

THE NEW VOLUME.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS ON BOOKS.

I'm a lover of books, I read the lists,
As they come to my table day by day,
I note the titles, I mark the price,
And dream of the contents, far away!
In cloth, morocco or sheep, 'tis said,
They're covered to please each fancy found,
Gilt-edged and colored, uncut at times,
This literature—the world around.

A taking title oft catches the eye,
Or illustrations may win the thought;
Some deft review, from the issuing house,
Compels desire, till the book is bought.
Oh, oft misled by a trick of trade,
An author's whim or a poor pretense,
But spite of all I am curious yet
And "ads" ad libitum are defense.

'Twas a year ago, my vision fell
On a volume issued by Father Time,
We'd waited for it a few brief days,
It came at last with the midnight chime;
Hope thought it bound in the brightest style,
Nay, fancy claimed it a gilt-edged tome,
Its nom de plume was The Glad New Year,
Which welcome found in a love-kissed home.

Page after page has been cut and turned,
Conned preface, and headings of chapters
there.

Today hath closed the volume now read,
"Finis," is written perchance for ever,
In memory's columns the contents stand,
Changes, experience—what a whole?
Written by Providence, chequered, strange,
And countersigned by a human soul!

Errors and lapses, and letters turned,
And blurred no doubt, by the ink supplied;
Paper was poor, or the proof unread,
The press, in issues, not once belied.
The volumed year from the earth hath passed,
Near predecessors there yet was room;
Recorded life of the years gone past,
For judgment shelled till the day of doom

The clock strikes twelve; as the volume goes
I see in its stand there's "a new one" placed,
Labelled and bound, with its leaves uncut,
The date alone on its cover traced.
Father, Thine aid, I would ask in faith,
A better record to write this year,
Unmarked its pages by blot of sin,
Or stained by needed repentant tear!

Edition de luxe, let this one be,
One worthy the Master's praise at the last,
Printed and bound and gilded by love,
And comprehension of life-work vast;
Thou, Father, shall have the praise, while I,
Thy humble worker, will ever tell
That books which can bear Thy imprint will
The best of man's handiwork excel!

HENRY W. NAISBITT.

IN MAORIDOM.

NGARUAWAHIA, Waikato, New Zealand,
November, 13th, 1896.

In perusing your ever welcome paper which regularly comes to hand, and which contains many reports of the rapid strides that Mormonism is making throughout the world; I thought a brief report of the progress, feeling and condition of this part would be read with interest by the many readers of your much esteemed paper, among whom are many Elders and Saints who formerly labored and lived upon these isles of the sea.

At the present time New Zealand is clothed and adorned with the beautiful mantle and the decorations of Spring; everything connected with this season of the year seems to smile and bid us welcome, inviting all to freely partake of the joy, happiness and life which it desires to instill into all hearts. At present no signs of that dreadful epidemic known as spring fever have been seen; on the contrary, the majority of the inhabitants here are as the busy bee—hard at work from early morn till night throws her mantle over the toilers, and then they realize the time has come to rest.

From famous Waikato to equally famous Laranaki is perhaps the most im-

portant journey undertaken upon this the north island of New Zealand, as the former place is where the Wjaori king Mahuta resides with his chiefs and followers; the latter place being the home of the two famous Maori prophets, Te White and Tohu. Elders George Bowles and Parley A. Waters having recently traveled the above route, the following is submitted.

A short time ago the writer visited the king's village to gain audience with him and to ask permission to hold meeting with him and his people. I was greeted by two ancient fully tattooed natives, who politely informed me, that the king would be in attendance shortly; after a brief chat with the two above mentioned, Mahuta was announced. I arose to meet him, and was greeted in Maori fashion with the exception of the hongi (nose rub) King Mahuta is a good looking man, apparently well versed and acquainted with both European and Maori etiquette, is intelligent but a little reserved. Unlike his father the former king, he is not tattooed, is of fairly light complexion for a Maori, I should judge by his appearance that his weight is 185 pounds and he is five feet ten inches in height. A friendly chat followed, in which I made known my desire. The answer was partially a disappointment, it being that there was no suitable house at present, but the one now being built, would no doubt be available for holding religious meetings when completed. There was no alternative but to accept the forementioned. However, a few questions on the gospel asked by the king were answered to his entire satisfaction. One especial question was concerning the blessing asked upon food. I informed him as to the plan adopted by the Saints he was delighted, saying he had never heard from other ministers of the different churches such a good, and in his opinion, correct one.

