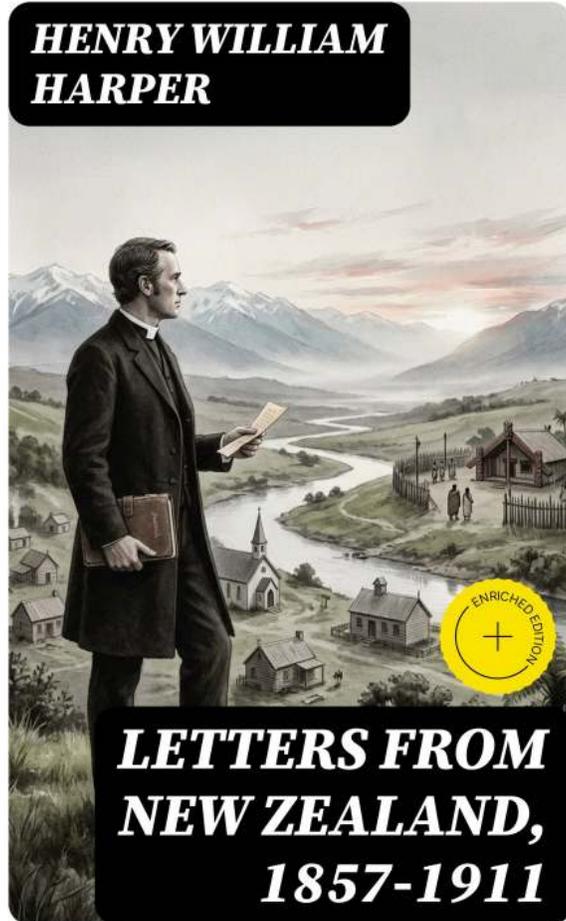


**HENRY WILLIAM  
HARPER**



**LETTERS FROM  
NEW ZEALAND,  
1857-1911**

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HARPER**



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NEW ZEALAND,  
1857-1911**

**Henry William Harper**

# **Letters from New Zealand, 1857-1911**

**Enriched edition.**

*Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Max Dillon*

EAN 8596547015420

Edited and published by DigiCat, 2022



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# **PREFACE.**

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THESE letters may be of interest to those who, like myself, have taken part in the colonization of New Zealand. My own share in it was limited to the South Island, the Province of Canterbury, with its Goldfields, in the Diocese of Christchurch. There may be also others who have friends and relatives in New Zealand, or who are generally interested in the great progress which the country has made in late years, to whom these letters may give useful information.

They are chiefly personal, perhaps none the less readable for that. Incidentally, they touch on problems of great importance which the Church in New Zealand has had to meet. Questions of Church Government and discipline; the position of the Laity; their proper share in a self-governing Church, which has never been established; their responsibility for the management of Church Finance, and the maintenance of the Ministry,—such questions as arise naturally in a Free Church in a Free State. Questions, too, which at some future date may have to be tackled by the Mother Church at Home. The organization of the Church in New Zealand is now fairly complete. It governs itself by means of General and Diocesan Synods. It is in close spiritual communion with the Mother Church, but in all matters of good government it has to look to itself.

Apart from these larger matters, I trust that these letters will find a welcome amongst the numerous friends and

fellow-workers with whom I have spent so many happy years in New Zealand. A country not nearly the size of many of the Dominions of our Empire, but in climate, natural resources, and especially in the character of its people, second to none, whether for material prosperity, or general happiness of the conditions of life.

To have had the opportunity of pioneer work, with others, in such a country, with so great a future before it, is a privilege I cannot over-estimate, as I look back upon the last fifty years.

HENRY W. HARPER.

*London, 1914.*

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## 1857-1911

### I.

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*Christmas Day, 1856,*

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Here I am in the Ultima Thule of the Southern Seas, New Zealand, in the South Island, at Christchurch, the principal town of the Settlement of Canterbury, which has not yet completed its first decade of existence. As you may imagine it is the antipodes of all our old experience at Eton and Oxford.

