

Correspondencia Particular del
Agente Financiero

y
Cónsul General de México
en
Nueva York

Junio
10
1926

Señorita Soledad González,
Sria. Particular del señor
Presidente de la República,
MEXICO, D. F.

Muy estimable Cholita;

Aunque ya ustedes allí lo conocen,
me permito acompañarle el interesante artículo
escrito por el Dr. Hubert C. Herring, con motivo
de la entrevista que celebró con el señor General
Calles, que aparecerá publicado en "The Christian
Advocate" del 17 de este mes.

Sin otro asunto por ahora, quedo
con el agrado de siempre su tío que la quiere,

Arturo M. Eliás.

Incl.

AME/fg

President Calles Talks on Mexico and the Church

An Interview With Mexico's President

By Hubert C. Herring

SOME things are perfectly clear about President Calles. He is a Mexican who believes in Mexico, in its worth, and in its promise. He is a strong man. He is a practical man; his feet are on the ground. He is an idealist and a dreamer. He has studied the horizon. He knows the struggles of his people; he knows their bitter poverty, their ignorance, their 400 years of tragic exploitation and unrelieved defeat.

"I am glad you have come to learn the truth about Mexico." He tells me in words and he tells me in the firmness of the clasp of his hand. "Mexico has suffered grievously and long at the hands of her detractors. If you can help to spread the truth, you will be serving the interests of international peace and good will."

Mr. Calles shows bigness in every line. There is solidity to him, a solid massiveness of frame and feature, a solid quality of feature lighted up with passion and warmth. He has the jaw of a fighter and the eye of a dreamer. When he speaks, it is with emphasis and conviction. When he speaks of his people and of their struggles, it is with a disciplined emotion, which leaves no doubt in the mind of the listener as to the sincerity behind the words.

As he speaks, one feels the background of the man. He bears vicariously the burden of a despoiled and embittered people.

"My people," he says, "have suffered at the hands of the men who came to exploit us. They come with their tremendous financial power. They exploit our oil and our land and our mineral wealth. They make their fortunes out of our weakness, out of the wealth which belongs to our people, to the Indian population of Mexico. And when they have accumulated their wealth, they re-



PRESIDENT CALLES

turn to the United States and spread lies about us. They lie about our republic, its leaders, its constitution, its spirit."

"What can you tell me about the church situation, Mr. President?" I asked.

A smile played around the corners of his mouth as he answered. "Ah, you have probably heard that we were burning Catholics in Mexico, and that every day a fresh installment of them are being sent to the flames. I am sure that you must have been greatly disappointed not to see a burning."

"We Have No Quarrel With Religion"

"No, no," continued Mr. Calles. "We believe most profoundly in religious toleration here in Mexico. We are lib-

erals—politically, religiously. We believe, as you do, in the sacred right of men to choose their own faith, their own creed, their own church. We tolerate them all, respect them all, and will persecute none of them. If Mexico were not inherently tolerant in spirit, every Protestant would have been burned long since. The great rank and file of Mexico is tolerant."

"But," I ventured, "what about the present struggle between the government and religious institutions?"

"We have no quarrel with religion. We have no quarrel with the Catholic faith, nor the Protestant. Our quarrel is with the foreign-imposed hierarchy, which for 400 years has always been on the side of tyranny and ignorance and oppression. The church has encouraged ignorance and winked at vice, full well knowing that these are the mightiest weapons of the tyrant. They have kept the people ignorant, and have used this ignorance to enslave the people to the will of the church and the clergy. This spiritual enslavement has been the constant ally of

the privileged and the powerful against the underprivileged and the proletariat."

As Mr. Calles spoke, I became aware of that jaw of his. It is the jaw of a fighter, the jaw of a doer. I saw in it the accumulated determination of 400 years of a people who had suffered under foreign priests. It was not one man, but the millions of twenty generations, speaking. I distinctly hear them saying: "You of the church might have freed us, but you did not. You might have stripped the shackles from our souls, but you only clinched the rivets more firmly. By no help of yours have we learned to dream. We dream in spite of you. We struggle ahead without your helping hand. No longer can you hold us back. Yesterday belonged to you. To-day is ours."

"What, then, Mr. President, would you say to be the great need of Mexico?"

