

entertainments, which are frequently held there for the benefit of the different charities. The officers of the various ships of war so often in the harbour, give much valuable assistance in the way of songs, recitations, &c.; and one kind lady has one "Evening" once a week with a musical programme, to which are specially invited the sailors, so many of whom fairly swarm in Honolulu.

A new brick church recently built by a congregation of native Protestants deserves special mention (I say brick church, as bricks are such costly articles in the Hawaiian Islands, being from three to five cents each). The edifice will accommodate some 1,500 people. It cost \$50,000. It is provided with a chime of bells from the United States, and an organ built to order in London. The zeal with which these people interest themselves in the work is manifested by the collections taken up as it advanced, which reached from \$500 to \$1,500. All the services are exclusively in the Hawaiian language.

There is a church for the Chinese in Honolulu, presided over by a son of Father Damon, one of the old Protestant missionaries, who has married the daughter of a missionary in China, where the Rev. Frank Damon lived for some years. I have often envied Mrs. Damon as the one white woman who could understand their horrible language and thus keep her servants under control, which nothing less could compass. We never heard during the years we lived in Hawaii of any good results in the way of really Christianizing the Chinese; they have sufficient cunning and duplicity to prey upon the kindness of their teachers to further their own ends, which is to make themselves a power in the land wherever they may settle.

Apparently kindly, their utter indifference to the sickness and sufferings of any of their comrades is appalling; their cruelty to animals is quite proverbial in every place where they obtain a footing; I have known them purchase live rats for the purpose of torturing them alive in the most horrible fashion. They are most excellent house servants, none better, but then the Chinaman does not know the meaning of the word truth, and they will steal valuables which can be turned into money for their own purposes, at any time, even when they are most trusted. We knew of a Chinaman who had lived with a family in San Francisco, from boyhood, who for at least 25 years had been looked upon as a faithful servant. At his own request his master had placed in a bank for him his wages for some time. One day Ah Sing said he wanted very much to go to China, probably giving the impression that his wish was to return to his family. Permission was given; Ah Sing packed his modest outfit, bade a tearful good-bye, and set for the ship which was to bear him away to the celestial land of his forefathers. His master gave him a cheque for his wages, to draw out as he went to the quay; the cheque being in numbers, was too much for the wily Eastern nature, and when the cheque was presented there was another 0 added to the \$250. Ah Sing got his money, but the amount being suspiciously large, the alarm was given to his master, who managed to catch his excellent servant before the ship sailed, with a fat canvas bag of gold in his possession.

Another instance of a different nature will serve to show something of the Chinaman's indifference to moral law. The most powerful Chinaman in the Islands (where they number now some 20,000), Ah Fong by name, was a merchant of great wealth, with a beautiful house and grounds in Honolulu. He was a supposed Christian and his grown up children were regular attendants at the Cathedral where I have often seen them, he having married a native wife; and yet all those years he knew he was sinning against the highest law in the Church; and when it was discovered he was a bigamist his only remark was, "He considered there was one law for China and another for Honolulu!"

As Mr. Armstrong says, "the darkest shadow cast across the future of the Islands comes from the presence of the Chinese. The real Chinese question everywhere is not one of money but of morals; they add \$50,000,000 a year to the

wealth of California; they are steadily enriching these islands, but what of their moral effect?" The Chinese Monster is turning in his bed, "said President Garfield, and no words can express the harm they bring with them, especially covered as it is by their thrift and industry." The only chance is in taking the children as infants and rearing them amongst humane and Christianizing influence; but that is well nigh impossible, one of the darkest phases of their emigration being the fact that the family tie is almost unknown among them.

A last anecdote of the Hawaiian Mission may be of interest: "When a Company of Native Hawaiian Missionaries which for some years had been stationed in the Marquesas Islands was sent for to return, because salaries could no longer be paid, the members elected to stay and support themselves by labour, rather than leave a savage people they had learned to love. One of them, Kekela, offered his own person as a hostage to a hostile tribe for the life of an American seaman whom they had captured. The tribe finally accepted other ransom, and President Lincoln hearing the story, sent Kekela a watch with some expression of respect for the act. The Missionary's reply was that the "white man saved his soul and he could well afford to give them his body."

Hawaiian Christian Missionaries have worked long and faithfully in the Mortlock Islands, in Micronesia, and in the Gilbert and Marquesas Islands. They work best under white supervision.

For the future we can only trust that the labours of the Missionaries of the past and present may bear this fruit; that the work they have done and are doing may indeed be blessed in the generations to come.

Watch, Mother, Watch!

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

What is Wisdom?

One of the greatest teachers of modern times defined wisdom to be "the use of the best means for the best ends." This is a practical definition and easily understood. We are all of us proposing every day of our lives certain ends to be accomplished, and we choose the means by which those ends are to be secured. In this we display our wisdom or our want of wisdom. First, in the selection of ends. What shall they be? We answer they should be good ends. By good we mean right, just, honorable. They should be ends within our reach, something fairly attainable and for which we may properly strive and labour.

When the ends are selected, the next thing is to look about us and consider what means we can employ to accomplish the desired results. No doubt with vast numbers life is a failure, with some a sad failure, an utter failure. It would have been

better if they never had been born. Now whose fault is this? It may be the fault of parents, or it may be the fault of the individuals concerned.

How many parents are exceedingly unwise both as to the ends they propose for their children and the means they suggest or employ for the attainment of those ends. And so of the individuals who act for themselves. Ambition, pride, selfishness, with a train of unworthy motion, come in to thwart and defeat the grand purposes for which we come into this world. With what earnestness should Christians think of these things and pray for a divine guidance both for themselves and their children. Fear God, and keep His commandments is the beginning and end of all true wisdom.

— *Parish Visitor.*

Pat's Deception.

An inside carful of travellers was toiling up one of the long hills in the county Wicklow. The driver leaped down from his seat in front and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six inside were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed.

Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself the door was securely closed. Again the fellow opened the door and slammed it to again. The travellers turned around angrily, and asked why he disturbed them in that manner.

"Whist," whispered the fellow; "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."

"Who is she?"

"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his nose and mouth. "Sure I'm desavin' the crature! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that raises her sperrits."

The insiders took the hint.

The Creed.

The creed of Christendom is the rock of ages and on that we stand. It puts upon our lips the magnificent expression, "I believe," and then it tells us from God Himself, what we are to believe, and in succession the sentences, brief, crisp, clear, distinct, ring out, and carry us from the Father, Son and Holy Ghost through the incarnation, and the body of Christ, which is His Church, and man's redemption from sin, Satan and death, to the life everlasting in Heaven. Each sentence, as we utter it, is a positive assertion, and as it falls upon the ear, it sounds like the measured tread of an advancing army step by step onward into the enemy's country of negation, unbelief, agnosticism. O! it is a grand thing to repeat the creed, it is a grand thing to believe in the heart what one says with the lips, and in the full consciousness of that belief to feel oneself sure of that knowledge, which lifts one above the earth and time and sense, and enables one to grasp and hold as a possession the things invisible.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Private Prayer.

The danger of the use of prepared prayers in private is lest there should be a reverent repetition of holy words, whilst the real devotion of the soul lags behind and slumbers. The danger of trusting to the devotional impulse of the moment is lest we should be hasty with our lips, and perhaps lose some of the deep reverence with which God should