

luminous. Page 487, verses 8-20; and page 434, verses 13-16. The work of abridging and condensing this mass of manuscript was performed by Mormon, who added to his assiduous labor, unwearied diligence and care for the preservation of his transcript. The records, he copied were chiefly those of Nephi, Mosiah, Zeniff, Alma, Heleman and the two later Nephis. The first Nephi, son of Lehi, kept two sets of plates; and the records made by Mormon were taken chiefly from the "larger plates" of Nephi. Page 158, verse 5, note n. These historical data cover a period of one thousand years; from six hundred years before to four hundred years after Christ.

Next follows the translation of the personal record of Mormon, of the annals of his own time. It is called the Book of Mormon, and consists of nine chapters. It is because of this labor of abridging the records, that the whole work is termed the Book of Mormon.

The work ends with the writings of Moroni, son of Mormon, consisting of a brief personal history of his time, and an abridgment of the Book of Ether, a record of the people of Jared.

There is therefore no confusion nor ambiguity as to the authorship and identity of the work or any part thereof.

With words of soberness, and calm appreciation of their import, we declare that we hold the Book of Mormon to be of equal authority with the Old and New Testaments. That, besides being a valuable aid to ethnological and archaeological science, it contains the plain and simple doctrines of the Gospel, taught by prophets, apostles, and the Savior himself. It has not come to destroy the Scriptures, nor to take their place; but its mission is to explain and confirm them. It is a light shining upon the darkness of ages of apostasy; and the Bible itself shines out with new lustre in its sacred and venerable company; while science, and the whole realm of intelligence, are made brighter for its advent.

J. H. KELSON.

A TOUR IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

Many of the readers of my rambles in Oregon and on the Shasta route, were pleased to approve of the effort to interest them concerning localities they were not familiar with; for this reason the following items concerning other points are offered. My last trip extended as

far as Santa Barbara in semi-tropical California, and also to Santa Cruz, a noted watering place on the coast opposite Monterey.

The points above mentioned are not at present on a continuous line of travel, so I will detail the shortest trip first.

The distance from San Francisco to Santa Cruz is 82 miles. The starting point is at the foot of Market Street, then steamer to Alameda, four miles across the bay. A well-constructed narrow-gauge road enables the traveler to make two trips each way daily, and for a short road the ride has no superior anywhere in California for scenic interest.

Alameda is a growing suburb of San Francisco—without the life and snap of Oakland, but it is quiet, retired, and rural, with numerous beautiful homes and graceful floral surroundings. The track is laid on the edge of San Francisco bay to a point near San Jose. All the available land is under cultivation; miles and miles of orchards are varied through. At the time of writing the fruit trees are in bloom. The fields of grain look green and beautiful. Every garden spot is radiant with a wealth of roses and other garden flowers, while here and there is the famous California poppy crowning the patches of weeds with its deep orange-color. The weeds in the land of gold are often wild oats which rank very high as fodder.

San Jose is a city of considerable importance, and is the centre of the fruit canning industry. The quantity of fruit put up in cans in this neighborhood is simply immense. Long lines of eucalyptus trees are on each side of the streets, and the noted Monterey cypress is seen here in its vernal beauty.

Cosy homes peep out from dense surroundings of tropical and semi-tropical foliage with trees of geraniums, wisterias and roses resplendent with floral beauty. One is inclined to say, verily a beneficent Providence has done much for this happy land that boasts the finest fruit, the largest trees, the highest waterfalls, the grandest valleys in the world, the greatest diversity of climate, the richest soil and most cosmopolitan population anywhere on earth. A good road has been built from San Jose (pronounced Hosay) to Mount Hamilton, distant twenty-four miles. Upon the summit is erected the famous Lick Observatory with its immense telescope; but great as it is, they have never yet found the man in the moon. Great things are expected of this instrument when all is in working order. The unfolded mysteries of the starry world will take a long time to fathom if the only means of knowing anything about them is what can be seen in a telescope.

But we must come back to earth. We are bound for Santa Cruz—on, on, through verdant fields and flowering shrubs to Los Gatos, another small town.

We leave the plains here and climb the mountains through a deep canyon. From Los Gatos to the city by the sea we pass over a spur

of the coast range of mountains. Certainly no railroad could have cost more to construct than this one must have done. One tunnel is a mile and a quarter long, and there are many others of great length. Each time you emerge from the dark recesses you have a new attraction. Deep canyons, finely-wooded heights, beautiful streams and rocky cliffs make up pictures that are full of perfect combination to those in search of the picturesque.

At Big Tree Station is a group of redwoods that are simply wonderful. Strange to say that this is the limit of redwoods on the Pacific Coast, the southern end of that stupendous growth of this most valuable tree, whose immensity fills the coast line up to Oregon on the north. By the most wonderful forethought these arboreal giants have been spared the woodman's axe.

One of these trees is called the giant. It is over 300 feet high and is 60 feet in circumference. Others are nearly as large. Each has a name. Most of the largest are hollow. One, the General Fremont, is covered on the inside with thousands of cards left by visitors. Some Salt Lakers figure among the number. There is a story that a pioneer lived in this trunk—and that several children were born in it (which by the way is quite roomy), but these are yarns that help to make places famous like the one about President Young preaching to the pioneers from the top of Pulpit rock in Echo canyon.

I stopped one night in the commodious hotel located here and found that night came on soon after sundown—owing to the density of the growth and the immense height of the trees. This must be a poor place for timid people in a dark night with a high wind and rain storm prevailing.

Some enthusiastic admirer of Col. Ingersoll has named one of the trees Bob Ingersoll's cathedral, for these redwoods have a singular way of starting up suckers on a large scale from the edges of the main trunk, which can be construed by fertile brains into pinnacled surroundings. I think it was Bryant who said "the groves were God's first temples;" certainly these veteran redwoods are suggestive of the idea.

The San Lorenzo river runs close to the grove and helps to invest the whole scene with additional charms, for at many points the most exquisite pictures are obtained. To all who love fine trees, grassy dells, river scenery, rocky glens, and wondrous combinations of dense foliage, this is par excellence the place to linger at, and in fact all the way down to Santa Cruz is a panoramic revelation of nature's wonders.

What shall I say of Santa Cruz? The same that can be said of other tourist towns. Namely—along Main Street—filled with stores, hotels and churches, without any regard to being laid out at right angles; streets clean, private homes same as all over California. Everybody seems to be well fixed; no poverty or misery in sight; very few old people, population, houses and