

In monotonous undertone,
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs—still answer:
"Christe Eleison?"

Some of Uncle Sam's fleet were in evidence there, among them a couple of battleships in their ocean colored paint, the Colorado and California, a gunboat that during our stay was ordered to Mexican waters, some torpedo boats and other craft of the navy. The presence of the Blue Jackets on the streets of San Diego gives a cosmopolitan air to the place.

By auto we made the trip to Point Loma, the home of the Theosophic Colony founded by Madame Katherine Tingley. The site is a commanding one overlooking the bay, and is made up of 1,200 acres in a high state of cultivation and worked by members of the colony. The colony consists of two hundred adults and three hundred children. The communal buildings are picturesque and stately. It is said that thorough attention is given to the education of the children. It occurred to me that this peaceful place would appeal strongly to one wearied with the battle of life with its troubles and cares and unrest, and that for such an one, here was a haven of rest and peace with congenial associates. And still it would look to many like shirking the fight. But that is probably a matter depending on one's mental and moral makeup, and I am quite sure that for some this is what is "Rest and Peace."

"Oh! that I had the wings of a dove,
Then would I fly away and be at rest."

Another memorable trip that we made by auto was to Tia Juana, Mexico. In passing through the