

Gospel restored through Joseph Smith, the Lord's prophet. Elder Goff and I have followed the tracks of those who seek to bring to naught the teachings of Christ, but when we get any way close they "burrow" and we lose track of them. Still their folly shall yet be made manifest to all men, for the Lord is a great God, and He has said He will not be mocked in these last days. It is so usual for the people to part with their small change upon Sundays that I quite surprised one man last Sunday at Mangahai by telling him we didn't take up collections. He had his hand in his pocket after the services, and I surmised his intent. To have seen the expression on his face would have given inspiration to a comic artist, so taken aback was he.

We have just returned from Auckland where we spent a week with the Saints after six months' absence, and met the mission president who is now busy preparing the Ready Reference in Maori for the press. Soon it will be in our hands, an almost invaluable work, for we have much the same to contend with among them as Europeans. Great credit is due to those who have labored so diligently in this direction. Next month we will have our "Huitau" or general conference at Tupekarunga in the Waikato, commencing December 22nd. We hope our labors will be sufficiently satisfactory to us to permit our absence to attend and unite with our beloved friends and brethren who will be present. We are at Ruatangata now, 150 miles north from Auckland, in a rainstorm. We are comfortable enough, and have spent a nice evening singing Maori hymns to Joseph Going and wife, our hosts. His brother Percy and wife were lately baptized and it has caused a whole lot of excitement in the settlement. The usual underhanded methods are being pursued by those who are without authority; even "the army" is ranked along with the rest. They forget the old prophecy concerning Zion, "that no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall be seen after many days," and so we anticipate in the future to see the fruits of our labors in this part, for we know there are good, honest-hearted people here who will receive the Gospel and testimony of Jesus when the scales of prejudice shall fall from their eyes; and may God speed the day when truth shall triumph and error be truly and everlastingly discomfited.

We feel very weak in endeavoring to fill our appointments, but the Lord never deserts us. He is our shield and strength, and on His potent arm we rely with supreme, unwavering faith in the result. All that we may and can do is but little, but if we do it well it will be acceptable to our Heavenly Father. Sometimes I wish I had the tongue of angels that I might declare His omnipotent word with thunders that admit of no controversy. Again we feel to say with the poet:

We are weak but Thou art able,
Hold us in Thy powerful hand.

Our testimony is being heard at every available opportunity, in public and private, and we hope that every settlement in this district will yet hear the message of salvation which we bear. The Presbyterians are busily engaged against us, and in Matakana

and Kaurihohori they refuse us the school houses, though the chairman of each place is desirous to afford us the privilege. But they are only one in five, and consequently are outvoted on the issue, and we must hire halls or give up any public work in these two sectarian strongholds.

I desire to express thanks to Charles Neal, of Plain City, and some thoughtful gentleman in your city for newspapers sent in response to our appeal, but they're not half enough to supply the demand for news of Utah and its people. Our health is good, though the last four months has reduced my avoirdupois 20 pounds. All things considered we cannot complain; the Lord is blessing us every day with food and friends and with His Holy Spirit, which cheers up and renews our souls when we are inclined to despair of seeing the results of our earnest labors. We have God and the right on our side, and come what may, these pure and holy principles of undefiled religion must ultimately triumph.

There seems to be an improvement in well doing among our Maories, and I have received very encouraging news from the Bay of Islands, where Elders Bartlett and Morgan are wrestling also with unlimited supplies of mud, and shortness of Maori tongue, like ourselves. Peaches and figs will soon be ripe, but indications are for a light crop of most all kinds of fruit, on account of the blight and unfavorable seasons. New Zealand is decked with ferns and flowers now, and the effect is beautiful; but the advent of settled warm weather is anxiously awaited by all.

I must close now, or it will soon be Sunday morning. With prayers for the Saints and for Zion, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,
B. H. HOLLINGWORTH.

Written for this Paper.

AMONG THE CHICKASAWS.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, Dec. 15, 1893.—Just as the sun was hiding behind the western prairie the Santa Fe train, via Oklahoma to Texas, pulled up at Davis, a small railroad town ten miles from Sulphur Springs, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory. Among the crowd on the platform were Elders J. H. Holmes and Frank Collett. Their genial countenances bespoke a kind welcome for their Salt Lake visitor to the southern headquarters of the Indian Territory mission. A ten miles ride in the darkness followed, losing our way two or three times. Elder Holmes realizing our position and being so well acquainted with this peculiar rolling, unsurveyed, wild country, walked ahead of the team, which seemed to want to go any way except the right road, and piloted us to our Indian home.

In the horseshoe bend on Rock Creek, about the center of a five-acre patch or clearance, in the forest on a little rise of ground is a log house about 16 x 16 feet with a lumber shed on the west for cooking purposes, while on the south is a lodging room or about the same kind and size. Several loads of rock piled up on the north end or gable of the main structure acts as a chimney to convey the smoke from the huge fireplace, where a pile of oak

logs are burning, its genial warmth cheering the inmates within. In the Elders' room, the shanty on the south, can be heard the beautiful strains of music of two guitars, as the melodies accompany the singing of hymns and sacred songs by Elders Collett and Davis. Elder Holmes is busy making preparations for an evening meeting; Elder Jos. Lowe is studying, while Brother K. is collecting items of interest for the loved friends at home.

Near the fireplace sits good old "Uncle Joe," as we call him—Brother J. J. Fry, formerly a Baptist preacher, born in Missouri, lived in Arkansas and California, spent some of his time in our mountain home and finally settled down at Sulphur Springs, Indian Territory, where in April of this year Elder F. B. Woodbury baptized him and "Aunt," his wife. Uncle Joe is a solidly built little man of 57 years; he wears a cane, having partly lost the use of one of his legs; he is one of those outspoken, good, honest souls, who take so much delight in confounding the learned clergy of the day with literal quotations from the Bible, and in administering to the comfort of our Mormon boys. Aunt, of course busily assisting her assistant, Sister Hill, preparing the good things of the earth for the inner maos, is one of those happy, good-natured home persons, like many of our good motherly friends to our Elders in the world, who so kindly do for some other mothers' boys, and claim them as her own. The childish life of our home is little Elroy, an adopted child of our friends.

A hundred yards from the front door, and bubbling up on the bank and in the bed of the creek, and in this vicinity, are the cool sulphur waters flowing from the renowned white sulphur springs, so famous all the way from Kansas to Texas for their health-giving properties. The trees in the dense forest immediately surrounding this health resort are composed of all kinds, oak, ash, elm, and the beautiful sycamore, interspersed with a great variety of timbers native of the sunny South, while here and there, climbing a hundred feet high to the tops of the massive oaks, are the bramble, the honeysuckle, wild ivy and grape vines, hanging like the rigging of a ship, having followed the trunk of the tree up, and a limb out, became separated from the main tree and hang out like a ladder from the earth to the sky. The rough, broken, rolling, undulating prairie and timbered country, like that which surrounds the Hill Cumorah, or that which our choir witnessed when they visited Independence, Mo., makes this one of the prettiest camping places on earth. During the entire summer and extending well into the fall of the year, people come from all parts of the surrounding country and camp by the hundreds. In later years religious revivals have been held among these trees until last summer when our Elders held the fort. While these people of leisure were whiling away their time partaking of the health-giving fluid of the springs, and resting from the cares of business and laborious life, loitering among the shady trees, in tents and wagons, they are only too pleased to be entertained by the guitar, the mouth-organ and the