

or reading mine well, considering that I was a new arrival in New Zealand. But when it is understood that the vowel sounds in the Maori language are almost like the Danish and that the Maori language is strictly phonetic like the Danish; it might be expected that my early training in my native tongue would enable me to read a phonetic language easier than those who have been used to speaking English only, all their lives. In this connection it may be said that experience has taught the presiding Elders in New Zealand that Elders of Scandinavian birth and training acquire the Maori language quicker than those of other nationalities, everything else being equal. This rule also holds good among the Elders who have labored in the Hawaiian, Samoan and Tongan mission.

I will here explain once for all that Maori Saints in nearly all organized branches meet together for prayer morning and evening in their respective meeting houses or usual places of worship. First a hymn is sung, and in the absence of a Latter-day Saint hymn book in the Maori language, the Church of England hymn book is generally used; but the numbers are usually sung to tunes which have been introduced by the Elders from Zion. Next follows a chapter from the Bible or the Book of Mormon, the presiding officer calling upon whomsoever he will to read. This is followed by all natives present chanting in pure Maori style an article from "Ready references" which has recently been translated and published in the Maori language. Then comes the prayer, which as a rule finishes the exercises; but often questions are also asked and answered, and in such instances considerable time is consumed. Nearly all male members take part in these proceedings, as they are called upon in turn to do so; and as a rule they cheerfully respond. In fact, most of the members would consider it a great slight, if they were not called upon in their turn to read, or pray, or take the lead in the chanting and singing. That peculiar timidity with which every young American or European Elder is so well acquainted, seems to be almost unknown among the Maoris, who generally arise with an air which would indicate that they consider themselves perfectly able to do anything in the line of singing, preaching or praying that is required of them. Before the fulness of the Gospel was preached to the people of Nuhaka, most of them were members of the Church of England; but now the Church of England chapel which occupies a central position in the village, stands unoccupied on Sundays as well as week days, and its timbers are fast decaying. We held three interesting meetings in Nuhaka during the day and evening, at which Elders Gardner, Andrew Jensen, Charles H. Embles, Lewis G. Hoagland and Joseph C. Jorgensen were the principal speakers. We also blessed three children, and administered to several sick persons.

Monday, November 18th. After working several hours on the records in the morning, preparations were made to continue the journey, and at 10 a. m., Elders Gardner, Hoagland, Embey, Jorgensen, Allen, Lambert and myself bid farewell to Nuhaka and its Saints and rode three miles to the little neighboring village known as Tahenui, where we visited several families of Saints, after which Elders Embey and Jorgen-

sen took leave of us to return east, and the rest of us continued the ride to Wairoa (twenty miles from Nuhaka) where we arrived at 3 p. m., in the midst of a genuine New Zealand rain storm. Here we met a hearty welcome by the native Saints, with whom we held an interesting little meeting in the evening.

Tuesday, November 19th. We worked hard with the records till 4 p. m., when we rowed ourselves across the Wairoa river to the European town of Clyde or Wairoa. After paying a hurried visit to the only Latter-day Saint family in the town (Brother Hans M. Mortensen) Elder Gardner and myself took leave of all the Elders who had been our last traveling companions, (Hoagland, Allen and Lambert) and boarded the little steamer Te Kapu and sailed from the Wairoa wharf at 6:45 p. m. After sailing down the river about three miles we passed over a dangerous bar at its mouth into the open ocean. We had a pleasant voyage across the bay (Hawkes Bay) to Napier, thirty five miles from Wairoa, and landed at the Spit wharf at 11:30 p. m. We remained on board till morning enjoying a good night's rest. ANDREW JENSON.

TE HAUKE, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, November 21st 1895

WORK.

It shows the occasional perversity of social sentiment that the state of least value should often be most esteemed, that labor should be scorned and affluent idleness held in honor. Thus the general ambition of those engaged in works of any kind, and especially in manual work, is to escape from it, to gather riches and retire; for, with a large class, a gentleman is not, as in old times, a man of gentle birth or gentle manners, but simply one who can live without work. We have grown so sordid that wealth overshadows all. With the multitude, virtue, valour, learning and abilities, obtain less esteem than riches. And when a stream of titles flows from the royal fountain of dignities, these are almost solely bestowed upon the very wealthy. If to preserve an appearance of impartiality, a man celebrated for worth or genius here and there receives one, it is only some scrappy thing, the slightest on the list. It would be unpardonable presumption on such occasions for distinguished scientists, inventors, poets, artists, or men of letters, to put themselves on a par with plutocrats, though the latter may be destitute of everything else but money. But all these distinctions in favor of wealth are unwise, unjust, and therefore immoral; are calculated to discourage and demoralize the workers, and must eventually fail to confer any honor upon their recipients as soon as high-spirited men refuse them on principle.

Intelligent and responsible work is the privilege and glory of men. It is true in a sense that other animals work, and some of them in communities with regular and orderly division of labor; but even so, their efforts are instinctive, and invariably alike from age to age—without progress and without deterioration. Man, however, can adapt his work to all circumstances and to all needs. He has arrived from the flint file to the circular saw, from the stone javelin to the Armstrong gun, from the jade hammer to the giant Nasmyth, and

from fig-leaves to shot-silks. He burrows into the bowels of the earth and robs it of its treasures, explores the bed of the sea, and mounts aloft in mid-air beyond the eagle's highest flight. He has measured and weighed the planets, and put the earth in a balance; has mapped out the universe and determined the components of the stars. Vast and innumerable have been his achievements over the blind forces of matter; dissolving, combining, blending and transposing, and subduing all to his service, forming new substances, discovering new materials, and at the same time, multiplying and gratifying human wants, pleasures and conveniences. All this has been the result of work. Brains and hands have united for its production. The quickest brains, the dearest hands, have led the way, and the others have followed in their rear. What we are and have today form the resultant of the combined forces of mind and muscle during all the past existence of humanity.

All honor, then, to work and to the workers, whether their part be high or low; whether theirs are the master minds, that plan, or the patient hands that execute. Whatever their degree, each is essential to the others, and they to each, as Menenius Agrippa showed the discontented Romans long ago in his fable of the Belly and the Members. No properly informed person could ever suppose it more desirable to idle than to work, or any other man of worth could ever be a do-nothing. The drones of our commonwealth may be anything from tramps to Piccaully loungers, may be beggars or peers, but they have no moral right to dwell amongst an industrial community. As a rule, they are the pests of society, high and low—its rogues, gamblers, profligates, and debauchers; the disciples and apostles of sensuality. Those marvelous insects, the honey bees, give a perpetual series of object lessons in the proper treatment of drones. Their remedy may be sharp, but it is very effectual.

Idleness is the mother of mischief, and a man or woman without an occupation of some sort is on the high road to moral ruin, if not financial. Idleness has been the bane of women of wealthy classes in the past, and has seriously retarded female progress. But a new era has dawned for the sex, and it will devolve upon the enlightened members of all classes to lead the way for a thorough and permanent reform. It is gratifying to know that the idlers are men of rank and wealth. Our national sports are robust, and indicate a manly, hardy race; our English gentlemen are not afraid to soil their hands either at play or work. The star of effeminate dandyism is no longer in the ascendant, and the tribe of Pope's "Sporus" becomes annually smaller. How savagely the poet lashed this dainty "Lord Fanny,"—"Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk."

Amphibious thing! That acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart.
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbits have express,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wits that can creep, and bride that licks the dust.

The moral and material blessings