

is good news from a far country." In Ceylon, a Brahmin was asked if he worshipped the gods. He said, "The gods worship me." A traveller saw some trees marked "X." He asked what that mark indicated. He was told that every X tree was devoted to the Lord. He saw a woman throw a handful of rice into the pot for every member of the family, and then two handfuls into a pot near the fire. She said, "This is the Lord's rice pot, and I remember Him when cooking each meal." So on every continent and every island of the sea the gospel is having free course and is being glorified. So it must continue, for the promise confirmed with an oath is this, "As I live, saith the Lord, all the earth shall be filled with my glory."

No. x.—From Honolulu to Yokohama.

The Hawaiians are passionately fond of music and flowers, The Royal Band plays when ships arrive and when they depart. Friends cover those about to leave with wreaths and garlands. The ship and officers and passengers are decorated. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hopper, W. I. Templeton and W. C. Weedon drove me to the ship and arrayed me in becoming style, and stood on the pier waving good wishes and farewells as long as they could distinguish one passenger from another. Their wreath made my room fragrant for a week; their kindness will be precious for all time.

There is another Hawaiian custom that is not beautiful. When a ship comes in or goes out, scores of boys swim out and call on the passengers to throw a nickel or a dime into the sea, that they may show how they can dive and get it. These lads are "tolerably amphibious." They swim like fish. When a coin is thrown they dive instantly and some one catches it before it reaches the bottom. It would be better if passengers did not encourage this somewhat demoralizing practice. The boys earn a precarious living. The strong and swift succeed fairly well; the weak or slow get little or nothing. It would be better for these stout lads to earn a living in some other way.

When our ship was across the bar we looked about a little. It was plain that our passenger list was greatly increased. We took on four hundred Japanese in Honolulu. The government imports Japanese and Chinese and Portuguese, and leases them to the planters. They come on a three years' contract. When the contract expires they can remain on the islands or return home. The government sees that the rights of these people are conserved. Truant officers see that all children of

a certain age are in school. A portion of their wages is deposited in the Savings Bank every month to their credit. This is paid over to them in bulk when the contract has been fulfilled. With this amount of capital they can start in business in a small way on the islands or they can return home and buy a small property or go into business there. Those that took passage on the City of Peking had finished a term of three years. As times are dull on the islands, and as the fare is reduced to ten dollars or less, this large number decided to return to Japan. The Japanese are warmly attached to the land of their birth, but not so much so as the Chinese. The Japanese take their wives with them; the Chinese do not. If a Chinese dies on board ship or in a foreign land, his body is embalmed and sent to the Flowery Kingdom. Should the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands ever become a live question in the United States, this system of contract labor would have to be dealt with. The planters say they would be ruined if they had to pay American prices for labor.

The list of cabin passengers has been more than doubled. As usual, we have people of all kinds. Some are going on business, and are sensible people. Some are making the grand tour just because it is the thing to do. They have struck oil, or pay dirt or something else, and can afford to go. They are well dressed—have as many diamonds as they can display—and look as though they did not need to offer the Scotchman's prayer for a "good conceit of themselves." When they open their mouths and expose their minds, and set forth their plans and purposes, the disenchantment is complete. Coleridge met a handsome man at a dinner party. His head was covered with great knobs, as if the brain was too large for the skull. He seemed to be Solon and Solomon and Aristotle and Bacon in one. "I wish he would speak," thought Coleridge. "In his capacious mind are treasures of knowledge and wisdom by which we all might profit." Toward the close of the banquet he did speak, and this is what he said, "Pass me them dumplings; them's the jockies for me." It was enough. The poet and philosopher was satisfied. There are people who cross the Atlantic and Pacific every year, ostensibly to improve their minds. The real reason is it is the thing to do. It requires more than a letter of credit and a vulgar display of diamonds and an extensive wardrobe to make such a trip with profit. A ride from Sleepy Hollow to Frogtown and return would do them just as much good. The



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steamship and railroad companies, the hotels and dealers in brib-a-brac make something out of them. The rustics among whom they dwell will regard their trip as a nine days' wonder, but that is all. If they were willing to deny themselves, and use their money to give some boy or girl an education, or to aid some worthy enterprise, they would make far better use of their time and their means. How is the world advantaged by any number of people carrying their low aims and vulgar conceptions of life and their bad grammar around it, simply because they have more money than they can use at home? There are men and women who travel, and every day is a feast to them, and when they return they make good use of what they have learned; but they are not, as a rule, the people who make a display of their wealth.

When we started from San Francisco, I thought we were on a temperance ship. No one would think so now. It is astonishing how many respectable people drink, and the amount they drink. Women drink as much as men. A man orders a quart of champagne for dinner. He and his wife drink every drop of it. He has a quart of beer or

claret for lunch, and as much Appolinaris for breakfast, and a bottle or two during the day. Christian men and women drink on board ship on the plea that the water is bad. The water is not bad, but, if it were, it would still be more wholesome than the villainous stuff with which they saturate themselves. On this ship, years ago, a European clergyman was accustomed to take a glass of wine before going to bed. One good woman saw him, and took the glass from his hand and threw it overboard, and gave him a piece of her mind besides. I wish she was with us now. The human appetite is a curious thing. It got our first parents into trouble in Eden, and has been getting their offspring into trouble ever since. Now, as in Paul's day, there are those whose stomach is their God.

Four days out from Honolulu we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and dropped a day. Had we been going the other way, we would have added a day. We woke one morning, and called it Friday; we woke the next morning, and called it Sunday. We lost one whole day, and can never find it unless we retrace our path. The Captain told us that he crossed the meridian once on his birthday. He had no birthday and did not count that year. The ladies exclaimed, "Wasn't that lovely! I would like to cross on my birthday." In going east he once had two Easter Sundays together. Some can not understand this yet. It is a great mystery. We have all sorts of diagrams and explanations. To most it will remain an insoluble problem.

(Continued on page 10.)

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