

where most of the Saints reside, is situated about ten miles southwest of Te Horo, or about thirty-five miles south west of Kawakawa.

In cutting from the records I experienced great difficulties in keeping track of Maori names. The natives of New Zealand are in the habit of changing their names repeatedly in the course of a life time; and thus we often find that a native has been baptized in one time, ordained to some office in the Priesthood in another, and perhaps set apart to preside over a branch in still another name. I have used my utmost influence against this practice, both in public and in private; and instructed all record keepers to see that these mixtures of names do not occur in the future, as such a practice would almost destroy the value of records for historical purposes. Another trouble that I have also encountered is that a number of Elders from Zion have been guilty of writing their names in half a dozen different ways, thus making it impossible to trace them without an interpreter.

Tuesday, October 20th. At an early hour a messenger arrived at our sleeping apartments on the hill at Te Horo, announcing that several persons were waiting at the meeting house to be baptized before breakfast. Consequently we all proceeded to the banks of the river once more; another interesting meeting at the water's edge, another hymn and prayer, and then Elder Bartlett entered the stream, followed by one young man, two women and a boy, all of whom were baptized in full view of the people on the banks of the stream, the same as the day before. We then repaired to the meeting house where a confirmation meeting was held, and the ordinance of laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost was administered to the four persons who had just made covenants with the Lord in the waters of baptism. On the same occasion three children were blessed, after which I delivered a short parting address to the people, with Elder Bartlett as interpreter. The next thing on the program was a late breakfast, then the exchanging of a few small presents as tokens of love and remembrance, then good bye and rubbing noses with about fifty natives, who places themselves in a row for that purpose. We also gave the parting hand to Elders Bartlett, Morgan, Markham and Andrus, and at 10:45 a. m., Elders Gardner, Goff and myself mounted our horses and rode of the same way that we had come. While crossing the river the Saints stood on the bank wishing us good bye and uttered many words of good will, while they swung their hats and waved their handkerchiefs to us, until we disappeared from their view in the bush. We now rode twenty-five miles over hills, valleys and streams and arrived at Brother Going's house in Ruatangata at 4 p. m.

Thus ended my introductory visit to the Maori people, to whom I at once became attached, because of their full heartedness and love for the Gospel and the servants of the Lord who are preaching it to them. On general principles the Maoris are a hospitable people. During our sojourn at Te Horo they provided plenty of food for us Elders and all their other visitors three times a day. The meeting house served as dining hall. Nearest the wall on either side were placed mats where the people

sat during the meetings and slept at night, while the passage through the middle served as table at meal hours. Our food consisted of good bread, well cooked pork and mutton, a little butter and jelly, ordinary potatoes, sweet potatoes, vegetables, etc. The hearts of the Saints were overflowing with kindness toward us, and they gave us the best they had. The ringing of a bell announced all meeting, prayer and meal hours. ANDREW JENSON.

TAKAHIWAI, New Zealand, October 24th 1895.

A PAIR OF VETERANS.

BUNKERVILLE, Nevada,
February 16th, 1896.

