

difficulty arose. It was about the heathen people who were converted to Christianity. For of course it wouldn't have been right to keep the Gospel only for a few, it wouldn't have been obeying Christ's command, "Go teach all nations," and so Paul and Barnabas had gone into far countries and told the people who worshipped idols that Jesus died for them, that they must come into the Church and be saved.

But the believers at home, that is, at Jerusalem, didn't like this at all. They thought these heathen people mustn't get into the Church so easily; they thought they ought to be Jews first and then Christians, not Christians all at once.

So there was a great dispute about it. Some took to one side and some another, and if it had gone on without being settled, there would have been great danger of a very terrible thing happening.

And that was that the Church might have been split up into two parties, one against the other. And what could be worse than that in a Church of which the Lord had said, "All ye are brethren."

It was a great danger, and yet it seemed as if things must come to this. For there was no path that seemed clear. The heathen couldn't be burdened with all the little ceremonies of the Jewish law, and yet it was sad the Jewish converts should be offended.

What was to be done?

Ah, the Church wasn't left to itself. The promise "He (the Holy Ghost) shall guide you into all truth" came true. The "right judgment" was given just when it was needed, for the decision the Apostles came to was the very wisest one. And it was this:—

A letter was written to the heathen converts telling them they need *not* be burdened with the Jewish law, and to this, wonderful to say, those who objected before seemed to have agreed. Yet at the same time these heathen are told plainly but lovingly, that they must be very strict in keeping away from idol feasts if they wanted to be Christians. This strict line laid down was just the thing to please the devout and particular Jews! And when the letter was written, no one objected to its contents; and when it was received, we are told, it was received with *rejoicing*! What a satisfactory ending to the great perplexity! And the secret of all was, that the Apostles were guided by the Holy Ghost, for they themselves say in the letter, "it seemed good unto the Holy Ghost and to us."

Will you remember this Whitsuntide lesson, and trust to this wisest of all Guides in every difficulty and perplexity?

The Mission to the Hawaiian Islands.

BY MRS. M. FORSYTH GRANT, TORONTO.

The record of Vancouver, one of Cook's lieutenants who visited these islands in 1793, is a contrast to that of his commander; he refused to sell liquor or fire-arms, landed the first cattle, sheep and poultry, gave useful seeds to the people, controlled his men, settled disputes between natives and foreigners, and punished the guilty. He told the king and chiefs of the true God, pointed out to them the follies of heathenism, and offered to send them missionaries from England. To Captain Cook, Kamehameha was a brutal savage; to Vancouver, he was an intelligent sovereign. The visit of the former was a disgrace to civilization; that of the latter was one of the most beneficial of its kind. Vancouver used his intimacy with the native conqueror to establish order; and his good work still bears fruit. It nearly resulted in establishing British control; for had he not died, English missionaries would have occupied these islands 20 years before those from America landed there, and the key to the great tranquil sea would to-day have been in the hands of Great Britain. Idolatry was still unbroken in Hawaii; but from the tact and conduct of the foreigners, an idea of its weakness had taken root, and led later on to the most marvellous revolution of its kind in all history.

The golden age of Polynesian barbarism was undoubtedly from the date 1800 to the death in 1820 of Kamehameha first, whose equal as a warrior and ruler has never appeared on the annals of Oceanica. He apportioned the con-

quered islands among his favourite chiefs, and arranged the traditional law as clearly as a written code; huge fish ponds were walled in from the sea, the remains of which can still be discerned; but the natives of to-day are too indolent to even drag their nets, and most of the fishing has passed into the hands of the ubiquitous Chinaman. Roads were constructed and many are excellent to this day. Water rights were established; and the lines of small canals can still be traced all over the Islands, the remains of a perfect system of irrigation, so necessary for the production of the taro root. Lands were cultivated (we often saw in dozens of cool valleys the sites of the taro terraces which marked the homesteads of the natives, now vanished, and none to follow them). Forts were built by the king and a fleet of 20 well armed schooners was created. Foreign artificers and experts were well treated. In short, nothing escaped the eye of the great chief. Like the Khedive of Egypt, he owned everything, and amassed vast wealth, especially by the trade in sandal wood, which in one year amounted to \$400,000. His foresight was shown by the fact that while this precious wood was attaching the argosies of every nation, he never permitted a young tree to be cut down; that was left to his successors. Now the sandal wood has almost disappeared from the islands; the natives burn the trees with impunity, and passing the quarters of Chinese labourers one can frequently detect the sweet scent of this fragrant wood as they use it for their fuel. Kamehameha's word was never broken, never doubted, and though his followers were held as serfs subject to caprice and cruelty, they yielded him both loyalty and respect. Custom was savage in those days, the shadow of a man falling across the king's path meaning instant death, not even the Tabu, or law of exclusion saving him from the extreme penalty.

