

dy was found is marked by a palm tree, but unfortunately it is not known where he was buried.

The mission buildings of San Diego, of which but a small portion now remains, were both extensive and imposing. Situated at the head of a lovely fertile valley, in sight of the blue Pacific, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, with its background of picturesque foothills, they added one more charm to the already beautiful landscape of which they were the central point. Built according to the Spanish style of architecture, the edifice was 90 feet long by 17 in height. Its tiled roof was supported by stout beams hewn and carried from Cuyamaca forests by the willing Indian neophytes. Many of the beams still exist, strong and sound as on the day when they were first placed in position. The building formed two sides of a quadrangle, the figure being completed by a wall, beyond which a hedge of cactus formed a strong a sufficient protection against the attacks of unfriendly savages.

Here under the strict but gentle rule of the Padres, the Indians were in an incredible short time redeemed from barbarism.

At daybreak all, except the sick and infirm, proceeded to Mass, after which they breakfasted and went to their respective avocation. The labors of the day were over at 5 o'clock and once more they repaired to the chapel, where after reciting the Angelus, they assisted at Benediction.

Until marriage the young girls were kept apart from the others, in what was called the *monjerio*, zealously guarded by an old Indian woman. In the center of the *monjerio* was a large court, made attractive by graceful palms and fragrant blossoms. Here the Indian maidens spent their time spinning, weaving and sewing. For the rest they lived in families, father, mother and little children, happy, contented and industrious.

Such was the story of the first California mission in the days of its prosperity; and the history of one is that of all the others.

Today it stands a heap of fast decaying ruins, vainly appealing in its melancholy old age to the pitying hand of man