

SALT LAKE TO NEW ZEALAND.

DAIRY FLAT, Horseshoe Bush, New Zealand, April 10, 1893.—Thinking a few lines from New Zealand would be of interest to your readers, among whom I have many friends, I embrace the opportunity which a stormy day affords to write this letter.

Being called by President Woodruff on October 2, 1892 to a mission in this land, I left Salt Lake City in company with Elder Chas. Peterson, of River-ton, Salt Lake county, at 10:05 a.m. December 3, 1892; reached San Francisco, Sunday the 5th, at 8:45 p.m. Locating at Hackmen's Hotel, we secured our berth's on the S. S. Monowai, which laid in the harbor awaiting European mails. We then visited the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, Sutro Heights and the Academy of Science. All of these places are both beautiful and instructive to those who can fully appreciate them. We also visited the mint and saw how coin is made. I saw two sales, sealed by the treasury department, were 10,000,000 silver dollars, placed there as security for a like amount of silver certificates in circulation.

At 3 p.m. Dec. 10, 1892, our steamer cast away, and soon dropped the pilot at the Golden Gate. From that date until the 16th, I have nothing interesting to record, having been subject to severe seasickness during that period. On Saturday the 17th, at 6:55 a.m. we reached Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. There we were met by Elders J. T. Giles, and Albert J. Davis, of Center Ward, Salt Lake City. It was good to shake hands with the brethren. The air at that early hour was cool and balmy, but was followed by a close, sultry day with the thermometer around 90 deg., causing us to perspire quit freely.

At 8 o'clock we had breakfast with the brethren named, in the mission house; afterwards visiting the meeting house, where services are regularly held with the Hawaiians. We partook of delicious ice-cream soda, that reminded us of such treats at home. Flowers abounded on every hand, while oranges, coconuts and other fruits adorned the trees in the gardens. There bananas were worth twenty-five cents for large bunches. They were considered very dear at that price, we were told. Leaving the business portion, we visited the queen's palace and government grounds, returning to the docks at noon. There the Royal Hawaiian band was employed for one and a half hours in rendering selections.

At 1:40 p.m. we stepped aboard our boat to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and floated out to sea to the familiar and touching melody, "Home, Sweet Home." With kindest recollections of our stop-over, we once more submitted to the monotony and routine of an ocean voyage.

On Dec. 24th we reached Apia and were met by Elders Browning, Summerhays, Bassett, Hilton and Abell. We had parcels for most of them, and right glad they were to shake hands with boys from Utah. We spent four hours there in sight seeing, though it was insufferably hot. Our clothing adhered to us in an unpleasant manner, but our stay was in all other respects made enjoyable by the brethren. There the profusion of nature was de-

lightful. Pine apples, bread fruit, bananas, alligator pears, coconuts, and other tropical fruits grow in rich abundance. We had as fine a meal as in any first class hotel at the restaurant of a Japanese named Ah Sue, on the invitation of Brother Summerhays. As we walked around with the brethren we were objects of intense curiosity to the scantily-clad Samoans, and the word "Mormons" passed from lip to lip.

But the best of friends must part; so, hearing the ship's whistle, we hurried to our boat and were soon again on board the Monowai. At 2.30 the vessel headed around and the enterprising Samoan peddlers dropped over the ship's side into the water and swam ashore. One of the passengers got intoxicated and struck the captain, for which he was promptly "put in irons," where he remained for several days, until cooled off. That, I believe, was the only unpleasant incident in the whole voyage. Soon we left Upolu and its chief town behind, and also the island of Tutuila, where trouble over the "kingship" of the Samoans, was, resulting in death to many of them. We had the privilege of talking on the Gospel to many of the passengers. Brother Petersen and myself did all we could to lay the real situation in Utah before them, and I fully believe with good results.

On December 30th, at 11:30, a.m. we stepped on New Zealand soil at Auckland, having been nineteen days and twenty and a half hours making the voyage. After submitting ourselves to the usual customs regulations, we strolled up the main thoroughfare, Queen street, to a Mr. Dalton's, at No. 210, to enquire for our brethren. We found Elders Milton Beaton and Clarence W. Taylor completing arrangements for a tour round the world. They left on the 31st on the Te-anu for Australia.