Up to the present the king has not united himself with any particular denomination. He is of a fairly critical nature; from reports the Church of England are very desirous of converting him and his followers to their faith, but from past actions of said church against this people. (Maori) they will find it extremely up-hill work. There are whispers afloat that the king has issued instructions to his people to take good care of the Mormon Elders when they visit among them. The Elders of this district have already enjoyed the hospitality of his people, which we believe is the outcome of the kings instructions.

On the 23rd of September last, the beforementioned Elders left Waikato for Parehaka in the Laranaki district. As we travel southward we diverged from the main road to visit a number of paha (villages) and lay before our dusky skinned friends the revealed principles of life and salvation. We were warmly welcomed by the majority and were invited to preach, quickly availing ourselves of such golden opportunity.

Our road led through portions of country which pen and paper fail to describe, on account of the choice gifts which nature has bestowed upon those secluded spots. We gazed enraptured upon the beauty of the scene—beauties which is alone found in ancient forests, where as yet the woodman's axe has not been wielded, and man has not penetrated its thick undergrowth and stately trees. Although surrounded

with these beauties of nature, let not the reader imagine that the track we travel is as beautiful. Not so, as seemingly we climb constantly up and up into the very clouds. In places we led our horses, as it required all fours to reach the top. One would imagine that our horses were of circus fame, from the agility they exhibited in ascending and descending.

Having met a Maori named Whatai traveling our way, his extra horses he was willing to let my companion ride at intervals and so give him an opportunity of resting. My horse was twofold in the field to take notice of any difficulty arising from an extra long day's travel. Such journeys are second nature to him, as he has carried the Mormon Elders on their journeys from year to year. When nearing our destination on a certain day, Elder Water's horse diverged from the track. The next moment it was almost hid from sight in the soft black mud of the swamp. The order, extricating himself, made for "terra firma." After some delay and labor we pulled the horse out. The picture that stood before us, horse and rider well covered with a good thick coat of mud, only lacked the snap-shot.

On and on we traveled each day until on the 16th of October, when we arrived at our desired destination Parehaka. Parehaka is situated about two miles inland from the west coast of the North Island, lying 200 miles north of Wellington (capital of these isles) and about 300 south of Auckland (former capital.) When nearing the township the road divides leading to Le White and Tohu respectively. No seated in a large room used for gatherings on the 17th of each month (which by the way is the 18th with them) As is usual in Maoridom, we were soon invited to partake of refreshment. I enquired as to their customs, rites &c and Europeans are seen in that town, although a number of fine European residences are here and there, among the many of Maori design, numbering 229 in all. Just back of the low ridge which surrounds the path, stands majestically Mount Igmont pyramidal in shape, its snow-capped peak towering 8,500 feet above sea level. The full view can only be obtained when the weather is very clear and cloudless.

Te White is the most prominent of the two so-called prophets, his fame having spread far and near. If reports be true, the various sectarian ministers cannot hold their own against him, it being his custom to talk in parables which they are unable to interpret. We were welcomed by Te White's son-in-law Waitara, and were soon comfortably was informed that they never ask a blessing upon the food. We were granted permission to please ourselves, and therefore asked the Lord's blessing upon the bounties of life set before us.

It was not long before we were informed that Te White was approaching the house. Arriving at the door, we arose to meet him, greeting each other and hongi. A short chat followed, then all were called to supper, blessing was asked, at the close of the same. Te White addressed the company and expressed his opinion concerning the blessing asked; once again it is in favor of the Mormon Elder. When supper was over all returned to the room.

The time arrived for us to state our desire in visiting him. In doing so we