

of today sport. At the Santa Barbara mission the monk who guided us never hinted at a gratuity, but to this 20th century young Mexican American 'twas a "business proposition" and no chances taken, so he prudently collected his fee in advance, thus removing the unhappy possibility of some tourist of the absent-minded brand overlooking this important detail. In showing us through it was quite evident that the young gentleman had lost the simple faith of his bygone Mexican forefathers, for he seemed to be rather ashamed of the dignified old building and its interesting features, which shed a little light on how the monks of a century and a half ago made up some of the details of their daily lives. The chapel is high and dignified still in spite of time's corrosion. In the baptistry is a large basin beaten out of copper by the Indians. The mission records show that from the waters of this basin over seventeen thousand persons were baptised regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. This battered old font interwoven with the spiritual history of so many souls, may well be preserved as an honored and interesting link of the past. The kitchen and its homely appliances bring these venerables nearer to us. Here is their oven, here the pantry with its generous supply of drawers that would be the envy of a modern housewife, the pots, pans and even the great caldron wherein like the monks of Kintail they made,

"A good strong ale,
The best that e'er was tasted."

There are some fine specimens of engrossing on parchment, of books written out in the abounding leisure of these long days of that bygone time. A Lamarche rose planted by the loving hands of one of the fathers a hundred years ago still thrives, and covers a trellis with its white roses emblematical of the purity of spirit of these men, who a century ago gave their lives to the uplifting of the dusky human