



The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

VOL. I.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

THE HONOLULU TIMES.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT.....Editor

All communications to the Honolulu Times should be sent in at least three days before publication signed by the author, to the office, 82 Merchant street.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1902.

"For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him. Look how wide also the east is from the west; so far hath he set our sins from us.

Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children; even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him. For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust.

The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the merciful goodness of the Lord endeth forever and ever upon them that fear him; and his righteousness upon children's children."

THAT LITTLE CHAP OF MINE.

(Mrs. Ida Goldsmith Morris, of Glasgow, Ky., some time ago wrote a poem entitled, "That Little Chap of Mine." It was copied everywhere, the Southern Clipping Bureau reporting over a thousand papers that had used it. Then it traveled to England, and went the rounds there.)

"I know I'm jest an ordinary easy-goin' cuss,
'Bout like the common run of men,
no better an' no wuss.

I can't lay claim to anything as fur as looks may go,

An' when it come to l'arning, why, I don't stand any show;

But thar must be somethin' more in me than other folks kin see.

'Cause I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me.

"I've had my ups and downs in life, as all folks have, I guess.

An', take it all in all, I couldn't brag on much success;

But it braces up a feller an' it tickles him to know

Thar's someone that takes stock in him, no matter how things go;

An' when I get the worst of it, I'm proud as I kin be

To know that little chap of mine still thinks a heap of me.

"To feel his little hand in mine so clingin' and so warm.

To know he thinks I'm strong enough to keep him safe from harm;

To see his lovin' faith in all that I kin say or do—

It sort o' shames a feller, but it makes him better, too;

That's why I try to be the man he fancies me to be.

Jest 'cause that little chap of mine he thinks a heap of me.

"I wouldn't disappoint his trust for anything on earth,

Or let him see how little I jest naturally am worth

An' after all it's easy, up the better road to climb,

With a little hand to help you on an' guide you all the time;

An' I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be,

Since I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me."

MYSTERIES OF LIFE AT LOS ANGELES.

From the latest local directory the Los Angeles Times has made a

compilation of the number of persons engaged in various occupations in that city. As the results are of more than local interest, the list is given here:

Attorneys.	438
Barbers.	190
Carpenters.	110
Cigar and tobacco.	135
Building contractors.	182
Dentists.	125
Dressmakers.	247
Fuel and feed.	111
Grocers.	438
Insurance agents.	158
Meat markets.	120
Mining companies.	102
Nurses.	107
Oil companies.	144
Physicians.	494
Real Estate agents.	446
Restaurants.	130
Rooms to rent.	535
Saloons.	192
Shoemakers.	124
Tailors.	139
Music teachers.	235

From this it appears that the leading occupation in Los Angeles is keeping "rooms to let," there being no less than 525 persons so engaged. But the doctors make a strong showing, coming next in order, only a little less than 500. The Times estimates the proportion at one doctor to every fifty families.

There is also a dauntless little army of 446 real estate agents though how they all live is a wonder. Yet the problem of existence for them is probably no greater than for most of the 438 attorneys not to mention the 235 music teachers and others.

It has always been a good deal of a puzzle to visitors what the people of Los Angeles live upon aside from climate, and this list from the Times does not help to solve the mystery. No doubt the

tourists help out the residents a good deal, and in a population largely one-lunged there should be plenty of work for doctors, but where do the lawyers get in their work?

"West Australia," says Sir John Forrest, "is one of the wealthiest gold producing countries in the world today. Eight millions sterling or \$40,000,000 worth of gold has been produced in that state during the year and if no more of the properties secured capital and worked their mines the output would be much greater. English operators have fought shy of the field owing to the many fakes that have been put on the London market but there is gold there in astonishing quantities and the country is likely to produce something big in the way of Eldorados yet."

GLADSTONE'S PROPHECY ABOUT AMERICA.

From the St. James' Gazette.

