

"whether I have money there or not, and if I am willing to put my trust in the Lord they are willing to put their trust in me. They know God will raise up kind friends to supply me with funds to pay my bill. I am only sorry that I never started out this way eight months ago. I would have done a better work. No doubt you will feel inclined to send me something, but do not do so, and I will be better off. It may seem or appear hard but it must be so, nevertheless. I am going to do as directed if possible, and nothing is impossible to him that has sufficient faith; so, instead of sending or worrying about sending any thing, just pray for me and God will hear and answer your prayer.

Those Elders who are not trying to travel or to obey this command will not make the headway that they should do, and I'm afraid that unless they do this they will be compelled to return home. I know you would not like to see me come home without fulfilling an honorable mission, would you? I'm in earnest about this, and what's more, I know its right. God will not let one of His servants want for anything if they are doing their duty. "Remember the lilies of the field, they spin not, neither do they toil, yet Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like them."

We are now holding meeting at Bertha mines. There have been sixteen join us here and a number of others stated last night that they want to be baptised before we leave here. We have appointed a day for baptising them, a week from tomorrow, and then we will organize a branch, also a Sunday school.

## REUNION OF AUSTRALIAN MISSION.

Under the auspices of Zion's Maori association the regular semi-annual reunion of Elders from New Zealand, Tasmania and Australia was held on Monday evening in Christensen's hall. Long before the appointed time visitors began to throng the handsomely furnished parlors, where they were entertained with musical selections and had the pleasure of meeting old friends and missionary associates.

The reunion was opened with singing "We thank Thee, O God for a Prophet." Prayer by Elder George S. Taylor of Provo. After the singing of a Maori hymn—"Koutou katoa ra" was rendered by the assemblage.

Elder B. Goddard introduced the order of business and expressed regrets at the absence of President William Paxman who was confined to his bed by a recent accident. It was stated that regular weekly meetings were still being held with the Maori Saints, and the Elders in Salt Lake City were prompt in filling their appointments. During the recent Jubilee a large group photo of the Maoris was taken and copies had been mailed to every Maori district in the Australasian mission, thus showing the present condition of the Saints and refuting false rumors with regard to their destitute condition. A quantity of literature, donated by friends, had been sent out to the mission and was much appreciated by the Elders laboring there.

Elder Ezra T. Stevenson, secretary and treasurer of Zion's Maori association, read the financial report for the past six months, and also stated that the translation of the pamphlet, "The Latter-day Saints," by J. H. Anderson, was now completed and over half was printed and the rest was in the printers' hands. An order had been given for 5,000 copies and the co-operation of all returned Elders was solicited.

Elder Wm. Bromley of American Fork gave a brief account of his mis-

sionary labors in New Zealand where he presided several years. He also reported Brother Paxman's condition and delivered his loving greetings to his colleagues and associates.

Elder Wm. Geddes of Plain City, a veteran, gave a graphic description of his mission to Australia in 1873, and his visit to New Zealand; also his report respecting the Maoris, given to President Brigham Young. His humorous recital of experiences was much appreciated.

Elder Walter Bunot of Henefer, recently returned from New Zealand, delivered an address of greeting in the Maori language.

Elder Brvant Ashby of Bountiful, also one of the last returned Elders, reported the progress of the missionary work among the Europeans of New Zealand.

Elder Andrew Jenson, representing the Church historian, stated that a history of the Polynesian missions was being written, and requested the Elders to loan their journals, as many valuable items could be culled therefrom. Such journals should be left at Historian's office.

After benediction by Elder Joseph S. Groesbeck the evening was spent in chatting over reminiscences and renewing acquaintanceship. It was indeed a pleasure to witness the hearty handshaking, and to listen to the mutual exchange of experiences and hearty laughter as humorous incidents were referred to. The Maori Saints were not neglected, judging from the numerous "hongi's" bestowed by Elders from a distance. Thus another enjoyable evening was spent reminding of "Auld lang syne."

PHOENIX.

