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THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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ARTHUR JOHNSTONE, - - - EDITOR.

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On or About		On or About	
Warrimoo	July 23	Australia	July 21
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Australia	Aug 11	Arawa	July 31
Arawa	Aug 24	Australia	Aug 18
Alameda	Aug 30	Belgic	Aug 21
China	Sept 4	Mariposa	Aug 25
Australia	Sept 8	Warrimoo	Sept 1
Warrimoo	Sept 23	Australia	Sept 15
Mariposa	Sept 27	Monowai	Sept 20
Oceanic	Oct 2	Arawa	Oct 1
Australia	Oct 6	Australia	Oct 3
Arawa	Oct 23	City of Pekin	Oct 9
Monowai	Oct 25	Alameda	Oct 18
Australia	Nov 3	Warrimoo	Nov 1
China	Nov 13	Australia	Nov 10
Alameda	Nov 22	Mariposa	Nov 15
Warrimoo	Nov 23	Peru	Nov 19
Oceanic	Dec 1	Arawa	Dec 1
Australia	Dec 4	Australia	Dec 8
Mariposa	Dec 20	Monowai	Dec 11
Arawa	Dec 23	China	Dec 31
Australia	Dec 29	1895.	
1895.		Warrimoo	Jan 1
China	Jan 22	Gaelic	Feb 16
Oceanic	Feb 19	Peru	Mar 29
China	April 2	Gaelic	Apr 26

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.

By the Government Survey, Published Every Monday.

Day.	July—Aug.	BAROM. 9 A. M.	BAROM. 3 P. M.	THER. Min.	THER. Max.	Rain, in.	Humidity 9 A. M.	Humidity 3 P. M.	Clouds	Winds	Force
Sun	22	30.12	30.07	68	79	0.10	66	9		ENE	2-4
Mon	23	30.09	30.03	71	84	0.03	66	1		NE	4
Tue	24	30.13	30.05	68	81	0.1	64	4		NE	4
We	25	30.14	30.10	71	83	0.00	68	3		NE	4
Thu	26	30.16	30.09	70	82	0.04	62	3		NE	4
Fri	27	30.13	30.06	71	82	0.02	68	9.2		ENE	3
Sat	28	30.10	30.04	71	83	0.09	63	4		NE	4

Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation but not for latitude.

Tides, Sun and Moon.

Day.	July—Aug.	High Tide large.	High tide small.	Low tide large.	Low tide small.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon Rises.
		p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.			
Mon	30	2-30	1-30	7. 0	9-35	5.33	6.40	3-2
Tues	31	3. 0	2.5	8-10	10-4	5.33	6.39	4-34
	1	4-20	3-40	9. 0	11.5	5.33	6.39	7-16
Wed	2	5.15	4-50	9 45	11-56	5.34	6.38	8. 5
				a.m.	a.m.			
Thur	3	5-45	5.30	.....	12-8	5.34	6.37	8-44
Fri	4	6-20	6.10	0. 5	11.2	5.34	6-37	9-20
Sat	5	7. 0	7- 0	0.40	12-	5.35	6.36	9-55
Sun								

New moon on the 1st, at 1h 55m A. M.
Time Whistle Blows at 1h., 29m., 34s. p.m. of Honolulu time, which is the same as 12h., 0m., 0s. of Greenwich time.
For every 1000 feet of distance of the observer (from the Custom House) allow one second for transmission of sound, or 5 seconds to a statute mile.

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TIME TABLE.

From and After June 1st, 1893

TRAINS

TO EWA MILL.

	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.	D. P.M.
Leave Honolulu	8:45	1:45	4.35	5:10
Leave Pearl City	9:30	2:30	5:10	5:56
Arrive Ewa Mill	9:57	2:57	5:36	6:22

TO HONOLULU.

