the altar, occupying one end of the church, and rich in wood-Saint Gabriel has the post of honor, and looks so handsome that, no doubt, he has many as fair a devotee as Liza, of Bocaccio's tale. The Virgin is here also, but our Lord is not,—a hiatus not uncommon in Romish churches. Christ visited earth to canonize his mother. Like the altar piece in the little chapel behind the French church in Montreal, this alter is all wood-but there the resemblance ends. In speaking thus ambiguously I please all parties. Our Californian padre's idea of Canada is founded upon his recollections of Quebec, ever so long ago. Canada is a mountainous country, poverty-stricken, in ruins, odoriferous, haloed with a history no one else cares a rap about. Ergo, Canada can nowhere show a church like the church of San Gabriel Archangel.

No man of taste dare criticise an old painting. Even if the saints stand on tip-toe, what has that to do with the laws of The eyes of Diogenes bulged as he heard me speak upon art to the padre, but then, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Yet, on the whole, the series of paintings in the church are well executed, although badly hung, Most of them evidently belong to an order of mendicant, friars, so tattered and battered are they; but even these have been recently patched, and show their repairs only in certain lights; one, a Murillo, or a copy of Murillo; it did not seem to matter much which to the padre, so long as it brought souls to God. To some of these paintings the church itself is but a thing of to-day. They undoubtedly reach back into antiquity. Long before Columbus broke the egg; long before Cortez hungered for Mexico; hands now mould and minds now with God labored lovingly together in Sunny Spain to conceive and paint what, we children of a sceptic age dare to criticize. Well, after all, if posterity possessed the organ of veneration to a large degree, farewell to progress.

The confessional is a kind of sentry-box, worm-caten, friable,