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AMERICA.

RICHARD ARMSTRONG.

HAWAII.

Hampton, Va
Normal School Steam Press,
1887.

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Al McKensie.

Paul E. Armstrong -

1887.



Al McKensie.

Paul E. Armstrong -

1897.

AMERICA.

RICHARD ARMSTRONG

HAWAII.

Edited by [unclear]

HAMPTON, VA.
NORMAL SCHOOL PRESS & PRINT.
1897.

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THE materials for the following sketch of Dr. Armstrong have been collected by his children, and by them put into my hands for arrangement. We are, I think, united in the belief that no better example than his character affords, can be set before his descendants, and it is in the hope that they may not only appreciate the real meaning of his life but also may measure at its full weight the value of their possible inheritance from him, that this memorial is especially and lovingly dedicated

TO THE GRANDCHILDREN OF LIMAIIKAIIKA.

M. F. A.

A SKETCH.

From Enniskillen, North Ireland, there came to this country just one hundred years ago, a young Scotchman, James Armstrong, who bore with him certain credentials of character and position, which, simple as they are, are not without value to his descendants.

COUNTY OF FERMANAGH,

[SEAL] CORPORATION OF ENNISKILLEN.

We, the undersigned, Provost, Burgess and Freemen of the aforesaid Corporation, do certify that the bearer, James Armstrong, was born and bred in the neighborhood of this Corporation of Protestant parents, that he always behaved himself soberly, industriously, practicing the business of a Land Surveyor with many other businesses of trust, which he punctually discharged to the satisfaction of his employers.

In testimony whereof we have affixed the seal of our Corporation. Given under our hand this 25th day of May, 1786.

WM. SCOTT, *Provost*,
WALTER HUDSON
ROBERT HASSARD, } *Burgesses.*

ART. JOHNSON, *Recorder.*

The bearer, James Armstrong, born on my estate in County Fermanagh, of reputable parents, has always behaved himself regularly and soberly.

M. ARCHDALL,
Member of the County of Fermanagh.

James Armstrong, above mentioned, served me as clerk to my church twelve years last April, and behaved himself soberly and well and was school-master to my parish of Ennis McSaint, otherwise Churchill, for five years, and declined teaching school on getting employment as surveyor of land which was of more advantage to him than teaching school.

Given under my hand this 31st day of May, 1786.

JNO. NIXON, *Tutor and Vicar of said parish.*

The bearer, James Armstrong, of Casbystown, who is now about to set out for America, acted in a place of trust and authority for me for seven years past and acquitted himself with as much honesty and integrity as I could expect or wish for.

Given under my hand this, the 30th day of May, 1786.

WM. OWENS,

Curate Ennis McSaint Parish, Ireland

Backed by these, the young surveyor, clerk, and school teacher was not long in finding a place for himself as Professor of Mathematics in a Pennsylvania academy, and in connecting himself with one of the prominent families of

the state through his marriage with Eleanor Pollock, a woman whose kindness and force of character seemed to have been above the average.

Somewhat late in life the couple removed to Northumberland Co., Penn., where they had purchased a large farm, and there on the 13th of April, 1805, their youngest child, Richard, was born, and there, among the wholesome if somewhat rigorous influences which in those days surrounded the home of an intelligent and well-to-do farmer, he grew to manhood. As the boy, while still a child, showed physical unfitness for the severe demands of a farm life, and marked ability in other directions, his sisters resolved to help him in obtaining the education which he so much desired, and it was their loving and unselfish hands which smoothed for him the path, first to the village school, and then to Dickinson College, Carlisle. In especial the devotion to him of his sister Molly, was a marked and beautiful feature of the family life, and that he did not fail in recognition of her influence, is shown by such allusions as this, written after sending his oldest son to the United States. "Tell Molly, who is a sort of a High Priest among you, to

look after my boy and be father and mother to him."

From the school at Milton he took with him a letter from the President, David Kirkpatrick, which closes as follows: "His competence in literary attainments is very considerable; he is a young man of excellent moral character, very promising abilities and of correct and honorable principles, and I have every reason to believe he will conduct himself on all occasions in such a way as to do credit to himself and to give satisfaction to those with whom he may be connected." That his two years at Dickinson College were equally well spent is evident from President Neil's letter to his father: "In a word, he stands high in our esteem in all respects, and we believe him to be a young gentleman of unblemished morals and sincere piety, and shall be greatly disappointed if he does not make friends and give satisfaction wherever he shall become known or be employed as a teacher, particularly of the Latin and Greek languages."

Always fervently religious, he soon decided that his vocation was plain, and entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, worked

earnestly and with great happiness for nearly three years. In 1828 he wrote :

"I was examined before the Presbytery of Baltimore, on June 10th, on the arts and sciences and came off very well * * * * *. I also read a Latin exercise on the same day which was accepted. I am very busy preparing for another examination on Biblical History, Christian Evidences and Natural Theology. I am writing a trial essay on John 1st and 9th. You will be surprised to hear that I preached a sermon on last Sabbath, July 20th, one hour and a quarter in length. It was preached for a member of the Baltimore Presbytery at his request and to his own congregation in a village called Tarrytown. There was a large congregation and an attentive one. My text was Luke 14th: "And they all with one accord began to make excuse." I hold a weekly meeting here and am trying to promote my Master's cause. * * * * * The greatest sight I ever witnessed was in Baltimore on the Tenth of July. I saw Charles Carroll, the only remaining signer of the Declaration of Independence, lay the first stone of the Balt., and Ohio railroad. Mr. Carroll is ninety-two years old."

