

them, and it must have been a lively and busy spot in the surrounding wilderness, with the fathers in their priestly robes, the cattle, sheep and horses of the mission, their Indian herders, the clacking of the mill wheels, the concourse of Indian women, the games and laughter of the papooses, for some fifteen hundred Indians made the mission their headquarters under the protection and guidance of these Franciscan pioneers.

We step into the chancel, our young guide dropping onto his knee and making the sign of the cross. This is a tall room adorned with figures of the Christ and of the Virgin Mary. In the crypt, another large room, are buried seven of the old fathers who as young men came with Junipero Serro and helped found the mission, spending a long life of service and self-denial for the conversion of the Indians, and we may well say of them as Sir Walter Scott sings of his Medieval knights,

"Their bones are dust, and their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

The stone steps of the chapel were worn smooth and hollow by the thousands of feet moccasined and otherwise, of the pied flock that through the years of long ago, sought this shrine for the peace of their souls and for absolution from their sins. In fact the mission was the one place for the cure of souls in that wild region. As some one has said, "The world had the ague and the church had the quinine and owned the drug store." There was just one church. No Third Methodist or Second Baptist to appeal to.

Inside the wall in the burial ground outside, are buried 1,500 Indians and quite a few distinguished Spaniards, judging from the inscriptions, the Spaniards each in a masoleum, the Indians in trenches, in three layers or floors so to speak. These missions were built with Indian labor, and with such crude tools as they had and their lack of skill, it is wonderful what fine structures were erected. They are always