

heightening it by lava flows. When this lake becomes active it throws red-lava over this wall with a recklessness that is truly reprehensible. The Little Beggar is situated quite a distance from the new lake; it looks like a lighthouse built out of the remains of the great Chicago fire. It has an opening on the side, near the apex, and out of this constantly dart the fiery tongues of this subterranean hell.

During the eruption the molten lava beiches out of this opening at an incredible rate. Pele was the ancient god of the Hawaiians, and because this was throat shaped it was called the throat of a god. Strange to say many of the natives still cling to their old superstitions anent the volcano. This race is peculiarly superstitious. All that religion, education, and science have done has not thoroughly eliminated it. The Rev. Mr. Oleson, of the Hilo Boys' Boarding School, records with great gusto that he and thirty boys slept in the crater, and the boys evinced not a particle of superstition. The Hawaiians used to offer sacrifices to this great god, and some of them still observe that custom despite the ridicule heaped upon the heads of the devotees. Not long ago a native woman, widely known in the island, a member of the church and having royal blood in her veins, came to offer sacrifice. She brought a pig, two roosters, some taro-poi, and various other articles. The lake at this time was encrusted, the fire having temporarily subsided. The pig was tied and heaved over into the black lava.

IT WAS A HOT PLACE.

The protest of the pig was grateful to the god and appeasing to the woman's conscience. The roosters did not take so philosophical and religious a view of the matter. Evidently they had somewhere got a taste of the "New Theology," and flopped about until they broke their fastenings and then flew away. The natives were frightened out of their wits, believing that some awful catastrophe was at hand; but that god must be appeased and they gave stern chase to those plucky unbelievers, caught and fastened them securely, and as the lake again broke up they were cast into the fiery depths and swallowed up by that burning that never ceases. If this woman had been an ignorant religious we might charitably have said that she mixed her theology very badly, but the fact is she was well educated in English and an intelligent woman. It is

not to be wondered at that the ignorant natives regarded this house of everlasting fire as a god. No intelligent man can approach this great wonder of nature without more fully believing in Genesis i., 1. The reverent student of nature and science looks upon this mighty volcano and exclaims in the words of the book of books. "In wisdom Thou hast made them all."

The volcano is not always active. Sometimes it quite dies down. A few years ago Halemaumau sank down and it was impossible with the naked eye to see the bottom. Ordinarily this is not true. The fire falls away several feet from the top of the lake and at that point the lava cools sufficiently to allow the formation of a crust of lava. It looks like dirty snow, save here and there red-hot lines four or five inches wide extending across the crater. This usually lasts about one hour and a half. Then this black crust begins to rise like a large leviathan out of the sea. It is fairly frightful to look upon.

THEN THE FIRE BURSTS OUT in great columns and jets, throwing great sheets of molten lava into the air. The sound is similar to the swish and swash of the waves of the ocean. When the volcano is thus active the whole heavens seem to be on fire, and the lurid glare lights the country for miles and miles around. Angrier and angrier grow the flames, until they leap out, sending out long lines of red hot lava, and there they lie like billows of fire, exhausted yet terrible to behold. This work goes on unceasingly. What is to be the future of this apparently gathering force no human can tell. The fires are being pent up; they are exhibiting an awful restlessness that will not always submit to restraint. They undoubtedly will gather force until at last the top of Mauna Loa will be blown heavenward and the dwellers of this fair isle will be as hopelessly buried beneath ashes and stone, as was Pompeii in the days when the anger of Vesuvius was satisfied only by the death of every living thing within its grasp.

Near by this great volcano are vast craters that indicate the dying down of eruptive fires and the gathering of their forces at this given central point. Into one of these craters about 2,000 feet deep, the writer and our Union soldier descended, and so far as is now known the first white men that ever trod the floor of that extinct crater, Kilauea Iki or