The Heritage of Tyranny and Neglect

"Education," he replied; "education, and ever more education. Education for all the people of all of Mexico. This is the great emphasis of the present government. We are striving to carry educational privileges to the last and the least village of all the republic. We are seeking to lift the material, spiritual, and economic level of our people. We face terrific odds. We face the misery and poverty and ignorance accumulated through centuries of tyranny and neglect. And we face the steady, persistent opposition of the church. It is incredible, but it is true. At every step we find our efforts to educate the people blocked by this foreign-imposed hierarchy, which presumes to dictate what our people shall think and feel and know. I realize that you can scarcely believe it. You live under very different conditions, and your churches are conducted in a very different spirit."

And this is the man who dares to stand out against the massed power of the church in Mexico. His friends have advised him to go slowly. They have argued political expediency and practical wisdom. The man who dares to stand out against such arguments is no weakling.

"The priest," he continued, "is the ally of the great business interests. This has always been true in Latin-American countries. The alliance is traditional. It began with Cortez and his conquerors. The cross was used to bless the seizure of land and minerals. The priest was the agent of subjection for generations of peons. The church blessed the despoilers and protected the privileges which they stripped from the people. It is this unholy alliance of religion and special privilege against which our government is compelled to lift a strong and determined hand."

Bits of Church History in Mexico

As I read over these words which were spoken to me by the president of Mexico, I think of some pages from the history of his people. I remember that scene near Vera Cruz 400 years ago. There were Indians living there by the seaside who, when they saw the white-winged ships of Cortez, cried out, "Our God is come." They hailed him with joy, and welcomed him in the high faith that their age of peace and plenty was at last to be ushered in. Cortez landed and fixed his banner upon Mexican soil—that banner of King Charles V, with its blazing cross of gold, and its inscription, "*We follow the cross, and if we have faith we shall conquer!*" Cortez

was right. He followed his cross. He conquered. He had his way with those Indians. He followed the cross, and there was spread out behind him a wide swath of rapine and death, disease and despair. He repaid their trust with butchery, and their generosity with robbery. He ranged with covetous eyes and grasping hands up and down the country of the Aztecs and the Mayas. He stripped their mines, annexed their fields, made slaves of their men, and concubines of some women. All in the name of the cross. His Spanish successors followed the lead of Cortez, and for 300 years they blessed their tyranny with the holy cross. And when at last the Indian arose to throw off this tyranny, it was the church which hounded Hidalgo and Morelos to their death. It was the church which thrust the cross into the hands of the vain and frantic Iturbide. It was the church which blocked Juarez and harried him to despair. It was the church which courted Diaz and blessed his looting of the land, standing by, assenting, as Diaz divided the garments of a crucified people among the highest bidders, leaving to the people, whom he professed to serve, a land to which they had no title, under bonds not of their own forging, bound by the promises of men who spoke without their consent. It was the church which plotted and conspired against Madero and Carranza, which put guns into the hands of Huerta, which played into the hands of imperialists and seekers of special privilege, which fought the Constitution of 1917, and which to-day blocks the efforts of the leaders of Mexico to conserve the fruits of the revolution, and to build solid and enduring political institutions.

This is the church which President Calles knows. This is the church which he is determined to check that his people may be free. Something of this kind is woven into the background of everything which he has to say.

A Government Dedicated to the Common People

"This government is dedicated to the redemption of the common people," continued the president. "We are not a government of wealth, nor of privilege, but a government of the people. You can readily understand that such a government inevitably arouses the antagonism of the wealthy and the powerful. We are opposed by all whose financial interests are best conserved by a policy of standing still and doing nothing. These are a numerous group in Mexico, as everywhere. They do not understand. They are not sensitive to the great surge of democratic feeling which is sweeping over Mexico to-day. They are hopelessly out of harmony with the times. They are blind. We must move on in spite of them, in the face of their opposition."

I started to ask a question. He went on:

"Oh, I know that the world will say that we are not moving along traditional lines. Quite true, we are not. We are making our own precedents as we go along. We are blazing new trails for the Mexican people. We do not wonder that all reactionaries are against us."

The president held out his hand to say good-by.

"I thank you for coming. Go back and tell the truth to the United States."

It is time that we tell the truth about Mexico.

It is not easy. Mexico is a land of many moods, of many passions. Whether Mexico is to swing away from all religion, and whether the old church is to completely pass from the scene, remains to be seen.

