

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper

IN DISTANT NEW ZEALAND.

KUATUNGATA, New Zealand,

January 21, 1895.

A few descriptive lines of travel through the above section may not be uninteresting to your readers.

With the approval of President Wm. Gardner, Elder Charles B. Bartlett and myself left our respective conferences and united at Kawa Kawa on the 18th of October. With deep interest we rode out of the Bay of Islands district, arriving at Punakitere, where we arranged for a European service which was a failure on account of heavy rain; reached a large native village called Otuaa, on the 24th, where we got a welcome from the people, who spread themselves so we could effectually rub noses with them. This over, we sat down to chat, and shortly partook of food. Later a young man joined us, guiding us to the house of a number of Catholics, where a "Tobunga Maori" (native priest) came and began to argue with us about God. The Lord helped us, however, to the utter confusion of the Tobunga, who retired utterly discomfited, with the laugh of the crowd ringing in his ears. Later we found friends, one man in particular, Ruwhiu, (a relative of a little boy whom I buried some time ago) being most hospitable. We stayed nine days with the Maoris, preaching the Gospel from morning till night, from house to house, answering questions and hearing testimony. Many believed us, and the prospects are good for some baptisms, as soon as they properly understand the Gospel. Some will attend our conference at Taumarere, Bay of Islands, Feb. 8-10, 1895, when we anticipate adding a few good members from that place.

On to Waima, where Raniera Wharerau took us in for the night. Next day an old chief named Kahu Wai invited us to his home, where we remained for three days, receiving nothing but the kindest treatment; explained the Gospel to them and some showed interest. A large "hapu" of Maories, perhaps 250, live very comfortably here in European homes, while the land, which is of a volcanic character, yields productively, all kinds of vegetables when properly cultivated. The settlement itself is beautifully situated at the foot of a range of hills and a creek of the same name winds itself through the valley. A Wesleyan church stands here, which most natives attend; but they are originating a church of their own, which will affect most, if not all of them; probably leaving the Wesleyan minister without any congregation.

Our next calling place was Omanaia, where the natives blankly refused to receive or entertain us, so we went on to Nagaua, where an old man named Mears gave us food and shelter. Got up a meeting in the house of Mr. Lundberg, a Norwegian, on Sunday, the 4th of November. Our little room was well filled, both natives and whites attending. By the Lord's help we spoke with power on the apostasy and restoration. Some questions followed

at the close, which we answered. General invitations were given us to remain among the people, but with a promise to call on them at a future time, and leaving our horses at Mears's on the 15th we journeyed afoot to Rawene, a little town situate on Herd's Point, of some 100 inhabitants; the capital of Hokianga county; the river of the same name, some two and a half miles wide here, flowing and ebbing with the tide, dividing Rawene and Motukaraka. We held a service here but only a few attended. Everybody wanted to get their newspaper for an account of the wreck of the steamship Wairarapa, the boat on which Elder Bartlett and I went to conference in the south last April.

The mailman took us over the river for nothing, but it was perhaps 11 p.m. and most everybody had retired in Motukaraka. We called on Mr. Melkjohn, the schoolmaster (and a Presbyterian preacher); slept in the school-room that night; hard though it was, our raincoats made pretty fair leathers, and our rest was good. Next morning a good breakfast awaited us, when we further got acquainted with Mr. M. and the Rev. Wetherall, Wesleyan; held a well attended European service here, with both the gentlemen present. No questions were asked, save one on the Book of Mormon. Remained by invitation to lay our doctrines down before the Revs. M. and W., a full explanation of the Gospel being given them. Of course they didn't coincide with us, but could not overturn the teachings. We experienced much kindly treatment and hospitality from them, also from the settlers.

At Kohu Kohu we couldn't get the school house, while the hall had to be paid for; impossible to stay at that time; so we coned through an uninhabited section now being fenced and opened up for settlement to a village called Broadwood. No opportunity for services, so ate dinner with the Glass family and proceeded to climb the mountain to Takahue. This road is crooked as the Rio Grande Western, and very steep climbing. A rain storm or rather a deluge of rain conviened us on our way, giving us and our blankets a most thorough wetting. No rain coat will turn such a rain as that was. Visited Brother David Ruffin and family here, whom we found all well. Had a nice family service with them November 11th, at 10 a.m.; later called on some of the neighbors to talk Gospel until quite late at night. Our return to Broadwood was characterized by another soaking, but thanks to the hospitality of the people, we felt none the worse for it. Met a man at this place who despised government and "authority," and when we mentioned the subject he opened the door for us to go out; but we didn't until we had testified of the restoration of the Gospel. Footsore and weary, but otherwise happy, we got back to the Hokianga river, where some native lad put us over to Rawene again.

On to get our horses, thence to Whiriraki, a native village of 300, about equally Catholics and Church of

England members. The Catholic fraternity were both inhospitable and angry when we made ourselves known, telling us to go to the other lot of natives. We did so, and got a welcome from Rawiri Tautari. Three days, including a Sunday, gave us a good chance to talk about the Gospel, which they had heard before, in Elder Magleby's time. This valley is much like the Otuaa, very productive and fertile, much like our small mountain vales, hemmed in by timbered hills and watered by winding streams. At Pa Kanai we had a time getting to stay with the natives (Wesleyans), but after we got a footing we made many friends and laid the truth before them. Hereabout resides the Rev. H. E. Fell, whom we visited. Remained over night and next day spent perhaps five hours preaching the Gospel and sustaining it by holy writ. The Godhead was fully explained, exposing the Athanasian fallacy, though our host tried bravely to defend himself. No better fare awaited him on baptism and the Holy Ghost. He was so worried that he went outside for a while to cool off. Returning, we tried to get onto "authority," but a call for dinner interrupted our conversation, so we concluded by bearing our testimony that the Gospel was restored in these latter days, and called on him to accept it. Dinner passed off quietly, and later our friend disappeared to his work. He is a very sincere man, has a most intelligent wife and a nice family of children. I liked immensely the order that existed among them.

Out in the river here stands a fighting "pa," or fort, called Pou-Ka, or burnt post, because years ago, one family of natives were surprised by an attacking party, who tied their prisoners to the stakes of the "pa" and burnt them all to death.

Passing the mouth of the Hokianga, which is continually choking with sand to the impediment of navigation, we kept on rough roads to a large native settlement, Waimamaku, where we met Rev. Hauraki Paora, Wesleyan minister, visiting his people. The Maoris being nearly all off to a "sportie" at Opanake, we went to Wai-o-te-Marama, where we held a Sunday service. It rained, but a few people, perhaps twenty-five, came to listen and helped us fine with the singing. Some of our audience, disbelievers in a God, afterwards invited us to Canterbury, where they reside, to stay over night and talk matters over. Took tea with Mr. Page and family, who were most kind. In the evening a Mr. White (once a Christadelphian, now a skeptic) joined us, and when all was quiet we started earnestly to investigate this subject: "Is there a God or not?" It was finally closed at 1 a. m. Monday morning; results, one man believes sincerely that there is, the other one says "perhaps there is—may be there is—but I do not know it." Remained another day, and we hope with good impressions left behind when we separated.

While in this locality we were treated with great consideration by the people, particularly by Mr. W. M. Letts, the storekeeper, whose place of business has unfortunately just burnt down.

The tactics of such men as Rev.