

One of Father Linipero's daily duties was to visit the inmates of the hospital, and rarely a day when the boy did not accompany him. All of the Father's helpful, soothing ways he copied and far excelled; healing almost with a touch the fevered heads, and easing paroxysms with only a rubbing of his hands.

As he passed through the ward this morning of the sixteenth, he gave no heed to the smiles of welcome. Only when he turned from the ward to the corridor, did he pause. On a low temporary cot lay an old Indian, and with instant knowledge the boy saw he was dying. Placing both his small white hands on the copper-colored ones of the old man, he murmured the prayer he had heard Father Linipero repeat so often, and even while he prayed the struggle came, and he passed on.

Up and down the long corridor he paced restlessly. At the south end the door of one of the private apartments was ajar, and as he passed and repassed he could hear the murmur