

## A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY REV. SAMUEL HUTCHINGS.

Princess Kapiolani was the daughter of Keawemaheli, the last king of Hilo, and descended from one of the leading families under the ancient kings of Hawaii. She was an ancestress of Queen Kapiolani, who recently visited the United States.

At the time the missionaries landed in 1820 she was intemperate, dissolute, a superstitious, dark-minded idolator, and when they first saw her she was sitting on a rock, anointing herself with coconut oil, while performing a heathen ceremony. But living near the missionaries, she soon acquired some knowledge of the Gospel, applied herself to study, attended Divine worship, and became not only moral, but a devout and earnest Christian. She was one of the first converts to the Christian faith in the Sandwich Islands.

When Kailua, sixteen miles from her residence, was occupied as a mission station, she and her husband, Naihe, an influential chief, repeatedly went there to hear the Gospel, and then often sent a canoe to Kailua to bring a missionary to preach to them and the people on the Sabbath. Soon they built a church at their home, near the spot where Captain Cook was killed. Not long after they built a house, and, at their invitation, Mr. Ely came in 1824 and resided there as their missionary.

Kapiolani was not only a Christian, she was a pattern to the people in civilization. She built a large framed house, enclosed a yard, cultivated flowers, and, in her dress, manners and style of living, showed herself the true Christian lady.

Though the system of *tabu*, extending to sacred days, places, persons and things, the least violation of which was punished with death, had been abolished before the arrival of the missionaries, the people were still the victims of debasing superstitions, and Kapiolani longed to do something to break the bonds in which they were held. The natives were in terrible dread of the volcano Kilauea, one of the largest and most fearful in the world. They fully believed that the goddess Pele, of immense power and a most vindictive temper, dwelt in it, and that whoever offended her would be destroyed. They therefore approached the volcano with awe, and never without peace offerings. A few years before the arrival of missionaries at Hawaii, an army was marching across the island, and, when near the peak of Kilauea a terrible eruption in the night took place. The hot lava rolled down the mountain side, the red and blue flames shot up into the air, and the ground shook so violently that it was impossible to stand. A shower of sand and cinders fell upon a part of the army, and when found by their comrades some were lying down, some sitting upright, clasping each other, but all dead. Pele, the goddess of this mountain, was believed to hurl forth flames upon those who offended her, and to propitiate her the natives threw into the crater vast numbers of hogs, both cooked and alive.

Five years after the arrival of the missionaries, and before many people had felt the power of the Gospel, Kapiolani, to show the folly of their fears about Pele, resolved to walk over the mountain, and descend into the crater. The report of her intended sacrifice caused great consternation, not only for the life of the princess, but for the safety of the island. Clinging even to her feet the people besought her with tears not to go. To their protests she said, "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele." Eighty of her awe-stricken friends accompanied her over the rough mountains to Hilo. Near the fiery crater a man whose duty it was to feed Pele by throwing berries into the volcano, begged her to go no further. "And what," she said, "will be the harm?" He replied, "You will die by Pele." She answered, "I shall not die by your goddess." Soon she was met by a pretended priestess of Pele, wild with rage,

who warned her against approaching the mountain without an offering. "Who are you?" demanded Kapiolani. The reply was, "One in whom Keaqua dwells." "If God dwells in you, you are wise, and can teach me. Come, sit down here." Food being offered her, she said, "I am a goddess; I will not eat." She held in her hand a piece of bark cloth. "This," she said, "is a *palapala*" (a writing). "Read it to me," said the princess. Holding the cloth before her eyes she muttered a medley of unintelligible words. Kapiolani then produced her Christian books and hymns, and said: "You pretend to deliver a message from your goddess, which none of us can understand. I will read a message you can understand, for I to have a *palapala*." She then read several passages, and spoke to her concerning Jehovah, the true God, who made all things, and Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. The haughty priestess con-

gathered a handful of obelo berries, sacred to Pele, which, instead of throwing into the crater as a peace offering, she ate, and then cast stones into the fiery gulf, an act highly offensive to Pele. She was the first native who had ever ventured down the crater. Thus the power of Pele was broken. "All the district," said the headman of Kapiolani to Mr. Ruggles, "see that she is not injured, and pronounce Pele to be powerless."

