

Waialua, the principal town on the northwest coast of Oahu. This place, which nestles beautifully in its tropical foliage and extensive orchards, is built along a fine bay affording good anchorage and at the mouth of one of the chief streams of the islands. There is a branch of the Church presided over by Petero Umi, whose large and commodious dwelling built over fifty years ago, has for several years afforded comfortable shelter for scores of Utah Elders, who have visited the Hawaiian islands as messengers of truth and salvation. The Saints at Waialua own a good and substantial meeting-house in which regular services are held every Sabbath, and the branch, though not so large as it was years ago, is in a fair condition.

At Waialua we leave the coast and take the road leading almost through the center of the island in a southeasterly direction to the celebrated Pearl Harbor, on the water edge of which, about ten miles from Honolulu. American real estate men have located Pearl city, which they are booming for all it is worth, and undoubtedly for as much more as they can get out of it. A suburban railway connecting the place with Honolulu, has already been built. Passing on we enter the suburban town of Moanalua, where there are several members of the Church; and at 6:10 p. m., twelve hours to a minute after leaving Laie we drove through the gate to the grounds of the branch headquarters at Honolulu, to be welcomed by Elders Edwin C. Dibble, George H. Fisher and George H. Birdno, who are laboring as missionaries on the island of Oahu. In our journey of forty-five miles today we saw some beautiful natural scenery, and a few lovely spots here and there between the rugged volcanic mountain systems of the island. Traveling from Waialua to Pearl Harbor, we had the irregular peaks of the Koolau range on our left and the Waianae mountains on our right. The clouds rested heavily upon the mountain tops; the winds blew, and the rain descended upon us now and then; and between times the tropical sun, as he peeped through the openings in the clouds, gave us a sample of his heating power. Utah is good enough for me!

Tuesday June 11th.—This is a national holiday in the Hawaiian islands known as Kamehameha day. It is celebrated as the birthday of the great king Kamehameha, the first who conquered the smaller chiefs of the different islands and founded the Hawaiian kingdom with himself as the first king. But it is not certain that he was born on the 11th of June. Horse racing at the Kapiolani park was the order of the day; but instead of participating in the sports, some of us Elders and Sister Noall went to Waikiki and attended the anniversary meeting of the Relief Society held at that place under the direction of Sister Koleka. We had a good meeting; many short speeches were made, aloha given and taken, means donated and disbursed, \$2 being voted for me specially to help me on my journey. I spoke through Brother Noall as interpreter for a few minutes. The meeting being over, we all repaired to the adjacent grove in front of Koleka's house, where a native feast was prepared, the food being spread on the green; eighty-five people sat down to eat, with Brother and Sister Noall and myself at the head of the "table" or mats which were used

instead of tables. The food was exceptionally good, at least at our end of the table. It consisted of poi, fresh meat, pie, bread, cakes, watermelon, etc., and while the natives with great adaptability conveyed the poi from the huge calabashes into their mouths with their fingers, while chatting in their own characteristic style, we "alakai's" were provided with spoons; hence we escaped the rather "unpalatable" ordeal of soiling our fingers in native style. But even provided with a spoon, the poi I eat will cause no one in Hawaii to go hungry. I can eat poi already, but—well, I would just as soon try something else. After the feast, several members of the Honolulu choir who were present entertained us by singing several beautiful songs, closing with the popular piece called "Aloha oe." They also sang the national air "Hawaii ponoi." Then we all returned to Honolulu.

Wednesday June 12th.—After attending to several duties during the day, Elder Matthew Noall, wife and child and myself boarded the steamer *Likeli* and sailed from Honolulu at 6:30 o'clock p. m., bound for the islands of Maui and Hawaii. The evening was windy and the sea rough, and we had no sooner got outside the harbor than the little vessel began to pitch and roll in a most disagreeable manner. Well, the consequence, as one might suppose, was that all hands, except the sailors and cooks, got seasick. And genuine, straight-forward seasickness it was too. My immediate traveling companions—I hate to mention names when I write of unpleasant things—were among the greatest sufferers. And it lasted all night and until long after sunrise the next morning. And the historian was like the rest. His experience on five voyages across the Atlantic, and a 2500 mile voyage on the Pacific counted for nothing in these Hawaiian waters, or at least not on board the *Likeli*. In vain did he endeavor to copy the theory of the Christian scientists and imagine himself well. He was sick, and it was of no use denying it; and he did not, after two or three attempts; but the next morning he recorded in his private journal that one of the most miserable nights of his life was spent on board the *Likeli* en-route from Oahu to Maui.

