

Family Department.

[For the Church Guardian.]
PSALM CXIV.
WITH GLORIA.

When Israel's sons at God's decree
From captive chains, shook free their hands,
The chosen race His favour knew
And wonders filled "the astonished lands."

The shuddering sea their march beheld,
And, all her waves, in horror fled;
Jordan's swift flood was backward hurled
From Israel's heaven-guided tread.

Around the "mountain's trembling brow"
Behold the dazzling lightning's play,
While ominous thunders, loud and deep,
Sound o'er the earthquake-guarded way.

Whence this commotion wild, O sea?
Why, Jordan, these affrighted waves?
Why, mighty mount, this tottering crown?
Which, else, Time's fiercest tempest braves?

Well may'st thou shudder, conscious world
And, to thy depths abysses, thrill!
John's angels thy towered pile,
And bids these foaming floods "Be still!"

To Him, whose glorious Name entwines
In Godhead One, the Persons Three,
Till time's last age has rolled away,
All honor, praise, and glory be!

Oct. 7th.

LORENA.

LETTER FROM SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WAILUKU PARSONAGE,
Island of Maui, H. I.
Sept. 23d, 1880.

My Dear Friends.—While sitting in the parlor of St. Cross School last week, I picked up some CHURCH GUARDIAN, and came across my second letter in the July number. I see that I have promised to write of our works here in Wailuku, and now that we have quite settled down and the romance of the change is over and nothing is strange anymore, I feel that I can fulfill my promise understandingly and clearly. To begin, then, our Church is a school church, not consecrated, but supposed to be only a temporary building. It is neat enough, however, and answers the purpose very well, especially since the church part is now used only for the Services. Until a year or two ago, the Church had the exclusive control of education here; but along with other progress in these Islands, has come improvement in educational matters, and a Government school building has been erected, and several teachers employed, and all support withdrawn from the English Church. So that where the Church schools numbered considerably over one hundred, and occupied the whole building, now we have only forty, and occupy only the oil for the Services. The Church will seat about one hundred people is very cool and airy and every way tidy. A platform is run across the east end, and upon this stand prayer desks and lectern, and the steps supplies the chancel rail, and another the altar. The altar, which is of proper dimensions, is vested properly, and its retablo holds the cross, vases, and candlesticks, while a stained window, the only one in the Church, is placed above. I am thankful to say, the building is one easy to speak in and there are no hot stove pipes just over one's head to make the temples throb, and no cold weather under the floor to numb the feet. It is an interesting change from my experiences in Minnesota and Nova Scotia. The little church room is always full of bright sunshine; the windows are always open, and people glide noiselessly into church without pegs in their heels, and shawls and numberless wraps enveloping their persons, making them look like mummies. They sit into Church in lawn and other light textures beaming with smiles of contentment, and throughout the service seem thoroughly to enjoy themselves, not wearily fanning and fanning their tired and hot countenances, but thoroughly enjoying the cool breezes which ever blow here, and make the climate perfectly charming. I am sure they must enjoy their worship, for when they are bidden to "let their light shine before men" to the glory of God, they gladly average in their offerings one shilling per capita, and stand upon their feet and literally offer their alms to their God upon His Holy Table. Of course the congregations are small, averaging perhaps fifty, but the town has its meeting-house for natives, and a congregational place besides, which leaves the church but a few, for the Islands are distinctively congregational. Those few, however, have their church, and would not be without it, so that despite the few my income is just double what it was in Nova Scotia, and is more than

promptly paid. We have no choir. Mrs. Groser does faithful service at the organ, as she has always done for me, and her reverend father before me, playing the organ and leading the singing; while opposite Mr. Merrill stands and lends his stentorian tones and I try in my feeble way to add to the effect, and some half-whites sitting in the front seats do a good part, and far from complaint very kind words are spoken of their efforts, and so we, day by day and Sunday after Sunday, try to fulfil our duty to the praise and glory of our Heavenly Father. And how feeble indeed are these efforts how choked oftentimes with cares and worldly thoughts. Who but our adorable Jesus would accept such half-hearted service, and make it acceptable to our God? Like St. Paul, we and you and all Christian folk would do more if we could, but an infirmity, or a prejudice, or a preference, or an indifference, or a discouragement, stands in the way, and we are very submissive to these kinds of things for it is the old, old story of sin—poor human nature!