Let me give you an example from the manner of my Christmas Eve yesterday. About 2 p.m. I was on the top of the pass through which a rough bridle track runs across the hills which separate Christchurch from Lyttelton harbour, affording the only means of communication by land between the harbour and the Canterbury plains, very steep, and about 1,200 feet in height. I was sitting there on a convenient rock, contemplating a magnificent view on either side: Lyttelton harbour to the east, a long and rather narrow inlet, indented with bays, encircled with a tumbled mass of

hills of bold and broken outline, touching some 3,000 feet at their highest point. These hills, of tertiary volcanic origin, form an extensive peninsula connected with the Canterbury Plains by only a few miles of low ground. It was on this peninsula a century ago that Captain Cook landed, and with him the well known botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, whose name it bears,—"Banks' Peninsula." Captain Cook seems to have been content with a distant view of the Canterbury country, and I am told that in his chart he describes the Peninsula as an island.

Sitting there and looking down on this grand view I could not but notice how widely it differed from what I have seen in the hill country of Scotland and Wales; the general colouring of vegetation and grass, and the effect of the brilliant atmosphere over all is so different. This may be due to the absence of the humidity of climate which is characteristic of the old country. Sunshine clear and steely bright lights up every nook and crevice of the hills; you can see distinctly at a far greater distance than at home; but it robs the scenery of the depth and varied tones of colour, the charm and mystery of the neighbourhood of Snowdon or the Trossachs, or the softer scenery of the Westmoreland Lake country. In among the rocks and on the steep shelving sides of sheltered valleys there are shrubs and plants unknown to me, besides various kinds of Veronica, white and purple, tall palm trees, locally termed Cabbage trees,<sup>[1]</sup> masses of New Zealand flax, *Phormium tenax*, with glossy green spear-shaped leaves, some of them ten feet in length, and brown-red stalks, from which hang scarlet blossoms in tiers; also fuchsia trees with twisted trunks and branches. I

could see plenty of moss, for springs are abundant in this well-watered country; a land of brooks and fountains which water the hills[1q], and a variety of ferns. In the distance in the deep mountain valleys and on the hill sides are extensive forests of what I take to be pines. I think if you tried to sketch it in water colours you would have to have first a general wash of yellowish brown, with indigo rather than blue for all green foliage; and you would find in the clear hard quality of the atmosphere an absence of the soft purple and blue shadows which lend such beauty to our home scenery.

Now for the western view from my rocky seat, different in contour but not in general colouring; a vast expanse of plain forming the northern end of the Canterbury plains, ending on the North-east in the Pacific Ocean. It seems absolutely flat, but I believe it rises a good deal as it approaches the outlying flanks of the Southern Alps which form the great western "Divide" of the Canterbury province; their snow-capped peaks cannot be less than seventy miles from where I was sitting, but in this clear atmosphere they scarcely seemed half that distance. Imagine, as a foreground, a sort of yellowish brown carpet of tussock grass, here and there lit up with ribbons of waterways sparkling in the sunlight; at its North-eastern edge a curve of fifty miles of sand, fringed with breaking foam, losing itself in the distance against the great rocky headland of the "Kaikoura" mountains. The Kaikouras are over 5,000 feet in height, a splendid bulwark meeting the waves of the Pacific, known in the Maori tongue as the "Lookers on." On the plain, some eight miles away, I could make out a few scattered houses which so far form

the town of Christchurch; here and there evidences of cultivation, a few tracks and roads, some slender spires of smoke, and now and then there came the faint echo of voices of cattle and sheep, but otherwise a great silence brooded over this new land. The panorama of the Southern Alps is beyond my powers of description; very strange it seemed that there should be such an amount of snow in midsummer, but I am told that the level of perpetual snow in the South Island is much lower than in Switzerland; so that an ascent of Mt. Cook, which reaches an altitude of 12,300 feet, whenever attempted, will be found as difficult as that of Mt. Blanc with its 15,000 feet.

