



THE OLD SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Upon arrival at San Francisco full preparations were made for sailing on October 23rd, but a second attack of malarial sickness necessitated postponement to November 8th, the interim of time being spent at Monterey—125 miles south of Frisco—the most famous of all California's health and pleasure resorts. The town of Monterey itself is small and very antiquated, most of the old buildings and houses being of the Spanish adobe style—with queer, old-time, tile roofs—and rapidly coming to ruin. One which was torn down just before my arrival, supposed to be nearly 100 years old, hadn't a single nail in its frame work, the corners being fastened with wooden pins and the rafters bound on with raw hide. The great Del Monte Hotel, which was burned last spring, was located half a mile from the town, and has since been rebuilt on even a more magnificent scale, with something like 600 guest bed-rooms. It was then nearing completion. The immense grounds about it are superb, park-like, and very finely kept.

We stopped at Pacific Grove, a pretty resort two and a half miles from Monterey, which is owned and controlled by a private corporation and managed under special strict rules. It is quite a little village and an especially desirable spot for health seekers. No spirituous liquors can be sold or given away, all amusements of a doubtful character are prohibited, and all must be quiet after 10.30 p.m.—these rules are carried out to the letter, too. Here there is a splendid rocky coast, with occasional bits of sandy beach, affording excellent privileges for bathing, moss and shell gathering, etc. Many a hunt after shells and curious creatures of the sea, I enjoyed at low tide; indeed, the sea seemed teeming with all sorts of curious living creatures. The drives about Monterey are particularly fine, what is known as the "Seventeen Mile Drive," embracing a great variety of the choicest scenery—the part of the drive around Cypress Point being especially worthy of mention. This drive also passes the "Seal Rocks," which are literally covered with these curious howling or barking and bad smelling

animals of the sea. They are plainly visible from shore, climbing up and down the rocks, basking in the sun, or sporting in the water. They are quite as numerous at this point as at the well-known "Seal Rocks" near San Francisco, which I also saw. The bones of whales are washed ashore on the Monterey coast in large quantities—some vertebrae and ribs being of enormous size. I saw several rustic arches, at the gates of cottages, made by planting and inclining together, with the convex curve outward, two of these immense ribs. The effect was decidedly more curious than artistic.

California is a wonderful State, and possesses extraordinary resources. Its growth in population, within the last few years, has been phenomenal. It is the second largest State in the Union, and since the rapid development of the Southern half there has been considerable talk of making it into two separate States. Money is very freely spent, whether it be freely made or not, and seems to be of less value than in the East—in other words a dollar does not go so far. Cent pieces are not in circulation at all anywhere on the coast, nor were they, for that matter, in the Canadian N. W. T.

But I will not take more of your time in filling up this letter with what probably most of you have heard before, for information regarding California you have had from many sources. From Monterey we returned to San Francisco, and on November 8th, at 2 p.m., Bro. Fred and myself took our departure in the S.S. "Australia" for the Hawaiian Islands, parting with the ladies of the quartette. It will be quite unnecessary for me to add that it was a hard good-bye to say. The parting scenes at the departure of an ocean steamship bound on a long sea voyage are not the most cheerful at best, and it

adds none to the mirthfulness of the occasion to have friends amongst the crowd on the wharf, whom you don't expect to see again for months, waving their fond adieu.

The afternoon was perfect and afforded a splendid view of San Francisco's great harbor, with its islands and surrounding rocky heights. We had not more than fairly passed out of the celebrated Golden Gate, than great rolling Pacific swells of unusual size began to seriously disturb the equilibrium of our ship, which seemed to have a wonderful capacity for rolling, and by midnight the masts were pointing to angles but little short of 35 degrees. This I determined by an improvised pendulum in my stateroom; I wouldn't have you infer I made this observation on deck, oh no! there was more than enough to occupy my attention below—the best part of the first three days being devoted to the study of stomach economy.

The voyage, on the whole, was a most pleasant one, though rather monotonous, since we were six days without seeing a ship of any kind—nothing but sea and sky about us, except an occasional small whale or a flying fish, the latter being very numerous as we neared the Islands.

We arrived at Honolulu at noon the seventh day out, where my first letter to you was posted. The view of the beautiful island of Oahu, as one approaches, is very fine—the great volcanic mountains towering apparently straight up from the water. As one gets near, extinct craters and strange lava formations are distinctly seen. After rounding Diamond Head, a prominent and very pretty headland, a very striking, general, broad view is obtained of the mountains with Honolulu and Waikiki, and which are comparatively insignificant, in the immediate foreground. The great variety of shades of the vegetation on the hillsides—bright tints above shading down to a deep green at the waters edge, with the cocoanut palms on the shore reaching away above the house tops, made a beautiful picture. It was plainly seen we were in the tropics, and the peculiar fishing canoes of the natives, here and there about the harbor, told us distinctly we were in a strange land.

But again my letter is getting too long, and I shall have to leave a brief description of the beautiful Sandwich Islands, and the strange customs of the natives, which I believe will be of more interest to you than either this or my former letter, till another time.



SUNRISE ON THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.