Prophecies, even when the prophets are politicians, sometimes come true. Here is a notable Gladstone utterance which we can now look back upon as quite prophetic. Speaking or writing twenty-five years ago of the "menace which, in the prospective development of her resources, America offers to the commercial pre-eminence of England," the Grand Old Man predicted that America, and America alone, "can and probably will wrest from us that commercial primacy. We have no title, I have no inclination to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires it, she will make the acquisition by the right of the strongest; but, in this instance, the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now, the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed; because her service will be the most and ablest. We have no more title against her than Venice, or Genoa, or Holland has had against us."

HUMBUG.

The world dearly loves to be cheated—to be humbugged. It may be by cheap, unsound, unripe fruit, bogus butter, watered milk, spurious beer, etc., or, it may be

by some form of sensational religion(?)

Some ancient East Indian myths or northern sagas, or old rejuvenated ghost stories, or, mysterious "dreams and visions of the night;" any form of humbug that has the impudent audacity to pretend—and the world has never lacked that industrious element!—that it can lift the veil which a wise Providence has dropped before our mortal eyes, and let us know, "all knowledge and all mystery!"

A man brought in, a load of picked fruit, Bartlett pears, one morning to Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and he asked what he knew to be a fair price for his choice wares. He stood about for some hours on that hot, mid-summer day without disposing of the fruit, and then lifting box on to the side-walk, told the passers-by to help themselves. After tossing the last empty box into his wagon he drove off to his farm—a wiser but not a richer man, except in the recollection of those happy faces that thanked him for his gift.

The world dearly loves to be humbugged we repeat. It is, "as plain as way to parish church." We see it every day—see it without looking. How is it in Medicine, for instance: The quack who can quack the loudest, yea even drive a double team, can have *keep* his palm lined with gold, for his cheap syrups and jalaps. He is, true, clever-enough clown sometimes not to kill.

For this he deserves the thanks of a community. But, the skilled man who has spent years walking the floors of the hospitals of England, likely France and Germany, who by standing at the foot of a bed can tell what ails the sufferer, may sit in his office waiting for a call. Such is life.

How is it in Religion?

How many leave the "old paths" to seek a novelty—Christian Science, (so-called) Theosophy, Spiritualism, even a Buddhist priest—anything but those simple Truths, that he who runs may read. "Give to us new and strange doctrines; we are of the dilet-tante!" Ahem.

The world craves for humbug, and there is ever a Prof. Humbug on the scent.

It buys the specked fruit—the

unripe fruit, the wilted vegetable, the thin milk and, often, "changed," the rancid butter, and all the rest of a cheap meal; but, the world finds itself "sold," ere the appetite is half appeased.

"The last of a good thing is better than the beginning of a poor thing." Those Bartlett pears were rich, of rare, spicy flavor and filled, each one, a chalice of golden wine or nectar.

Il y avait une fois un Gascon qui s'appelait Huon de Bordeaux. Il rencontra un jour le roi des genies lequel lui fit present d'un cor d'ivoire et lui promit de venir a son aide quand il en sonnerait dans quelque pressant peril. Tout en lui donnant son cor, Oberon, qui connaissait l'humeur hasardeuse du personnage, lui recommanda la prudence, ajoutant que s'il s'avisait de chercher etourdiment le danger, il aurait tort de compter sur lui. Il lui interdit surtout de s'attaquer a un geant formidable qu'on avait surnomme l'Orgueilleux et que gardaient dans son chateau deux hommes de cuivre armes chacun d'un fleau en fer. — Fort bien! repondit Huon, j'y vais de ce pas; si malencontre m'arrive je cornerai et vous me tirerez d'affaire. — je n'en ferai rien, dit Oberon; ne vous y fiez pas, vous pourriez corner inutilement. — Sire reprit Huon, ne vous fachez point car je sais ce que j'en dois penser. — Revue des deux from Mondes.

BUGLE SONG.

