

was the portion of the majority, and children were as the star-dust of heaven for multitude, until today ten thousand crowd the schoolhouses of this city, and legions are growing in the Territory, coming daily to manhood and with none to employ the one sex or marry the other. Zion's mission also is to gather. Her hunters and fishers are out. Who will care for the new arrivals if we cannot sustain or provide for those already here? Our Legislature is in session, but this is not their study. We have Bishops and Presidents of Stakes, but the burthen is none of theirs. We have organizations discussing questions mainly foreign to that temporal salvation which is now needed for Israel. "Who will show us any good?" Who can summon the wise men? And if summoned, can they provide a remedy?

### ON THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

The following interesting letter is to the members of a local club, "the Bonhomie," from one of their absent friends and members. It will be read with pleasure by many others:

PAPEETE, Tahiti, Society Islands, Dec. 1st, 1893.—Having promised to let you know how I get along, I take pleasure in penning these few items of experience as a missionary of Christ among the heathen, lack of time prompting me to write to you all in one letter.

While plodding along through the uneventful student life of figures and rules at the B. Y., the pleasurable anticipation of once more beholding the anniversary of my humble entrance into this world in peace was somewhat disturbed by receiving a birthday gift in the shape of a letter from the First Presidency, appointing me to labor as a missionary on the Society Isles, with but three weeks to prepare for the journey. Accordingly, after a hasty and incomplete preparation, on the dismal day of February 25th, I bid farewell to our beautiful mountain home and its dear associations.

After a pleasant and uneventful ride through the barren deserts of western Utah and Nevada, and descending from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevadas through the glorious foothills and valleys of the Golden State, just budding forth into new life under the seducing influences of gentle spring, we arrived in wicked San Francisco. Two days' sight-seeing in the city of Sunday excursion fame, and eight of us, and all Utah born boys, boarded the clipper brig Gallilee, bid good bye to friends who had come thus far, and set sail for Tahiti, 4000 miles south-west.

For thirty-six hours we lay helplessly rolling in the open sea just outside the bay. The action of the waves, augmented by the weight of the towering masts, gave a motion to our little craft which soon sent six stomachs into rebellion. Then nature picked us up, as it were, in her hand. The wind whistled around the network of ropes above, and we sped merrily along only to be again forsaken and allowed to bask in the heart of a tropical sun which soon sent the thermometer up to 95 degrees in the shade—this program being almost daily repeated.

There was on board a sociable company of seventeen souls including the

crew and after the first three days we had an enjoyable time. The weather was fine, sunrises and sunsets grand, and the company jolly. One meets with many peculiar characters when traveling abroad and our trip was no exception. We had a "whaler" who earned his sobriquet from his all-absorbing desire to keep us posted in regard to whale fishing in all its details. The "mariner" had a passionate longing to climb the rigging and try the boats. The "joker" was listened to with interest; while the unsophisticated youth from Utah, eager to learn more of the mighty deep, listened to the yarns of the "old salts" and the tales of travel and adventure. On the third day's sail one of the latter remarked to another, "We have just gone 29 miles." "Naw, you're mistaken," said No. 2; "we have surely gone farther than that." "No, we haven't," continued the first speaker; "the barometer points to just 29." Explanations followed, during which the man at the wheel looked dreamily off to the leeward, his face visibly expanding with an impressible twitching at the corners of the mouth. The "cure all" was also there and had innumerable remedies to cure sea-sickness, while those who tried them were the most sick of all.

Among the passengers was Captain B. W. Chapman, whom the native call Bennie, who has carried on a trading business with Tahiti for forty years, and we spent many hours listening to his odd and pleasantly told yarns of the sea and ways of the natives with whom we were soon to become acquainted. His descriptions of Kanaka life and customs did not have a tendency to create any love within us for them. "Why," said he one day, "a Kanaka won't do anything but loaf around and drink rum. If you offer him work he will reply, 'What's the good of working? We have plenty to eat and drink.'" After telling a story to back up his assertion he wound up by saying: "And you'll become just like them."

On the 20th we passed the monuments of the industry of the wonderful "coral polyp," the Tuamotu islands, the highest elevation of which is only about six feet above the sea; and next day sailed into the coral-reef-protected harbor of Papeete, not more than ten feet of water separating our faithful ship from the hard unyielding coral of the narrow and serpentine pass through which we were guided under a stiff breeze without the aid of pilot or tug—a feat I have since learned is attempted by but few.

In contrast to the low flats of the Tuamotu group the sharp pointed volcanic formed mountains of Tahiti rise majestically to a height of 8,000 feet. They are completely enveloped in a mass of verdure, as indeed the whole island is. From our point of vantage on board ship the island seemed to be a fairyland, an immense garden, and all looked so fresh and sweet, so inviting to the eye, with the roofs of the native huts and pretty cottages of the foreigners just peeping above the mass of foliage, that one of the Elders felt down-right sorry he did not bring his wife with him.

The island of Tahiti is in fact two distinct mountains joined together by a narrow isthmus. The briny sea is

separated from their massive and almost perpendicular walls by from one rod to three-quarters of a mile of rich, fertile soil teeming with vegetation and immense groves of cocoanut trees and plantains, under the shades of which the dusky native dwells contented and bappy in the blissful ignorance of the comforts and conveniences of civilization, and of the motives that impel his white brother to labor and toil. To stand on one of the eminences of this little dot in the Pacific, a sight greets the eye which fills the mind with awe and might well lead one to say that nature had indeed here bestowed her gifts in rich profusion and clothed it in her brightest dress. The undulating stretch of country on either side is covered with a dense growth of tropical shrubs and trees, the cocoanut, banana, orange, lime, guava and other fruits peculiar to the tropics flourish without any cultivation whatever. and the many curls of blue smoke ascending above the tree tops reveal the presence of native huts and cottages and make known to the weary traveler that meal time is near at hand. To the front lies the broad Pacific, calm and peaceful inside the reef of coral which surrounds the island and upon which the roaring breakers spend their strength in vain, while in the background rise the towering fern-covered mountains in solemn grandeur, standing in mild air, as it were, between the blue sky above and the green carpeted earth beneath; drinking in the beauties of nature, one's mind is drawn from earthly things to the great power which made them all, and the great love and wisdom made known through them to man. The distant roaring of the breakers is borne on the gentle breeze, and is as music to his ear. The mind wanders from one theme to another until he is lost in oblivion to all around and drinks deep of the aspiration of peace and love.

Descending from the lofty station the first thing that attracts the traveler's attention is the changed appearance of the inspiring scene upon which he has just been gazing. The land is strewn with dead brush and decaying vegetation which was hidden from view on the hill by the dense foliage of the tall, twisted and regular growing trees. Everything has an unkempt and disorderly appearance. The houses are dilapidated, the roofs patched and mended until they look like crazy quilts. If he asks for a meal, he is probably given some raw or baked fish, grated cocoanut made into a sour mash called "Tacoro" and "fei," a food as yellow as saffron and which leaves a very bad taste in the mouth, at least it does in mine. It is the staff of life here, Uru (bread fruit) taking a second place. He squats down on the ground, eats with his fingers, makes as much noise with his mouth as possible (for you know when you are in Rome, do as Rome does) and as he takes notice of his surroundings and the dress of the people, thoughts run through the brain like a railroad train bound for the World's Fair, and among other things convinced that

The maidens of tropical climes,  
Where the favors of nature abound,  
Wear very few clothes  
As every one knows,  
They are summer girls all the year round.  
The climate of Tahiti, barring a few