Well, I have kept you a long time in this rocky pass, and have not explained how I came to be there alone. Not far from where I sat were two horses, good sturdy animals, tethered and grazing on the tussock grass; they had roomy saddles with plenty of rings for straps, and near them lay a quantity of miscellaneous baggage in bundles of blankets and rugs. Let me explain. The ship *Egmont* had but just arrived in Lyttelton Harbour, bringing my Father and Mother, and several of our family, including myself. In the harbour lay the *Southern Cross*, Bishop Selwyn's yacht, and soon the Bishop came in his boat to welcome us,—a notable personality, moderately tall, of great physical strength, and the bearing of a man born to command. He and my Father began their friendship at Eton, Selwyn as a private tutor after his Cambridge career, my Father, after his time at Oxford, as Conduct of Eton Chapel, and in charge of Eton parish. It was due to my Father's influence that Selwyn took Holy Orders instead of going to the Bar, as his family

wished. I was born at Eton, and as a little chap of five years of age I can remember Selwyn well. He was a great organizer then and did much at Eton amongst the Masters and the boys at a time when a new order of things was introducing salutary reforms in the College. He set an example of a high ideal of personal Christian life, not exactly ascetic, but such as gladly endures hardship, and regards bodily training and moderate living as potent allies of success in good work. Amongst other matters he induced the authorities to institute examinations in swimming for all the School. Of course you remember how keen we were, having passed our examination, to erase our names from the list of the "Non Nant," hung up in every schoolroom, and proud of obtaining our freedom of the river. He got together an eight oar of Eton Masters which could hold its own with any crew on the river. He persuaded many of the masters to bathe every morning of the year, and I recollect how he loved to come early in the morning to my Father's house and fling up pebbles at his bedroom window to get him to come for his swim. Sometimes I was allowed to go, and I have a vivid recollection of squatting between the knees of the coxswain of the Eight, looking at Selwyn at Stroke, and my Father at seven, and the crew's special caps of black and red, shaped like sailors' nightcaps; the boat of the old style, well built and hght, but only slightly outrigged at stroke and bow. At Athens all would bathe, and many a time Selwyn took me on his shoulders, swimming across the river and back whilst I held on to his hair.

As my Father left Eton in 1840 to go to Stratfield Mortimer, a College living, I never saw Selwyn again until he

came on board the *Egmont*. His influence, this time, had persuaded my Father to come out to New Zealand as first Bishop of Christchurch in the Canterbury Settlement. Hitherto Selwyn's Diocese had included the whole of New Zealand.

As you may imagine, he was deeply touched when welcoming his old friend, and my Mother, who had known him so long. After much talk various arrangements were made for our landing, and for the journey to Christchurch eight miles across the hills. There was to be a public breakfast on board ship, at which representative guests from Christchurch were to be present; then on landing a thanksgiving service in the Church at Lyttelton, and a journey on foot to the top of the pass, where horses would be ready to convey us to Christchurch. After dinner on board Bishop Selwyn singled me out, and said, "I know all about you, and I am sure you can handle a boat; now, there are a lot of things in your cabins which must be taken to Christchurch to-morrow, the remaining baggage will have to go by water, up the river Avon; I want you to undertake the management of all this for your Father, and I have thought out a plan for it. I am going to give you charge of one of my whaleboats, with a crew, so that you can make a depot of my yacht and stow there all the things which won't be needed to-morrow, and so clear out your cabins. You can then transport to shore all that must go to Christchurch to-morrow, and be ready for the journey across the hills. The boat and crew will be entirely at your disposal for the next week, I shall not need them as I have other boats, so I leave

the matter entirely in your hands." He then called the boatswain, and gave him his orders.

