

oh pray for us," said all hands to the holy man, "but, not out of your Book, not out of your Book."

And the minister fell upon his knees, and repeated the Litany, and the men cried as he went on, in that earnest supplication.

The vessel was saved, of course. (That's faith.)

A young woman of large income was very earnest in good works, a splendid, faithful worker devoting very largely of her time, strength and her money to the poor and the sick.

She was a good church woman in every sense, lovely and amiable.

One day a sick stranger sent to her home requesting her presence at once, as she was very ill.

On entering the lady's bedroom she found her all tossed about, and she instantly said, "Did they tell you? I am dying; oh, pray for me, tell me how I can be saved." The young lady was bewildered. "You must pray, you know, and read the Bible."

She, herself, did not know how to pray for that poor woman, from her own heart. The lady said, "Oh, I don't know how to pray. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The young girl said, "I will run and bring the clergyman." "No, no," said the woman; "you pray, you tell me how; I don't want the minister." Shortly after, she breathed her last.

Moral:—A prayer-book is the right thing in the right place, and often keeps the thoughts from wandering.

Up to the present time, barring the little tremors mentioned, the canal zone has been remarkably free from earthquakes. But there always lurks the dread that some day a seismic disturbance will undo the work of millions of dollars, thousands of men and several years. The greatest danger to the canal would be at the locks of Gatun, Paraiso and Miraflores. Construction men, employed at Gatun, have stated openly that the massive concrete locks being built at that point continually are settling, causing large cracks to appear.

Washington, January 1.—Baron Uchida, Japanese Ambassador to

the United States, declares that sinister influences are trying to stir up war between this country and Japan. He did not use the most diplomatic language in his statement, but denounced the war jingoes in this country, and declared that his country does not want the Philippines. "I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that Japan is friendly to the United States," he said. "There is no truth in the rumors that our government covets the Philippines."

(Of course not; no truth. "No truth," might be a good watchword for all such rumors.)

#### A GOOD MOUTH WASH.

A mouth wash to keep the gums healthy and firm is made as follows: Take two teaspoonsful of tincture of myrrh, one table-spoonful of spirits of camphor, and two pints of hot water in which have been dissolved two penny packets of patent borax. Put a wineglassful of this mixture into a tumbler, fill it with water, and use it when cleaning the teeth.

(Rev. Doremus E. Scudder, in The Friend.)

Hawaii today is a blissful center of Christian union. We have learned President Hayes' maxim, "The way to resume is to resume," only we put it, "The way to get together is to get together." Others preach, we practice it. We don't use the word Congregational out there. We don't need to, we have the thing; why bother over a divisive name? We also have the best of Presbyterianism in our policy, the fervor of Methodism, the whole Pacific Ocean for the Baptist part of us, and a number of title-less bishops such as Baker of Hawaii, Dodge of Maui, Lydgate of Kauai, with Archbishop Oleson (also of Massachusetts) at their head, plus the only sort of apostolic succession God or man cares anything about. No wonder our churches number all setcs including former Confucianists from China, Buddhists from Japan, religious head-hunters for aught I know from the Philippines, Mormons, Romanists and nearly every stripe of ism known to Dr. Carroll of the Independent. When Bishop Libert,

Pius X's Hawaiian representative, loses a church by fire, he knows that the first check that will come to him unbidden will bear the signatures of our people; when his Protestant Episcopal brother Restarick wants a new parish school building, children of our missionaries head his subscription list; when the Methodist Episcopal—I can't give you his kaleidoscopic name because he changes every year or two—plans a \$35,000 church for Honolulu, he is sure of nearly half coming from our union loving people. O, the way to have union is to have it, not to debate it to death as you did in Cleveland three years ago. Next time you want to celebrate the bands between Congregational and other ists, fix the marriage ceremony at Honolulu. The sweetness of the atmosphere out there, spiritual as well as physical, will insure a June wedding.

Hawaii today needs perhaps more than anything else families from mainland America. Six years ago we asked for money and sympathy. You gave both, and today I have rendered a brief account thereof. Try us again, this time with Christian homes. There are literally thousands of mainland families to whom residence in Hawaii would be the greatest of all earthly boons, families that have secured enough of this world's goods to make struggle for a living no longer necessary, and are spoiling for the opportunity of larger influence, families to whom our northern winters are a dread. Hawaii needs type of Carnegie funder. No garden spot on earth is so alluring to men and women with time and money enough to take up a little plot of land and lend a hand in developing the rare products with which Hawaii is destined to bless America. Each such home standing for the best in Americanism would form a center of light and of social salvation for Hawaiian families round about, to say nothing of influencing directly far away Asia or of incidentally prolonging for a decade or two its own efficient life. Here is a call for a new variety of twentieth century missionary.

Hawaii should become the great Christian Gibraltar of the Pacific World. It will if enough Ameri-