But as an oasis in the desert, comforting the weary traveller, so does every Christian find his little green spot of earthly joy, and continue on in his Christian course despite his own shortcomings and infirmities. That's what we are trying to do, and we have many assurances of the ultimate success of our hopes and efforts.

Our work is never bustling, the climate would forbid that; neither are we once at rest. It is continual work, but work quietly and regularly done. Take the first day of the week, we have early Communion, then Matins at 11 a.m. Sunday school at 3 o'clock, and in the evening at 7, Evensong.

On the 1st and 3rd Sundays I am in the morning, on the 2nd and 4th Sunday's over at Lahaina, while once a month a service is held by one of us at Hamakua. Throughout the week we have school work, principally to attend to. The children, comprising natives, half whites, and a few Chinese assemble at 8.30 in the school room, and are marched, after the ringing of the bell into the church for Matins; they are very well-behaved, and take a hearty part in the responses of the service. The school begins work at 9 a.m. At 1 p.m., Mr. Merrill hands the school over to the missionary priest, myself, and he, assisted by his wife, instructs the children in Christian duty, Church doctrine &c. After which while she instructs the girls in sewing, he teaches them drawing and writing until 2 when work is *pan*, a native word meaning finished. In the afternoon we have writing to do and Evensong at 5 p.m. and in the evening while Mr. Merrill has a class of young men, I teach a class of Chinese. My share in the work is of course very much interrupted by my absence every other week in Lahaina, and by my long trips to Makawao and Hiku &c. whither I must go to visit and baptize &c.

In going among the natives, there are many novel things which a stranger has to become accustomed to.

How strange to see a tall muscular Kanaka sitting upon the sea shore in the breeze, the surf just reaching him, no hat upon his head, nothing on him, the Honolulu newspapers which he is devouring with marked eagerness. Many a man thus seen or found up to his waist in the wind and water of the taro patch is a justice of the Peace, or a District Judge, or a prominent lawyer, or a Deacon of the Congregational Church. No one is poor here, there are no paupers. No one even asks for help. They live in little houses built of grass, and sleep on large mats made of straw, very strong and finely made, and these they pile upon each other until the whole is sometimes two feet high.

They make their little taro patches with little difficulty; they dig out a large square hole, say thirty feet square, and build a substantial wall of clay about and above it, and fill this with mud, which they keep fresh and moist by running water through it. Here they plant their taro, which is their principal food. And as you visit these people you see the men divested of all clothing, save the breech clout, and the women with their clothes tucked up standing in this mud and planting or cultivating the crops. Several thin, angular, meek, hungry horses are seen, too, smelling around for feed, and getting a scanty living on the grain which fringes the taro patches, or standing belly deep in water and feeding on the grasses which grow on the bottom. Taro costs little or nothing to raise, and with it they fatten

themselves and their hogs, and this with coconuts and guava, and some small fish, keeps them well and happy. A happier lot of people one never saw. And why should they not be happy? They have places of worship, they have schools in abundance, they can read and write, all of them, they need little money, they have plenty to eat, they need not work very much, and body, mind and soul are at perfect rest and nothing transpires to disturb their tranquility, for even their Kingdom is managed for them by the Haole or foreigner.