Accordingly I arranged with the men to come early in the morning, so that we could get some loads of stuff to the yacht before breakfast. I had already completed two trips to the yacht, and was leaving the ship's side for a third, when Bishop Selwyn looked over the bulwarks and called down to me: "Stay at the yacht till I send for you." As we pushed off I said to the men, "What does the Bishop mean?" They replied that they could not understand his order, as he needed neither them or the boat, so being certain there was some mistake, when we got to the yacht, I bade the men get their breakfast and then row me back to the ship. Meanwhile, noticing the perfect order of everything on board the yacht, I said to an old man-o'-war's-man. one of the crew, that I thought the vessel looked as trim and neat as a Navy boat. His reply was characteristic: "Do you know our Bishop, sir?" "Yes," I said, "a little." "Well," said he, "in my opinion he's just thrown away, ought to be a Captain of a fust-rate frigate, he ought. Why, sir, if he come on deck and seen so much as a rope's end out of place, he'd as soon chuck me overboard as look at me; thrown away he is, in my opinion." Feeling certain there was more to come, I put a note of interrogation in my eye: "Why, sir, not long ago, over them hills yonder, we went with the yacht into Akaroa harbour, a fine bit o' water, landlocked, but not much good to the New Settlement, being a how 'tis shut off from the mainland by the hills. There was several whaling vessels there at anchor, two Frenchies. and one Yankee, and an English vessel from Hobarton; we knowed the place, as we

had bin there before, and the Bishop, he wanted to visit the wife of a settler, that wasn't well. So we rowed him to the beach, and waited with the boat, while he went up a little way to a house and went in. We was a-sitting there yarning, when presently we saw the door of the house bang open, and out came, flat on his face all along the ground, a big slab-sided Yankee, and after him the Bishop's foot and leg. The chap picked himself up, shook his fist at the door, and came down to the beach with his mouth full o' bad words, and off he goes to his own boat. Fact was, he had been insulting the woman, and the Bishop he just kicked him out of the house. You see, sir, he warn't accustomed to a Bishop like ours."

Well, when the men were ready, we rowed back to the ship for the public breakfast at nine o'clock. Climbing up the rope ladder to the gangway, I noticed numbers of visitors on the deck, come to greet their new Bishop, and there at the head of the ladder stood Bishop Selwyn, looking down at me with stern glance: "I thought I told you to stay at the yacht until I sent for you."

"Yes, my Lord, you did," I replied, "but yesterday you told me to do what I thought best, and that you did not need either boat or men, so I came back, as I have to take our things to Lyttelton as soon as possible, and I want my breakfast." He turned on his heel and said no more. I confess I was rather put out by this, especially in the presence of so many strangers, but as the Bishop made no reply I came to the conclusion that perhaps it was "his way" of commanding obedience without vouchsafing any explanation, and that he might have made a mistake.

Breakfast over, we all rowed to Lyttelton to take part in a most hearty and happy service of thanksgiving in the Church, which is a curious, but very church-like structure; all its material imported from England, consisting of stout wooden framework, with bricks to fill in the walls, and the requisite furniture, including some handsome old woodwork. All the clergy of the diocese, seven in number, were there. Six years ago, when the first settlers arrived, a Bishop designate came with the clergy, but not liking the look of things in a new country, and apparently not having counted the cost of pioneer work, he returned to England; and until now the clergy have been imder the supervision of Bishop Selwyn, so far as he was able to visit them at rare intervals. I need not say they were rejoiced to welcome a Bishop of their own.

After the service we had our first experience of what life in a new country means. It was necessary to climb the steep bridle path above Lyttelton, and take with us all our impedimenta. Two handcarts were obtained, duly loaded, and drawn by sailors with ropes, the two Bishops, with their coats off, helping to shove the carts up the rough steep track. We should have stuck by the way had not a friendly settler, who was hauling firewood on the hill side with a bullock and chain come to the rescue. Arrived at the top of the pass, where I was sitting, we found some Christchurch people with horses to convey us to Christchurch, and a most acceptable surprise. With his usual hospitality the Bishop had provided bread and cheese and beer for all hands.

