

Sidney Allen have been fairly well exposed by us in this part, where much evil report has been spread concerning the Latter-day Saints.

Through to Waipoua November 28, where Tari Ti Puhl, the Rangatira (chief) of the place was very kind, giving us a chance to preach and an invitation to come back again. Leaving here we continued our journey by the Tai Tu Auru, or west tide, where mountains of white crested billows leaped toward us as if to our destruction, only to break again and again with a heavy roar upon the hard sandy beach. The country for miles along this coast and inland is barren and unfruitful, nothing but the cry of sea birds and the flies of Kawi gum diggers breaking the monotony. Had to leave the coast and missed our way for awhile, coming out all right finally at the Maunganui Bluff. Here were twelve families recently located on the N. Z. "village settlement plan." The men being off on their respective claims felling brush, preparatory to burning it for grass sowing, we didn't get an opportunity to deliver the Gospel message to them. Evening found us out of Hokitika into the Waioa and there the scene changes. Nearing Opanake, the first town on this side of the mountain, we met a Maori named Penekia, who, on discovering our business, invited us to his house. Look in what direction you may, nothing but mighty Kawi trees soar high up in the air, and the sound of the fall of one of these forest giants is like the roaring of artillery on the battlefield. A river called the Waioa or Kaihu, begins its journey up here towards the sea, and in flood times (quite often) these monster timbers go floating down towards the "boom" in the river by Aratapu, which catches them for use in the saw mills, or shipping to foreign ports as may be. Prosperity abounds among the Maoris here, but they have not the acquisitive power worth a cent. A native never thinks of, or troubles himself about a rainy day; it's not the disposition of this Lamanite race. The Kawi Timber Co. of N. Z. has control, by lease of 100 years, of all this grand timber, and that too for a mere nothing.

Our host was having refreshments prepared while we were looking around us, and his call to supper cut short our ramble. That evening, Elder Bartlett spoke to the few who had gathered. The majority here are Catholics. A church stands in the same lot as a billiard hall, and I am told the natives leave the first for the second regularly on Sunday. We were able to do but little among the people.

Rode on towards Dargaville, down the railroad track of the same name. At Ahi Kiwi a nice half caste Maori invited us to remain over night and we did so. Held another little service here. Elders Magleby and George Romney Jr. have been here years ago. The people had vivid recollection of their visit, extending to us the most kindly treatment. On through Maropui and Talta, where we could do no preaching because the natives had gathered together to organize a brass band, and were able to talk of nothing else. There are several bands on this coast, the natives being quite apt to learn that kind of thing; in fact they are a very musical race.

At Houhanga we heard the welcome sound of "Here Mai ra" (come to us), and soon we were at work rubbing noses. We have one member here, a sister.

Next day (Sunday, December 2,) a lot of Wesleyan Maoris came to visit a sick man and have prayers with him. In the afternoon they all listened to us lay the Gospel before them. We administered the sacrament to our member during the service. The principal topics of our discourse were: the God of the Holy Scriptures, apostasy, restoration, and the first four principles. After the service a chat ensued, establishing friendly relations. Next day we visited them at their homes at Aratapu, remaining two days explaining our doctrine; sold two Maori References to them before leaving; held a service (European) in Aratapu which had been previously advertised in a paper known as the *Waioa Bell*. The "comp." headed our ad. like this: "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and the stupid proof-reader passed it and it came out so in print. The editor apologized in his next issue for the blunder, which caused a good deal of merriment in the town. About fifty came to our service, and Elder Bartlett spoke with much power on the first principles for one and a half hours. Some "farrikins" present wanted to create a disturbance, but it was promptly suppressed. This is a Wesleyan town, a town of saw mills, which are busy turning out building lumber for home and intercolonial trade. Several brigantines were being loaded for New South Wales during our stay. Made a few friends in the town, and if nothing else was done, much prejudice was allayed by our visit. One man denied that baptism was essential, the following day in the Kauri Timber company's store, in presence of a number of people; but found himself in such an embarrassing corner that he invited both of us to dinner to get out of it, to the amusement of the bystanders.

On we went that day to Tekopuru, but as it cost seven shillings and sixpence to preach to the people, we left the town immediately to give them a chance to reflect upon the situation. Hearing that a few of our native Saints were located at the mouth of the Kaihu river we rode on to the beach and continued until nearly dark, turned our horses loose and slept out of doors. The elements were favorable and our rest was excellent. Next morning Elder Bartlett started a fire while I went to dig shell fish ("toherua") on the beach, with an old mate that I found. Got a lot of them and roasted them, and they were excellent, too, seasoned with water or seas and fresh water.

That day we rode perhaps thirty miles to the Kaipara Sand spit where the Lighthouse stands; rode by the "Mariner's graveyard," a point covered with innumerable wreckage, spars, masts, broken hulls of vessels that have gone to destruction here at various times. It is a weird desolate place, and the ocean on a most beautiful day like it was had a treacherous look about it as if waiting for more victims. No sound greeted us save the cry of wild black swans and geese that flew away inland at our approach, and the

restless surging of the tides. A few more miles and we reach the pilot station, then on a little way to the native village of Poua. Arriving, a young stalwart Maori led us to the home of our native brethren and sister, who answered our greeting with cries of "haere." One of them, Hari Pomare, has a daughter in Zion, who went away with Hirini Whaanga's company now located at Kaua. Hari's father, Wesleyan, the chief of the village, gave us a most hearty welcome. On Dec. 9 we had a full house and after the sacrament we had no difficulty in speaking at length on the Gospel. We were the first Elders who had visited that place. Made many friends and look forward to some baptisms, though much secret hostility is manifested toward us by the Wesleyan body, or its salaried clergy. They positively avoid a conversation with us on the Gospel, but use their influence against us in many unfair, un-Christian-like ways. For all that, our week's stay had a very good effect, especially with the young folks, who have none too much respect for the "modus operandi" of the white ministers. We have at least a permanent foothold in the village, which nothing but transgression on the part of our members will ever uproot. Some will be to conference in February, and we fully believe that that gathering will give the work of God in northern New Zealand a push in the right direction. We anticipate organizing a branch at Poua at no very distant date.

Back to Tekopuru via Ripa. Met the Rev. Wiki Te Pa, a well informed native Church of England minister; listened to his sermons and in the evening had his congregation and preacher to listen to us. They did so for two hours or more, Elder Bartlett being the chief speaker. No questions were asked or any opposition shown. The Rev. Wiki acted like a gentleman.

Our European service at Koputu brought out five persons, though we slept out four nights and notified most everybody. This is a Catholic-Wesleyan stronghold. Distributed about 100 tracts among them. Some of the Roman Catholics wouldn't receive them, while one man told us positively that the priest forbid any of his flock attending other services. On December 16th we preached at Dargaville in the evening; had the publican, policeman, two lawyers, and about twenty-five others present. A good spirit prevailed and we spoke freely on the Gospel and bore our testimony that it had been restored by an angel to Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God. Lots of churches here, but little or no Gospel, and I believe the "devil worshippers" of Paris would make a good haul in this little burg, if they tried it. One gentleman told us that if a liberal supply of cash were not forthcoming, all the churches of New Zealand would collapse within a twelve-month. The people are getting their eyes opened to many truths, convincing them that the apostasy has actually taken place; that reform is needed very much; but not able as yet to see that the Gospel in its purity has been restored for their salvation. This little town virtually concludes our trip. We are feeling