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 Auckland. 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, Stewart 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, 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. Cannon who are laboring as missionaries in Canterbury as 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 those 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 1891, missionary labors were resumed 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 us as known today 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 1,800 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 block street system; large quantities 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 the question of communication between the Port and the Plains. At first that flood through the town breaks through the regular 1,800 feet...

Saturday 7th, 6 p. m., Elder Best and myself left for Lyttleton, but owing to the heavy current considerable difficulty was experienced in turning the ship at the narrow channel. We reached the quays once at 3 p. m. and the wind and waves being favorable, we experienced another pleasant voyage.

Wednesday, December 11th. At 6 o'clock a. m. we arrived at the mouth of the Lyttleton inlet and an hour later we arrived at the Lyttleton wharf. Best, moreover that the ship would not wait till 4 o'clock in the afternoon Elder Gardner and myself landed, and walked up to the top of the mountain lying immediately back of Lyttleton. In high end point to which we climbed is about 600 feet above sea level; and from that lofty summit we enjoyed a grand view of the surrounding country. Looking northward the city of Christchurch with its suburbs and surrounding villages is included in one gaze, while far beyond the snow capped mountains popularly called the Alps of the South form lofty peaks heavenward, and formed a suitable background to the extensive and fertile Canterbury plains which extend from the coast inland about sixty miles. From north to south this level tract of country is about one hundred miles long. Looking to the right or northward and northeast, the broad expanse of the ocean called forth our admiration. The view reminds us of Salt Lake valley as seen from Ensign Peak, though the New Zealand inlet seems to be far more extensive. But there certainly is a contrast. While the windings of the Jordan and the Lyttleton inlet are about the same...

Sunday, December 8th. At 8 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 O. Young, one of the missionaries from Zion laboring in the Otago district, in the south end of the South Island of New Zealand. As we had no hotels to visit in Dunedin and left no particular desire to go to any of the Sectarian churches, we took a stroll through the main street of the city and also to visit the cemetery, the remainder of the day we spent at our room in the hotel reading. In the evening we walked to the Princes theatre, where one of the popular Dunedin divines was preaching a farewell sermon, but the notice we had crowded for us to gain admission, we we had to content ourselves with securing...