

funeral ceremonies, which were kept up for nearly a week at her lovely house in Honolulu, were such as would not have seemed amiss in the early days of the Kamehamehas. Feasts were kept spread almost all night as well as by day, waiting alternating with incense or chants of praise to the goodness of the departed chiefess. Holokus or native dresses were given away by dozens to the women, and the expenses of the funeral were estimated at something above \$25,000. Her Highness was a rich woman, and, no doubt, had left her directions in accordance with the old spirit of Hawaii.

The overflow of lava from the crater of Kilauea which has caused great devastation at times, ruining villages and homes which stood in the way of the molten stream, brings terror also to the impressionable natives, even though they may be on the other islands, imagining that it is a visitation of the gods; and in the old days, a sacrifice of human life was then thought necessary to avert Peles' wrath. Only a short time ago a sister of the late king, Princess Likelike, the mother of the young princess Kaiulani, hearing, during a comparatively mild illness, that the lava had again begun to flow on its deadly path towards the sea, failed to be reassured in her fear; and believing that by giving up her own life she would appease the goddess, literally turned her face to the wall, refusing all nourishment, and died a victim to superstitious terror. Likelike was a good Church woman outwardly. One of the last occasions on which we saw her was one Easter Sunday morning in Honolulu, when she kindly came to pay us a visit, after having attended the early service at St. Andrew's Cathedral. I remember she was very richly dressed that morning, and wore most dainty slippers with embroidered white silk stockings. She had very small feet for a native, and was proud of them. Her manner was quiet and dignified on an occasion of this kind. She was very fond of music, and took great interest in all educational matters of the natives, as did her sister, Mrs. Dominis. Still another instance of native superstition, though of a different character, is that of a friend who wished to build a house on some beautiful plains a few miles from the plantation and to do this had to purchase the land from a native. Seeing a terrace with a rude stone wall round it, he thought that would be the very place for this purpose, and made his offer. The Hawaiian hesitated, then said, No! Our friend pressed for the reason of his refusal, and after some time got out of the man that the place was "Tabu," for "just there Jesus Christ came down." There were remains of some old stone altars within the enclosure, and we imagined he had a confused idea of a sacrifice having been consummated there, and therefore, the place was holy to Christians who believed in the one Great Sacrifice. However that was the only answer he would give, so of course the site of the house was changed.

I merely mention these few facts to show that in the highest and most lowly stations, superstition seems to be the governing power.

From 1820 to 1854 there were sent to the Hawaiian Mission field 40 Clerical Missionaries, 6 Physicians, 20 Lay Teachers (4 of whom were printers), and 83 women, most of them wives of members of the Mission, who taught sewing, cooking, &c. The results of "The Missionary Period" have been defined as follows. About 1837 occurred one of the greatest religious revivals of modern times, which continued for many years; 16,000 natives were enrolled in the churches, and the well known Father Coan of Hilo baptized 1,700 in one day. But the Missionaries knowing their people, were on their guard, and were slow to accept their mere professions, and endeavoured to thoroughly test their converts. The natives camped by thousands near the churches in order to hear the Gospel, and built huge houses of worship, dragging timber from the mountains by hand, and diving fathoms deep into the sea to obtain coral to make mortar. Long before 1850 a church was in sight from every hamlet, the Bible was in every hut, and the people were giving more to religious charities, according to their means, than any people in Christendom. There were over ten thousand of printed pages in their own language, mostly educational matter, and in 1849 18,000 children attended school."

Lessons in Patience

Such wonderful lessons in patience
I'm learning each day of my life!
My heart, that was once so rebellious,
With quiet endurance is rife,
And now in its depths there is calmness
Where once there was tumult and strife.

A few years ago, 'twas a trial
To sit down and quietly wait;
I bitterly mourned in my sorrow
And loneliness over my fate;
But, out of those days peace has blossomed,
Which comforts me early and late.

Misfortune, and dark, bitter anguish,
That sadly our fortitude tries,
Are often,—I've learned it but lately,
Rich blessings concealed in disguise,
And now, in each trial that's sent me
A wonderful new meaning lies.

Oh, you who are tired and disheartened,
And weary of life day by day,
Just take all your burdens to Jesus,
Just kneel in your chamber and pray,
And lo! the bright lining of silver
You'll find 'mid the dark clouds away.

The King's Daughters.

