

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.  
IN FAR-OFF NEW ZEALAND.

**HIKURANGI WHANGAREI, N. Z.,** November 17th, 1893.—It is nearly six months since I penned a few lines to your readers and probably some of them would like to know what has become of us. For introduction I would say that Elder Morgan and I did not reach the Great Barrier after all, on account of headwinds and a heavy sea, so after remaining until the April 22nd company of emigrating Saints and Elders had left for Zion aboard the S. S. Monowai we returned to our quarters and held Sabbath meeting with the Auckland Saints, being joined by Elder Hamblin from the Thames district, who came to Auckland to be treated for his eyes. The Spirit of the Lord was present and we all rejoiced together in the Gospel and testimony of Jesus.

The following day we journeyed to Riverheads aboard the S. S. Planet to the home of Mr. Alexander Stuart and wife, where we were most cordially welcomed and shared their hospitality, remaining over night. It rained buckets full, as the saying is, and we were thankful for shelter from the angry elements. We resumed our journey afoot to Elder Hardy's home at Horseshoe Bush, where Mrs. Hardy was very kind to us. My horse Ebony, so-called from his color, unfortunately got "tied up with supple-jacks" in the bush here and was in a most pitiable plight when discovered, and totally unfit for service, which put us in an awkward position. Elder Hardy came to the rescue though, proffering the use of an animal for our northern trip.

So next morning I left on horseback for Muriwai, in company with his two sons, Charles and George, and securing the horse lent to us, started to return. The rain came down in torrents, and I was soon gloriously wet, and darkness came on before I reached the Bush. I concluded to ask the hospitality of some settler close by, so, calling out in the peculiar manner of the colonials, I succeeded in bringing out a Mr. Donald Rowlands. Finding out my condition, he was very kind; soon I had my two horses grazing comfortably, and was sitting down to supper with the family, enjoying a chat with them upon the Mormon question.

In the meantime Elder Morgan had become worried about my non-appearance that night, but he was all smiles when I roused up to Brother Hardy's about 10 a. m. next day. Being anxious to return to our fields of labor, we left immediately for our Ngapuhi home, sleeping under a "totara" tree in the rain. That evening, being refused a shelter by a settler in the Pubol, next day rode fifteen miles and got some breakfast, making a hard ride for Whangateau, where we had two kind Maori friends, Wesleyans, named Hoani and Meri Kewene. Here we stayed four days, prisoners on account of a big storm that brought torrents of water and mud down every hill and gully. Pools became lakes, creeks

streams, roads nigh impassable, and tidal rivers entirely so; and we were pleased to be in such pleasant quarters until the storm abated.

From that on till we reached our headquarters at Opuawhanga nothing important occurred worth relating, except an encounter with a Rev. Horsfall at Hakaru. The usual well known subject came up, but the gentleman didn't reap any glory out of it. He asked why we came out here to preach to the people, instead of staying at home in Utah. The answer given was enough to definitely settle his mind that we were not out after the shakels, but to save souls. Two old ladies, the Misses Newton, started to his assistance, only to find themselves out of their element immediately. All this occurred at the house of a native named Pirimona, in the gum fields west of Hakaru, who had been a "lost member" of the Church for three years. I never got a more hearty welcome in my life than from that family. I had left Elder Morgan at the "where" of Henare Pirihiri while I hunted them up. My temporal wants being attended to by Sister Mitita, after the minister left, I held "Karakia" with them and talked about the Gospel and sung hymns with the family till nearly midnight: retired to rest feeling well repaid for my long and muddy tramp to their humble dwelling, and next day rejoined my companion. On our arrival at Opuawhanga we met Elder Edward Atkin, of Tooele (now at home in Zion), who was to preside in the district till released in July; also Charles B. Bartlett, of Ashley, Uintah county, the new president for the Bay of Islands. We were full of joy to meet, such as only missionaries in the field are permitted to experience, and of course we had to relate to each other everything worth telling, and Brother Finlayson's family were attentive listeners.

After a few days' rest, enjoying ourselves in each others' society, we left for our separate fields. Elders Bartlett and Morgan went off to Te Hora while myself and companion took another trail leading to Hora Hora, where shortly afterwards Hoani Mei Kaeo, the branch president, died, and was buried by his daughter's side in the "wahi tapu" by the sea at Teahaturu. We have lost quite a few members this winter, all natives, from various causes, some from getting too much "treatment" from the native doctor, or "tohunga Maori." It seems almost impossible to stamp out these old superstitions, though we occupy the ground with the principles of the Gospel as fast as possible.

On July 12 I bid Elder Atkin goodbye as he stepped on the boat that took him aboard the S. S. Wellington which left immediately for Auckland to connect with the S. S. Monowai. On the 15th, bidding New Zealand and its people adieu, he left for Zion and is now at home with his family. I felt keenly our separation, though we had been but ten weeks together, and when I had to journey alone I realized what I had lost. But meantime Elder J. H. Willard Goff, West Jordan, has reached our headquarters, where he

stayed a month with Brother and Sister Finlayson who were kindless itself to him. Though the weather was, as is usual, wet, it took but little time to rejoin him, and when I did, I found President Stewart there also, awaiting the district conference to be at Te Kabiwai July 29 and 30. Bad weather prevented its being a success in point of attendance, yet in all else it was good. Being called to preside in this district then, I felt my lack of knowledge of the language, still I have managed to get on very well considering, and realize that the Lord has blessed me. I was very nervous when called up to speak in Maori, but that has mostly all left me now. The health of the natives is good, which is very pleasing to us, for no "Kainga" has been left without some addition to the death roll this winter. Farm work, planting, etc., is behindhand on account of unreasonable weather. One man at Hikurangi has grass rotting on the field, there being no sun to cure it. Only three weeks in October and November have we had of good weather. Settlers are complaining about matters being so, and I am of the opinion we have "more climate to the square foot" than any other country I ever heard of. I read some and have heard much about the climate here, but the colonials don't boom it up like they used to in by-gone days, for it has seemingly undergone a most radical change. In the Waikato we had floods; further south the season is six weeks later, while the north is out and injured all round. The price of "Kauri gum" is down out of sight, thus depriving many of a livelihood; crops are failing, taxes and the necessities of life are going up, save the dairyman's butter and eggs. Butter is 12 cents per pound, new laid eggs 12 cents a dozen, while old potatoes are \$1.45 per bushel and well nigh all rotten at that. If the people in this district had, strictly speaking, to raise their own breadstuff it would go hard with them, as it is only two steps to a bread famine if their supplies from the south were cut off.

Yet there is no dearth of preachers; they are as thick as boys, in clerical robes and out, all trying to climb the slippery ladder to fame as orators. But their fine flowing language is not often associated with those pure and simple truths which Jesus taught and commanded His disciples to preach. The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ today come in for a good share of attention and abuse at the hands of so-called Christian ministers. Instead of meeting the issue like men, they go around where they fear the Lord's servants have sowed the seeds of life, and when we are away, crop in tares, hoping thereby to choke out the good we are striving to do. Prejudice, not truth, is their stronghold; still, for all that, victory is not perched on their banners. A Mormon Elder causes as great a care among these preachers as a bombshell in the camp of a vanquished enemy. None of them seek an introduction to us, taking care not to ask us to meet them publicly. Many people in this land are opening their eyes to the hypocrisy and cant of many of these gentlemen in broadcloth, and meantime our opportunities increase to do good and preach the glad tidings of great joy, of a risen Redeemer and the