"The Bugle Song" is universally considered one of the finest, if not the very finest, of short English poems. In writing of Tennyson, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American preacher-poet, says: "He has the power of expressing the vague delicate, yet potent emotions the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of faroff bells or the echoes of a bugle call dying among the hills."

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfiand faintly blowing!
 If hard blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer echoes—dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

—Tennyson.

FRIENDLY HINTS.

Snuff your candle, and keep it always burning, in the midst of this dark and naughty world.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

"In the day of adversity, consider."

George Washington couldn't tell a lie.

That little *prevarication*, you know, about "vaccination," is as big as a school-house!

"If you are green the goats will eat you up."

Dig up \$2 and join the Y. W. C. A.

Help the Sailors' Rest, corner Nuuanu and Queen, with books, papers, pictures, pretty cups and also flowers.

Likely, some of the sailors had a garden when boys.

You find room on your dining-table for flowers, a part of God's creation made to please twosenses;

find room too, for a small book-rest, and up on it an open Bible that even inadvertently, the eye may catch a word of the Divine Truth.

Hold your tongue and mind your own business.

Don't write a newspaper article when scalding milk or, boiling rice.

Keep your windows clean.

"Soldiers of Christ arise, And gird your armor on; Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His Eternal Son."

"A day's march nearer home."

"True greatness consists not in doing great things but in doing little things with a great mind."

The rainbows of Hawaii!

The sun rise the sun set, the sea the sky of Hawaii! Don't talk!

It was one very good thing happening—that Senatorial Commission.

They were good steersmen and kept clear of all snags and rocks. But they didn't omit, at the parting, to spell the word—"Republican."

We shall now have Chinese labor allee same—with time and patience.

This country's all right—yea.

Whatever you may do, don't be that rash to vote for Mr. Scuttle Scuttle brain. "Scuttle the ship, eh? Gare! Oh, Hawaii is the loveliest land on this plan it and we never tire of that refrain!

Do you read the Times, you'll have to read that fact, many times

She was that particular, was Miss Slimly that she would not slip even one hole, in lacing her boots; and, when we questioned her why she was so "fussy," she admitted that it disturbed her mind to slight the "trifles." She didn't feel so comfortable, she said, if she knew she had left the hairs in her hair-brush, for instance; she

couldn't work so well, all day, not to "put things straight." Whether at some time she had been "re-incarnated" and learned many of these "set notions" in China, as a Chinese woman, it is not for me to say—far beyond my philosophy! But, I do know, that she did not know a word of that tongue "You tellee me, breakfast alle samee 7 o'clock. I cookkee coffee, makee toasty, why you no come?"

But we knew and felt sure that in case of an emergency, we could put faith in our Miss Slimly—she would slip no holes nor would our shoes come untied.

"It's a mighty good thing," said a Kentuckian, "to study human nature; but, it involves eyes open and mouth shut."

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON
A.M.

Sub tegmine fagi.—Virgil.
 In shade of spreading beech I lie
 And watch through blue depths of the sky
 Proud argosies go sailing by,

While Fancy pictures in their train
 The castles we all build—in Spain
 That come and go and come again.

Without these figments of the air
 Our lives, so filled with toil and care,
 Would darken with a deep despair

But Faith and Hope, twin sisters bright,

Illume our darkest days with light
 That streams from Heaven's sublimest height.

I should not know whether to put music ahead of or behind dining, in a list of a German's favorite dissipations, says Julian Ralph writing in Collier's Weekly of "Summering in Europe," but I will be safe in ranking them as equal since both are oftenest enjoyed together, with the drinking of light beers and wines accompanying the others as a third partner in the feast. At the German resorts you do everything to music except the bathing. There are bands in the "spring houses" where you take the waters, bands in the parks where you eat, and bands in the parks where you eat, and bands in the open places where the people walk