About half our congregation is composed of these people who have learned English. Our school is nearly entirely composed of them, and just so soon as we are able to meet them in their own language we shall have a great work before us. It is a little strange to see in our school seats side by side, the Hawaiian, Chinese, Portuguese, and half white. There are some very pretty faces among them too, and the loose, long holaku, or dress of the girls, gives grace to their movements, and this, with their flowing hair, and bare feet, and modest, shy behaviour, contrasts favorably with the pert, high heeled, wasp waisted, fashionable misses who often come here from other lands. Let me close with two remarks. First, let me ask our friends to write, and send papers. And let me ask some one to try and bring his influence to bear upon my worthy and good friend, the Editor of the CHURCH GUARDIAN, so that he may be induced to send me the paper.

Second, I will send one of the native hymns, which we sing very often in our Sunday school, and at Matins on Saints Days. It is the same which we sung so much at Eagle Head, where we were drilling those dear boys for the choir.

Until the next, I am very truly yours,
C. E. GROSER.

"JESUS MEET AND GENTLE."

E Jesu akahai,
Hoola aloha,
E hoolohoe mai
I kou kamalii.

Hala i na hala,
Wehe ua kaula,
Hooloku i na ulana
Mai ka ulanaheo.

Hoolohoe i na nana
Me ke lola nau;
I ke no i luna
Kano ia inakou.

O oe ka ala,
E kai i kou poe,
Ma ka ko ao nei po,
A hiki ka la.

E Jesu akahai,
Hoola aloha,
E hoolohoe mai
I kou kamalii.

AMENE.

THE STONE LAMB.

A German clergyman, Pastor O'Fencke, tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with on his travels. In 1865 he stood with a little band of travellers, before the beautiful Roman Catholic Chapel of Werden and der Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. While they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobnobbing along a little way off, if she could tell them about it, and she replied "yes," and related why it had been placed in that strange place.

"Many, many years ago," she said, "where that lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well! he was working in this manner one day when suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way, and he fell down, down from that great height to the ground below! Of course, every one who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed; especially as the ground, just there, was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But, to their great astonishment, he rose from the ground and stood up quite uninjured! And this was how it happened; a poor lamb had wandered quiet up to the side of the chapel, in search of the sweet young grass which sprang up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this lamb—it had saved his life; for he had escaped with the mere fright and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall upon it. So, out of pure

gratitude, the man had the stone lamb carved, and set for a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb."

Do you not think this a beautiful story? Does it not remind you of the story of the Lord Jesus, the Lamb of God who was slain for us that we might live forever? Never forget that "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." And let us copy the poor man's example in being truly thankful, and in showing that we are so. He could not do anything more for the lamb which had so wonderfully saved his life than make a little monument or memento of what it had done. But there is much that we can do for the lamb of God who was slain for us. We can love him for what he has done, and we can give him the one thing he wants from us. Do you ask what it is for which even the God of Glory longs, he who has all the riches of the world, and to whom heaven and earth belong? He says: "My son give me thine heart"—Selected.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE ROLL.

AFTER a time of great trial, Luther tells us he was seeking rest in sleep, and he saw, as sleep came to him,—in his dream he saw,—Satan standing at the foot of his bed. And Satan jeeringly said to him: "Martin, thou art a pretty Christian, Martin! Hast thou got the importance to assume that thou art a Christian?" "Yes," said Martin, "I am a Christian Satan; because Christ has allowed me, as any sinner may, to come to Him." "What?" said Satan, "thou art a Christian? Thou art a pretty Christian, Martin! See what thou has done?" And Satan took a roll and began to unroll it; and there at its head, Martin Luther saw some sins set down that had passed away into the dim distance of childhood. He had forgotten them. Martin shrank as it struck his sight: but the roll was unrolled leaf after leaf, foot after foot; and, to his horror, he saw sin after sin, he never knew anything about at all, written down there, complete in every detail,—an awful list; and in his dream, he says, the sweet of mortal agony stood on his brow. He thought, "In truth, Satan has got right on his side. Can such a sinner as this be just with God?" He said, "Unroll it! unroll it!" and Satan jeeringly unrolled it and Luther thought it would never end.—At last he came nearly to the end; and, in desperation, he cried, "Let us see the end!" But, as the last foot of the paper rolled out he caught sight of some writhings, red as blood, at the end; and his eye caught the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And the vision of Satan floated away, and Luther says he went to sleep. Ah, yes, dear friends! that is it. The Saviour ever deigns to wash away even the unknown defilements of His child's soul. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