There is a deeply religious spirit in Mexico. It re-

veals itself in the persistent religious devotion of many who most bitterly oppose the leaders of the church. It reveals itself in the throbbing, the passionate loyalty of the great rank and file of the people. They pray. No one can sit for hours in their churches and cathedrals and doubt it. The Indian is a mystic. His soul is hungry. His mysticism is rooted in a race which battled along with the elements, and which through devious and weird forms reached out for the spirit which is all in all. Mexico is religious, and religion is not dead in Mexico. It will take on new forms, but the spirit is undefeatable.

But supremely does Mexico reveal its religion in the thrill of its new national life. A nation is being born south of the Rio Grande. Men are dreaming of freedom and of free institutions. Men are laying out the lines of a new and better common life. Life throbs down here. Young men dream dreams. They are making mistakes; they are wasting energy. All this is true; but a new nation is in the making.

And religion? I shall endeavor to tell the truth as

I see it, Mr. President. I am convinced that nowhere in the world are the interests of a truly democratic and passionately free religion safer than here in Mexico. I am certain that any religious institution which will bring a ministry of healing and health to the poor and the miserable, the ignorant and the underprivileged, will always be welcomed by Mexico.

Mexico is weary of the Christ of Cortez, the Christ of privilege and exploitation. Mexico is ready for the Christ of the common man—the peon, the slave, the broken.

Mexico is ready and waiting for that kind of Christ. I question whether the United States knows that Christ well enough to be able to pass the message on. I wonder whether out of all this travail of new hope Mexico will not learn the thing which He came to teach, far better than we in our certainty and insolent superiority have ever learned! It may be that Mexico must yet send missionaries to tell us of the Christ who cares whether men have land, who cares whether men work in freedom and hope, who cares for the last and the least.

Measuring Value in a Church's Work

By Jesse Parker Bogue

IN CONCLUDING a recent editorial on the above subject, the Advocates asked for thoughts from the field. Here are mine:

Taking at face value what the preacher says when he gives his report of a year's work on the floor of the Annual Conference, "Benevolences not quite full, collections all taken," is a true standard for measuring the success of the church.

Now and then a spirit grows bold to add: "Revival fires burning all over the charge. Eighteen accessions, *counting the children*."

The district superintendent may venture, with a chuckle of personal satisfaction, figuring to himself the difference on the basis of the Roman tax at eight per cent: "Great increases in salaries all over the district."

The bishop also says: "I want to raise a solemn note of warning to any of you brothers who are cutting down your figures with the thought of reducing benevolent apportionments. If any of you have done such a thing, go get your reports and correct them. You have no right to throw people out of the church!"

From the conversations in the book room and the lobbies at a Conference success is: "Where were you last year? How much do they pay you?"

Crowds, money, noses, buildings, popularity! How would it read in the Gospels: "And Jesus lifted His eyes to heaven and said, 'Benevolences in full and collections all taken.'"

Another John sends his disciples to your church next Sunday morning. They come in while you are preaching and break out: "Is this the church, or do we look for another?" What will you say?

What is truth at any cost? What is sowing gladly, with no hope of reaping yourself? What is just doing good because it is good, natural, and spontaneous? What is absolute loyalty to God, even to the death on the cross?

What does it mean to smite some blasting popular fallacy at the cost of your personal popularity?

What home has been kept united and made happy? What young feet have been turned in the right paths? What pure devotion and love for Christ born in the hearts of tender children? What peace and good will has been promoted through the whole city and community? What consolations for sorrow, love for hate, and the song of hope sung in the dark place of sin?

On this wonderful Southern spring morning, a cardinal whistles in the tree out there in the yard, my children are laughing as they play under the tree, their mother sings an old love song as she sets the house in order, on my study table is a volume of Browning. And I stop and ask, How shall I measure the success of each of these? How, then, shall we measure the success of the minister and the church, the influence of good people among men?

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Intoxicating Words

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH has written a sharp little satire on the intoxication of big words that affects some public speakers in the following brief discourse called

IONS:

"Self-determination," one of them insisted. "Arbitration!" cried another.

"Co-operation!" suggested the mildest of the party. "Confiscation!" answered an uncompromising female.

I, too, became slightly intoxicated by the sound of these vocables. And were they not the cure for all our ills?

"Inoculation!" I chimed in. "Transubstantiation, aliteration, inundation, flagellation, and afforestation!"

That settled the debate for the affirmative. It was a great victory!

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"THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE"
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EL PRESIDENTE CALLES HABLA DE MEXICO Y DE LA IGLESIA.