Luncheon over, they all departed down the hill, and were to receive a kindly welcome at a settler's house, dine, and

rest awhile before proceeding to Christchurch. Meanwhile there I was with the responsible duty of packing those two horses with the baggage, and getting them down the hill. I can ride but had never tried my prentice hand at the problem of packing a horse, and a most irritating affair it proved to be; angular parcels and round bundles refused any sort of alliance, straps slipped, and the whole cargo at times threatened to capsize. However, at last I got all in shipshape order, and down the hill I went, leading the two nags with a long rein, in and out of big chunks of rock, over slippery tussock grass, and places with a nasty foothold. The horses stumbled and I slithered, now and then straps loosened, and things came tumbling to the ground. Presently, as I neared the bottom of the hill, I saw an episcopal figure emerge from the door of the house where all the rest of the party were; it was Bishop Selwyn. He came up to me and said, "You will do, I've been watching you for some time, you will do"; and then, as there happened to be at the foot of the hill a little wooden shanty, where refreshments were on sale, he added, "Come in here and have a glass of ginger-beer. I've told them to keep some diimer for you at the house." It was his way of making up for his abnupt words in the morning, and I feel I ought to be proud of such an estimate of character from such a man, to say nothing of the fact that the first person in New Zealand to "shout" for me, which here means to ask you into a house of call and stand treat, should be the great Bishop! At the settler's house I found a real dinner, and, after ship's fare, I shall not readily forget the roast lamb, and black currant pudding with lots of cream.

We arrived in Christchurch yesterday; it is in its first stage as a town, some slight semblance of streets, scattered wooden houses and huts; the flat plain, in its primæval state of tussock grass, forms its suburbs. Through the site of the town the river Avon, so called from the river at Christchurch, Hampshire, winds in picturesque curves, shut in by thickets of flax, and to a great extent choked with masses of watercress, which in many places touches the bottom with its roots, at a depth of ten feet. The cress was brought out by the first settlers who little thought that they were importing a most expensive weed, which quite spoils the fair waterway of their pretty river.

This morning a delightful Christmas service in St. Michael's Church, a low wooden building, well furnished, and very well attended; the old familiar hymns, but, instead of holly and ivy, flowers and fruit; I wonder if I shall ever get accustomed to the topsy-turvy arrangement of December as June, and Midsummer as Christmas. My Father was duly enthroned, if I may use that phrase of a Glastonbury chair; his Royal Letters Patent were read out, defining the limits of his Diocese, now separated from the rest of New Zealand, which remains as Bishop Selwyn's Diocese. The Letters Patent declared Christchurch to be a "City," as the seat of the Bishopric, and are couched in just the same terms as similar Letters at home, but I fancy there must be some uncertainty as to their real scope. New Zealand is not a Crown Colony, such as the West Indies, but has its own constitution, its Governor, two Houses of Legislature, and within some broad limits complete power of self-government. The Church here is not established in the

sense of Establishment at home, and I suppose must look to itself, not only for its maintenance, but for its government, and is, it would seem, outside the legal control of the State, either at home, or in the Colony, in matters that are purely ecclesiastical; though, of course, subject to the Civil Law in all other respects. Bishop Selwyn preached, and nearly the whole congregation remained for Holy Communion.

Coming out of church I noticed, what is, no doubt, quite familiar to Colonists, horses and vehicles of sorts tied up to fences, awaiting their owners, who had come some distance to church. Bishop Selwyn came out, and happening to say that he wanted to go a few miles to dine with a settler, the owner of a well-bred horse offered to lend it to him. The Bishop, as all know, is a well qualified sailor, who can navigate his own vessel, but scarcely as good in the saddle. Off he went, with a loose seat, at a gallop over rough ground, whilst the owner of the horse said ruefully, "If I had known how he rides, I don't think I would have lent him my horse."

I have been thinking much this evening of the great contrast between the Old Country and this, and of the wide difference, in all probability, of your future life and mine. How often at Oxford we have discussed the future; you may remember, not long ago, one of those delightful summer breakfasts which the Tutors at Merton used to give us in the College gardens, under the old City wall, with strawberries and cream, and cider cup crowned with "borage for courage"; and how J. Eaton, to whom we both owe so much, wanted me to stand for the Indian Civil Service. But, as you know, for some time past my thoughts have been directed