and rendezvous. Many and many a night have I gone asleep to music in one of these resorts. The German loves to dine *al fresco*, and whenever it is possible he sets up his resorts in what he calls "the forest," though groves and even a few rows of young horse-chestnuts are often made to bear that impressive name. But I must not seem to make fun of either their bowery restaurants or their taste for them. During four weeks last summer in one resort I saw between thirty and fifty thousand persons take practically all their meals out of doors under the trees beginning with breakfast in the woods and ending with dinner in the hotel gardens or the sidewalk restaurants. They spent all their wakeful hours out of doors, and every amusement, luxury and necessity that could be adjusted to meet this love of the open air was made to aid them in this admirable mode of spending their holidays. In France, Austria, Germany and the Tyrol I lived ten weeks last summer and only ate three meals under cover, those departures being necessitated by violent rainstorms.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AND DOMESTIC INDUSTRIES.

BY FLORENCE E. WINSLOW.

The marked success which has attended an experiment recently inaugurated in connection with a Western University, with the purpose of enabling young women to aid in their own support during their undergraduate years, commends it to the consideration of the advocates of women's colleges and annexes everywhere. In the University of California are many young girls of good family, whose means are inadequate to their support. During their women, full of force and energy and hampered by few of the restrictions known as "social" in the East, find in the homes of Berkeley employment, in light housework, in reading to invalids, or in companionships to elderly women. But in the beautiful little college town there were not enough positions for those who needed them.

A woman, whose heart beats for and with every girl who is seeking an education, has built near the university a fully equipped modern

cottage with provision for instruction in those branches of domestic industry which appeal most to women. Here, by a complete and thorough system girls are taught sewing, and are gradually introduced to the mysteries involved in the needlework and embroidery, for which, as all women know, there is an increasingly steady demand.

As only fifty girls can be taken a young woman is not allowed to enter the industries cottage during her freshman year. Her standing as a scholar must first be assured; there must be character testing; the applicant must give evidence that she is entirely capable of maintaining a fair standard in her classes, in order that her university course may be aided and not marred by the industry system. These points being assured, a girl is received as a pupil in the Hearst Domestic Industries Cottage on generous terms. From the moment of her entrance as a pupil she will be paid for her time at the rate of twenty cents an hour. While a student, her time is worth less, when she becomes an expert it will be worth more to her employers. If she proves notably incompetent, her name will be dropped from the rolls; if she succeeds, she engages in the regular work of the cottage, and assists in filling the orders for fine handwork which are constantly received by its manager. Whether more or less expert, she will receive to the end of her service only the *pro rata* amount paid her at the beginning.

Each girl is allowed to work only so many hours as her health will allow. Under the care of a competent house mother of long experience in the service of girls, health is carefully safeguarded, and each of the fifty students provided with work in the cottage comes under the supervision of a good physician. The physical standard of the girls thus cared for, who are also given special gymnastic work is excellent. The workers do not reside in the cottage, but find in it many social pleasures. The equipment is of the best, and all material of whatever sort, used in the workrooms, is supplied to the scholars.

The promoter of this new form of beneficence believes that by providing these girls with true wo-

manly employment undergraduates can be aided in working their own way through college, and be at the same time prepared more completely for home-makers in later years.

The Hearst Domestic Industries Cottage, after some two years of service, has already attained no mean success.

THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music

Stills fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present

With color of romance!

I hear you call, and see the sun descending

On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,

Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation

No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition

Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,

I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,

The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,

The white Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting

Above the soiling sun;
And past the headland, northward slowly drifting

The freighted galleon.

O, solemn bells, whose consecrated masses

Recall the faith of old—
O, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music

The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—

Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,

The sun sinks from the hill!

—Brete Harte.

"You'd think that any one with such a wonderful right arm Would look on it as fun to help a bit around the farm. He never sits down idle from the dawn till set o' sun; There's allus somethn' doin', but he don't git nothin' done. An' Ezry ain't the only one whose talents goes astray. You see a lot o' folks a-keepin' busy, day by day; You look for them to do things; you are certain that they could; But at last they disapp'int you 'cause they

won't chop wood."