With Elder George Hales, of Spanish Fork, we were left in the city for a week. Then Elder Petersen left Auckland for Palmerston North, where he is now laboring among the Europeans with some success. I was appointed to travel in the Wairarapa district with Elder Hales, and on January 6th we began our northward journey. We have held meetings with the few Saints that now make up the Auckland branch, and it was urgent to round up the native and European Saints under our watchcare that are scattered from Auckland to the Bay of Islands on the north, where we have a branch at Waikare; there are five others besides those already named at Opuwhanga, Te Kaitiaki, Mokaw and Great Barrier Island, and Hora Hora. Five of these branches are made up of Maoris entirely, the other two of Europeans and natives too. Boarding the little coasting steamer Planet, we got to Riverheads in the evening, some fourteen miles in three hours. We stopped at Thompson's that night and next day went to Horseshoe Bush, to the home of Brother Charles Hardy, who is well known to all the Elders who have traveled in this part of New Zealand.

Securing horses that rejoice in the suggestive titles of "Castor Oil" and "Kopu-nui," we pushed on to Te Kaitiaki, our first branch of Maori Saints, having made many friends on our journey. I got my first introduc-

tion to Maoridom there, and was soon at home among them, though I didn't understand a word of their language. The president of this branch, Miki Tepirahi, is a gray-headed, intelligent native, and a good man. We held Sunday school on the morning of the 15th, and Sacrament meeting in the afternoon. Brother Hales acted as interpreter. I spoke a short time to the meeting on the object of our missionary laborers. We visited two families at Mangapai, on the 16th and 17th, and held meeting with them. The Saints at Opuwhanga were pleased to see us, and we remained five days. We held meeting at Hukurangi, with about forty present, when I had the first opportunity of laying the Gospel before the people in my own tongue. Elder Hales followed in a few timely words and at 9:15 the meeting closed. We then had "a pitch" with a Mr. Carter, a Primitive Methodist, who so kindly offered us the use of the school house. It was after midnight when we reached Brother Thos. Finlayson's home, where we were then staying.

The Opuwhanga branch is composed of three families, with Hans R. Petersen as president. Brother Finlayson has charge of the Sunday school, and though few in number, the scholars are abreast of the times in knowledge of the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.

On the 26th we reached Hora Hora, but the Maoris having gathered at Kauakaurangi, to a "hui," we joined them there and held service several times. Horoi Mei Kato, a fine man, and esteemed among his race, is the president of Hora branch. Many Elders who have labored there no doubt remember him well. It was there we met a Mr. John Giffney, the schoolmaster of this place, and made a firm friend of him. He is investigating the Gospel. I lent him the "Voice of Warning," which he promised to carefully consider.

At Whananaaki we met many of the Maoris from the Great Barrier, and held Sacrament and testimony meetings. On February 14th we met with some natives at Mokau and held "Karakia" with them. At Waikare, on the 16th, we met Henere Kemp and other Saints, and I had the first opportunity to practice myself at a genuine Maori "hanga," or rubbing noses, Elder Hales taking lead. I pressed my nose carefully on that of each native as they passed from him to me, and I must confess that I found nothing disagreeable about it; in fact I rather liked it, though it was a novelty to me. I understand some of our brethren don't care to "huoga," but for my my part I would rather do so than not, particularly so when it seems there is more for God and the Gospel in those who observe this custom.

During our stay there we held Sunday school once and one Sacrament meeting. Elder Hales spoke to the Maoris in their own tongue, and I had the privilege of listening to their musical language during the afternoon. I had the pleasure of baptizing three Maori boys there. They were named Hori Winlata, Henere Kaupeka and Hoani Repeta. We went out over very rough hills to Te Karetu, eight miles, and held a short service with the Maoris there, who are mostly Wesleyans. Returning to Opuwhanga