Thursday June 13th.—Being more under the influence of seasickness than sleep I found myself on the deck of the *Likeli* at 2 o'clock in the morning looking for land. I had observed that the vessel had ceased her pitching and rolling to a certain extent, as if she was on the leeward side of something. And sure enough there it was! In the beautiful tropical moonlight the mountains of Molokai could be seen distinctly on our left, and the noble heights of the island of Lanai on our right. I thought of Walter M. Gibson on his rock "Temple" as some termed his "sacred" house on Lanai; but being near-sighted I could not see it. And, though so sick, I also looked for the leper settlement on Molokai, but I was informed by a fellow passenger that it was on the other side of the island. Passing on we saw another land ahead of us. This I was told was the island of Maui; but judge of my disappointment when I learned that our place of destination was on the windward side of the island, and that we in passing its most northwestern point would be exposed to the heavy rolling seas worse than ever. But there

was no help, for the vessel was bound for Kahului and not for Lahania.

Well the day-break came at the proper hour, but the wind blew and the sea rolled just the same; the sun rose—one of the passengers said in the west—but the wind, sea and seasickness continued as in the middle of the night. No relief. Breakfast was announced, but though every stomach was empty, the invitation to replenish it was unheeded; the steamship company saved the meal which was due the passengers who had paid cabin fare, and the purser no doubt made a proper entry in the profit and loss column.

But all trouble had an end. At 8:30 o'clock a. m. the rattling of chains announced the fact that the anchor was being cast into the sea, and the passengers were informed that Kahului bay had been reached at last, and that they were at liberty to land. Well, that was easier said than done. How could the poor suffering specimens of humanity, who had spent such a dreadful night on board, be lowered into the small boats while the sea yet persisted to rock-a-bye the good *Likeli* as it she was still in mid-ocean. But the task was accomplished much easier than anticipated. The steps were lowered; the passengers descended one at a time to the lower end, and when a heavy sea would bring the boat up within hailing distance of the steps, he or she would drop into it; and while waiting for another wave, another passenger would prepare to drop. In this manner all the passengers who intended to land at Kahului descended, and were finally rowed ashore and landed in safety. Once more on *teua firma* we looked for our friends who were expected to meet us; but as none were in sight, we hired a carriage, which took us four miles through Wailuku into the lower end of the historical valley, to the residence of Kuai Aina, the president of the Wailuku branch, where we also had the pleasure of meeting three of our brethren from Zion. They were Elders Wm. H. Mendenhall, president of the Maui conference, Henry Moss and Lewis R. Jenkins. These brethren had been waiting for us a whole day, the steamer which brought us being one day behind her regular time. After washing in the creek, we ate a little rice, bread and fruit, but the effects of the seasickness remained with us all day. We now spent most of the day at the house of Kuai Aina, who was kind to us, conversing with our fellow-missionaries and some natives who came to see us. We also perused books and wrote historical and descriptive notes. Towards evening Brother Noall and I visited Kean, an old member of the Church, residing in the lower end of the town of Wailuku, and at 6:30 o'clock we commenced a two and a half hours meeting with the Saints of the Wailuku branch in the lumber meeting house, standing on the north side of the creek at the foot of the cactus-covered mountain. Brother and Sister Noall and I were the speakers. Elder Noall interpreting for me. We had a good time, and the natives, of whom about fifty, were present, seemed highly pleased, and after the meeting shook hands with us very warmly. We returned to the house of Kuai Aina and spent the night—my only night on the island of Maui.

ANDREW JENSON.

WAILUKU, Maui, H. S. June 14th, 1895.