Reports of the work done in the Free Kindergarten published in this issue give our people a very comprehensive review of the success attending this philanthropic movement. Though times may be hard and expansion may thereby suffer a temporary check, it is the duty of the community to make sacrifices if need be that the Free Kindergarten may at least be kept up to its present standard.

Part of the fund of 1,000,000 guineas which the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England has succeeded in raising is to be used for the erection of a building in Westminster, to be the headquarters in London for universal Methodism. A plot of ground has been purchased directly opposite Westminster Abbey, and here it is proposed to erect a building architecturally in harmony with the surroundings which will contain two halls, one capable of holding 3,000 people, and the other, with a third of this capacity, a library and accommodations for the various societies of the Church.

THE WAY TO SHADOW-TOWN.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown,
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes down
Rest, little head, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare.
Drifting away from the world we

go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair
See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland.
The raining drops on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.
There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night!"

We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Eugene Field.

Yes, you're a pretty big man; but, still you don't quite represent the whole 45 States and 7 Territories—do you?

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

And how it flies today,
In your land and my land
And half a world away.
Rose red and blood red
The stripes forever gleam,
Snow white and soul white
The good forefathers' dream.
Sky blue and true blue, with stars to shine aright—
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

"There is going on here the same transformation that has revolutionized business enterprise elsewhere. You are passing from the era of small business and big margins to the modern era of large business and small margins. General prosperity may be as good under the latter conditions as under the former. But it takes more capital to run things under the new order.

"In my travels through your island I have seen nothing that should make it difficult to secure capital. Hitherto business and political conditions have been unsettled in Hawaii. Those conditions are passing and consequent stability will follow. From what I see in Hawaii you are the best sugar raisers in the world. As

long as there is sugar raised anywhere you will raise it here, and so long as there is money to be made in sugar, you have certain advantages which will keep your Territory at the head of the procession.

"San Francisco is the city which should rightly finance these Islands. She has money in abundance and her geographical situation makes Hawaii her field exclusively. San Francisco has not put the amount of money in these islands that she should. This is owing to the unsettled political and business conditions which have been incident to the overthrow and annexation. The labor problem is one which I think will adjust itself.

"One thing I notice is the high prices that prevail. I do not know the cause of this unless commodities are being artificially held at a level fixed when sugar was worth \$100 a ton. I think you must diversify a little in agriculture.

"I have been interested and pleased with every step of my journey through the Islands. Our firm took hold of Rapid Transit in Honolulu and are well pleased with results. We came down to look into some proposed extensions of that system and will furnish the money to make them."

THE POSTAL EXHIBIT.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Auditor Castle, for the Postoffice Department, has balanced the books of the postal service for the year ending June 30, 1902, and the result shows the following as the year's business of the entire postal service:

Gross receipts.. . . .	\$121,848,047
Total expenditures. . .	124,809,217
Net deficit.. . . .	2,961,170

The gross receipts or postal revenues exceed those of the previous year by about \$10,215,854, and the deficit is more than one million dollars less than the previous year, notwithstanding heavy extra expenditures for rural free delivery, etc.

TAX DAY IN NEW YORK.

New York, Oct. 7.—There was a rush to pay city taxes on the first day of collection which broke the

record in the amount of money paid and in the number of persons in line. The estimated total receipts for the day reached \$9,700,000.

When the windows were opened more than 2,000 property owners were in line.

The largest single payment was from the Vanderbilts and New York Central. This came in the form of one check for \$800,000. The Astor estate paid in \$350,000.

An unexpected payment was made by the New Amsterdam Gas Company on its assessments for the franchise tax. Corporations thus far have refused to pay this tax on the ground that it is unconstitutional.

HORNER ON AGRICULTURE.

