

ration of the Roman Church revealed itself the moment the courteous padre opened his mouth. He said, "I will be happy to show you through the church. You know, of course, that it is customary to make a small donation." The Church of the Vatican lifts its boughs to heaven and shelters many, far and wide, because it is firmly upheld by the root of all evil. But ah, what a come-down it was for a San Gabriel mission padre, whose broad meadows, thronged with herds, were once the envy of all, and whose doors were once open, like those of a baronial hall, to every comer, to have to rely upon "small donations," for the support of his church. Once, no doubt, thousands of dollars in gold lay in the strong box, now, alas, his Sunday collection averages three dollars.

I could not drag the history of the church from the padre. He told us of its building, of course, how many years it required—sixteen, I believe—and how the ten white men who formed the nucleus of the settlement, had to turn their hands to everything, teaching the Indians what little of the builder's art they themselves possessed. Six miles away, on the face of the Sierras, winds a trail, down which the timber was laboriously carried; and so, bit by bit, the whole surrounding district contributing its mite of natural treasure, the church went up, built by the veritable sweat of man's brow; with its walls two yards in thickness.

I should have preferred, however, to have heard something of the soul life of the mission, of the simple schools they no doubt established, in which the proselyte struggled with pot-hooks and catechism, of the tragedies and comedies of the life, and most of all, of the dark day when the padres sate silent at the board and heard the edict of secularization before which, as snow before the sun, their ambition melted away and their power disappeared. Yet was San Gabriel more fortunate than many of its fellows. Deprived of power, it subsisted upon love. Secularization did not close its doors nor crumble its walls in ruins: it still directs, it still consoles a