To a religious man the king said, "You say God will save Christians from all harm; if that be true, cast yourself from that precipice, and if you are not hurt, then I will believe in your God" (like the unbelievers of old, requiring a sign). Later on, however, he learned of the great changes made in the Society Islands, and desired much to know more of the Supreme Being worshipped by foreigners, but there was none to tell him and he died in the heathen faith.

In Honolulu there is a splendid statue of the great Kamehameha, cast in bronze, presenting him as clad in the war paraphernalia of the chiefs, with the royal feather cloak falling from his shoulders, and the helmet, spoken of before, on his head. This helmet is the exact form of the old Roman helmet, with which we are all so familiar on the heads of sculptured warriors, or on the figures on ancient bas-reliefs. The helmet and cloak were made of glittering gold-coloured feathers taken from under the wings of a tiny black bird, only used for royalty; woven closely together on a firm foundation of fibre, and the helmet, cloak and malo or waist cloth being of gilt, the effect against the dark bronze of the statue was really beautiful.

The chief was a man of immense build and huge physique; the right hand extended grasps the great spear which it is said no other hand could wield. A few of these feather cloaks are still in existence; King Kalakaua showed us two in the palace in Honolulu, there is one in Lady Brassey's museum and Queen Emma had one; another formerly in her possession was buried with the last king at her desire. There is one also in the British Museum. The gold colour of the feathers is very rich—such an exquisite sheen in the folds; the workmanship is beautiful, each little feather about an inch long is placed so closely over the next that the effect is like unto a mass of soft gold down. Only the very old natives care to make anything so fine now, and this handiwork has become almost obsolete, though not quite. Queen Kapiolani made a pretty souvenir for the Queen of England's Jubilee, worked in the gold feathers mingled with others of a crimson shade.

Kamehameha's successor was his son Liholiho, a talented but weak and pliant youth, who was restrained from excess during his father's life-time. He saw that foreigners despised his

gods, desecrated their temples, violated the Tabu, and yet did not fulfil by instant death the expectation of the terrified natives, who then began to suspect that their priests were false and the Tabu contemptible, and this before the downfall of idolatry in Hawaii.

(Continued.)

Within and Without.

It's little we care for the world's cold sneer,
When there's peace and love at home;
We are only proud of the evening cloud,
When we know that the morn will come.

It's little we sigh for the bye and bye,
When there's purpose and aim to-day,
For a steady hand and a strict command
Will win o'er the roughest way.

When the soul is bright with the steady light
Of an aim that is good and pure,
There isn't a way, there isn't a day,
The toiler may not endure.

Whatever the aim, the way's the same;
It lies through the same wide world;
And he is sure whose home's made pure
By the banner of love unfurled.

Then choose if you may the palace fair
And the richest of earth your bride:
Have your massive walls and marble halls
That are cheerless and cold inside.

But give me the sereer, the scoff, and the jeer
With a road that is rough and steep,
And I'll laugh at fate, while love doth wait
In my hut, my peace to keep.

Turpentine's Many Uses.

Turpentine is an article so widely used in the arts and so easily obtained that its virtues as a domestic remedy have, in a great measure, been overlooked.

In the early stages of croup or almost any throat or chest trouble it is well-nigh a specific. Rub the chest and throat until the skin is red, then tie a piece of flannel or cotton batting over the chest, moisten with a few drops of oil, and inhale the vapor. By rubbing on sweet oil irritation of the skin may be avoided.

For burns it is invaluable, applied either with a rag or in a salve. The pain vanishes and healthy granulation soon begins. Its use is at first attended with considerable smarting, but the permanent good more than compensates for it.

Turpentine, in which is dissolved as much camphor as it will take up, is pre-eminently the dressing for laceration, bruises and cuts. Its anticipated action is equal to that of carbolic acid; it speedily stops the bleeding (Hunter says "it is the best, if not the only true styptic"), allays the pain and hastens the process of healing. Few, if any, ulcers long resist its continued application.

As a liniment, turpentine, with equal parts of laudanum, camphor and chloroform, is unsurpassed. Sprains, rheumatic pains, bruises, and sometimes even neuralgia, yield to its magic influence.

As an inhalation turpentine has proven of great service in bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy and other throat and lung affections. If you have a cough, sprinkle a little on your handkerchief and hold to your mouth and nose for a few minutes, breathing the vapor, and note the relief.

Internally turpentine has enjoyed for a century the reputation of being a specific for sciatica. Its mode of operation is unknown, but that it cures stands as proof of its virtue. Ten drops three times a day in sweetened water is the dose.

As a remedy for the bane of childhood, worms, it is well known. A teaspoonful given in a half glass of sweetened milk, followed in an hour or two by a full dose of castor oil, seldom fails. The practice of our grandmothers in giving it to us on sugar for coughs and sore throat, was based on common sense.

A bath in a half pint of turpentine and two pounds of sal soda in an ordinary bath tub, three quarters full of water, at 100° Fahrenheit, will cure the itch when other remedies fail. Three or four baths, one daily, are usually sufficient.

Cotton soaked in olive oil and turpentine and