Albert Horner was called at the suggestion of Col. Parker to talk of coffee. He said his family grew cane after having tried diversified agriculture and giving it up. He read a memorial giving the experiences of the Horners with agriculture. He told of trying barley and oats, which grew well for a short time, but were eaten up by worms. He then said that during 20 years all kinds of grain were tried from 1200 feet up, and always met with failure. In potatoes there was usually one crop in three years. He said there must be some enemy found for the insect pests. The first crop was usually good, but subsequently the pests came in. As to coffee, the family had increased its area until there was about 400 acres of trees. The last account sales showed \$95 for 1000 pounds, while the cost of producing it was \$105.25 for 1000 pounds. This he said meant ruin and the plantation's trees would not be cultivated any more. Many small planters had abandoned their fields and sought work upon sugar plantations. He said there was approximately 200,000 acres here suitable for coffee, but there would have to be some protection. He said if this acreage was settled the islands would become a paradise indeed. If a tariff could not be had he thought a bounty of four cents a pound would start the plantations. He said the coffee had been exhibited and won prizes and he thought the coffee had been put before the people properly but no

great efforts had been made owing to low prices. Senator Burton said he thought with proper efforts there could be found people to buy the coffee at a high price because of its purity.

Mr. Horner favored Chinese labor for field work and said this would help skilled labor. He thought there should be restriction to field labor for short periods and that this was the general feeling. He said he did not think white people would work in cane fields and that few natives worked in cane.

Col. Parker was asked about being engaged in the cattle raising business and raised a laugh by asking if an assessor was about. The questioning took the form of an inquiry into sheep raising, and Col. Parker said about 100,000 sheep were on all islands. In Honolulu the consumption was 20,000 carcasses a year. The islands do not raise sufficient meat for consumption and much must be imported from San Francisco.

W. S. Terry, a coffee miller for six years past, said he was one of the first coffee planters of the last boom. He said the coffee industry had been declining and he now bought better coffee for six cents than he formerly bought for 18 cents.

WANTED EASIER SUMS FOR BOY.

A teacher in the Dallas County public schools recently received the following letter.

Sir—Will you in the future give my son easier some to do at nites? This is what he's brought hoam two or three nites back: "If fore gallins of bere will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallins of bere fil?"

Well, we tried and could make nothin' of it at all, and my boy cried and laughed and sed he didn't dare to go bak in the mornin' without doin' it. So I had to go and buy a nine gallin keg of bere which I could ill-afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We fill them, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know whether it is right or not as we spilt some while doin' it.

P. S.—Please let the next some

be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere.—Mobile Register.

TRY.

To make a good wheaten loaf.
To love your neighbor as well as ———.

Not to spend your hard-earned wages for useless things.

To keep quiet and silent, a part of each day.

To read one good book every week.

Not to criticise anyone.

To be cheerful and not to borrow trouble.

To sing.

To put aside 10 cents of every dollar you earn, for one year, and then count the amount.

To give every day, something to someone in need.

HOW EASY.

To tell others what they ought to do.

To bid in, at auction, the things you don't need!

To tell a lie and easier, to repeat it.

To let mother do all the hard work.

To make promises.

To break one's word.

How Christ-like, to try to help the wretched and the downca st.

EASTER DAY,

Mar. 31st, 1902.

Last night there was a most terrific thunder-storm lasting for many hours. It was a parallel storm to that of Xmas Eve and like that, included quite the entire night. It is not as yet clear

Mrs. L. sent to me a delicious Easter diner, as I did not like to go over, the carriage came for me. The road is in a bad state

Bishop Willis resigns his jurisdiction to-day after 28 years.

Bishop Nichols is at the "Moana" and will attend to taking over the Church property.

No children have come over the road today to school.

April 1st.

Showers all night and now at 8 o'clock there are beautiful show-

ers. 1 p. m. the rain continues; it is very thick all over.

Sat. April 5th.

It is rather rough and a threatening sky.

Sat. April 12th.