October 7, 1897.

## FLY LEAVES.

The mother of the Norwegian author, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, died August 5th at the age of 86.

Some time ago the king of Slam visited Europe, and while in England was interviewed by members of the royal family. Seemingly the king is a polygamist, and this is how Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly figuratively holds up his hands in holy horror of the sight:

"Polygamy is a hideous crime. It passes my understanding how women of fine breeding and chaste morals—women like the Princess Christian, the marchioness of Lorne—can endure, as they will and must, to sit in his presence."

Evidently Mr. Fawcett's objection to sitting in the king's presence is because he is a polygamist. If the novelist ever takes up his sojourn in the kingdom of heaven, he no will also object to the many that "shall come from the east and west" sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; or perhaps when Mr. Fawcett sees those ancient worthies occupying such honored places in the "kingdom," he will turn scornfully on his heel and—well, the rest is a matter of speculation.

A monument to Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is to be erected in San Francisco. On one surface of the granite shaft will be inscribed these words of the novelist: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation." In consideration of Stevenson's great pity for vagrant and thirsty dogs, the designers have placed on another surface of the base a spigot and cup, and below that a drip stone, where dogs may quench their thirst.

Henrik Ibsen, the dramatic poet, is

nearly 70 years of age. Much of his time he has spent in Germany, Austria and Rome, but during the last few years he has lived in the chief city of his native land, Christiania, Norway. He is one of the city's attractions, and visitors "see" Ibsen as they see other objects of interest. It is not difficult to do this. All one needs to do is to take a walk along the principal street of Karl Johon, from the king's castle to the Grand Hotel about noon, and the black clothed figure of the poet may be seen sauntering along looking in at the windows of the art establishments lining the street.

Promptly at twelve the black figure glides carefully and quietly into the hotel's reading room. On the instant the room is still and the hundreds of visitors receive him in silence. The poet removes his hat and the characteristic head is displayed. He greets no one, but, going to the newspaper tables he selects two, one Norwegian and the other German. Then to his accustomed seat by the window, where his soda and whisky is already placed. He soon gets through with the Norwegian paper but the German takes more of his time. He seems especially interested in the art and theater columns. As he reads he sips his drink. Once in a while he casts a hurried glance around the room.

When he has finished his paper he is also through with his drink. Then he goes out as he came in, and the figure in black (Ibsen always dresses in black) with his cane in his left hand and his right resting on his back, goes strolling back the way he came. This same scene is enacted daily, which would certainly draw attention even if the principal actor were some other than the great Henrik Ibsen.

William Allen White is a young Kansas editor who has lately become somewhat famous, not only for his editorials but for his short stories. The editor of McClure's says that he "is doing in prose what James Whitcomb Riley has done in verse—he is giving us true, hearty pictures of American boy life." A glance at one of Mr. White's stories reveals such "hearty" expressions as, "Soft soap, take a bite—good for your appetite," and "What's your name?" "Puddin' in tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same."

SCRIPTUS.

## UP THE HUDSON.

Oceanside, L. I.,

Sept. 28, 1897.

The Hudson river has no doubt formed the theme of many articles in your paper since its first publication, but I trust a few more observations on that subject will be of interest to most of your readers.

In response to a kind invitation from Sister Clough of Cohoes, N. Y., I left my place of labor on Long Island for a few days (by permission) and paid her a visit. She and Sister Adey are the only remaining Church members in that part of the country, and they had not seen the face of a Latter-day Saint since the visit of Elder S. W. Richards and wife a year ago. So it happened that on the 14th inst., I had the pleasure of traveling about 150 miles up the beautiful Hudson on the New York of the Albany Day line. On that very day, 288 years ago (so the guide book informed me) Henry Hudson, in exploring the newly-found river, came in sight of that most admired part of its course, the "Highlands;" and as we glided up stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour in our pretty up-to-date paddle steamer of 4,500 passenger capacity, with its fine orchestra and elegant furnishings, I was struck with the contrast between our condi-