Entrevista con el Presidente de México.

Por

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Trad:MCM.

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Hay cosas perfectamente claras respecto al Presidente Calles. Es un mexicano que cree en México; en su valer y en sus promesas. Calles es un hombre fuerte, un hombre práctico. Sus pies están firmemente puestos en el suelo que pisa. Es un idealista y un soñador; ha estudiado el horizonte y se da perfecta cuenta de las luchas de su pueblo; de sus amargas miserias; de su ignorancia; de sus -- 400 años de esclavitud e irremediables derrotas.

"Me alegro que haya venido a conocer la verdad respecto a México." Me lo dicen sus palabras y su firme apretón de manos. "México ha sufrido larga y gravemente a -- manos de sus detractores. Si usted puede ayudar a esparcir la verdad, le hará un gran servicio a los intereses de la paz y buena voluntad internacionales."

El señor Calles es grande en todos sentidos. En él -- hay solidez. Es macizo de cuerpo y de facciones -- rasgos característicos iluminados por la pasión y el entusiasmo. Tiene la mandíbula de un luchador y la mirada de un soñador. Cuando habla, lo hace con énfasis y convicción, y -- cuando habla de su pueblo y de sus luchas, lo hace con -- una emoción disciplinada, que no deja lugar a duda, en la mente del que lo escucha, respecto a la sinceridad de sus

palabras.

Mientras habla, se ve el fondo del hombre. El cargado con el peso de las amarguras y despojos de un pueblo.

"Mi pueblo," dice, "ha sufrido a manos de los que vinieron a explotarnos, amparados en su formidable poder financiero. Explotan nuestro petróleo, nuestras tierras y nuestras riquezas minerales; labran sus fortunas con nuestra debilidad, con la riqueza del pueblo - de la población indígena de México, y una vez amasada esa fortuna, regresan a los Estados Unidos a propalar mentiras respecto a nosotros. Mienten respecto a la República, respecto a sus gobernantes, a su Constitución y al espíritu en que está concebida."

"Qué puede usted decirme de la situación religiosa, - señor Presidente?" le pregunté.

Una sonrisa desplegó sus labios al contestarme. "Ahí Usted ha oído probablemente que estamos quemando católicos en México, y que diariamente enviamos nuevas remesas a la hoguera! Estoy seguro de que usted se habrá decepcionado al no ver una quemazón.

Nosotros no Estamos Peleados con la Religión.

"No, no," continuó el señor Calles, "nosotros creemos profundamente en la tolerancia religiosa aquí en México.- Somos liberales - política y religiosamente - creemos, como ustedes, en el sagrado derecho del hombre para elegir su propia fé, su propio credo, su propia iglesia. Los toleramos a todos, a todos los respetamos y a ninguno perseguimos. Si México no fuera esencialmente tolerante en su

manera de ser, todos los protestantes habrían sido quemados desde hace mucho tiempo. La mayoría de los mexicanos es tolerante."

"Pero," me aventuré a decir, "entonces a qué se debe el actual conflicto entre el Gobierno y las instituciones religiosas?"

"Nosotros no estamos en pugna con la religión; ni con la fé católica ni con la protestante; nuestro conflicto es con la jerarquía impuesta por el extranjero, que durante 400 años ha estado del lado de la tiranía, de la ignorancia y de la opresión. La iglesia ha fomentado la ignorancia y a tolerado el vicio, sabiendo que estas son las armas más poderosas del tirano. Ha mantenido al pueblo ignorante, valiéndose de esa ignorancia para esclavizarlo a la voluntad de la iglesia y del clero. Esta esclavitud espiritual ha sido la constante aliada de los privilegiados y los poderosos, contra los no privilegiados - contra el proletariado."

Mientras el señor Calles hablaba, me dí cuenta de su mandíbula. Es la mandíbula del luchador, del hombre de acción. En ella ví la acumulada determinación de 400 --- años sufridos por un pueblo, bajo el dominio del clero. No era un hombre el que hablaba, sino los millones de hombres de las veinte generaciones pasadas. Con toda claridad las escucho que dicen: "Ustedes los eclesiásticos -- podían habernos libertado y no lo hicieron; podían haberdesatado las cadenas de nuestras almas y, al contrario, - las han remachado con más fuerza. No son ustedes los que

nos han enseñado a soñar; soñamos a pesar de ustedes y lu
chamos por nuestro progreso sin que su mano nos ayude. -
Pero ya no pueden detenernos; el pasado les pertenecía, -
pero el presente es nuestro."