On arriving at the mission station, Kapiolani, though weary and lame from the long walk, would not rest till she had secured lodging for her party, and united with them in evening worship. She told the missionaries she had come to help them in their work. "Not a person," said Mr. Ruggles, "came into her presence without receiving her Christian counsel or reproof. She was ten days with us, which time she faithfully spent in going about doing good."

the joy of the captive just freed from prison."

A Christian gentleman who visited the Sandwich Islands in 1829 says of her: "She is so intelligent, so amiable, so lady-like in her whole character, that no one can become acquainted with her without feelings of more than ordinary interest and respect."

She died in 1841, after a consistent Christian life, honored and loved by all the people.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

## ALL OF ONE FAMILY.

The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well-dressed people, on their way to some summer resort in the mountains or by the sea. In odd contrast to them was a group of ragged Italian emigrants, with whom a uniformed official was arguing angrily.

"I tell you this is not your station?" raising his voice, as people are apt to do to foreigners. "At the other end of the city. Emigrant station. Two miles. Come, clear out!"

The man of the party shook his head stolidly, muttering "Tollido" as his sole answer, and holding out a bit of written paper.

"Toledo, Ohio," read the train-hand. "The idea of a lot of wretches as stupid as dogs going half round the world with nothing but that scrap of paper to guide them!" he ejaculated to his companions.

He hustled away, and the emigrants shrank back into their corner. The man looked at his pale, hunger-bitten little girl and his wife, and then at the groups who were chattering and laughing about him. Some young girls drew their light dresses aside as they passed him, and a sour-looking, middle-aged woman muttered something to them about "the country being an asylum for paupers." The poor Italian scowled with bitter envy at a party of young, fashionable men. He carried a stick, with a few rags in a bundle; they were equipped with costly rifles and fishing tackle.

Maletesta looked as though he felt himself an outcast from the happy human race. There was no tie between him and these well-to-do people.

A moment later there was a cry, a fall, and a sudden rush of the crowd toward him. His child, a pretty little girl, had slid from her mother's knee and lay on the stone floor as if dead. The wretched Italian threw himself down beside her, "Ah Gila! Figliu mia!" he cried, in a voice that made the tears start to the eyes of many a woman.

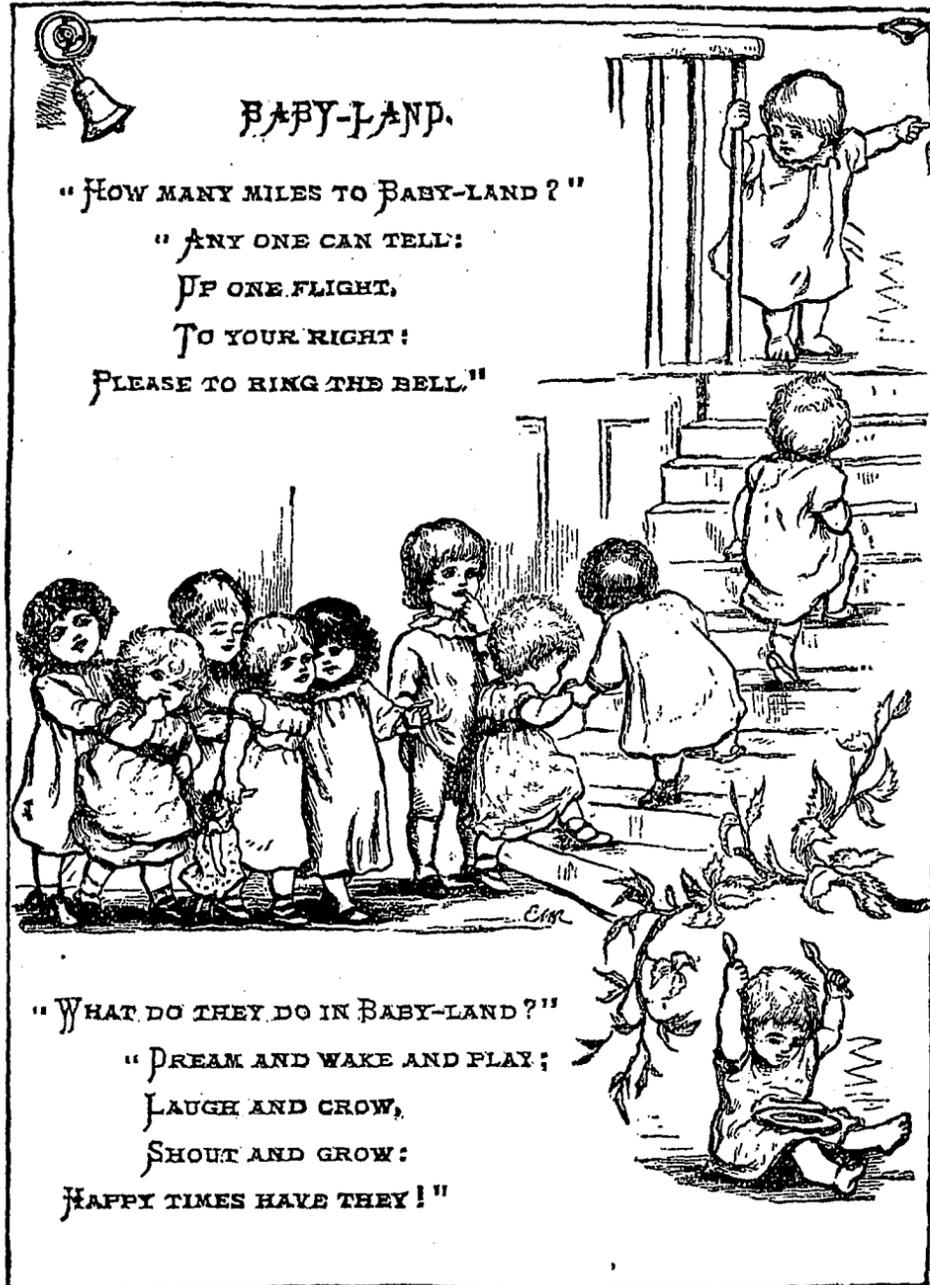
In a moment the great room was alive with help and friendliness. One of the young men had the child on his knee.