Mortal disaster, life-wreck, comes whenever the servant takes the reins and rules the life. Gluttony, or any kind of intemperance, enfeebles the soul, and drags it down to death. It cannot be too early nor too deeply realized that the body is the servant of the soul. We are compelled to care for the outward, the material, but only that it, in turn, may serve the lord of the dwelling. The body must know its master. Integrity is lost the instant any appetite or desire in the body becomes so clamorous and important as to take control of us. Better lose at once all possibility of any enjoyment through the material organism, than have ourselves enslaved to gross passions—to sink beneath the brutes.—President A. Owen Denison Unites sig.

EVERYTHING around us has a capacity for rest as well as action. The stormy winds and restless waters can be calm as a sumbring infant. The city, with its hum and stir of voices and footsteps, lies hushed and restful in the quiet of every midnight. There is a double capacity, however, in the Christian life; not restless at one time, and calm at another; not working first, and then taking rest; it is composed of united labor and repose. It is only the Christian who can combine these two apparently anomalous states, namely, that of work and rest.—Illustrations of Truth.

THE nearer the soul is to God, the less its perturbations; as the point nearest the center of a circle is subject to the least motion.

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.—F. Adams.

Marriages.

DORT—DORT.—At the Old Dutch Church, Halfway Cove, on October 8th, by the Rev. W. J. Arnold, William L. Dort, to Mary E. Dort, all of Sandy Cove, Guysboro'.

ULLOTH—WEBBER.—At Torbay, on October 11th, at the residence of the bride's father, W. Webber, Esq., J. P., by Rev. W. J. Arnold, John J. Ulloth, of Cole Harbour, to Lavina C. Webber, of Torbay.

PATNE—TURNER.—At St. Andrew's Church, New Haven, C. B., George Patne, of Rose Blanche, Nfld., to Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. James Turner, of same place.

HILLIARD—KNIGHT.—At Inglewood Manor, Mequash, N. B., October 13th, by Rev. H. M. Spike, Rector, Heidee Hilliard, C. E., of Oldtown, Maine, U. S., to Bessie, eldest daughter of T. E. Knight, Esq., of Mequash.

TYNER—BELDON.—At Chances Harbour, Port of Mequash, N. B., October 12th, by Rev. H. M. Spike, David Tyner, to Amanda Adeline Beldon, of Chances Harbour.

DARKIN—McMULLEN.—On Thursday last, at Florenceville East, by the Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, Andrew, Mr. Samuel Darkin, to Kate, daughter of Mr. Willey McMullen, both of Pictou.

HOYT—VOUGHT.—At St. John's Church, North Sydney, Monday, October 11th, by the Rev. G. Metzler, Mr. Charles J. Hoyt, to Elizabeth M., eldest daughter of John Vought, Esq., all residents of North Sydney.

TRAVERS—DYER.—On the 11th October instant, at St. Peter's Church, Alberton, P. E. I., by the father of the bride, Mr. J. Charles Travers, of Kildare Cape, to Isabella, only daughter of the Rev. R. W. Dyer, Rector of St. Peter's. The ceremony was witnessed by a very numerous congregation of all denominations, who were unanimous in their hearty congratulations of the bride and bridegroom, both of whom are most deservedly popular in their neighborhood.

Deaths.

BOWMAN.—Oct. 12th, Charles Bowman, aged 25, in the accident by water at the Foundry, Apion Mines.

STONE.—At Tay Creek, York Co., N. B., on the 25th ult., of consumption, Martin, beloved wife of Henry Stone, Jr., aged 21 years.