"Cuál cree usted entonces, que sea la necesidad más -
grande de México." señor Presidente.

La Herencia de la Tiranía y del Abandono.

"La educación," me respondió, "la educación y siempre
la educación. Educación para toda la gente de todo México.
Esta es lá gran obsesión del actual Gobierno. Esta
mos tratando de llevar los beneficios de la educación hasta
los pueblos más apartados y más pequeños. Tenemos que
hacerle frente a fuerzas formidables - a la miseria, po--
breza e ignorancia acumuladas durante siglos de tiranía y
abandono, como también a la persistente y firme oposición
de la iglesia. Parece increíble pero es la verdad. A --
cada paso que damos para educar al pueblo, a cada esfuer--
zo que hacemos, encontramos siempre obstáculos de parte -
de esta jerarquía de imposición extranjera, que presume -
ser la dictadora de todo lo que nuestro pueblo piense, --
sienta o sepa. Me doy cuenta de que le es difícil creerlo,
pues usted vive en condiciones muy distintas y sus --
iglesias están dirigidas con un espíritu muy diferente."

Este es el hombre que se atreve a enfrentarse a los -
poderes en masa de la iglesia de México. Sus amigos le -
aconsejan que tome precauciones; arguyen la conveniencia-
política y el sentido práctico, y el hombre que se atreve
a enfrentarse a todos estos argumentos no es un débil.

"El sacerdote," continuó, "es el aliado de los grandes capitalistas, esto ha sucedido siempre en los países latino-americanos. La alianza es tradicional; comenzó -- con Cortés y sus conquistadores. La cruz fué usada para bendecir los despojos de tierras y minerales. El sacerdote ha sido el agente de sumisión de generaciones de peones. La iglesia bendecía a los despojadores y protegía los privilegios que le arrancaban al pueblo. Es esta --- alianza impía de la religión y los privilegios especiales contra la que nuestro gobierno está obligado a levantar -- una mano ferrea y decidida."

Pequeños Trozos de la Historia Religiosa de México.

Mientras leo estas palabras dichas por el Presidente de México, pienso en algunas páginas de la Historia de -- ese pueblo. Me acuerdo de aquella escena acaecida hace -- 400 años cerca de Veracruz. Los indios que vivían en las playas, al ver acercarse las naves de Cortés, exclamaron: "Nuestro Dios ha llegado." Lo recibieron gozosos, y en su gran fé creyeron que una era de paz y abundancia había venido para ellos. Y Cortés desembarcó y clavó su bandera en tierra mexicana -- la bandera de Carlos V, con su reluciente cruz de oro y la inscripción: "Sigamos la Cruz, y si tenemos Fé, venceremos!" Cortés tenía razón; siguió la cruz y venció. Siguió la cruz e hizo cuanto quiso con los indios, pero dejando siempre tras sí un ancho-campo de rapiña, desolación y muerte, enfermedad y desesperanza. Pagó la confianza de los indios con la traición y la matanza, y su generosidad con el robo. Recorrió de-

arriba a abajo, con ojos y manos codiciosas la tierra azteca y la maya; robó sus minas, se apoderó de sus campos, hizo esclavos a sus hombres y concubinas a muchas de sus mujeres - todo en nombre de la Cruz. Sus sucesores españoles siguieron el ejemplo de Cortés, y durante 300 años bendijeron su tiranía con la santa cruz. Y cuando al fin los indios se levantaron para acabar con esta tiranía, -- fué la iglesia quien persiguió a Hidalgo y a Morelos hasta llevarlos a la muerte. Fué la iglesia la que puso la Cruz en manos del vanidoso y frenético Iturbide; fué la iglesia la que obstruccionó a Juárez y lo atormentó hasta la desesperación. Fué la iglesia la que cortejó a Porfirio Díaz y bendijo sus robos de tierras, y asistió con beneplácito al reparto que Díaz hizo, de las vestiduras de un pueblo crucificado, entre los mejores postores, dejándole a ese pueblo al que juraba servir, una tierras carentes de títulos, llenas de gravámenes que ellos no habían forjado y sujetas a compromisos de hombres que hablaban sin el consentimiento de ellos. Fué la iglesia la que conspiró e intrigó contra Madero y Carranza, la que puso las armas en manos de Huerta, la que engordó el caldo a los imperialistas y ambiciosos de privilegios, la que se opuso a la Constitución de 1917, y la que actualmente hostiliza los esfuerzos de los líderes mexicanos para conservar los frutos de la revolución, y edificar instituciones sólidas y duraderas.