	C. A.M.	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.
Leave Ewa Mill	6:21	10:43	3:43	5:42
Leave Pearl City	6:55	11:15	4:15	6:10
Arrive Honolulu	7:30	11:55	4:55	6:45

A—Saturday's only. C—Sunday's excepted.
B—Daily D—Saturday's excepted

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ONLY ONE JUDGMENT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES A CHIMERICAL EXPECTATION.

He Says There Is No Reversal of Judgment in the Next World—The Verdict Is Based Upon Our Earthly Lives—The Final Chance.

BROOKLYN, June 17.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press today "Another Chance," the text being taken from Ecclesiastes xi, 3, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude that there will be an opportunity in the next world to correct the mistakes of this; that if we do make complete shipwreck of our earthly life it will be on a shore, up which we may walk to a palace; that, as a defendant may lose his case in the circuit court and carry it up to the supreme court or court of chancery and get a reversal of judgment in his behalf, all the costs being thrown over on the other party, so, if we fail in the earthly trial, we may in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the judgment of the lower court set aside, all the costs remitted, and we may be victorious defendants forever. My object in this sermon is to show that common sense as well as my text declares that such an expectation is chimerical. You say that the impenitent man, having got into the next world and seeing the disaster, will, as a result of that disaster, turn, the pain the cause of his reformation. But you can find 10,000 instances in this world of men who have done wrong, and distress overtook them suddenly. Did the distress heal them? No; they went right on.

That man was flung of dissipations. "You must stop drinking," said the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers paroxysm after paroxysm, but under skillful medical treatment he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business. And, lo, he goes back to the same grogshop for his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drams between. Flat down again! Same doctor! Same physical anguish! Same medical warning! Now the illness is more protracted, the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive organs are more rebellious. But after awhile he is out again, goes back to the same dramshops and goes the same round of sacrilege against his physical health.

Suffering Does Not Always Reform.

He sees that his downward course is ruining his household; that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vow; that that broken hearted woman is so unlike the roseate young wife whom he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her; that his sons are to be taunted for a lifetime by the father's drunkenness; that the daughters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and perhaps for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is doing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a-tangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After awhile he has delirium tremens, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, crying, "Take these things off me!" As he sits pale and convalescent the doctor says: "Now, I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you have you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die." He gets better and goes forth into the same round again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is no hope. Death ends the scene.

That process of inebriation, warning and dissolution is going on within a stone's throw of you, going on in all the neighborhoods of Christendom. Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform. What is true in one sense is true in all senses and will forever be so, and yet men are expecting in the next world purgatorial rejuvenation. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States, and you will find that the vast majority of the incarcerated have been there before, some of them four, five, six times. With 1,000,000 illustrations all working the other way in this world, people are expecting that distress in the next state will be salvatory. You cannot imagine any worse torture in any other world than that which some men have suffered here, and without any salutary consequence.

Prospects of Reform.

Furthermore, the prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In this world the life started with innocence of infancy. In the case supposed the other life will open with all the accumulated bad habits of many years upon him. Surely it is easier to build a strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to start with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a seraph evoluted? Surely the sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of a half century. Surely upon a clean white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will than upon a sheet of paper all scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next life will succeed, though it starts with a dead failure.

"But," says some one, "I think we ought to have a chance in the next life, because this life is so short it allows only small opportunity. We hardly have time to turn around between cradle and tomb, the wood of the one almost touching the marble of the other." But do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century of their lifetime than in the first hundred years, and still worse in the third century, and still worse all the way on to 700, 800 and 900 years, and the earth had to be washed and scrubbed and soaked and anchored clear out of sight for more than a month before it could be made fit for decent people to live in.

Longevity never cures impenitency. All the pictures of Time represent him with a scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a case of medicines to heal. Seneca says that Nero for the first five years of his public life was set up for an example of clemency and kindness, but his path all the way descended until at 68 A. D. he became a suicide. If 800 years did not make antediluvians any better, but only made them worse, the ages of eternity could have no effect except prolongation of depravity.

