called the chapel of the martyrs, which should be dedicated to San Hipolito, because the capture of the city occurred on that saints day." The church is commonplace enough within, but the carved front, the one graceful tower, the tiled dome, and the blending of colors—gray, brown and creamy white—all softened and mellowed by time, make it a beautiful and stately edifice.

But let us go to the cathedral down in the heart of the city. On the way we will pass through the Alameda and wander awhile, now in the sunshine, now in the shade, always along its broad walks and past its fountains and statues. How sweet are its green spaces, and how grateful the shade of its great trees, beneath which the lilies are blooming—their broad leaves and pure blossoms, the one touch needed to complete the picture. It is quiet in the park, the workmen are busy among the flowers, the children and their nurses play about the benches, and perhaps a student or priest, book in hand, saunters up and down in the quiet aisles; but this a week day. On Sunday, the scene changes. Then the awnings are up, chairs are ranged along the walks, bands play, and the people promenade. One sees many a flirtation, which, resolved into its component parts, is after all but a tender glance or two, a smile, a blush, or a waving of a fan; it may mean more, however, for if hard hit the gallant follows the senorita to her home and "plays the bear" to the delight of all the neighbors. This peculiar courtship consists in standing weary hours each day gazing at the fair one's window, rewarded if, after long waiting, he obtains a fleeting glance