

brothers that surrounded them. In the old cemetery, "There heaves the turf of many a mouldering heap," but the old monuments are gone and only the wooden and occasionally stone tombstones tell of an Alvarados, a Lopez, or some other Mexican man, woman or infant who has passed on.

We arrived at San Diego, that beautiful city of the sea, in the late afternoon, but there was still light enough to walk about and prospect for a congenial hostelry. This we were lucky enough to find in the King George Hotel. The royal title proved so appealing, so we speedily became guests under the roof of this monarchical tavern. And it proved to be all we had hoped for in the way of comfort and that feeling of restfulness that some places insensibly give one.

Our delightful three days' stay in the City of St. James were too short to do it justice, but one may not reasonably expect to exhaust all the possibilities in so short a time. The splendid bay is an uplifting picture, land-locked, and with most picturesque surroundings, sloping beach, towering headlands, and wooded hills. From my chamber window between midnight and dawn I hear with joy the breaking of one white-crowned wave after another, and the grinding of their waters on the sand subdued by distance, and I can better understand Longfellow's happy description "Music of the Waves."

"The night is calm and cloudless
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather and gather and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone,
To the pedals of the organ