

wilderness are now melancholy ruins, but the wandering savage in the desert or on the mountain yet retains the tradition of the sanctity of the cross. The fire the Franciscan Fathers kindled, yet lives, and in every scattered encampment of the Digger Indians, and in every half-breed Nacal, a wooden or grass-woven cross reminds the Peninsular Indians of the Story of the Cross told to their dead sires by the Spanish missionaries, and "So it is," writes Henry C. Van Dyke, "the untutored dwellers of the desert have cherished what the inhabitants of the cities and the fertile plains have thrown away." Borrowing the language of the poet we may also say:

"This is all
The gain we reap from all the wisdom sown
Through ages; nothing doubted those first sons
Of Time, while we, the schooled of centuries,
Nothing believe."

And now may I end this dissertation on the cross with Longfellow's beautiful reference to the "Cross of Snow," in the Colorado range, a photographic reproduction of which appeared in the London *Graphic* not long ago.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where 'round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light,
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through fire of martyrdom was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a Mountain in the distant West
That sun-defying in its deep ravines
Displays a Cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the Cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.