

in his glory. He looked as though he came out of a bandbox. He was, however, only one of a thousand strange characters that you may see any day on the streets of Seoul. There are no stranger people on the face of the globe. A masquerade of the nations could not furnish more strange costumes, and in going through Seoul you rub your eyes again and again to find whether you are dreaming or waking. The kingdom of Corea is made up of many classes of people, and each has its costume. There are hundreds of officials connected with the palace, each of whom wears a different dress.

The nobles strut about in all sorts of gowns, with their retainers in all sorts of liveries, and you are all the while apparently looking into a great kaleidoscope of almond-eyed humanity which changes in colors and costumes at every turn of the barrel. There are different costumes for all positions in life, and every man wears a dozen different kinds of dress during a year. If he goes to a wedding he has his own outfit, and if he goes to his relative's funeral he must put on the garb of the mourner. Death gives more work to the tailors than weddings, and the mourners of Corea wear long yellow gowns, with hats as big as umbrellas above them. You can tell something about the position of a man by the size of his sleeve, and there is no place where a hat means so much as in Corea. For a long time I feasted my eyes upon what I considered the pretty little girls of the country. They were dressed in bright gowns. They parted their hair in the middle, and they tied the long braid which hung down their backs with neat little ribbons. Once or twice I smirked and I smiled, but I could get no smiles in return, and I know now that these little girls were no girls at all, but merely young boys, who, not being married, have to wear their hair down their backs. After they are wedded they will put on hats and wrap their hair up on the tops of their heads in a waterfall. All of the men of Corea wear waterfalls or topknots. These are just about as big as the fist of a baby, and they rest on the crown of the head. They wear gorgeous hats, and they are, I believe, the best dressed men in the world. Their customs are as queer as their dress, and they both fit so closely together that I will write of the two in the future.

Frank G. Carpenter

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

"Going to Conference." To many of the Saints in Zion these words are associated with pleasurable anticipations of meeting friends and associates; children are happy in the thoughts of riding on the U. P. or R. G. W. train; lovers of music look forward to concerts and Tabernacle music rendered by the famed Tabernacle choir; faithful Saints are hungering for the words of eternal life, spoken by their beloved president, Apostles and others, and all eagerly anticipate a spiritual feast.

"Going to Conference" in Maoridom lacks many of these attractive features, but is, nevertheless, a happy experience. A large number of Maoris and Elders assembled at Te Hora, on the South Island, New Zealand, on June 27th, for

the purpose of traveling together to the semi-annual conference of the Wairau district. Some had come by steamer from the North Island, and others had left their homes in various parts of the district in order to travel in one company.

On the morning of the 28th the village bell was rung before daylight, and soon all was bustle and confusion. A morning service was held, according to Maori custom, after which a hasty breakfast was partaken of. A large number of horses were brought up, and the Elders, booted and spurred, were soon mounted and ready for the journey. Our Maori brethren loaded their pack-horses with blankets, clothing, etc., until the animals almost groaned beneath the load. The drivers then mounted the pack, and, after placing a few children snugly behind, joined the procession. The Maori mother carefully enwrapped her babe, swung it across her shoulders, and, taking a bundle of unmentionables, mounted her horse and rode along beside her spouse. When all preparations were completed the strangely equipped cavalcade moved off, and no merrier company ever traveled to conference in Zion. No wonder that Europeans along the route crowded to doors and windows to watch the motley crowd go by, surmising, probably, at first thought, that it was a stranded country circus. About sixty or seventy persons comprised the company—from the feeble and decrepit patriarch of an unknown age to the infant a few weeks old.

The horses were of all breeds and sizes, from the shaggy pony and broken-kneed hack to the heavy-built dray horse. Every available steed was utilized, for all the people must go to the "Hui," and not even a dog was left behind to guard the village. Many of the young men and maidens tramped the thirty mile journey on foot, and at times made better progress than the horsemen.

About fifteen miles of the road was along a narrow trail, through dense bush. The forest scenery was truly magnificent. The giant "rimus," black birch, "Maire" and "Totara," (native timber) towered 150 feet high, their massive limbs stretching out and intertwining above, forming a canopy overhead so dense that the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate.

Beneath these fostering branches a numerous variety of ferns, shrubs and vines luxuriantly flourished in all their primitive beauty, undisturbed by the vandal hoofs of roaming cattle. As the company of Saints journeyed through the forest it was often necessary to pass under leaning trees, or jump over the fallen logs, and knives were often brought out in order to cut a way through the tangled vines and briars. One of the Elders was almost carried off his horse and readily believed that it was possible for Absalom to be suspended in the thicket. At times large rivers were crossed, and women and children had then to be conveyed over on horses, the Elders rendering yeoman service, crossing and recrossing the rivers, conveying the babes and then their mothers, until all were landed safely on the other side.

This labor was not necessary with shallow streams, as the foot passengers were able to ford them. Many of the sisters carried their footwear slung around their necks, and all marched

along barefooted. As they crossed the streams they modestly and dexterously raised their nether garments as the water increased in depth, and then with a merry laugh skipped ahead of the horsemen. The summit of an almost perpendicular mountain was reached by a zigzag trail, and progress was often impeded by land slides and fallen timber.

As the sun disappeared beneath the western horizon the cavalcade emerged from the forest, and soon after the village of Whangarae was reached. It is situated upon a shallow bay of the ocean, on the northwest coast of the South Island. As the Elders advanced the natives came forward and, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and songs of greeting, bade them welcome. The usual salutations, the ever-welcome "hongi," were freely given and many of them were quite prolonged, and accompanied by a copious flow of tears, according to Maori custom. Such evidences of affection were very gratifying to the Elders who had labored to bring them to a knowledge of Christ.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the accommodation of the people. A large new meeting house, 45x20 feet, had been erected for the occasion—the frame work being of heavy timbers, and the sides and roof covered with "Nikau," a native palm.

The culinary department was replete with a large variety of viands, and the pastries, puddings and other delicacies would compare favorably with most of the pic-nics in Zion.

The conference commenced on Saturday morning, June 30th, at 10 o'clock.

The Elders present from Zion were President William Gardner, Elders B. Goddard, J. Johnson, J. W. Linford, R. L. Bird and W. Bunot.

A large congregation had assembled; many Europeans being amongst the number, some of them government surveyors, and others saw-mill hands who had secured a holiday for the occasion.

Conference was called to order by Elder Johnson, president of the Wairau district, and opened with singing hymn 99.

Prayer by Hakaraia Hemi.

Elder Johnson addressed a few words of greeting to those assembled especially welcoming the Europeans present, and urging them to attend all the meetings.

Elder R. Leo Bird addressed the congregation, through an interpreter, and spoke at some length on the subject of unity, as embodied in Christ's teachings, showing that it could only be obtained by implicit obedience to the laws of God. When the divine command "love thy neighbor as thyself" is strictly observed, it will indicate that we are approaching true Christian unity. In this connection he introduced faith, repentance and baptism as laws of God, quoting many scriptural passages relating to the subject.

Mehaka Watere, Tuiti Makitanara, Hone Tui and Hapiata, all faithful native members, also addressed the Maori Saints, after which the meeting was closed by singing hymn 135.

Prayer by Taimona.

In the afternoon, after the usual opening ceremonies, Elder Joseph W. Linford arose and spoke unto the people in the Maori tongue. He delivered an interesting address referring to the various erroneous doctrines taught in