Many Wrongs Do Not Make a Right.

"But," says some one, "in the future state evil surroundings will be withdrawn and elevated influences substituted, and hence expurgation and sublimation and glorification." But the righteous, all their sins forgiven, have passed on into a beatific state, and consequently the unsaved will be left alone. It cannot be expected that Dr. Duff, who exhausted himself in teaching Hindoos the way to heaven, and Dr. Abeel, who gave his life in the evangelization of China, and Adoniram Judson, who toiled for the redemption of Borneo, should be sent down by some celestial missionary society to educate those who wasted all their earthly existence. Evangelistic and missionary efforts are ended. The entire kingdom of the morally bankrupt by themselves, where are the salvatory influences to come from? Can one speckled and bad apple in a barrel of diseased apples turn the other apples good? Can those who are themselves down help others up? Can those who have themselves failed in the business of the soul pay the debts of their spiritual insolvents? Can a million wrongs make one right?

Poneropolis was a city where King Philip of Thracia put all the bad people of his kingdom. If any man had opened a primary school at Poneropolis, I do not think the parents from other cities would have sent their children there. Instead of amendment in the other world, all the associations, now that the good are evolved, will be degenerating and down. You would not want to send a man to a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health, and the great lazaretto of the next world, containing the diseased and plague struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. If the surroundings in this world were crowded of temptation, the surroundings of the next world, after the righteous have passed up and on, will be a thousand per cent more crowded of temptation.

From Freshman to Senior.

The Count of Chateaubriand made his little son sleep at night at the top of a castle turret, where the winds howled, and where specters were said to haunt the place, and while the mother and sisters almost died with fright the son tells us that the process gave him nerves that could not tremble and a courage that never faltered. But I don't think that towers of darkness and the spectral world swept by sirocco and erroclydon will ever fit one for the land of eternal sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum of that college of inferno where, after proper preparation by the sins of this life, the candidate enters, passing on from freshman class of depravity to sophomore of abandonment, and from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and with diploma signed by satan, the president, and other professorial demoniacs, attesting that the candidate has been long enough under their drill, he passes up to enter heaven! Pandemonium a preparative course for heavenly admission! Ah, my friends, satan and his cohorts have fitted uncounted millions for ruin, but never fitted one soul for happiness!

Furthermore, it would not be safe for this world if men had another chance in the next. If it had been announced that, however wickedly a man might act in this world, he could fix it up all right in the next, society would be terribly demoralized, and the human race demolished in a few years. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well for us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back to semibarbarism, and semibarbarism from rushing into midnight savagery, and midnight savagery from extinction, for it is the astringent impression of all nations, Christian and heathen, that there is no future chance for those who have wasted this.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say: "Go to, now! Let me get all out of this life there is in it. Come, gluttony and inebriation and uncleanness and revenge and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life may be somewhat shortened in this world by dissoluteness, but that will only make heavenly indulgence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will overtake the saints at last and will enter the heavenly temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will on my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven via gehenna and via sheol." Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this.

The Post Mortem.

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with judges and attorneys that it would be tried twice, and the first trial would be of little importance, but that the second would decide everything, for which trial would you make the most preparation, for which retain the ablest attorneys, for which be most anxious about the attendance of witnesses? You would put all the stress upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all the expenditure, saying, "The first is nothing; the last is everything." Give the race assurance of a second and more important trial in the subsequent life, and all the preparation for eternity would be "post mortem," post funeral, post sepulchral, and the world with one jerk be pitched off into impiety and godlessness.

