

ing industries this will add to the commercial importance of the group, but nothing can add to its charm as a holiday resort.

When one tires of the blue sky, the many-hued rainbows, the glorious surf bathing on world famed Waikiki, the murmur of wind through the palms and the ravishing strains of Hawaiian music floating on the soft breezes, he has only to escape to the mountains to see scenes of surpassing grandeur or stand on the edge of Kilauae to be overpowered by the sight of the world's greatest active volcano.

It is a mighty bowl of molten lava, boiling up unceasingly, throwing high in air showers like molten gold. All round its twelve acres of liquid fire are the remains of a still greater crater, more than three miles in length and with an area of thousands of acres. In 1868 this whole area was in active eruption, boiling and seething with consuming heat. What this must have been like one can only dimly conjecture, as he stands in awed wonder in presence of the titanic forces at work in the present crater. At night when darkness furnishes a background for the intense heat and light and the sky is lit up with lurid glow for miles around, one can easily see how the ignorant natives picture this as the abode of Pele, a horrible goddess whose glance means death.

As you pull away, the docks are thronged with people of all nationalities, you are laden with leis, the flower wreath of friendship and farewell, while the band plays some of the heartsearching music of the olden days, ending with the Auld Lang Syne of Hawaii, Aloha Oe.

No other land but Canada tempts me as my home, but after two visits to Hawaii, I have much sympathy with the words of Mark Twain: "No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me, but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking through half a life time as that has done. . . . For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf beat in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloudrack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."