THOMAS.—At Tay Creek, York Co., N. B., on the 31st ult., of consumption, Elizabeth Allen, daughter of the late William Thomas, aged 25 years.

THOMAS.—At Tay Creek, York Co., N. B., on the 6th inst., of consumption, William, son of the late William Thomas, aged 27 years.

GRAY.—At Stanley, York Co., N. B., on the 4th inst., after an illness of only two days, Anna Gray, aged 79 years, deeply and sincerely regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Andrew Robinson, Lawrencetown, Halifax Co., N. S.; Hugh Lane, Truro, do; Rev. A. C. McDaniel, Bayfield, Antigonish, do; Matt. Connors, Afton, do; Mrs. Dr. S. the land, Tracadie, do; Chas. Harper, P. int du Chene, N. B.; F. L. Theal, Shediac station, do; Mrs. B. Smith, do; Mrs. D. C. Smith, do; Mrs. W. E. Atkinson, do; Mrs. Jno. Cook, Point du Chene, do; Hon. D. Hamilton, Shediac, do; Mrs. H. A. S. Smith, do; Henry Robinson, do; Archd. Murray, do; M. W. Bateman, do; Mrs. E. M. M. M. do; Jno. Welling, do; Mrs. Alex. McQueen, do; Mrs. Jno. N. Ayer, do; E. P. Harrison, do; Nelson Cannon, Shediac, do; Mrs. Anthony S. Armour, do; S. J. Welling, do; Ouel Chapman, do; E. J. Melling, do; J. Cape, do; W. B. Harsham, do; Mrs. J. N. Leon, Pettediac, do; C. E. Fowler, do; Mrs. David Taylor, do; Mrs. McCarroll, do; Jas. H. Morton, do; Frank Reynold, do; J. H. Mullin, Havelock, do; G. Rix Price, do; E. S. Ritchie, Pettediac, do; G. Thom, Salisbury, do; Jno. Negus, North River, do; A. E. Flewelling, Pleasant Grange, do; W. C. Crawford, Hampton, do; S. S. Erie, do; W. K. Crawford, do; Mrs. Geo. Flewelling, do; Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, do; Jno. Raymond, do; Joshua Smith, Hampton Station, do; Mrs. Wm. Crawford, do; Samuel M. Crawford, do; Jas. Cookson, do; H. Fairweather, do; Mrs. J. S. E. Hemm, Blueberry, Queen's Co., N. S.; Rev. M. M. Fothergill, Que; Isaac McS. Acker, Birchtown, Shelburne, N. S.; Wm. Heaton, Sandy Point, do; E. W. Beatty, Parsonsboro, Miss M. E. Fraser, do; Capt. D. M. Pettis, do; Wm. P. Lynch, Sussex, N. B.; D. S. McManus, do; Miss E. Scollay, do; Regie Arnall, do; C. H. Fairweather, do; Archd. Mitchell, do; Mess Ross and McPherson, do; Wm. Howes, do; Jno. Barnett, do; Dr. Vail, do; A. McLean, do; Mrs. O. Hallatt, do; Wm. McMullan, do; J. M. Hallett, do; A. E. McLeod, do; D. S. Flewelling, do; H. A. White, do; H. Golding, do; Amos Kennedy, do; Mrs. Jno. Alexander, Upper Corner, do; Mrs. Manchester, Oshagui, do; Mrs. G. Lead Secord, do; J. H. Secord, do; Mrs. Robt. Shark, do; Mrs. Geo. Hemmon, Port M'way, N. S.; Robt. Spall, Yarmouth, do; Miss McEldre, Dumfries, N. B.; R. V. C. J. S. B. thune, Port H. ps, Ont.; Hugh G. Massey, Summerside, P. E. I.; Mrs. Strickland, Charlottetown, do; S. P. Fairbanks, Dartmouth, N. S.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cures, that do harm always, and use on your natural remedies for all your ailments, you will be wise, well and happy, and save you at expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.