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HOW BEELZEBUB CAME TO THE CONVENT

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "The Eyes of the Heart," "Whitewash," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY N. C. WYETH

CISTER EULALIA rose from the D bench by the door in answer to Sister Teresa's call. The broken pavement in the outer patio of the Convent of La Merced echoed the tapping of her stick as she slowly made her way to the arch leading to the interior of the building. Sister Eulalia was blind, but as nearly the whole seventy years of her life had been passed within these same gray walls familiarity supplied the defect of vision. Her daily tasks never had been interrupted since, a full half-century before, a wind-driven cactus-thorn had robbed her of sight. She wore with simple dignity the white woolen garb of the order, with its band of blue ribbon from which depended a silver cross, the snowy coif framing her saintly face with smooth bands that contrasted with the wrinkled surface of her skin. To the eye of an artist, her frail figure in its quaint surroundings of Spanish architecture, dating from the early years of the seventeenth century, would have made an irresistible appeal. But no artist ever sought that remote, almost forgotten city, and for the few Indians and half-breeds who have inherited the fallen glories of Antigua de Guatemala, the moribund convent held no interest. Occasionally one of the older "Indigenes" whose conscience troubled him would leave an offering of food at the twisted iron gate and mumble a request for prayers of intercession; or the dark-eyed half-Spanish children would stare with something of both fascination and fear at the five white-clad ancient women who, morning and evening, crossed the patio to the chapel: Sister Eulalia on the arm of Sister Teresa, Sister Rose de Lima and Sister Catalina, one on each side of the Mother Superior. To these two younger sisters-their years were but sixty-six and sixty-nine-had fallen, by common consent, the care of the Mother Superior, whose age no one knew, so great



SIERRA MADRE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

O MOTHER mountains! billowing far to the snow-lands, Robed in aërial amethyst, silver, and blue, Why do ye look so proudly down on the lowlands? What have their gardens and groves to do with you?

Theirs is the languorous charm of the orange and myrtle, Theirs are the fruitage and fragrance of Eden of old,— Broad-boughed oaks in the meadows fair and fertile,

Dark-leaved orchards gleaming with globes of gold.

You, in your solitude standing, lofty and lonely,

Bear neither garden nor grove on your barren breasts; Rough is the rock-loving growth of your cañons, and only Storm-battered pines and fir-trees cling to your crests.

Why are ye throned so high and arrayed in splendor Richer than all the fields at your feet can claim? What is your right, ye rugged peaks, to the tender Oueenly promise and pride of the mother-name?

Answered the mountains, dim in the distance dreaming: "Ours are the forests that treasure the riches of rain; Ours are the secret springs and the rivulets streaming Softly down through the manifold bloom of the plain.

"Vain were the toiling of men in the dust of the dry land, Vain were the plowing and planting in waterless fields, Save for the life-giving currents we send from the sky-land, Save for the fruit our embrace with the storm-cloud yields."

O mother mountains, Madre Sierra, I love you! Rightly you reign o'er the vale that your bounty fills,— Kissed by the sun, or with big, bright stars above you,— I murmur your holy name and lift up mine eves to the hills.