

in this country. Once it was here, indeed, but with the displacement of thoroughness by greed, as a standard of craftsmanship, it vanished.

This spirit made the rugs of Persia, the Flemish buildings, the bronze-craft of China, the illuminations which Irish monks taught the schoolmen of Europe. Rugs, buildings, bronzes, illuminations --- these are made no more in the old spirit; they are made but to perish, for their makers have no vision. But at San Juan Capistrano the spirit lingers.



**F**OR years the mission was desolate and abandoned, visionless. Its people perished and vandals held it at their mercy. Yet the spirit of the padres abode in the place where they had served; then came the Padre. In him the old spirit revived, and the ancient vision. Every stone and carving and crumbling fresco cried out to him; Adobe and Keystone and Bell carried to him their message.

Under the spell of his vision, ruin and destruction evolved into beauty and