

trees and fruits will flourish on the islands. At the present time, one can see the orange, lemon, citron, bread-fruit, mango, persimmon, almond, coconut, pine-apple, banana, fig, lime, tamarind, plum, algeroba, grape, pear, banyan, and almost every variety of palm. Beside these, the soil produces yams, potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, peas, beans, corn, melons, cabbage, cauliflower, squash and tomatoes. Taro is largely grown and used. The revenue from all sources amounts to \$1,627,000. The public debt is \$3,400,000. The government pays for free schools \$240,000 a year. Practically every man and woman and child on the islands can read and write. The government pays \$170,000 for the support of the lepers. They are segregated on the Island of Molokai. They have 5,000 acres set apart for their use. On three sides they are surrounded by the sea, and on the fourth there is a precipice over two thousand feet high. It was there that Father Damien did his work and won immortal fame.

The natives are dying out. Captain Cook estimated that there were 400,000 people on these islands. This estimate was too high. In 1831, there were 130,313. Between 1850 and 1884, there was a decrease of 62,385. The population in 1894 was 100,044. Of this number, 41,736 are Hawaiians; 15,000 are Chinese; 21,600 are Japanese; and 21,708 are Americans or Europeans. The property is now for the most part in the hands of the whites. The industrial development of the islands has changed the character of the population. On the street one sees people from all parts of the world. Honolulu is cosmopolitan. There are on the streets Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, South Sea Islanders, Scotch, English, Germans, Canadian, Americans and Hawaiians. The population being changed, there is now a new religious problem. The American Board felt that it could withdraw from the field thirty years ago. But new peoples are coming in. As this industrial development continues, more and more will come. A walk with W. C. Weedon through the Chinese and Japanese quarters near midnight shows that there is room for all who wish to work. The Hawaiian Evangelical Association is doing a great work, still there are thousands whom the Gospel has not touched. The Roman Catholics entered the islands in 1827. Their claims were backed by French cannon. They have now a strong staff and many adherents. The Church of England sent some workers here in 1862. They have not made much headway, so far as I could learn.

For several years there has been a number of Disciples in Honolulu. Their homes and their business interests are there. They are incurable Disciples. They want their children to grow up in the faith. Nearly two years ago, they invited T. D. Garvin to settle among them and to organize a church. One year ago a congregation of eleven members was organized. They number now thirty-five. Nine others were added, but these were organized into another church on board the British ship of war, the *Hyacinth*. Lieutenant Stileman is their minister. A Sunday-school was organized last December. There was then one scholar; now, there are fifty. A chapel is in course of erection, and will soon be ready for use. It will not be as fine as the Union Central Church, which cost \$137,000, but it will answer all purposes just as well. Last year six men assumed all the expenses of this enterprise. It was a brave thing to do, but they did it. Miss Harrison is at work among the Chinese. The day I was there, one was baptized in a pool that once was used only by the great chiefs for bathing purposes. Bro. Garvin has baptized a hundred Japanese since he came to Honolulu. Many of these are scattered far and wide. Some of them will carry the seed into their new homes, and God only can foresee the results. On Sunday, I spoke twice in Harmony Hall, and once to the Japanese through Miss Harrison. The audience was good and attentive. Among them was Hon. A. S. Willis, American Minister, and his wife and son. They invited us to break bread with them on Monday. Under their hospitable roof we forgot time and space, and fancied we were back in an old Kentucky home. There was some feeling at first against our people organizing a church in Honolulu; but that feeling is giving away. Dr. McArthur told the pastors that, if the Disciples had not begun a work, he would urge the Baptists to send a man there at once. As it is, there is no need.

In 1820, Honolulu had a population of 4,000, living in grass huts; a few cocoanut trees, no flowers, no green-sward, no water, no horses or carriages. All round was a barren waste. Now it is a well built town, with beautiful groves and flowers of every kind, carriages and horses without number, electric light, water works, a kindergarten, schools for boys and girls, a college and seminary, a public reading room, a Young Men's Christian Association, eighteen papers and magazines, the Queen's Hospital with its magnificent grounds, the Lunalilo Home for the aged poor, elegant mansions occu-

ried by men who have made colossal fortunes, the Palace and the Temple of Justice, the telephone, and all the appointments of modern civilization. W. M. Hopper took me to the Punch-bowl, an extinct volcano back of the city. One might go over the world and not see a finer view. At the foot of the mountain is the beautiful city; far away in one direction is Pearl Harbor; in another direction is Diamond head; back of you are the mountains; before you is the wide ocean. It was a glorious sight. While there, the thought was suggested: Suppose Captain Cook could revisit this place, what would he think? He would think he had lost his bearings, and was borne by wind and wave to the "Paradise of the Pacific."

My visit to Honolulu was exceedingly pleasant. The friends there did everything in their power for my comfort and for my profit. Miss Beard and Mrs. Hopper placed their carriages at my service. Bro. Garvin went with me everywhere. I saw more than I could have seen in a month had I been alone. The native women wear their Mother Hubbard dress on the street and to church, but I soon forgot that. Even the mosquitoes were better than their reputation. Only one thing disturbed my equanimity. W. C. Weedon gave my shoes to his Japanese servant to clean. He looked at them in dismay, and said, "Big! We could live in them." Aside from this unfeeling remark, all my memories of Honolulu are delightful.

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Services:

Sunday, 11 a. m., 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Junior Endeavor, 4.15 p. m.; Senior Endeavor, 8.15 p. m.

Wednesday, Prayer-meeting, 8 p. m. Friday, Teachers' Meeting, 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to these services.

ST. THOMAS.—Church, corner of Railway and Elizabeth streets.

Lord's Day Services.

Public worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mission Sunday-school, 9.30 a. m., Junior E. Society, 10.20 a. m. Sunday-school, 3 p. m. Wednesday evening Prayer-meeting, 8 p. m. C. E. Society, Friday, 8 p. m. Strangers welcome to all services.

W. D. CUNNINGHAM, Pastor. Residence, 43 Mitchell St.

LONDON.—Elizabeth Street Church.

Sunday Services:

10 a. m., Prayer Meeting. 11 a. m., Preaching Service. 2:30 p. m., Sunday-school. 4 p. m., Preaching Service.

Monday, 8 p. m., C. E. Prayer Meeting. Tuesday, 8 p. m., Teachers' Meeting. Thursday, 8 p. m., Prayer Meeting. Saturday, 2:30 p. m., Mission Band. Seats Free. All Welcome.

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