

ers. 1 p. m. the rain continues; it is very thick all over.

Sat. April 5th.

It is rather rough and a threatening sky.

Sat. April 12th.

Came home Thurs, noon in hack. Road quite good. Have written 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, of "Chink" since yesterday morning. Some times cannot seem to write anything. It is very warm today. Went to town last Monday. Wrote "Manifest Destiny" for Wednesday's paper on Tues. night the 8th inst
—Wailupe "Journal."

GOD'S POWER.

I marked the Spring as she passed along
With her eye of light and lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang forth from their icy rest.
The buds bent low in the breezes' sigh
And their (breath went forth in the scented sky;
Where fields looked fresh in their sweet repose
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.
I looked upon Summer—the golden sun
Poured joy over all that he looked upon—
His glance was cast like a gift abroad.
Like the boundless smile of a perfect God;
The stream shown glad in its magic ray—
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed—it was Autumn's hour—
A frost had discolored the Summer bower;
The blast wailed sad midst the cankered leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
The meadow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;

And I knew by the clouds by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near with his storms again.

I stood by the ocean—its waters rolled
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And Day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves dance round a thousand isles;
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played on the joyous breeze;
The prows rushed on midst the parting foam,
While the wanderer was rapt in a dream of home.
I stood where the deepening tempest passed,
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,
The clouds o'er shadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
And hills to the thunder peals replied;
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit with its red array.
And hath men the power with his pride and skill
To arouse all Nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the Summer cloud—
To allay the tempest when hills are bowed?
Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath,
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again when Death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur,
"There is no God?"
—Whittier.

COMING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

The following vessels are either on the way or to sail from San Francisco for Honolulu, Hilo and Kahului:

Gerard C. Tobey, American bark, Gove; Defender, American schooner, Marsters; Coronado, American barkentine, C. Potter;

Fullerton, American barkentine, Kahului; Enterprise, American steamer, Miller; Nevadan, American steamer, H. F. Weeden; Adams, United States steamer; Andrew Welch, American bark, Drew; Oregon, United States steamer; Mauna Ala, American bark, Smith; Roderick Dhu, American bark, Johnson; Annie Johnson, American bark, Engalls, Hilo; Kinau, American steamer, Freeman; George Curtis, American ship, Bennett; Alden Besse, American bark, Kessel; W. H. Dimond, American barkentine, Hansen; R. P. Rithet, American bark, D. McPhail; Irmgard, American barkentine, Schmidt; W. H. Marston, American schooner, Curtis; Archer, American barkentine, R. Calhoun; Marion Chilcott, American ship; C. D. Bryant, American bark, Colly; St. Katherine, American bark, Saunders, Hilo; Archer, American barkentine, Calhoun; Rosamond, American schooner, Johnson; S. N. Castle, American barkentine, Nilson; Planter, American barkentine, Chase; Martha Davis, American bark, McAlman, Hilo.

SOME LESSONS OF CHAUTAUQUA ON THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

(By the Bishop of Tennessee.)

At the beginning of the twentieth century, when our Nation is face to face with new and untried problems, which, we believe, are going to be solved, not only rightly, but righteously; and which, in the very struggle for that solution, are going to carry us, as a people, into great and splendid and, we hope, reverent possession and use of power—there are two things for which, above all others, Christians ought to work and pray.

Those two things are (1) the union of the American people, North, South, East and West—in mind and heart—without friction of sectional distrust or jealousy of mere political traditions; and (2) the consecration of this union in the Name and faith of Jesus Christ.