"I am a physician," he said, quietly. "She is not dead. It is only the heat and—hunger. Jem, go to the nearest drug-store and bring"—lowering his voice. "And, Will, get some milk from the restaurant."

The young men dropped their guns and rods, and ran; old men, young girls, and negro waiters crowded forward with help. When the child recovered, a dozen eager hands led Maletesta and his wife to the eating-room, and somebody went round with a hat, collecting a fund for their relief. The young doctor still held the child, feeding it carefully, when the old lady, no longer haughty and sour, came up to him.

"As soon as the baby is fit to travel, I will take them all home with me. The man is a vine-dresser, it seems, and my husband is a grape-grower in New Jersey. They shall have their own roof over their heads before night."

The Italian and his wife stood beside her, crying and smiling and crossing themselves. They were believers in the Pope, the doctor was a Baptist, and the good woman a Methodist, but the single touch of suffering had made them all children of one Father.—*Youth's Companion*.



"HOW MANY MILES TO BABY-LAND?"

"ANY ONE CAN TELL:

UP ONE FLIGHT,

TO YOUR RIGHT:

PLEASE TO RING THE BELL."

"WHAT DO THEY DO IN BABY-LAND?"

"DREAM AND WAKE AND PLAY;

LAUGH AND CROW,

SHOUT AND GROW:

HAPPY TIMES HAVE THEY!"

fessed that Keakua had left her, and she could make no reply. She then joined in the repast.

Accompanied by Mr. Richards, a missionary, who met her at the volcano, and her attendants, she descended into the crater, and standing on a black ledge five hundred feet below the top, she there in full view of the awful scene, calmly said to the terrified people: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power; but if Jehovah saves me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her *tabu*, then you must fear and love the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God." Then they sang a hymn of praise, and at her request Alapai, one of her attendants, led them in prayer, all bowing in adoration. At the brink of the crater she

In 1826 she was admitted to the church. She soon after helped to establish a Missionary Society among her people, which contributed the first year fifty dollars in aid of the mission. Once, when visiting the mission, she said: "I love to go to the house of God, for then I forget all about this world. When among the chiefs I hear so much said about money, and cloth, and land, and ships, and bargains, that it makes me sick, and I wish to go where I can hear about God, and Christ, and Heaven. This cures all my sickness, and I never get tired of it." At one time, when dangerously ill, she said, "I wish to suffer patiently the will of God. If it be His will I have a desire to depart and be with Him; then I shall be free from sin. Once I exceedingly feared death, but Christ has taken away its sting." Speaking once of the happiness of the Hawaiians in receiving the Gospel, she said, with hands clasped and tears in her eyes: "Our happiness is