

women, and children engaged at a repast—some with swollen and fearfully distorted faces, others pinched and haggard—some with the extremities of the hands shrunk or eaten away, others with the prominent features of the face frightfully disfigured. One, however, could not but notice the apparent cheerfulness and contentment of these leprous outcasts in spite of their dreadful condition. Strange as it may seem, they do not usually suffer acute pain until the eating process reaches a vital part, and while some die in the course of a few months, others live on for years—even until the extremities of the body are entirely gone. Meeting with a physician formerly assistant in charge, I had an excellent opportunity of inspecting the hospital and seeing some of the most typical cases. The disease does not affect every one in the same manner, for while in some cases the eyes are first affected, or the ears, nose, or other extremities begin to decay or shrivel away, in others great tubercles break out over the face, distorting it in a most hideous manner. I saw some poor little fellows but eleven or twelve years old, affected



HAWAIIAN POI-DEALER.

in the manner last named, who looked quite forty years. Indeed the fact of quite a number of children being present seemed saddest of all to me—some of them but slightly affected, with chances of living on for many years. But enough of this.

The hospital, which is clean and neat, and affords the inmates even better comforts than they would have at home, is in charge of some good Sisters of Mercy from Syracuse, N. Y., who have given themselves up to care for and work amongst these wretched outcasts of society. The great sacrifices these noble women have made in shutting themselves up to such a work cannot possibly be appreciated by one who has not visited this home of lepers, and truly their reward will be great. In this connection I must briefly mention the name of that noble martyr, Father Damien—a young Catholic priest who, some years ago, of his own free will, went to minister and comfort the lepers banished to die on the Island of Molokai, though he knew full well the imminent danger incurred in so doing. Here he has labored faithfully and well, attending to the ill-fated creatures during the last and awful stages of their disease—during their greatest suffering and death. Occasionally he vis-

ited Honolulu, but about a year ago he wrote a touching letter to a friend, announcing that the awful scourge had at last made itself manifest upon him, and that he could never again leave that island, and further expressing a calm resignation to his dreadful fate. A true hero, indeed!\*

The first whites who came to the Hawaiian Islands were a dissolute, godless set—whalers and refugees from justice from other lands, and the effect of their evil influences upon the simple natives can be easily imagined, and to counteract which was up-hill work for the missionaries.

The Hawaiians are given to intemperance and are a very licentious people; added to this their improper care of themselves, through ignorance of disease, though there is an improvement in this, particularly latterly, does not tend to longevity. These facts go a long way towards pointing out the leading source of the decline of the race. It is hoped and believed that the Christian influences being brought to bear, and education, are checking some of these causes of the race's rapid downfall.

Unfortunately limited time and other circumstances would not admit of my visiting Kilauea, the great volcano, with its mighty smoking crater and lake of fiery lava; nor was I able to visit any of the other islands, some of which are said to be much more beautiful than Oahu.

I am indebted to several prominent Honolulu gentlemen, with whom I had the pleasure of making acquaintance, for much of the information contained in this letter, which I trust I have not made too matter of fact to be interesting. Many of the figures and other statements were taken from the "Hawaiian Almanac," a statistical annual; and from Prof. Zalm's "Letters on the Hawaiian Islands," and should be authentic.

This letter goes back to you on the same ship upon which I came out. In the sweet language of the Hawaiian again I say, *Aloha!*

We quote the following description of the great volcano of Kilauea from "The Boy Travellers in Australasia," by Thos. W. Knox:—

"It is fully three miles from one side of the crater of Kilauea to the other; but you do not walk in a straight course across it, for the simple reason that you can't. The crater is a great pit varying

\* We learn from the *Missionary Review* that another heroic priest, Father Condady, has recently sailed from San Francisco to care for him and eventually take his place.

from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet in depth; its floor consists of lava, ashes, and broken rocks, the lava predominating. It is rough and uneven, and in several places there are small craters sending up jets of flame, smoke, and steam, and there are numerous cracks from which smoke and steam issue constantly. In many places the lava lies in great rolls and ridges that are not easy to walk over, and some of them are quite impassable. Consequently the path winds about a good deal, and you may be said to walk two miles to get ahead one.