to Ordination, though I may tell you that my Father has never distinctly put any pressure on my choice, but has left me to decide for myself; and now I feel sure that in casting in my lot with him, and his work in New Zealand, I have done right. I think you were somewhat against my decision, for New Zealand seems to be quite out of the stream of old world life, a sort of exile from all that one looks forward to, after the best education which England can give. Well, you will probably get your fellowship, and that means Oxford for some years, then a College living, or a good deal of successful literary work. Perhaps I might have succeeded, as I feel sure you will, for I could always run a good second to you, but I don't repent of my decision; it will be no doubt out here a "day of small things" for me in many ways, but I have always had a strong inclination for work and adventure in a new land; and that will probably help me much in the rough work which I must tackle here. Not that I can lay claim to any keen missionary spirit; circumstances, as well as a strong sense of duty, have brought me here, and I am glad of it. I can't help feeling that in this small community of enterprising men and women, who have left their old English homes to found a new state in this promising land, there is an atmosphere of romance and adventure, and I may add, of determination and courage, in which we may be well proud to take a share. I have deferred my ordination until next year, when I hope to seek it at my Father's hands.

For the first year of his work here I think I can aid him best as a layman; he will soon have to explore his vast diocese, which stretches southward five hundred miles, only inhabited by a few isolated sheep-farmers and settlers, at

great distance from each other, and in the district of Otago the little settlement and town of Dunedin.

Bishop Selwyn tells me that, being lately in Dunedin, he bought a good Australian-bred horse for my Father, but that someone must go there to fetch it. I shall go myself, and make a preliminary journey to spy out the land, and bring the horse back to Christchurch. It will be a new experience; the country is roadless, and, save in certain directions, trackless, traversed by numerous rivers and streams, which must be forded, and in many places interspersed with swamps difficult to cross, and, unless I have the good luck to fall in with some fellow-traveller, I may have to do what I can by myself.

In my next letter I will tell you how I fared.

Meanwhile I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

1. [↑](#) Ti-Ti palm.

## II.

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CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND,

*Sept. 1st, 1857.*

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

According to promise, here follows the story of my first journey Southward, in search of the horse mentioned in my former letter.

I made the acquaintance of two Devonshire men, J. B. Acland and C. Tripp, who have come to Canterbury to try their luck at sheepfarming. Both are barristers, but having some capital and no liking for law, they have ventured, with perhaps the courage of ignorance, and have made an excellent start. Sheepfarmers are the mainstay of this Settlement, occupying extensive tracts of wild country[2q], leased from Government at a very low rental. Merino sheep, imported from Australia, require very little shepherding, and thrive best when left to themselves, provided they have the run of plenty of country; they produce fine and valuable wool. This means that the labour and cost of maintaining a sheep-run, even with large flocks, is small; but it also means for the sheep farmer a comparatively isolated life, and a very simple one, especially marked in the case of so many of the settlers here who have been accustomed to the resources and pleasures of a civilized life at home. There can be no doubt that, if this Canterbury Settlement realizes the sanguine expectations of its founders, and becomes one of the great offshoots of the Mother Country, its success will

be largely due to these adventurous pioneers, who are subduing the wilderness, and preparing the way for the settlement of a large population.

Hitherto this venture has generally been limited to the plains and lowlands, but Tripp and Acland have acquired a lease of 50,000 acres in mountain country, eighty miles south of Christchurch, and have invited me to visit their "station" on my journey southward. Acland has lent me a horse which, amongst other good points, can swim well,—a matter of no small importance in a country where rivers abound, but no bridges. My outfit is intended for a journey of several weeks: a roomy saddle, with convenient saddlebags, a light tether rope, and a waterproof roll, containing change of clothing,—locally known as a "swag," and also a very necessary companion, a pocket compass.

