

their teachers, and the monks invariably selected for the site of their monastic buildings a position suitable for defence in case of need, and combined in their style of architecture military strength with religious art.

And for a period of over fifty years, Spanish monks and native Indians plied their peaceful vocations side by side on the slopes of the fertile valleys of California, cultivating the orange, olive and fig tree, date palms and bananas, and other sub-tropical fruit imported by the Spaniards, encouraged by the monks in the enjoyment of all innocent amusements on feast-days and holy days, and joining with the holy fathers in prayer and praise when summoned by the mission bells to ceremonial devotion.

are used for parochial purposes); but, although in ruins, a spirit of consecration still lingers round those cloisters, arches and solitary towers, where bells hang silent, yet eloquent of the past, and travellers of every creed and nationality stand and gaze, as we did on our arrival at St. Gabriel, and ask—

“Who will tell us more of the Missions and their story?”

The answer came when we arrived at the Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside; and to Mr. Frank Miller, the founder, the builder and the master of the Inn, we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for the restful hours spent under his hospitable roof—hours of inspiration and beauty that will remain with us when we have returned to our



ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT RUBIDOUX.

But, alas! the prosperity of the missions became their downfall.

The Mission properties increased in value and brought in large yearly revenues, and in 1833 the Mexican Government, like a bird of prey, swooped down and seized the estates, in order to replenish their own impoverished exchequer.

And sadly the holy fathers forsook the scene of their labours, and silently the Indians melted away into the gloom of the neighbouring forests and the darkness of heathendom, except a few who had intermarried with Spanish soldiers and colonists.

The monasteries are now in ruins, the churches in decay (with the exception of two or three that

work-a-day life—a memory of work accomplished by the saintly men of old, a “vision of work” that Frank Miller has himself conceived and brought to perfection, an inspiration to guide us in work that may await us in the future!

We arrived at Riverside, June 14th, after a hot and tiring journey through the Colorado desert, and full of regrets at leaving behind us the awe-inspiring Grand Canyon of Arizona.

But new attractions awaited us at Riverside, and great was our delight on hearing that a motor drive was arranged for us to Mont Rubidoux, in order that we might enjoy the scenery and tropical vegetation in the immediate neighbourhood.

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