Un Gobierno Consagrado a los Humildes.

"Este Gobierno se ha consagrado a la redención del -- pueblo bajo," dijo el Presidente Calles, "este no es un-

gobierno de capital y de privilegios, sino un gobierno -- del pueblo y para el pueblo, por lo tanto, puede usted -- comprender que tal gobierno tiene inevitablemente que despertar el antagonismo de los ricos y los poderosos. Tenemos la oposición de todos aquellos cuyos intereses financieros se conservan mejor por medio de una política de estancamiento e inutilidad. De esos hay un grupo numeroso en México, como en todas partes. No comprenden, no son -- sensibles a la gran ola de sentimiento democrático que se extiende por todo el país. Están completamente fuera de armonía con los tiempos actuales. Están ciegos, y nosotros tenemos que movernos a pesar de ellos, enfrentándonos a su oposición."

Yo comencé a hacer una pregunta, pero el continuó:

"Ahí, ya sé que el mundo dirá que lo que hacemos no -- está de acuerdo con las tradiciones. Muy cierto, nosotros estamos formando nuestro propio precedente según vamos hacia adelante. Estamos abriendo nuevos derroteros -- para los mexicanos y no nos sorprendemos de que los reaccionarios estén contra nosotros."

El Presidente extendió la mano para decirme adios.

"Le doy las gracias por haber venido. Vaya a contarla verdad a los Estados Unidos."

Tiempo es ya de que digamos la verdad respecto a México.

No es fácil decirla, porque México es tierra de muchas modalidades y de muchas pasiones. Que México se aparte -- de toda religión, o que la antigua iglesia desaparezca --

por completo, queda todavía por verse.

En México hay un espíritu profundamente religioso, -- que se revela en la persistente devoción de muchos que se dicen enemigos del clero, que se revela en la palpitante y apasionada lealtad de la mayoría del pueblo. Que rezan, nadie que pase horas enteras sentado en sus iglesias y catedrales, lo puede dudar. El indio es místico, su alma -- está hambrienta. Su misticismo está arraigado en una raza que ha tenido que luchar con el medio ambiente rudimentario, y que por caminos extraviados y fantásticos ha tenido que buscar al espíritu -- al Gran-Todo. México es religioso; en México no puede morir la religión. Podrá variar en su forma, pero su espíritu es invencible. De manera suprema, revela México su religión en el estremecimiento de su nueva vida nacional. Una nación está naciendo al sur del Río Grande. Sus hijos sueñan con la libertad y con instituciones libertarias; están delineando los contornos de una nueva y mejor vida común. La vida palpita aquí. Los jóvenes sueñan grandes cosas. Cometen errores, gastan sus energías; todo esto es cierto, pero se -- trata de hacer surgir una nación nueva.

¿Y la religión? Voy a hacer lo posible por decir la verdad tal como la veo, señor Presidente. Estoy convencido de que en ninguna parte del mundo estan los intereses de una religión apasionadamente libre y verdaderamente democrática, más seguros que en México. Estoy completamente seguro de que cualquiera institución religiosa que --- traiga consigo un ministerio de conciliación, sinceridad,

de honradez y salud para los pobres y los tristes, los --
ignorantes y los desheredados, encontrará siempre buena --
acogida en México.

México está hastiado del cristo de Cortés, del cristo
de los privilegios y explotaciones, y espera al cristo de
los pobres - del peón, del esclavo, del abatido. México-
espera y está pronto para recibir a ese cristo.

Yo me pregunto si los Estados Unidos conocen lo bas--
tante a ese cristo para llevarle este mensaje? ¿No será --
que de todos estos afanes por alcanzar una nueva esperan-
za, México aprenderá lo que El vino a enseñar, mucho me--
jor que nosotros en nuestra seguridad e insolente superio-
ridad hemos podido nunca aprender...? Todavía puede suce-
der que México nos mande misioneros que nos hablen del --
Cristo Divino que se preocupa porque el pueblo tenga tier-
ras y porque tenga libertades; que se preocupe por el --
último y por el más pequeño - por los pobres y por los --
humildes.
