

Children I knew of once used to be inspired with a strange and watchful reverence for its unfolding. They hesitated to put it in their poppy-shows.

Too long, much too long, we are lingering in the garden. The sun has stopped gilding the top of the old pear tree; the rosy after-glow, in which the single petunias nodded to the Johnny-jump-ups, has faded quite away; the butterflies have closed their sleepy wings on the under side of the broadest leaves; the twilight breeze has died down, and the summer-house is beginning to be an indistinct suggestion of itself. The warm darkness is gathering under the syringas and the barberry bushes; we can no longer tell what love is doing in the mist, for he is lost in the general greenness of things. The spiders' webs stretch across the lower branches; presently the great white moths will begin to flit about in the starlight; the rhythmic drones of the cricket in the grass began long ago. Yet, we cannot leave the garden without its queen's favour—one moment for the rose. Not the swift-perishing tea-rose, or the cloying, yellow rose, or the chaste and lovely moss rose, but the great, crumpled, generous-hearted cabbage-rose, flushed with the ecstasy of her own being, and exhaling the very double-distilled essence of the summer. Queen of the garden! She is the garden. Close your eyes, and inhale her sweet breath, and the fabric of all the voluptuous days and dreamy nights you have ever spent there will weave itself anew for you.

It reminds one, does it not, this old-fashioned garden, of what used to be required of maidenhood, with its modesty, its unpretentiousness, its prim deportment, its limitations and sweet uses? It suggests the quaint accomplishments its owner has forgotten—the impossible dahlias she painted in water-colours, the songs she used to sing, with her head on one side, and her hands demurely clasped—"Nelly Bly," "Some Folks," "Come, Take a Sail with Me, my Dear!" It makes one think of the blush of ignorance and diffidence, and wonder what has become of it.

L'envoi! There isn't much of it. We have lost our old-fashioned garden, and its place in our hearts is empty. We admire our trim lawns, and our showy geranium beds, but we do not love them. Nothing comes up any more, everything is set out, brand-new from the florist's, and paid for over again each spring. For splashes of meaningless, scentless red and white scattered about smooth-shaven sward, we have sacrificed all the beauty and the fragrance and the poetry of the gardens our grandmothers had, who knew better than we what flowers are for. And so there are not half so many butterflies and no bumble-bees, except while the chestnuts are flowering, and the clover only blossoms by the roadside, and the cat-birds never think of perching on our conventionalised evergreens to praise God and rob man as they used to in the cherry trees that made room for them. The ubiquitous desire for effect could not be kept out of the garden, where every interloper works mischief, from the old Enemy down. It was the spirit of the age that let it in, the spirit that delights in forced growths everywhere. It is a matter for reasonable query whether we are not as artificial out of our gardens as we are in them. Which merely leads one to the reflection that the amount of misplaced ardour in this world is quite as great as it used to be.

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SCENES IN HAWAII.

AFTER a very stormy, rough passage on the little tossing steamer, we came into the beautiful Honolulu harbour on a lovely, fresh morning. In the harbour itself were no less than four ships of war; one was Her Britannic Majesty's *Mutine*, two were American, and the other was either Russian or French, I forget which—I think French, however. They gave quite a warlike appearance to the scene, and as one English ship had just departed, and a few days later the large flagship *Swiftsure*, with Admiral Lyons on board, anchored just outside the reef, it provoked a remark from our cabman to the effect, "I guess it looks as though England means to swamp us here!" The coronation was to take place in a day or two, and already bunting was beginning to be shown, and the gardens were in perfection of beauty, after rain, and before any heat had come to wither them; the Bougainvillier was really in extraordinary masses, it seemed to run riot everywhere, from the handsomest mansion to the lowliest hut. At the hotel there were two huge pillars supporting the double veranda at the back, and from ground to roof there was a blaze of rich purple colour, quite different from the sickly hue the same plant seems to take in greenhouses. The Mexican creeper also was like pink coral spread over the roofs (its favourite clinging place) in profusion. This last requires a hot sun, and on some of the islands will not grow, but it makes the houses in Honolulu especially attractive in appearance.

Our kind friend, the wife of Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner, brought us tickets for excellent places from which to view the coronation ceremonies, and asked us to join her party, going to the palace with her, which offer we accepted most gratefully.

The next thing was to engage a cab, or "express," as cabs are always designated in Honolulu; the true cab, as we understand the vehicle, is unknown there. A small, covered rockaway, with leather sides, drawn by one horse, is what is invariably used as a public conveyance, and the

private carriages are similar in appearance, except that in many cases they are much larger, and require two animals.