Furthermore, let me ask why a chance should be given in the next world if we have refused innumerable chances in this? Suppose you give a banquet, and you invite a vast number of friends, but one man declines to come or treats your invitation with indifference. You in the course of 20 years give 20 banquets, and the same man is invited to them all and treats them all in the same obnoxious way. After awhile you remove to another house, larger and better, and you again invite your friends, but send no invitation to the man who declined or neglected the other invitations. Are you to blame? Has he a right to expect to be invited after all the indignities he has done you? God in this world has invited us all to the banquet of his grace. He invited us by his providence and his spirit 365 days of every year since we knew our right hand from our left. If we declined it every time or treated the invitation with indifference and gave 20 or 40 or 50 years of indignity on our part toward the banqueter, and at last he spreads the banquet in a more luxurious and kingly place, amid the heavenly gardens, have we a right to expect him to invite us again, and have we a right to blame him if he does not invite us?

Only One Offer.

If 12 gates of salvation stood open 20 years or 50 years for our admission, and at the end of that time they are closed, can we complain of it and say: "These gates ought to be open again. Give us another chance?" If the steamer is to sail for Hamburg, and we want to get to Germany by that line, and we read in every evening and every morning newspaper that it will sail on a certain day, for two weeks we have that advertisement before our eyes, and then we go down to the docks 15 minutes after it has shoved off into the stream and say: "Come back! Give me another chance! It is not fair to treat me in this way! Swing up to the dock again and throw out planks and let me come on board!" Such behavior would invite arrest as a madman.

And if, after the gospel ship has lain at anchor before our eyes for years and years, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, as she might sail away at any moment, and after awhile she sails without us, is it common sense to expect her to come back? You might as well go out on the highlands at Navesink and call to the Majestic after she has been three days out and expect her to return as to call back an opportunity for heaven when it once has sped away. All heaven offered us as a gratuity, and for a lifetime we refuse to take it, and then rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler demanding another chance. There ought to be, there can be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity. Thus our common sense agrees with my text, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

You see that this idea lifts this world up from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous issues and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. But one trial for which all the preparation must be made in this world or never made at all. That piles up all the emphases and all the climaxes and all the destinies into life here. No other chance! Oh, how that augments the value and the importance of this chance!

Alexander with his army used to surround a city and then would lift a great light in token to the people that if they surrendered before that light went out all would be well, but if once the light went out then the battering rams would swing against the wall, and demolition and disaster would follow. Well, all we need do for our present and everlasting safety is to make surrender to Christ, the king and conqueror—surrender of our hearts, surrender of our lives, surrender of everything. And he keeps a great light burning, light of gospel invitation, light kindled with the wood of the cross and flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Surrender while that great light continues to burn, for after it goes out there will be no other opportunity of making peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk of another chance! Why, this is a supernal chance.

No Chance In the Next World.

In the time of Edward VI, at the battle of Musselburg, a private soldier, seeing that the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet, took off his own helmet and put it upon the head of the earl, and the head of the private soldier uncovered he was soon slain, while his commander rode safely out of the battle. But in our case, instead of a private soldier offering helmet to an earl, it is a king putting his crown upon an unworthy subject, the king dying that we might live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and heaven. Tell it to all centuries, all ages, all millenniums, that we have such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in the next.

I am in the burnished judgment hall of the last day. A great white throne is lifted, but the judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says, "I came from America, where 40 years I heard the gospel preached and Bible read, and from the prayer that I learned in infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had gospel advantage, but for some reason I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the Judge to give me a new trial and another chance." "Strange!" says the other. "I had but one gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."

The Judgment.

"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had feeblest intellect to one who had great brain and silvery tongue and scepters of influence. The latter responds: "Oh, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries and had learned titles from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my soul, and I am here waiting for a new trial." "Strange," says the one of the feeble earthly capacity. "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ and made him my partner, and I have no need of another chance."

Now the ground trembles with the approaching chariot. The great folding doors of the hall swing open. "Stand back!" cry the celestial ushers. "Stand back, and let the judge of quick and dead pass through!" He takes the throne, and looking over the throng of nations he says, "Come to judgment, the last judgment, the holy judgment!" By one flash from the throne all the history of each one flames forth to the vision of himself and all others. "Divide!" says the judge to the assembly. "Divide!" echo the walls. "Divide!" cry the guards angelic.

