

" 'Tis the voice of the Great Creator
Who dwells in the mighty deep."

We stroll through the beautiful streets, and as we pass one attractive dwelling after another we agree that Santa Barbara would be a goodly place to dwell in.

The mission buildings of Santa Barbara stand on a commanding elevation a short distance from the city, and were erected under the energetic supervision of that ancient Franciscan rustler, Father Junipero Serro, about 1787. A guide is assigned to us, a young Franciscan monk, clad in the rough robe, a cord around his waist and a capote like that of the French voyageurs hanging down from the back of his neck. He is a courteous young man, possibly from Holland, but with a note in his accent that is almost Hibernian. Evidently a student, his vigils have given him a look of refinement. He shows us the paintings, St. Michael in fighting costume, the Virgin Mary, portraits of some of the fathers who helped found the mission. All these paintings even though they did come from Spain are very poor daubs indeed, but in the ancient stronghold of the mission, and from their long association with one generation after another of the good fathers, they have acquired an odor of sanctity to the good brother who shows us around. He points out the handiwork of more than one hundred years ago, the beds, the chairs, the tables, and the old stones from the grist mill, which versatile holy men built and which for more than a century ground the grain, sifting into from day to day through attrition a part of their granite structure, the daily bread of the mission, say nothing of that given away to the ever present group of Indians that paid allegiance to the mission. A lively sense of good homemade bread doubtless rendered the Indians more amenable to the teachings of the good fathers as to the bread of life. Apparently these missions in their day took the place of the tavern or stopping place that was to succeed