Our little settlement was somewhat enlivened on the 8th instant by the celebration of the golden wedding of Father Edward Bunker and his wife Emily Abbott Bunker, it being the first of the kind that has occurred in Bunkerville. The relatives of the venerable pair, with the other citizens of the town, met under the direction of our Bishop, Edward Bunker Jr., their eldest son, in the meeting house. Speeches, songs, recitations and sentiments suitable to the occasion were rendered by members of the family. A choir, chosen from the family, discoursed sweet music from the organ and singing. One of the selections, "Gathering Home"—was rendered in a most beautiful and effective manner, bringing tears to the eyes of many as they contemplated the aged couple before them. Father Bunker made a speech of welcome in which he thanked God for the posterity He had given him; and though he did not expect himself to see the redemption of Zion, he expected his children would see it. He exhorted all to be faithful and invoked blessings upon them. Sister Bunker, or "Aunt Emily" as she is affectionately called by many, made a beautiful welcoming address in which she reviewed some of her life. She was married to Father Bunker in Nauvoo. Their wedding tour was a trip across the Mississippi on the ice. A biographical sketch of the lives of the subjects of the day's celebration was given by Bishop Edward Bunker. A genealogy of the family, which was read, showed Edward and Emily Bunker to be the parents of eleven children, three of whom are dead. After the festival at the meeting house, Father Bunker and wife, with seventy-eight relatives and friends, sat down to a feast prepared by their children. Gifts, the most valuable of which were a gold watch and charm to each, were presented from their sons and daughters and their respective wives and husbands unitedly. Numerous other tokens of love and esteem, such as silver knives and forks, silk handkerchiefs, scarfs, ties, etc., were presented with appropriate sentiments. Congratulations and tokens of esteem were sent by children, relatives and friends from Ogden, Willard, Panguitch, Wah Wah Springs, Utah, and from Arizona. In the evening children and friends visited the pair, rendering songs, music and speeches until a late hour. On the whole the day was a pleasant and enjoyable one.

Father Bunker, the youngest of nine children born to Silas and Abigail Berry Bunker, was born August 1st, 1822, in Atkinson, Penobscot county, Maine. As he grew to manhood, he became

imbued with the spirit to emigrate to the West. In 1844 he started for Wisconsin, but on account of the lakes freezing over, he was impeded on his journey and stopped at Cleveland, Ohio. Here he heard the Gospel message and visited the Temple at Kirtland. After a thorough investigation of the truth, he embraced the Gospel and was baptized in April, 1844. In July of the same year he went to Nauvoo, paid his tithing on all the property he possessed, and, in accordance with advice, went to work on the Temple. When through working on the Temple, his next employment was cutting hay, on the prairie, for the Nauvoo House. Soon after he joined the militia organized to protect the Saints from the violence of the mobs; and was one of the posse who went with Sheriff Backinstos to Warsaw to arrest the mob that had been burning the homes of the Saints. He continued in duty as one of the militia till September 24th, when the Saints agreed to leave the State of Illinois, then he went to Montrose where he met his wife, to whom he was married February 9th, 1846, by Apostle John Taylor, in Nauvoo.

His wife was born September 19th, 1827, in Dansville, Livingston county, New York. She, as well as he, is a descendant from one of the old American families. Her grandfather was a captain in the American army during the revolutionary war, and was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. Her grandmother was a participant in the famous Wyoming massacre and was carried with others into captivity by the Indians. Emily Bunker was baptized into the Church June 17th, 1841, by Elder George Bosley; she moved to Nauvoo in 1841, and was a member of the first Relief Society organized in Nauvoo by Joseph Smith the Prophet.

Father Bunker and wife started for Council Bluffs in the spring of 1846, but stopped at the Garden Grove. When volunteers were called for to make up the body of men known as the Mormon battalion, he offered his services to his country and went with that body of men on their memorable march across the continent, leaving his wife in a rude hut made of logs, and the God of Israel for her support. The incidents connected with his life during that campaign have already been published, (History of the Mormon Battalion). On his return from service in the army, he met his wife at Council Bluffs, with a fine son—the present Bishop of Bunkerville—born during his absence. It was Father Bunker who owned the rawhide saddle bags of which the returning men of the battalion made a meal mentioned on page 323 in the History of the Mormon Battalion. In the spring of 1850, he came with his family to the "valley"—was a captain of ten in Captain Johnson's hundred in crossing the Plains; arrived in Salt Lake valley September 1st, 1850, and settled at Ogden; was chosen a member of the High Council when the Weber Stake was organized in 1851; was also a member of the city council of Ogden. In the fall of 1852, he went on a mission to England and, for a while, presided over the Bristol conference; when he was given the pastoral charge of the Sheffield, Bradford and Lincolnshire conferences. In this capacity he labored for nearly two years, when he was called to Scotland to preside over the Dundee, Glasgow,