And now the immortals separate, rushing this way and that, and after awhile there is a great aisle between them, and a great vacuum widening and widening, and the judge, turning to the throng on one side, says, "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still," and then, turning toward the throng on the opposite side, he says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still," and then, lifting one hand toward each group, he declares, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the book of judgment. The judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The hall of the last assize is cleared and shut. The high court of eternity is adjourned forever.

Tartans, Barelegs, Highlanders.

The first reference to highland costume occurs in the Saga of Magnus Barefoot, king of Norway, 1093-1103, written by Snorro Sturleson, who was reared with the children of that monarch's daughter. Here it is stated that Magnus and his men on their return from a marauding expedition to the west of Scotland "brought with them a great deal of the habits and fashions of clothing of these western parts. They went about the streets with bare legs and had short kirtles and overcloaks, and therefore his men called him Magnus Barefoot or Barelegs."

In the thirteenth century we seem to have something like a first reference to actual tartans in the statutes of the church of Aberdeen, which provide that "all ecclesiastics are to be suitably apparelled, avoiding red, green and striped clothing, and their garments shall not be shorter than the middle of the leg." But it should be noticed that the word "tartar," which occurs in the fifteenth century, in the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, and which was regarded by both Borthwick and Pinkerton as meaning tartan, really indicates, as pointed out by Dr. Dickson, a fabric of eastern origin, frequently "variant" or shot, the warp and woof being of contrasting colors. We find, however, a true reference to tartan in the same accounts in the following century, for in August, 1538, there appears an entry for "iij. elnis of Heland tartane to be hoiss to the Kingis grace," these "hoiss" or trews being evidently intended to be worn with "ane schort Heland coit," accounted for under the same date.—Scottish Review.

The Coating of Ironclads.

Noboby is foolish enough to pretend that we can coat our ironclads externally with sealskin or with porpoise hide, and undoubtedly we are at a great disadvantage as compared with nature and her living forms. Very possibly the ultimate solution of this question may be found in the application of some new material altogether to the external coating of our vessels. Compressed paper, and compressed ramee fiber, which are now increasingly employed in America for railway wheels and steam pipes, would seem promising materials for the purpose. They admit of being molded externally into any minute grooves or tiny overlapping plates, like the scales of a fish.

Little or no extra expense will thereby be incurred, as an enormous hydraulic pressure, capable of forming any required surface, is already employed in the regular course of manufacture. Or they can just as easily be molded into a rough shagreen, which in form can be made a facsimile production of the skin of the shark. And by their tough and strong retentive structure they would effectually protect the steel, or real skin of the vessel, from corrosion by the salt water. But all this is mere conjecture. Any such suggestions which any man can propound will be nothing more than conjecture, so long as we are content to remain in our present deplorable darkness and ignorance of the real governing conditions of the problem. What we most require is therefore light.—Contemporary Review.

A Victim of Misfortune.

"I assure you, madam, this is the first time I ever begged, he said, as he stood at the back door and asked for victuals or clothes or cash—cash preferred, as his wife was laid up and there was money needed for medical attendance.

"Seen better days, have you?" asked the sympathetic Mrs. Harkins, who was filling a basket for him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you say your wife got hurt?"

"She broke her leg, madam. You have no idea how fond I was of her."

"I like to see a husband fond of his wife."

"Then behold one, madam! As long as she possessed her health and strength, madam, there was no need for me to beg. She went out washing, but"——

"Here, Nero!" yelled Mrs. Harkins. But the dog was two seconds late. The man whose wife's misfortune had compelled him to beg passed through the gate and closed it behind him just as the bulldog's spring landed the animal against that barrier.—Brooklyn Life.

Two at a Bargain.

"I know I'm a little irritable, John, but if I had to live my life again I'd marry you just the same."

"H'm