A few miles from Christchurch the scanty signs of cultivation disappear, and before me a great plain of tussock grass spreads out till it is lost in the south in blue haze, but is bounded, westwards, at a great distance, by the Southern Alps. One's first impression is that of strange loneliness, unlike the solitude of mountain country. Not a companionable rock or tree, or even a hummock of earth, to break the monotonous expanse of yellow brown grass; and a still silence, for there is no sound of insect or bird life, no rustle of any ground game, no trace of any wild animal. It seems that New Zealand is almost unique in this respect, for with the exception of pigs brought by Captain Cook and running wild, there is no animal life in the country, no reptiles, no snakes, no fish in the rivers, except eels in backwaters, no bees, wasps, frogs or toads; though in the

Paul, St. Stephen, St. Alban, St. George, St. Augustine, and St. Paulinus. The window dominates the whole church, and is seen to its best advantage in its deep recessed setting of stone wall, divided by marble columns, in the clear light of Southern skies. I cannot better describe its effect, especially in regard to the majestic figure of Our Lord, than in the words of a constant worshipper in St. Mary's, "Beautiful as it is, I never look up at it with mere admiration—something higher, adoration."

Doing things for the last time, I find, is rather sad work; so is leave-taking. Last Services in centres of the Archdeaconry, gatherings of Sunday School teachers and children, of the Young Men's Society, and other parochial organizations, besides the inevitable last words to personal friends.

In Christchurch, at Bishopscourt, partly in the house, and in the grounds, there was a large assemblage of Clergy, Synodsmen, and many others to bid me farewell. I shall never forget the Bishop's kindly words of "the long years of service which would not be forgotten." In Timaru, besides a special gathering of St. Mary's people, a public meeting was held, representing the citizens and South Canterbury. Mr. Craigie, the Mayor, presided, and, to my great satisfaction, on the platform were the heads of all the religious bodies in the town. As I have said in previous letters, we all work in our respective spheres without bitterness of controversy, and yet with loyal adherence to the principles we profess. I have many personal friends, whom I value much, amongst other communions than our own. The farewell greetings of this great gathering touched me deeply, especially the

words of one of the speakers with which he concluded after a most generous estimate of my work,—“Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in Charity.” As part of the presentation made during the evening, I received a beautifully bound “Citizen's Appreciation,” containing an illuminated address, with photographs and water-colour views of Timaru and South Canterbury.

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I am adding a few words on board the steamer in which I left the Bluff, the southernmost part of New Zealand. I was there in 1857, as I mentioned in my first letters when no craft had visited it, save an occasional whaler, and a few Maori canoes; now a busy harbour.

It is New Year's day. I am watching the fast receding coast-line of forest-covered hills and their background of snowy peaks, leaving behind me fifty-four years of experience and work. Work shared with many others who made the great venture of migration to a new land in the uttermost parts of the earth. Work, too, of far wider importance than we realized at the time, of beginning and shaping the early years of a new national life. I can imagine no happier privilege, in such a well favoured country, and with fellow workers and pioneers of the sort which New Zealand may well be proud of.

My share in this, now belongs to the past, but by no means a past gone for ever, the end of a chapter never to be reopened. Do you remember Dryden's lines?

“ Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;  
That which has been! has been, and I have had my hour.”

An hour in which with all its imperfections and failure there was much substantial success, and many visible rewards of labour. Much no doubt left undone that should have been done, yet something done, and in it all the abiding sense of God's merciful blessing; a possession for ever that nothing can take away. With this, and not the least of it all, memories of personal friendships and affection, and of no small share in the happiness and daily trials of so many with whom I spent strenuous years of work and play.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

*January 1st, 1912.*

# Memorable Quotes

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**1q** "a land of brooks and fountains which water the hills"

**2q** "Sheepfarmers are the mainstay of this Settlement, occupying extensive tracts of wild country,"

**3q** "they offered us a canoe, with a crew, to convey us to the head of the lake."

**4q** "My "Pastoral district" has an area of about nine hundred square miles"

**5q** "Since my last winter we have had experience of what winter can be in this Southern Island."

**6q** "Home sickness"

**7q** "Alluvial gold is got with much greater ease than gold in quartz, and is much more profitable."

**8q** "lovely sunshine, and, fortunately, no wind."

**9q** "The climate, compared with the South Island, is warm and damp."

**10q** "Prayers and religious instruction are attended by all, and I believe form the most attractive hour of the day."