"The floor of the crater is hardly the same from week to week, and if I should make a map of it, and describe the place very carefully, you might not know it if you come here a year from now. In many places it is so hot that you cannot walk on it. Lava cools very slowly, and the thicker the bed of it the longer the time it requires for cooling.

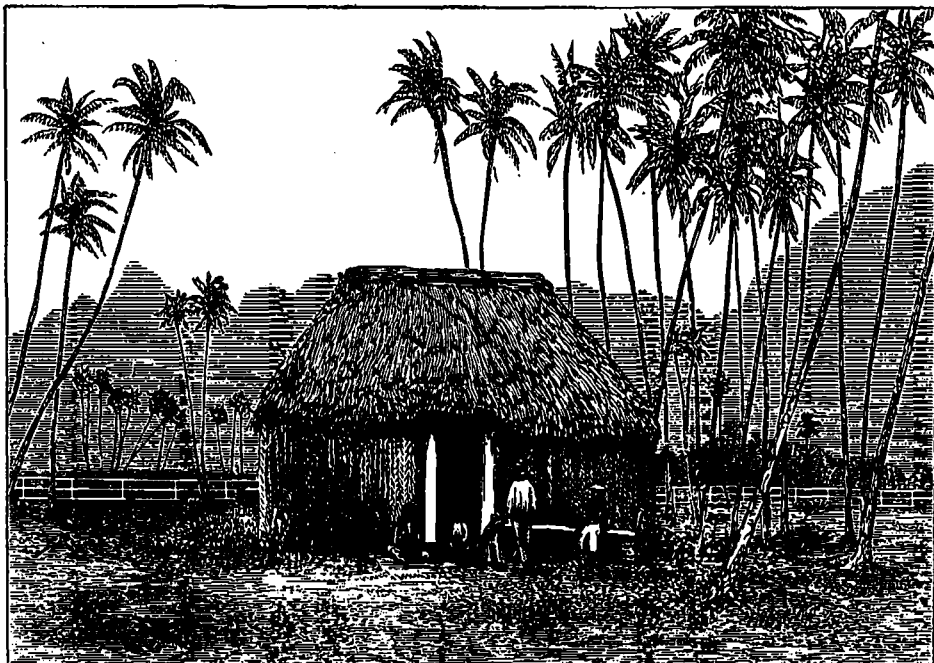
"Over the floor of the great crater we picked our way for nearly three miles to the Burning Lakes; and what do you suppose these lakes are?

"Their name describes them, as they are literally burning lakes—lakes of fire so hot that if you should be foolish enough to try to bathe in them, or so unfortunate as to fall into their waves, you would be burned up in less than a minute. We had to climb up a steep bank of lava to get in sight of them, and then what a spectacle was presented!

"There were two little lakes or ponds, five or six hundred feet in diameter, and separated by a narrow embankment which the guide said was occasionally overflowed, and either covered entirely or broken down for a while. These lakes are on the top of a hill formed by the cooling of the lava, and at the time we saw them their surface was, perhaps, one hundred feet below the point where we stood on the outer edge or rim. The wind blew from us over the lakes, and carried away the greater part of the smoke and the fumes of sulphur; but in spite of the favoring breeze we were almost choked by the noxious gases that rose from the burning lava, and the numerous crevices in the solid banks where we stood.

"The molten lava, seethed, bubbled, boiled, and rolled below us, its surface covered with a grayish and thin crust, out of which rose irregular circles and patches of fire that seemed to sweep and follow one another from the circumference to the centre of the lake. Every minute or so the lava in the centre of the lake bulged up and broke into an enormous bubble or wave which sometimes rose twenty or thirty feet into the air, and then broke and scattered just as you see a bubble breaking in a kettle of boiling paste or oatmeal porridge. I know the comparison is a homely one, but I can't think of anything that will better describe what we saw.

"The bank of the lake down near where the lava came against it was red-hot, and so you may imagine if you can a mass of liquid fire rolling and surging against a solid one. One of the lakes was much more agitated than the other, and the liquid lava seemed to break upon its sides very much like a sea upon a rocky shore."



GRASS HOUSE, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.