

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.
FROM THE ANTIPODES.

PUTUAHARA, Akaa, Tuamotu Islands,
June 17, 1895

After a lapse of three months we have again heard from the outside world, May 22nd, having brought us our January and February mail. It is true; that we cannot tell when we may get mail, being in such a scattered condition and in such an out of the way place, but we can generally depend upon hearing from our loved ones every three or four months. Although it is sometimes rather long between mails we do not feel to complain, unlike a brother writing from the Southern States, who said that he had to wait so long for his mail, when he actually had to wait three weeks.

Times have taken a turn since we last wrote you. Persecution has again come upon the Church, and the evil one seems to be trying his best to stop the work of God in this part of the world. We realize, as also do our native brethren and sisters, that this is not the first time that he has tried to work against the Church of God in these islands. In former days, when the Gospel was first preached here by Elders Grouard, Brown, Pratt and others, the arm of persecution was raised against them. Some were banished and imprisoned and the natives were left practically to themselves, with the native Elders as their guides. The white Elders having left, and the evil one seeing that the Saints still held the faith, soon brought his forces to work against them and tried to overcome them. But the seed had fallen in good ground, and had brought forth, some a hundred fold, some sixty, and some thirty. After trying to stop them from praying to and worshiping their God, and seeing that they were not successful in this, they set about to imprison those who would not renounce their faith. But thanks be to our Heavenly Father, there were some who were not to be shaken or made afraid by the threats of poor, weak, mortal men. They trusted in a superior Being, who they knew was able to save, preferring to fear not those who are able to kill the body, but preferring rather to fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. We can say that such people are well grounded in the faith, and are like the man that built his house upon the rock, that when the rain descended and the floods came, and the wind beat upon that house, it fell not, because it was founded upon the rock. Such was the case of some of the people who received the Gospel in early days. They knew that God had again spoken from the heavens, and that He had again set up His Kingdom upon the earth to stay; that when revillings and persecutions came upon them, they did not falter or become ashamed, but remembered that it was better to suffer persecution than to persecute others.

Some forty years had elapsed from the time when the white Elders returned to their homes in America in early days until

the time when the Elders of the Church of Christ returned to these islands in the year 1892. During this space of time, grievous wolves had entered in amongst them and had not spared the flock. They came in the shape of men, who said that they were missionaries of the Church of Christ, and "true" successors of the Church established by the Prophet Joseph in the year 1830; that they came to seek those who had been baptized by "their" missionaries in early days. How ridiculous and absurd when we come to think of it, that their church never existed until many years after our missionaries had returned to their homes in Salt Lake, and while in fact they themselves were the first missionaries of their church who had ever visited the island. In this way were many led away from the truth by the cunning craftiness of man, and in this way the Church was found by the Elders who came here in 1892 and succeeding years.

The evil one, again seeing that the work of God was spreading since the return of His servants, has again set up his power against them and is trying with his might to overthrow them and the work of God which they are establishing. But we, knowing that the power of God is greater than that of Satan, trust that if it is His will, we may be able to stay here and fulfil our mission, by preaching His everlasting Gospel and establishing His work amongst the honest in heart; that the honest-hearted Saints who have received the same may not be left without shepherds to guide them and be amongst them. Jesus said to His apostles, "blessed are ye when men revile you and persecute you; rejoice and be exceeding glad." If we are persecuted for our belief and the way that we worship our God, let us not feel sorrowful, but rather rejoice, knowing that, as Paul tells Timothy, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

At the present time Elder George F. Despain and myself are at the island, Akaa, having arrived here from Takatua on May 2nd. The natives are busily engaged in getting the coconuts in and making "pula," or copra, which finds a ready market but brings a rather low price, being sold now for 5 cents and 6 cents a kilo in Chilean money, which is equal to about 3 cents a kilo in American money. Respectfully,

EUGENE M. CANNON.

A MAORI CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH.

GREYTOWN, N. Wairarapa, New Zealand, Sept. 14th, 1895.

On Monday, August 26th, the inhabitants of Wairarapa, together with many of the adjoining districts, were called upon suddenly to mourn the loss of an esteemed and well known Maori chief.

This sad event was the demise of Piripi Te Maari, which occurred without a moment's warning. The day previous he attended all the services,

and remarked to his fellow brethren and sisters how well he felt temporarily as well as spiritually. I feel sure that no person realized or even thought that it would be the last time they would have the pleasure of listening to the good discourses of Piripi Te Maari. Not one out of that attentive audience ever dreamt that the grand, noble chief, one of nature's gentlemen, standing before them exhorting all to live faithful lives, to be as Saints indeed, would exhort them no more in this mortal life.

Monday morning found him hale and hearty to all appearance until he returned home about noon. Upon entering the house his wife asked if he should prepare food. He replied, no, as he desired to rest. Immediately following those few words he was seen to reel and fall, expiring in a few seconds, the cause of death being an apoplectic fit.

Loud and mournful were the heart-rending strains which followed the announcement of his death: guns were fired in quick succession, which added to the tumult and anguish of the scene. It seemed apparently to the observer that they desired to rend the very heavens as it were, upon the death of their beloved rangitira. Soon messengers were seen travelling at full speed upon horseback to inform relatives and friends; telegrams flew over the wires to notify many of the influential chiefs, who upon receiving the same made all haste possible to arrive upon the scene to "tangi" (cry) over the mortal remains of their relative and fellow chief.

Upon the following day a large multitude of natives had assembled to pay honor and respect to the departed by crying and waiting to the utmost limit of their strength. The writer, in company with his companion, were permitted to view the deceased. There lay our beloved brother in the midst of a large concourse of people; he calm and peaceful—they in sorrow, grief and anguish. As we stood gazing on for a few brief moments, we could not reflect upon the peaceful manner in which a true Latter-day Saint departs from this mortal sphere—no care, no sorrow, though taken away before his journey is through, he realizes the full meaning of the words:

And should we die before our journey's through,

Happy day! All is well!

After eight days had elapsed, the deceased was taken to Hobunui (thirty miles distant from the scene of death), where he will be deposited in his last resting place on this mortal sphere.

Upon our approach to the "pah" (village), we were greeted with the usual "tangi" and firing of guns, denoting the approach of their beloved chief. It was a scene which will take many years to obliterate the memory from the minds of those who were present. Pen fails to describe it—crying, waiting, chanting and the firing of many guns—men, women and children decorated with evergreens—such were a few of the Maori customs witnessed upon the occasion.

The funeral services took place on September 6th. A large concourse of people were present; a goodly number of the leading Europeans were seen intermixed with the large assemblage