

bearance, thereby exhibiting an excellent state of discipline and high soldierly qualities. In performing the arduous and indeed difficult duties assigned them, they have by their presence and concerted action contributed to the maintenance of the supremacy of the law and to the restoration of order, where chaos existed and civil war was threatened; they have worthily sustained the high character of their profession and their obligations.

History delights to repeat the wondrous tale of Thermopylae, and poets sing of the transcendent spectacle of Balaklava; but the blue coats of America can point with equal pride and satisfaction to a hundred fields of no less splendid achievement and martial dosing. Look at Custer's dauntless battalion in the valley of the Big Horn. A little band of three hundred troopers, confronted in overwhelming numbers by a crude and crafty foe, and in the heart of a trackless desert and wilderness, far removed from the inspiring gaze of men and lacking the buoyant, moral impulse of a great patriotic cause. Yet every man a soldier, snaped in the iron mold of discipline and possessed of a sense of duty which held him to his post as with hooks of steel. Here was the tragedy of Balaklava paralleled, and there can be no doubt that many of those brave men who followed the peerless Custer in that mad last charge fully realized that a fatal mistake had been made and that they were riding down to death. Yet, with that sublime integrity and true soldierly fidelity which have challenged the admiration of the world in all ages, not a trooper turned from his standard, not a heart failed or faltered, and their mutilated and disfigured bodies were found, not scattered over the plains where they had fallen in ignoble flight, but piled in a little circle, heaped and rent, rider and horse around the prostrate form of their gallant leader. Such have been the soldiers who for a hundred years have fought the battles of civilization in its majestic march toward the setting sun, and many of these, very many, including the brave Custer had served their time in the National Guard.

Taking it all in all, military life has in its composition a large element of chance. War, civic disturbance and climatic hardships are so many dangers which beset the soldier in his onward path. Mortality has for him a threatening aspect. It comes arrayed in hostility and in a manner which the citizen in his peaceful and luxurious home has no idea of.

It is impossible to give too much prominence to these historical facts, and the failure of not demonstrating the same by lifting up our voice in our own defense, has left the Guardsman where he is, almost quite but not unknown. I therefore have no hesitation in saying that the National Guard of the United States after being matured for hundreds of years have but just been born, so far as an organization is concerned, and now their war cry is, comrades we are here, and to remain, and to become a potent power at some time in the not distant future, and will be respected and revered by all the people.

JOHN M. DUNNING.
Captain, National Guard of Utah.

The Snoqualmie pop ranch, supposed to be the largest ranch of its kind in the world, has been sold by the sheriff of King county, Wash., to satisfy a judgment for \$118,536.

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XLII.

Friday, December 6th, 1895. The hearts of Elders William Gardner and Andrew Jenson were made glad by the reception of American mail, which had been forwarded to us from Auck'lan'. All was well at our respective homes when our family letters were written. The public news from the land of the Saints was also of a cheering nature. If there is anything that causes more than ordinary joy in the heart of an Elder in a foreign land, it is the reception of good news from home; and in New Zealand, where there is only a monthly mail from America the arrival of the mail steamer is always a red letter day with our Elders. All traveling programmes and missionary appointments are generally made with due consideration of American mail day, when the Elder desires to find himself in close proximity to his post office, that he may receive his news from "loved ones" at home. At 3 o'clock p. m. we boarded the good steamer Tasmania, one of the Huddart, Parker and Co's vessels, once more and sailed for Dunedin, South Island. The day was cloudy, but not stormy; hence we had a pleasant voyage. The coast scenery which presents itself to view as one sails out of the Wellington harbor is very interesting, though not so grand or beautiful as seen in several other parts of the world.

