

dency of the Church, who appointed Elders W. W. Cluff, Harvey H. Cluff and F. A. Mitchell a special committee to examine different locations in Utah with a view of finding a suitable track of land on which to settle the Hawaiian Saints. The choice of the committee fell upon the so-called Knowlton Ranch, in Skull Valley, about seventy miles southwest of Salt Lake City. A company was consequently formed and duly incorporated according to the laws of the Territory, which purchased the ranch; and steps were immediately taken to remove the Hawaiians to it. Teams and the necessary help were furnished by the Saints of Tooele county to move the people and their effects; and the 28th day of August, 1889, witnessed the arrival of forty-six Hawaiians and one white man who was with them, besides three missionaries (Harvey H. Cluff, F. A. Mitchell and Ellhu Barrell) who had been called to assist and direct the labors of the Hawaiians at the ranch, which has been named Josepa, the Hawaiian for Joseph. A townsite was immediately surveyed, houses commenced and other improvements made, and before the close of the year 1889 the inhabitants of the new colony were quite comfortably gathered in their new home, Elder Harvey H. Cluff remaining in charge of the colony until the fall of 1890, when he was succeeded by Elder Wm. King, who presided until his death which occurred on the 17th day of February, 1892. The next day Elder Harry H. Cluff was called to assume his former responsibilities as president of the colony, and true to his characteristics as a minute man he immediately proceeded to Josepa to take charge anew. His labors from that time on seems to have been crowned with success; many improvements have been made in the settlement; much new land has been brought under cultivation, and the prospects of making the colony a success are perhaps better now than ever before. Most of the Hawaiian Saints seem to be satisfied with their location, although so different in nearly all respects so far as natural facilities are concerned to their former home on the "Islands of the Sea." Elder Cluff is assisted in his labors by Elders Saml. E. Woolley and a Brother Hansen who have been called as missionaries to labor in the colony; two other white men are employed at present, while employment is furnished all the natives who can and are willing to work. There are a number of good singers among the natives in the colony, and also some who can produce instrumental music. A number of these, on invitation from President Cluff visited the mission house where I stopped last evening, and for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of listening to Hawaiian music. There are at present about eighty natives in the settlement, the majority of whom live in the ten houses already erected on the townsite; the rest in the old ranch buildings. There is also an Indian village in Skull valley, about ten miles south of the Hawaiian, where the inhabitants are tilling the soil successfully, building houses and learning how to live as white people; these Indians are nearly all members of the Church. ANDREW JENSON.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

75 ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, OFF MANCHESTER ROAD, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, May 3, 1893.—It was on the morning of April 15, a bright, sunshiny day, that I left my mountain home for a missionary tour to Great Britain. The parting scene from my home, relatives, friends and associations was one of the severest trials I have passed through, and one not easily to be forgotten by your humble servant.

In company with four of my acquaintances I left the Rio Grande depot, taking a parting farewell from the numerous host who had come to see us off, and we wended our way through the picturesque scenes of the Rocky Mountains. Denver was reached early next morning, a few of the sights taken in, and in the evening we proceeded to the noted city, Chicago (arriving on the morning of April 18), which we found full of bustle and din. Here we took a flying trip round the Fair grounds and saw other sights, and that evening left for New York city. Thursday morning, at 7:30, was the time we reached Jersey city, crossed the ferry and went to the Cosmopolitan hotel, New York.

Having received an urgent invitation from an uncle in Connecticut, I proceeded to the Central depot to visit him. A little over three hours' ride on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad brought me to Newington in Connecticut. It was a regular wintry day—snowing and blowing.

Upon inquiry I learned that my uncle, F. W. Fawcett, resided within half a mile of the station. A few minutes later I beheld for the first time in my life the relative referred to.

"Is this Robert?" he asked.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"And this is Uncle Frank?"

"The same," was the response.

It was a happy meeting. Since my arrival in the Rocky mountains we had often corresponded upon religious topics years ago, but he said to see me was better than all the letter writing. Our conversation was of a pleasant nature and mostly pertained to Utah and the Mormons. He listened with the greatest attention, and was well pleased with the photographic views of Utah which I showed him. He referred to the death of his only brother, who was brutally murdered in cold blood whilst asleep, by Mrs. Potts and her husband, in Carlin, Nev., on New Year's eve, 1888; also to the death of his sister, Ann (my mother); expressed his desire that at no far distant day he would migrate to Utah, as he felt more than ever convinced in regard to their religion, and his belief was that Salt Lake City was the flower of the West. He handed me a five-dollar greenback, and said, "There, that will cover your fare to Connecticut and return," and in almost broken tones told me that it was the best five dollars he had ever spent. Since his arrival in America he had had his "ups and downs." When the civil war broke out he readily volunteered his services and fought nobly for the cause of the North, receiving three shots. Shortly after the war he married, but was soon bereft by death of wife and child. He again married and again was parted from his loved one by death. Now he was, as it were,

alone in the world, his only living child—a daughter—being married and residing in Meriden. Next morning I started for Meriden, where I had a pleasant interview with my cousins and their families. It was with feelings of regret that I parted with my uncle at the depot at Meriden in the afternoon of April 21, hoping that ere long I would meet him in my mountain home.

About 8 a.m., Saturday, April 22, I went on the steamer Arizona. There were thirty-three Elders and one sister (who was in search of genealogy) on board the vessel. There were about 125 passengers. We had a pleasant voyage, all feeling well and arriving safely on the 1st of May, about 10 a.m.

On board the steamer was the corpse of J. W. Kossook, one of the crew, who had died on the outward trip to New York.

On our arrival at 42 Islington we received our appointments. About thirteen for Great Britain, and the remainder for Germany, Scandinavia and Turkey.

Having been appointed to the Leeds Conference, Elder A. B. Farnsworth and myself started for Bradford at 9:30, May 2nd, and were met at the station by President G. D. Merkley and Elders Snell and Tolleton and kindly welcomed to our field of labor.

And here I am, enjoying a pleasant interview with my cousins, whom I have not seen for upwards of thirty-two years.

Your brother in the Gospel,  
ROBERT AVESON.

## LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

PORIRUA, New Zealand, April 19, 1893.—The annual conference, or Hui Tau, at Te Hauke, New Zealand, was generally considered one of the best ever held in Maoridom. The little Maori village designated as the scene of the conference is pleasantly situated in an open valley about twenty-five miles west of Napier. In the early settlement of New Zealand, many sanguine conflicts took place in the vicinity, between the natives and Europeans, and near the village may be seen the ruins of an old fort, which was afterwards converted into a graveyard. A large number of mounds with broken head-boards still remain visible to tell the story of the gallant soldiers who fell in those memorable days.

Hundreds of Maoris from all parts of New Zealand assembled at Te Hauke nearly a week prior to the time of conference. Many were non-members of the Church, and all had been invited by some of the non-Mormon residents to participate in a Maori "tangi." This is one of the most ancient customs of the natives, and in olden times was attended with much suffering and barbarity. It is still customary to prepare great feasts on these occasions, and often about \$1000 is expended in providing for the multitude that usually attends.

A Maori "tangi" may appropriately be termed a lament for the honored dead. It is not confined to the time of the decease of a distinguished relative or friend, but may be repeated as often as the surviving members of the tribe desire, and will sometimes last several weeks. Tribes are occasionally almost impoverished by such prolonged