Came home Thurs, noon in hack. Road quite good. Have written 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, of "Chink" since yesterday morning. Some times cannot seem to write anything. It is very warm today. Went to town last Monday. Wrote "Manifest Destiny" for Wednesday's paper on Tues. night the 8th inst.—*Wailupe "Journal."*

GOD'S POWER.

I marked the Spring as she passed along
With her eye of light and lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang forth from their icy rest.
The buds bent low in the breezes' sigh
And their (breath went forth in the scented sky;
Where fields looked fresh in their sweet repose
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.
I looked upon Summer—the golden sun
Poured joy over all that he looked upon—
His glance was cast like a gift abroad.
Like the boundless smile of a perfect God;
The stream shown glad in its magic ray—
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed—it was Autumn's hour—
A frost had discolored the Summer bower;
The blast wailed sad midst the cankered leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
The meadow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;

And I knew by the clouds by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near with his storms again.

I stood by the ocean—its waters rolled
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And Day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves dance round a thousand isles;
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played on the joyous breeze;
The prows rushed on midst the parting foam,
While the wanderer was rapt in a dream of home.
I stood where the deepening tempest passed,
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,
The clouds o'er shadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
And hills to the thunder peals replied;
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit with its red array.
And hath men the power with his pride and skill
To arouse all Nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the Summer cloud—
To allay the tempest when hills are bowed?
Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath,
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again when Death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur,
"There is no God?"
—Whittier.

COMING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

The following vessels are either on the way or to sail from San Francisco for Honolulu, Hilo and Kahului:

Gerard C. Tobey, American bark, Gove; Defender, American schooner, Marsters; Coronado, American barkentine, C. Potter;

Fullerton, American barkentine, Kahului; Enterprise, American steamer, Miller; Nevadan, American steamer, H. F. Weeden; Adams, United States steamer; Andrew Welch, American bark, Drew; Oregon, United States steamer; Mauna Ala, American bark, Smith; Roderick Dhu, American bark, Johnson; Annie Johnson, American bark, Engalls, Hilo; Kinau, American steamer, Freeman; George Curtis, American ship, Bennett; Alden Besse, American bark, Kessel; W. H. Dimond, American barkentine, Hansen; R. P. Rithet, American bark, D. McPhail; Irmgard, American barkentine, Schmidt; W. H. Marston, American schooner, Curtis; Archer, American barkentine, R. Calhoun; Marion Chilcott, American ship; C. D. Bryant, American bark, Colly; St. Katherine, American bark, Saunders, Hilo; Archer, American barkentine, Calhoun; Rosamond, American schooner, Johnson; S. N. Castle, American barkentine, Nilson; Planter, American barkentine, Chase; Martha Davis, American bark, McAlman, Hilo.

SOME LESSONS OF CHAUTAUQUA ON THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

(By the Bishop of Tennessee.)

At the beginning of the twentieth century, when our Nation is face to face with new and untried problems, which, we believe, are going to be solved, not only rightly, but righteously; and which, in the very struggle for that solution, are going to carry us, as a people, into great and splendid and, we hope, reverent possession and use of power—there are two things for which, above all others, Christians ought to work and pray.

Those two things are (1) the union of the American people, North, South, East and West—in mind and heart—without friction of sectional distrust or jealousy of mere political traditions; and (2) the consecration of this union in the Name and faith of Jesus Christ.

This was the thought that filled my mind and heart last Sunday, when I stood, quite humbled by the responsibility, to deliver some message to a congregation of over 7,000 people in the Amphitheatre of the Assembly, at Chautauqua, N. Y.

To those who have never been there, this institution is a revelation. It started about twenty-three years ago, and to-day there are twenty-nine similar institutions in various States of the Union. The New York Chautauqua is still by far the greatest in numbers and influence, and it represents the most unique and successful movement in the way of popular education on the American continent. There are at least 15,000 people, who spend the whole or part of the summer season on the grounds and attend the lectures, given by eminent men on nearly every subject included in a university curriculum; and there are thousands of others, who are not able to attend the lectures, but who follow the prescribed courses of study at home. The point I wish to make is that the tone and spirit and genius of a place like this must mean much to a man who wishes to come into large contact with the thought and hope of the American people. Therefore I venture to describe some of the impressions made upon me during my visit to Chautauqua last week.

