

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son."—I. John v:ii.



Forbear, strong heart, forbear;
Let not the arrow dart
Which wounds the trusting
heart;
Forbear, strong heart, forbear.

Forgive, dear heart, forgive;
Let not the tide of strife
Mar thy sweet inner life;
Forgive, dear heart, forgive.

Face upward to the stars;
Let Love heal all thy scars;
Face upward to the stars;
Forget, true heart, forget.
—Lilliam Bradford Dickson.



One turns gladly to the vision of the Christ. Of the infinite love that lived for men. The infinite sympathy that throbs like a living heart for us. That is daily wounded for our transgressions. That counts our sighs and measures our tears. The face which no artist has ever limned; no sculptor ever graven. The face of the God-Man. The God who loved us, who suffered for us, and at last who died for us, and who now lives for us; the Christ who when He ascended from earth to sit upon His throne of glory let fall from the bright clouds that caught him up sweet and clear as a fallen star. His promise of everlasting comfort and help, "Lo, I am with you always." The God whose heaven of glory would be lonesome without His children of earth.

That is a God of humanity. Enthroned in heaven, and dwelling on earth to the end of time. And with the dawn of eternity rescending from heaven to tabernacle with men, that forever they may be His people, and He their God.—Robert J. Burdette.



"With faith in the unseen realities and perfect trust in God."—From Dr. White's Sermon.

(Sunday, July 3.)

Alexander Young, greatly beloved and honored by the community, was buried today from Central Union Church.

Mr. Young leaves a widow and nine children.

In 1900 he began to build the splendid Alexander Young Hotel building, finished in three years. He later purchased the Moana and also the Royal Hawaiian. His faith in Hawaii was boundless as seen by his works.



"The best thought of our country is pledged to sobriety and uncompromising hostility to saloon control."



Mr. McNerny brought to the attention of the committee the fact that many hundred pounds of Hawaiian coffee were sold on the mainland in excess of the total crop raised here. This was done by mixing Hawaiian coffee with other inferior grades and selling it as the real article.

He suggested that a company be organized to put the real article on the market in small packages and that some method of advertising be adopted so that the coffee could be sold from Honolulu only.



"The trees of the Lord are full of sap." The Book of Psalms.



SUMMER-TIME SERMON.

Every child of God ought to try to be "full of sap." Every man, woman and child, every one of us, made in the image of God should strive day by day to fulfill our mission "to do our duty in that state of life to which God has called us." We are not to cavil and question, or murmur and say perchance: "If I had been put here or there, in Mr. A's good shop and home, or bank or plantation. A woman is not to look about and think, "Oh well, it's all very fine for these rich, these carriage (auto) people; why, I

might have— No, no, she or he is to take up the burden of life (for life is short) whatever and wherever placed and think only: How can I make the very, very best of all this? How can I quietly untangle and unite these knots of my environment, my small means, my few talents? How can I increase, beautify, help, how can I keep well, cheerful, content, peaceful? What am I in this world for? My Creator has put me here, called me to this station in life; He must have a plan, even for me, if "not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice." While I hammer and hoe, while I reap and sow; while I sail my ship (and paddle my own canoe) or sell my goods, or make a bonnet or sweep a floor, heal the sick, plead for the prisoner, pray for the dying, I can be a co-worker with Jesus my Saviour and my God; (and we will). "The trees of the Lord are full of sap."

Anne M. Prescott.



There is as good tea (cream) as coffee at the Young Cafe and pie. Don't you like pie? Why in New England there's pie for breakfast—hot mince pie in winter time.

The mince is made of beef, perhaps heart, chopped very fine, after cooking very tender, and apple, citron, raisins, currants, mace, allspice, cider, sugar; and all simmered slowly and then packed in stone jars for use. It is really much like a rich pudding, only in pie form and is hearty to a hungry man and good eaten in moderation. But, indeed, all kinds of pies are used at the first meal in cold season—apple, cranberry, squash are great favorites.

Custards are used for supper more.



"I believe in high license and local option, but not in prohibition. Under the present law the voters may do away with saloons in any district they wish."—C. C. von Hamm.