

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfiand faintly blowing!
 If hard blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer echoes—dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

—Tennyson.

FRIENDLY HINTS.

Snuff your candle, and keep it always burning, in the midst of this dark and naughty world.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

"In the day of adversity, consider."

George Washington couldn't tell a lie.

That little *prevarication*, you know, about "vaccination," is as big as a school-house!

"If you are green the goats will eat you up."

Dig up \$2 and join the Y. W. C. A.

Help the Sailors' Rest, corner Nuuanu and Queen, with books, papers, pictures, pretty cups and also flowers.

Likely, some of the sailors had a garden when boys.

You find room on your dining-table for flowers, a part of God's creation made to please twosenses;

find room too, for a small book-rest, and up on it an open Bible that even inadvertently, the eye may catch a word of the Divine Truth.

Hold your tongue and mind your own business.

Don't write a newspaper article when scalding milk or, boiling rice.

Keep your windows clean.

"Soldiers of Christ arise, And gird your armor on; Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His Eternal Son."

"A day's march nearer home."

"True greatness consists not in doing great things but in doing little things with a great mind."

The rainbows of Hawaii!

The sun rise the sun set, the sea the sky of Hawaii! Don't talk!

It was one very good thing happening—that Senatorial Commission.

They were good steersmen and kept clear of all snags and rocks. But they didn't omit, at the parting, to spell the word—"Republican."

We shall now have Chinese labor allee same—with time and patience.

This country's all right—yea.

Whatever you may do, don't be that rash to vote for Mr. Scuttle Scuttle brain. "Scuttle the ship, eh? Gare! Oh, Hawaii is the loveliest land on this plan it and we never tire of that refrain!

Do you read the Times, you'll have to read that fact, many times

She was that particular, was Miss Slimly that she would not slip even one hole, in lacing her boots; and, when we questioned her why she was so "fussy," she admitted that it disturbed her mind to slight the "trifles." She didn't feel so comfortable, she said, if she knew she had left the hairs in her hair-brush, for instance; she

couldn't work so well, all day, not to "put things straight." Whether at some time she had been "re-incarnated" and learned many of these "set notions" in China, as a Chinese woman, it is not for me to say—far beyond my philosophy! But, I do know, that she did not know a word of that tongue "You tellee me, breakfast alle samee 7 o'clock. I cookkee coffee, makee toasty, why you no come?"

But we knew and felt sure that in case of an emergency, we could put faith in our Miss Slimly—she would slip no holes nor would our shoes come untied.

"It's a mighty good thing," said a Kentuckian, "to study human nature; but, it involves eyes open and mouth shut."

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON
A.M.

Sub tegmine fagi.—Virgil.
 In shade of spreading beech I lie
 And watch through blue depths of the sky
 Proud argosies go sailing by,

While Fancy pictures in their train
 The castles we all build—in Spain
 That come and go and come again.

Without these figments of the air
 Our lives, so filled with toil and care,
 Would darken with a deep despair

But Faith and Hope, twin sisters bright,

Illume our darkest days with light
 That streams from Heaven's sublimest height.

I should not know whether to put music ahead of or behind dining, in a list of a German's favorite dissipations, says Julian Ralph writing in Collier's Weekly of "Summering in Europe," but I will be safe in ranking them as equal since both are oftenest enjoyed together, with the drinking of light beers and wines accompanying the others as a third partner in the feast. At the German resorts you do everything to music except the bathing. There are bands in the "spring houses" where you take the waters, bands in the parks where you eat, and bands in the parks where you eat, and bands in the open places where the people walk