I must also except the equipage of His Majesty, which was a large English landau, imported direct from London for him, and which, driven by a native coachman, with a small cape of the red and yellow feathers before described added to his trim English livery, and a footman, similarly attired, beside him on the box, presented a very smart appearance, and was always regarded with great interest by the native citizens. The distance being short from the hotel to the palace, we were very punctual in our appointment with the friends who were to chaperone us. We found Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner and his family party, consisting of his wife and two fair daughters, all in full evening dress, the young ladies in white, with feathers *de rigueur* in their hair, and the Commissioner himself in full diplomatic uniform, his wife in richest black, all on their own pretty veranda. In a few minutes our numbers were increased by the arrival of half-a-dozen officers from the English war ships then in harbour. They were magnificent in full dress naval uniform, which is rarely if ever worn, only on the occasion of a royal ceremony—indeed, one of the officers assured me that during the years he had been in the navy he was certain he had not worn the full dress more than twice, so that the amount of gold lace by which we were surrounded was something truly startling.

We approached the palace from a side gate, at which were sentries ready to admit us after leaving the carriages. Immediately inside the gate was a broad footpath, strewn with rushes several inches deep; this led us to the entrance of a kind of coliseum, which was built in a half-circle, with tiers of seats facing the front of the palace, where the double verandas on each side of the grand entrance were gaily decorated and fitted up with chairs for the officials and their families and the diplomatic corps.

Directly opposite the entrance doors of the palace a broad platform ran out from the top step to a very pretty pavilion, with open sides, beautifully painted, and decorated with chains and wreaths of flowers, on which were the throne-like chairs of crimson and gold, with the gorgeous yellow feather robe thrown on one. The pavilion had a pointed top, which was painted in red, white, and blue stripes, presenting a lovely, tent-like effect, and the erection being on a level with the lower veranda, at least six feet from the ground, gave every one a full view of the ceremony, which was to take place in the pavilion itself.

As we neared the palace the guards presented arms, and the band struck up the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen," in accordance with the honour due to our Queen's representative, and it was delightful to our home-loving hearts to hear it once more, as I had so often before in Canada.

Our friends, of course, turned off to the left to gain their own seats on the veranda, while we were shown into delightful ones under the cover of the coliseum, and soon found that we could not have had better; above all, we were in the cool shade, which was an inestimable boon on the warm July-like day, especially as we were without covering on our heads, our own individual party being in ordinary dinner dress. It certainly was an interesting and curious sight to look around and see the different faces and garb of those about us. The ordinary native women had Holokus on, many of most expensive and rich materials, trimmed profusely with laces and embroideries; their hats, in most cases, a mass of feathers, of the Gainsborough type, set on top of huge coiffures, with tiers of leaves and flowers *ad libitum*, and strongly scented handkerchiefs, the natives delighting in such perfumes as musk and patchouli. Quite close to us were the boy pupils of St. Louis College, a Roman Catholic school for native boys, in neat dark uniforms, with white caps. The veranda soon presented a very gay appearance, the ladies' costumes were most rich and beautiful, and the official and diplomatic corps fairly blazed with gold lace and orders. On the left side of the entrance sat a fine old native, who attracted an immense deal of attention, Governor Kanoa, of Kanai, a very old man, with a magnificent head of white hair, from underneath which his strongly-marked, dark features and copper-coloured skin showed curiously amongst all the delicate colours of the ladies' apparel, for His Excellency was given a place of honour, owing to his high rank as a chief. He also was in gorgeous uniform, with a star on his broad breast. He was a remarkably fine specimen of the old native aristocracy, whose manners were singularly courteous and graceful; and, alas! the generation is fast dying out.

As each representative of the foreign courts entered, the national air was played by the really excellent Hawaiian band, and, as we waited for the royalties, an old native lady in a flowing white Holoku, profusely decorated with flowers, suddenly began in a loud, monotonous, singing voice, an apparently endless *mele*, or "chant of praise," which was a very ancient custom; it was, I should say, improvised, and was an account of Kalakua's virtues and achievements, and praise of every kind, continued at intervals throughout the ceremonies. Presently another *raconteur* took up the theme, while the first stood and flopped her scented handkerchief to cool her shining face. It appeared to be highly interesting to those who understood the language.

The arrival of the Japanese ambassador and suite excited general interest, as they were the only personal representatives from another country who were bearers of greetings and congratulations to King Kalakua. They were the tiniest little fellows possible, to be grown men; and their round, smooth-shaven faces added to their childlike appearance: in fact, they looked like small boys of diminutive stature, arrayed in full evening dress. They all carried high hats, and wore different ribbons and orders. One of the most beautiful gifts presented to the King was that sent from Japan: an immense pair of vases, urn-shaped, on pedestals fully eight feet high. At first sight we all thought they were bronze, but on