IN HIS NAME.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

The Order of King's Daughters was formed in New York in January, 1886, by ten Christian women, into whose hearts God put the desire to band themselves together for Christian work. They chose as their watchword, "In His Name," and for their motto, "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; lend a hand."

"The objects of the Order are to develop spiritual life and to stimulate Christian activity." "Any person may become a member whose purposes and aims are in accord with its objects and who holds herself responsible to 'The King, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'" "The badge of membership is the silver Maltese cross, engraved with the initials I. H. N., and bearing the date 1886, or the Royal Purple Ribbon."

Since the first meeting the Order has grown out from New York as a centre, out from the hearts of those ten women, until now in almost every land the little silver cross has found its way, and grand work is being done in winning hearts to love and hands to work for "The King."

At first the Circles were composed of ten members, but as this was sometimes found inconvenient, the old name of "Tens" has been dropped and that of "Circle" substituted. Many Circles have over twenty members, while some have only three or four; but, however many or few the number, each Circle is free to choose its own special work, being responsible only to "The King," and remembering they are doing all "as unto Christ."

A Brand Plucked out of the Burning.

The picture is very suggestive. Sin is a fire. Wherever it touches a life it burns, scorches, wastes, consumes the beauty. Secret sin is like hidden, smouldering fire, which, unseen, yet eats away the life's substance and defaces the divine image that is on it. What fire does to the trees when it sweeps through the forests, blackening them, destroying their leaves and all their greenness, sin does to the lives about which its flames flow. We all know lives, once lovely, now scorched and blackened by sin. If sin is like fire, human lives are like trees which the fire consumes. Everyone of us has been hurt by this fire. Unless plucked out by some hand of love, our lives shall be utterly destroyed by the flames of sin which roll over all this world. But the brand may be saved. A gardener saw one day in a pile of burning rubbish a piece of root which was blackened and scorched, partly charred. But he plucked it out, and taking it away he planted it and it grew. It proved to be the root of a valuable species of grapevine, and in a few years the vine springing from it covered a

large arbor, and in the autumn days hung full of rich purple clusters. Saved lives are brands plucked from sin's burning. Thousands of them shine now in blessedness, redeemed from destruction, clothed in beauty, covered with the fruits of righteousness and holiness.

Misunderstandings.

A great deal of unhappiness in home-life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident, or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it might strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods or attribute to our kindred motives which have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or the impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin in embarrassment, or indiscretion. At all events, life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavour to understand his or her neighbour in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best, and not at the worst valuation.

A Summer Memoir.

The church was strange to me;
I never worshipped there before,
And it may hap that never more
Mine eyes that city fane would see,
Where, in the twilight cool and gray
That closed a sultry summer day,
I knelt apart and prayed for thee.

My heart was ill at ease;
For lo! thought I, I may not share
My dear one's hour of praise and prayer,
The solemn, blessed pause of peace
That waits for all on hallowed ground;
When week-days' care and work-days' round
In Sabbath rest and calmness cease.

Yea, I was sore at heart;
But as I prayed my prayer for thee,
Beloved, comfort came to me,
Soft healing to my cruel smart;
Deep peace was borne to me upon
The strain of praise that rose anon,
Wherein I, trembling, bore a part.

I think an angel spake
In the sweet pause that followed song;
Spoke soft of love that suffered long,
Of faithful hearts that must not break,
Though life and fate be bleak and hard,
Though joy's bright doors be duty-barred;
And glad I listened for love's sake.

Dear heart, it is denied
To us to walk, as others may,
In winter dusk and summer day,
The world's wide pathways side by side;
But fate is limited; it parts
Our lives asunder; but our hearts,
Our souls, it never can divide.

Our voices may not blend
In singing any earthly strains,
And in our hearts some touch of pain
May linger, aching, to the end;
But we have work—a help divine—
And we have love, I thine, thou mine,
Love that doth all good comprehend.

So, comforted, I passed
With others through the ancient door;
And, though I worship nevermore
In that strange temple, close and fast
I hold the peace that came to me
That summer night I prayed for thee,
And hold love, too, while life shall last.

What Civilizes Men.

There are people who believe that civilization and education will meet the world's need, and that the Bible and Christianity are not requisite for the redemption of lost humanity. But how are men to be civilized, educated, and enlightened without the Word of God? Infidelity never has done it, and never will do it. The culture of the ancient nations was but a thin veneer over unspeakable barbarisms, cruelties, debaucheries, and idolatries; and in modern times, though savages