

a meeting, as we discussed more thoroughly the difference between our principles of doctrine and those held out by other denominations. They saw they were beaten, as they could not substantiate their points from scripture, but they did not accept our principles, and, like all other men who will not accept the truth when presented, they got a little angry, so we let the subject drop and commenced to sing. This soon restored their good feelings, and we then retired, it being 12 o'clock.

Next day we rode over a desert or gum field and made arrangements to stop and preach on our way back, as all the natives who are stopping in this desert were outdigging gum. Crossing over the desert we arrived on the east coast and stopped at a Maori village, where we were received kindly. We held a meeting at night.

In the morning a native consented to act as our guide to the next village, as the trail led over some mountains and was difficult to find. We traveled till one o'clock, the native interesting us by telling some tales and relating the history of his forefathers who lived in these mountains years ago. Arriving at the village, which is situated on the banks of a river, the native shouted to some of his friends to take us over. A young girl came to our assistance and rowed us across the river in a most dexterous manner, while some of the boys swam our horses across. Hospitality is again extended towards us and we are soon located comfortably in one of the little huts. In the evening we held a meeting and about twenty-five attended. At the close there was very little said about our talk. It really appears as though the people have all entered into a sort of agreement to receive us kindly, but to pay no attention to our preaching, though we have never before visited this locality; but I suppose they had heard of us through their friends.

Next morning, while washing our selves, several gun shots were heard, announcing the death of a young man who had been sick for some time past. This is the manner the natives have of notifying their friends in another village of a death. They, in turn, fire and thus the news is carried from one village to another till the surrounding country is notified. If the person who has died be a chief or some individual of note, they all gather together and hold a large meeting, lasting in some cases for several months. After a breakfast of fish and potatoes we moved on to the next village, which we reached in due time. We met with kind reception and spent the afternoon in looking up the objects of interest from which this point has gained considerable note.

In the history of the Maoris it is always told for a fact that when one of their number dies his spirit takes its final departure from this point, first diving into the sea from the shore. A well worn path in the sand is pointed out as that along which the spirit always travels, and from the looks of it I should say there is considerable migration. After diving into the sea the spirit again comes up and stands on a little island a short distance from shore. It there waves its hand and bidding adieu to all earthly scenes takes its leave and joins those who

have gone before. The beach is also strewn with "the bones" of these departed spirits. On several occasions I have kicked against a man's head when walking along the shore, but never before had I seen such a stack of human bones as are found lying at this place. I presume the subjects must have been killed during some fight between themselves. This has no doubt at some time been a great battle field, as on all the surrounding mountain tops are built fortifications. After gathering a few shells we returned to the house and had supper of lamb, potatoes and milk. Shortly after all the natives gathered in a room by themselves and held worship. For some reason (which I could not learn) they would not allow us to attend, an unusual thing among this people. However, after they were through, they came to the room in which we were staying and asked if we would like to hold meeting? We said yes, and they told us to go ahead. Of course we expected they would all come in and listen to us. But no; they would not consent. We asked for an explanation and were told that if they came to our meeting we would take down their names, and then they would be made "Mormons!" It was a funny idea and gave us much amusement; but how they got it into their heads I cannot tell. However, they consented to listen outside, so they all gathered round and we opened the door, stood within the room and talked to them. Of course they could hear all that was said, so we did not care. After meeting they came in and had quite a talk, acknowledging that they were not following the true principles of the Gospel as taught by Christ and His disciples, but they did not know who was to blame. We told them that the ministers of the day were to a certain extent, as they taught false doctrine. One of the number, the chief, and a sort of minister, took exceptions to this, became a little vexed, and left the room.

Next day was Sunday, but they said nothing about prayers in the morning, and after breakfast they asked us when we were going. We replied we were not in the habit of traveling on Sunday, and if they had no particular objection we would like to remain till Monday. After a little talk among themselves they consented. Our meals were furnished regularly, but with that exception we were left quite to ourselves and they did not speak to us all day. They held two meetings during the day, but as they did not care for us to go we did not do so. About 6 o'clock in the evening a man from one of the other villages, who had before heard us, came to see his friends where we were staying. I presume he must have said something to them for shortly after his arrival one of the men came to ask if we would like to hold another meeting, to which we assented. They all came to the meeting and Brother Bingham preached a powerful discourse to which they listened attentively. After meeting they asked us to sing, and we had quite a social time. The old chief felt a little bad on account of the way he had treated us, and to make amends he gave Brother Bingham a piece of gum to show his good feeling towards us. In the morning we once more took up

our blankets for the march. This ride took us to the end of our journey and we arrived in the evening at a little village on the tip of the island, or North Cape as it is called. After saying greetings and turning our horses out to feed we took a stroll over to the beach and climbed out on the rocks as far as we could go. Here we turned our head in the direction of our dear old home, knowing that if we could take one step across the mighty Pacific we would land in America. This is the nearest point from New Zealand to America, and we sat there for a short time letting our thoughts carry us hither and thither, and probably longing for just one little peep into our homes to be assured that all was well there. When we reached the hut a hot supper of potatoes awaited us. This we disposed of in regular old Maori fashion. This over, we strolled among the natives till worship time. The sound of an old tin pan called us to meeting; and about 85 natives gathered under the roof of a commodious hut. The first remarks made by the man who has charge of the meeting is: "Well, you all turned out tonight just because the "Mormons" are here I suppose." To this there is no answer. Shortly afterwards one man jumped up and wanted us to hold a meeting. The old Maori minister, as I will call him, says: "No, we won't allow them to preach." They argued the case and just as they were about to decide not to give us an opportunity to talk, Brother Bingham rose and told them to stop quarrelling and listen to him. Suddenly they all became so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. He then started by saying that as there was so much opposition we should not hold a meeting, but that he would like to say a few words. He kept talking on quietly till he had occupied nearly an hour, explained our principles of the Gospel and borne a testimony to the truth of the same. This was all done so nicely that the natives were taken by surprise and we had explained our position before they knew what had happened.

On the morrow we commenced our return; but as this letter is already sufficiently long I will refrain from writing further of our journeys, except to say that, on the whole, I think we did considerably good in the way of allaying prejudice and presenting the Gospel as revealed in these latter days.

We may not immediately see the fruits of our labor, but in the due time of the Lord the honest in heart will have their eyes opened to these eternal truths, and the seeds thus sown will bring forth the desired fruits.

You will no doubt receive this about Christmas time, therefore I heartily, in thought, wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

The metropolis is having a "sharp winter" this year, and while the fogs have not been so lasting and dense as is usually the case, the rain and snow fall has not been moderated. But with a smaller proportion of the first named, the deficit has been made up with frost, which, while far short of that registered on the thermometer in Utah's valley, is yet more piercing.