

always overestimated—it does not need to be a Sahara or a Gobi.

The longest waterless stretch on this oldest road is between here and Mountain springs, forty-two miles by railroad survey, usually called forty-five; and fresh teams often drive over it in a day; but tired and loaded teams need two or more days and must carry water or do without. Recently the new mining camp at White Hills, thirty miles from the river and a little to the left of the road, furnishes a chance to lessen the dry stretch of 12 miles and that camp has also made a new road to Haakberry, greatly lessening the distance to that point, which most Utah travelers went to touch to reach conveniently the various settlements of eastern Arizona. In a choice of several roads from here southward, on which I have done many hundred dollars worth of improvement work without help, and which still need much more, I am of course expected to tell the chances of each and be responsible for each, as well as for all the overloads, the exhausted teams, the lack of barrels, the wilful going off the plain road into the mountains in search of springs and all the other native contrariness often shown by travelers. A lovely position surely.

In a somewhat extensive experience I have found it a very unthankful task to direct travelers and am doing as little as possible at it. On the whole, and in the course of years, travel gravitates where the least serious obstacles are found. Thus far, for a quarter of a century, the travel from Nevada, eastern Oregon, Idaho and southern Utah to Arizona, has gone over the river here and below, following the natural passes and lines of drainage as affording the best chances for heavy teams, moel water, feed and chances of supply; while the bulk of the northern and Utah travel has gone above the Grand canyon over Lee's Ferry and kept the highland ridges of Arizona. Even if the ferry business was my only or main resource, which it is not by any means, I would not make any great efforts to influence the course of travel; but would say let people go where they think best so long as no misdirection is attempted or serious misrepresentations made. The whole country offers plenty of hardship without it.

Yours respectfully,  
FERRYMAN.

#### DEATH OF NANCY V. BROWN.

In another column will be found a notice of the death and funeral services of Miss Nancy Viola Brown, youngest daughter of James M. and Adelaide Brown of Ogden, and grand-daughter of Captain James Brown of Battalion fame, who at one time purchased from its trapper possessor the whole of the present site of Ogden. The young lady was a sweet and charming personality, and her loss was a terrible blow to her parents, who during the last decade have laid away four children all of whom had arrived at the age of maturity but were unmarried. The News extends sincerest sympathy.

A special from Solomonville, Ariz., says that Buck Lyson, a well known cowboy, has been drowned in the Gila river at Sheldon.

#### IN DISTANT NEW ZEALAND.

A private letter from Elder L. G. Hoagland, now on a mission in New Zealand, contains much that is interesting for publication. The News is permitted to make the following extracts:

CARTERTON, New Zealand, Sept. 4, 1893.— \* \* \* I have been here in the Wairarapa valley all my time since coming to New Zealand. The Wairarapa district includes all of the Wairarapa valley; and the valley averages a width of nearly ten miles, by sixty miles long, with the lower or south end ending at Cook's Strait, which is between the North and South Islands. Towards the lower end of the valley is situated the beautiful Wairarapa lake, which abounds with fish of different kinds, and a great many eels, which the natives are very fond of. These are caught by the ton, in large eel baskets, which are placed in the channel that conducts the water to the sea when the water is let out in the winter.

After being on my mission for eight months, I was called to preside over the Wairarapa district by the president of the mission, Elder W. T. Stewart. Shortly after this call Elder Geo. Bowles, who came direct from Zion, joined me as traveling Elder and companion.

On the morning of Aug. 24th Elder Bowles and I left Greytown (a small European city) to visit all the branches of the Church in the Wairarapa. After a ride of 25 miles by horse we came to the native branch called Te Waitapu, and on nearing the "pa," (village) we were greeted by the old sounds which are familiar to New Zealand Elders, "Tena korua, e hoa ma, haere mai, haere mai," (Good day, friends, come, come). After the usual greeting of "hongi," or nose rubbing, we turned our horses in the paddock, after which we spent the remainder of the afternoon in talking with the native Saints. The "pa" is composed of eight or ten houses (built Maori-fashion) with roofs thatched with long grass or straw, and bark side-walls. On a little rise a few rods east of the "pa" stands the "whare karakia" (or meeting house), a neat little church built by the natives (this was built European style) for the Church of England, of which all natives were members at that time. But when our Elders made an appearance in the "pa" and preached the Gospel of Christ, the natives were converted and became members of the Church of Jesus Christ after baptism. So of course the Church of England minister lost his salary and position amongst the natives of Te Waitapu.

We spent the evening of the day of our arrival in holding "karakia" (prayer meeting), which is held by natives every morning and evening, and consists of a song, reading a chapter from the Bible or Book of Mormon, and closes by prayer, lasting for about twenty minutes.

The following day, Aug. 25th, we continued on to Kohunui, a village of twenty-five native Saints, and which is the home of Piripi Te Maari, one of the most influential Maori chiefs on the island, and also one of our best Saints. We were warmly greeted by them and shown to our room, as they

call it, a room fitted up for the Elders in European style. We remained here over Sunday and held Sunday School, reading from the first chapter of the Book of Mormon (the Father of Moroni). We held sacrament meeting at 2:30 p. m., Elder Bowles and myself administering it. Elder Bowles then spoke on the personality of the Godhead, and referred to the Bible to substantiate his words, closing by encouraging the Saints to press on in their good works. I followed, speaking on the Gospel and its powers, referring to Paul's words, Romans I, 16-17; also that there was only one faith (church) Ephesians, IV, 5, and to the words of Jesus, John X, 9. Piripi Te Maari followed, speaking on sacrament and its institution by the Savior.

Sunday evening we spent telling the natives of the dedication of the great Salt Lake Temple and translating to them the dedicatory prayer as offered by President Woodruff. The natives were much pleased and asked us a great many questions on the same.

On awakening from our slumbers on Monday, the 28th, we beheld a beautiful spring morning and birds singing sweetly. After breakfast we took a ride to the sea beach at Cook's Strait to gather sea shells, and after remaining here for a few hours, we commenced our return to Kohunui. On passing through Turanganui, a small Maori village, we were halted by a native woman, saying "Tena korua e hoa ma, haere mai! maua whare ki te kai," (good day, friends, come into our house and have something to eat). We gladly complied as we were quite hungry after our day's ride. After eating and talking with the natives awhile (who were Saints) we continued on to Kohunui, where we arrived shortly before sundown.

We remained here till Thursday morning, the 31st, when we started on our return trip to Greytown. We had a fine day for traveling, and when passing the suburbs of Greytown, we saw a company of fox-hunters, men and women, on horses with their hounds going for a hunt, as is done very often in England. It was a New Zealand half-holiday (as is every Thursday), so there were a great number of spectators on the grounds to watch the chase.

Arriving at Greytown about 4 p. m. we turned our horses out and walked to Papawai, a branch of our Church about two miles east. We remained here over night at Brother Kumene Nuku's residence (who is a member of our Church). At this place is our headquarters, where we keep our trunks, etc.

We left here early on Friday for Carterton, where we had promised to spend the following Sunday. Carterton has a European branch of 43 members. On arriving here we spent a few hours at Brother J. C. Peterson's, and from there we went to Brother Wiley's, who is president of the Carterton branch, and remained all night.

On Sunday, September 3rd, we held a theological class at the residence of Brother J. O. Peterson, and at 2 p. m. we held a sacrament meeting at the same place. Elder Bowles was the first speaker, and spoke on the Kingdom of God, comparing it