In the first place the location is an ideal one for the purpose—full of beauty and inspiration—the climate cool and bracing, the scenery superb.

We left the Lake Shore Road at Westfield, seventy-five miles west of Buffalo, found a train waiting, began to climb the high hills that fringe Lake Erie. As our car rounded the curve, 700 feet above the Great Lake, we saw the sun sink away in liquid fire. In thirty minutes we were at Chautauqua Point, on the shore of another lake, Chautauqua, the highest body of water east of the Rockies—and almost directly across from us were the brilliantly illuminated buildings of the Assembly Grounds. Alake then, of

crystal water; surrounded by high hills; brodered by noble trees and green grass and bright flowers, its shores dotted here and there with pretty homes and villas and well-kept farms—the lake itself being 1,200 or 1,300 feet above sea-level—this is the physical environment of Chautauqua.

My next impression was the great variety of States represented in this place. It could be called a Northern nor even an Eastern institution. I found as many people from Texas and Louisiana as from Massachusetts and Vermont, and almost as many from Kansas and Colorado as from Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Nearly every great city in the Union is represented there, and almost every section.

My third impression was, that, whatever opinion one might hold as to the wisdom or necessity of the specific restrictions of the place, it was, in all the broad lines of it and in all the influence exerted, a Christian atmosphere. Education, self-improvement, moral and intellectual development—these ideas permeate the life of Chautauqua, and they all have a Christian meaning. The one lecture hall on the grounds that dominates all others in size, material and architectural effect, is the "Hall of the Christ."

And finally, I was impressed by the fact, that in this great representative gathering of Americans, for the highest possible expression of our people's thought and hope for themselves and for their children, our own dear Church was reorganized as a potent and conspicuous factor of helpfulness and power. In one sense—and that a very true and all-important sense—the place of the Episcopal Church is the most striking thing at Chautauqua. Right on the grounds, in the centre of the intellectual and religious life of the Assembly, we have our chapel. There are "headquarters" of nearly every denomination—so labelled and so regarded—but there is only one Church. In that Church every Sunday morning the Holy Communion is celebrated, and it

is the only Celebration of the Communion on the grounds. So precious and so momentous is that service that it has to be repeated every Sunday morning—at eight and at nine o'clock—and the chapel is always crowded, not only by Churchmen, but by devout Christians of every name. The Rev. G. W. S. Ayres, of Mayville, N. Y., is the priest-in-charge. Then, again, the service for the great and perhaps unequalled congregations at eleven o'clock on Sunday is taken bodily from the Book of Common Prayer; and it is a wonderful experience to read that service and to hear the roll of the responses from 6,000 or 7,000 people.

A bishop of the Church must ask himself, What does all this mean—in hope of larger union and in responsibility for wise encouragement of that union of our people in religious work and worship?

Does it not mean that, if left to themselves, without any narrowness or bitterness of party controversy, English-speaking Christians, with love in their hearts, and coming together for a common purpose, would naturally and inevitably unite on the "sweet reasonableness" and sanity of the principles of that Prayer Book which stands for the religious experience and expresses the religious ideal of the Anglo-Saxon race?

Does it not mean also, that we, who, by God's Providence, have been permitted to be the custodians of that Prayer Book and the representatives of the lovers of that ideal, have a tremendous, an awful obligation in the administration of our trust?

Does it not mean that we should pray Almighty God to give us "a right judgment in all things," that we may not ignore the signs of the times; that we may not permit the differences of opinion on matters of temporary or trivial import to obscure the larger purpose and the wider vision for the the future of the Church?

(To be Continued.)