

feasting. Visitors are received with cries of welcome, and the Maori women will go forth to meet the company, with wreaths of green vine leaves upon their heads, singing or chanting their "haere mai." (Come!) On reaching the village the women form a semi-circle and at once commence their mourning or wailing. A stooping attitude is assumed, and the tears flow copiously, falling to the ground like drops of rain. The piteous dirge-like wail is, at times, almost heartrending. Meantime occasional exclamations of sorrow for the departed are uttered by some member of the company, and often the weeping and wailing will continue for hours.

This is undoubtedly an ancient Israelitish custom, and is fitly described by Jeremiah: "Call for the mourning women that they may come, and let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears and our eyelids gush out with waters."

A few years ago, however, the mourners would be more desperately demonstrative. The women would assemble, attired only in a skirt, and many of them armed with sharp flint instruments, made of shark's teeth, or hard shell, though often contenting themselves with a piece of volcanic glass. After wailing and crying for a short time, the company would be worked into a state of frenzy. The moaning would give place to loud screaming, accompanied by frantic gestures and quivering outstretched arms and hands, and occasionally, while singing or howling, the women would draw the sharp instruments across the breasts, or down the arms, and at times down the face, each cut causing the blood to flow copiously. Often the poor creatures would be almost covered with large clots of coagulated blood, making them sad and hideous objects indeed. Such scenes are seldom heard of now, and this relic of barbarity is disappearing, as the natives begin to understand the old Mosaic law: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you; I am the Lord." (Lev. xix: 28.)

Prior to the opening of the conference about twelve of the Elders took train for Napier, in order to visit the little seaport on the east coast. On leaving the station a large number of tents were observed, and over the festooned gateway leading into the square were observed the words, "Welcome! S. D. Adventist Camp Meeting." The conference of this religious body was drawing to a close, but the Elders took seats in the large tent and listened attentively to the proceedings.

On learning that the visitors were Mormon Elders engaged in spreading the Gospel among the Maoris, a request was made that some of the number address the conference, which was readily complied with. After a short intermission Elder W. T. Stewart, president of the Australasian mission, gave a concise sketch of the work of the Elders during the past eight years, and also answered many questions relating to Maori customs, habits, etc. Elder B. Guddard also testified to the success attending the faithful labors of the servants of God and showed how lessons of sobriety and chastity were taught to the people. Much interest

was manifested during these addresses, and after meeting the company was cordially invited to luncheon. The rest of the time was occupied in strolling around the town.

Napier is the principal town and seaport in the Hawkes Bay district, and is beautifully situated on a peninsula. Some of the finest residences are built on the summit of the cliffs, overlooking the sea, and a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained from these favorite heights. A fine breakwater has been built over 2000 feet long and the most pleasant drive is along the esplanade facing the ocean.

The town has about 9000 inhabitants, and the many substantial business blocks indicate that there are many enterprising citizens engaged in bringing Napier into the front rank of New Zealand cities. The principal ecclesiastical building is the Church of England cathedral, which is said to be one of the handsomest structures in the colony. Several newspapers are published, two of which are dailies. The large harbor will accommodate any of the immense steamers which occasionally put in at New Zealand ports.

The conference meetings at Te Hauke commenced on Friday, April 7th, and great interest was manifested in the services. A new feature was the singing of some of our favorite Sunday school hymns, in the English language, which some of the natives were familiar with. A few of our old-time Zion's hymns, translated into Maori by Elder J. M. Hendry, were much enjoyed by the natives, and the old, familiar tunes were a treat to the Elders. "Who's on the Lord's side, who?" was sung by Elder Guddard, who was assisted in the chorus by his colleagues and many of the Maori members. It would have done our veteran Sunday school worker good to hear his favorite old hymn sung so earnestly by his dark-skinned brethren and sisters.

The principal topic of conversation, in the intervals between meetings, was the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and one evening was devoted to reminiscences of Temple labors.

The work continues to spread, and two new districts were formed upon the South Island, one consisting of European members, and the other of Maoris.

All the Elders are in good health, and appear to rejoice in their labors. All enjoyed the happy reunion, and while some bade good-bye prior to their return to Zion, others returned to their fields of labor with renewed determination to continue the work of encouraging the Saints and warning the sinners to "flee from the wrath to come."

PHOENIX.

#### FROM SCATTERED SHEEP.

John E. and Hannah Baxendell are residents of Coal valley, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, where many years ago they joined the Church. There is not now in that locality any branch of the Church nor are there any members except these two, and the few missionaries who occasionally pass that way seldom have opportunity to call, and possibly some pass by without even a knowledge that there

are any Saints in the vicinity. It is hardly any wonder that, under these circumstances, Brother and Sister Baxendell sometimes feel lonely, and often long for the association of fellow members in the Church. It was in this situation that a letter written by Henry M. Willibratham of this city, on the Temple dedication found them, and to this they sent a reply from which the following excerpts are taken:

To make it clear to you how much we rejoice in reading your letter would be a hard matter indeed. Try to imagine the feelings of a weary, thirsty traveler, whose life had become almost unendurable, seeking for rest and water in the desert, and who suddenly comes upon an oasis where he gains the welcome shade of trees and drinks to his fill from the clear, crystal, life-saving stream; then you may know how we felt. Your letter was to us as the spring to the traveler. O that we could write with such hopeful confidence as you do! Many times we are afraid that we are nearly lost. No Saints, and no meetings here, we become weak and neglect first one duty, then another until we almost forget. Yet we cannot forget the sweets of the Gospel fruit when we have once partaken of it; but we can become careless, and that is a dangerous condition to be in. You have strengthened us very considerably, and God will bless you. We must try to live so that He will bless us.

"There is a great deal of interest manifest among the people out here about that beautiful Temple. The Pittsburg papers had some pretty good pictures of it, of course we have never seen the building, but we have a good photograph of it, and can believe that it is beautiful and grand. You with thousands of others have been to the dedication, have heard inspiring words of good cheer, and have witnessed things that will be as a beacon light, beckoning you onward and upward in the path of duty and honor, of truth and liberty and eternal life. The thought intrudes that there are many poor wanderers like us that are left out in the cold of a pitiless world, with no brotherly words of love to cheer on the lonely way. Yet we have your letters, which are like the thread of golden light which pierces the dark storm clouds, and we feel truly grateful that we are not quite forgotten by those we love best on earth.

"But why should we complain? Perhaps we are blessed now beyond our worth. We have no sickness in our family. We have been brought through a very hard winter, although it didn't take a very large waistcoat to fit us at times. We have life before us, and also a little hope, and on the whole we are glad that we have known the Lord. May we never forget. Thank you for your kindly thoughts and words, and may Heaven bless you with the fruition of your hopes in that for which you are striving—a place in the celestial kingdom of our God."

Judge Nugent, at Boise City, Idaho, has rendered a decision in the habeas corpus case of H. W. Early, the commercial winer, dismissing the petition for a writ and remanding Early to jail.