Saturday, December 7th, at 5:30 a. m. the Tasmania reached the mouth of the inlet on which Port Lyttleton is situated about six miles up from the Ocean. At 6 a. m. we arrived at the harbor, 175 miles from Wellington; and as the steamer was to remain here for several hours, Elder Gardner and myself landed, and boarded the railroad train which in twenty minutes brought us to the beautiful city of Christchurch, six and a half miles from Lyttleton. Nearly two miles of this distance is through a tunnel which has been bored through the heart of the mountain which separates Port Lyttleton from the Canterbury plains. We spent the morning hours walking through the artificial park lying adjacent to the museum and we were particularly interested in the fine ponds and the scenery along the Avon river which passes through both the park and the city, and abounds with fish. We also visited the public library, and on returning to the railway station we unexpectedly met Elders Edgar O. Best and Wallace C. Castleton who are laboring as missionaries in Canterbury with headquarters in Christchurch. Many years ago there was a flourishing branch of Latter day Saints in Christchurch, and others in the immediate vicinity; but the members of these have long since emigrated to Zion or, have strayed off, with the exception of one or two who still remain and are only counted as scattered members. In 1894, missionary labors were renewed in Canterbury and the prospects are now good for a successful work being done. Quite a number of people are investigating the principles of the Gospel, and a few months ago Elder Best baptized two.

The city of Christchurch is situated in a flat country, on the edge of what is known totally as the Canterbury plains. The distant mountains to the west, especially in winter and spring, when covered with snow, form a beautiful background to the city, while to the

south the Lyttleton Hills rise to a height of 1,600 feet. The city has been admirably laid out; only the roads which follow the winding banks of the small river Avon that flows through the town breaks somewhat the regular straight street system; large plantations of English trees have been made in the parks, squares, avenues and private gardens; many of the buildings, both private and public are excellent specimens of architecture, whether built of greystone, brick or wood. Personally, I like Christchurch better than any other city I have seen so far in New Zealand.

One of earliest difficulties which the first settlers of Christchurch had to contend with was that of communication between the Port and the Plains. At first the only means of conveying goods to Christchurch was by sea in steam lighters to the estuary of the Avon, and up the river Heathcote. In 1857 the road between Christchurch and Lunner, on the Lyttleton Inlet, was opened, but it was soon afterwards resolved to make a tunnel through the hills. The tunnel is 2866 yards in length—the longest tunnel in the southern hemisphere. The line was opened in 1867, being the first railway constructed in New Zealand.

After a hurried conversation with Elders Best and Castleton we returned to Lyttleton and again boarded the Tasmania, which sailed at 2 p. m. After rounding the heads at the mouth of the inlet the ship headed for Dunedin, about two hundred miles away, and as the weather was good and the sea smooth, we spent another pleasant night on the briny deep.

Sunday, December 8th. At 6 o'clock a. m., we entered the picturesque inlet which leads up to Dunedin; about half way up we passed Port Chalmers on our right, and at 7 a. m. we were lying along side of the wharf at Dunedin. Here we met Elder John G. Young, one of the missionaries from Zion laoring in the Otago district, or the south end of the South Island of New Zealand. As we had no Saints to visit in Dunedin and felt no particular desire to go to any of the Sectarian churches, we took a stroll through the main street of the city and also visited the museum; the remainder of the day we spent at our room in the hotel reading. In the evening we walked to the Princess theatre, where one of the popular Dunedin divines was preaching a farewell sermon, but the house was too crowded for us to gain admittance, so we had to content ourselves with listening to some Salvation Army performance and to go away without being "converted" or "saved;" though one of the aids in the meeting who considered it his duty to talk to us, tried his best to tell us something about being baptized of the Lord, without being able to answer our question in regard to the necessity of being baptized of water and of the spirit.

Monday, December 9th. We (Elders Gardner, Young and Jenson) called at the Union Steamship general offices in Dunedin, and succeeded in making arrangements for a reduction of 10 per cent in the regular fare for our Elders traveling from port to port in and between New Zealand, Australia, Samoa, Tonga and Fiji, or on all the Union Steamship Co's steamers. Hitherto our Elders have been allowed no reduction, though such has been given to ministers of the Gospel belonging to other denom-