At Princeton he became a great favorite with Dr. Alexander and his family, and felt also that he owed much to the influence of Dr. Wm. Nevins of Baltimore, after whom his oldest son was named.

In March, 1831, he wrote to his brother-in-law in Pennsylvania:

“ We had a recess in February of two weeks, one of which I spent in Philadelphia. The object of my visit was to make arrangements for pursuing the study of medicine for a short time. This is preparatory to the difficult and responsible work to which I am looking. You are no doubt aware of my intention, with the grace of God, to go to the heathen and preach the gospel. Perhaps you may be somewhat surprised at the course I have chosen and will be ready to ask ‘ Why not preach among the destitute at home?’

In answer to this I would say that the choice is not my own, it appears to be marked out by Him whom I am bound to serve forever. The heathen are perishing in their sins, and have none to tell them of Jesus and his salvation. The command is ‘ Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,’ and yet there are six millions of men who have never heard of it. O, what a shame upon Christians! The work of a missionary, it is true, is self-denying and laborious, but I must remember that he who does not love Christ more than houses or lands, or home or friends, cannot be his disciple. And although tribulation is before me, in it all my Redeemer will be with me to support and comfort me.

‘ If he is mine and I am his
What can I want beside?’

His service is the most profitable of all services for what earthly comfort can be compared to the rich reward of doing good for Christ's sake? * * * *

The American Board wish to send out twenty missionaries in eighteen months. Most likely I shall be one of them. Then farewell America and farewell earthly enjoyments."

In September of this year President Alexander wrote of him:"

"Mr. Armstrong has been induced by a pure zeal for the glory of God and desire for the salvation of the heathen, to devote himself to the work of a Missionary in a foreign land. In the prosecution of this enterprise he has acted with uniform prudence, energy and consistency and will be accompanied by the Christian esteem and prayers of all who feel a deep interest in the Redeemer's Kingdom. I would also certify that Mr. Armstrong is possessed of respectable talents and is of a friendly and affectionate disposition, so that as far as I can judge he would be a kind and attentive husband to any lady whom he would choose as a companion in entering on this important enterprise. It is also a fact well known that there is not now in the world any missionary station which promises more comfort and success than that of the Sandwich Islands."

Almost immediately after his decision was made he was sent into New England as an

agent of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and at Westfield, Mass., met Miss Clarissa Chapman, whose close sympathy with him in his desire to devote himself to work among the heathen, soon brought about a friendship which culminated in their marriage in October, 1831, the ceremony being performed in Bridgeport, Conn., at the house of the Rev. Wm Blatchford, whose son is now Vice-President of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

On the 26th of the following month they sailed from New Bedford for the Hawaiian Islands, and after six months of very great discomfort and danger, landed, on the 15th of May, at Honolulu. The party consisted of nineteen missionaries, and in the light of later events it is somewhat significant that from among them all Mr. Armstrong "was chosen as the one most likely to make the best address to the King and Chiefs." The new comers were at once presented to King Kaukeaoule and the princesses, including Queen Kaahumanu, who was already a Christian, and so far as her failing health permitted, an active friend to the missionary interest.

Their work was waiting for them and there

is sufficient proof that from the outset it was all engrossing. Their new life began at once and in earnest, and left little time for any non-essentials. For the record of the nine years following their arrival at Honolulu we are dependent entirely upon Mrs. Armstrong's journal and upon occasional letters written from one and another station, and the interest of this period lies largely in tracing the development of Dr. Armstrong's naturally strong inclination towards specifically educational work. Transferred as they were, hastily and without due consideration, from one point to another, it would not have been surprising if he had failed altogether to appreciate the conditions around him, and in so doing had failed also to utilize his own special gift. But as we follow them, first, sent as a forlorn hope to an almost unknown island of the Marquesas group, only to return after fruitless and painful endeavor to an isolated upland station in the Hawaiian Islands from whence they were driven by sickness and privation, we see no sign of swerving purpose. The terrible nine months spent at Nuuhiwa have been fully described by Mrs. Armstrong in her

reminiscences, and the story of their experience there, in the midst of cannibals of the lowest type, furnishes a rare illustration of the power of human faith and courage. Their companions, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, shared with equal heroism the perils of this unfortunate experiment, and the three families were entirely in accord when they gave up the Marquesan field as being, at the time, hopeless.

It seems hardly necessary to speak in detail of the trials of these initiative years, but it is evident that the suffering which was uncomplainingly endured went deep into the life of the man, and the fact that much of it was caused by the unsympathetic and critical attitude of some among his fellow workers, must be given its due weight, if the study of his later work is to be of any value. His strong common-sense and clear judgment not infrequently led him to disregard the limits set for him by the narrow scheme of life to which he had bound himself, and it is curious to notice the sort of compromise that went on between the generous activity of his nature and his loyalty to a set of ideas

which proved to be quite inadequate for his purposes.

From their first station on Mauri he writes to Mr. Alexander, a dear and life-long friend, then detained on Kauai; "We arrived here on the 5th of September, though I had spent more than a week previous at the station getting things in order, while Mrs. Armstrong staid at Lahaina. Our house stands upon an elevated plain of great extent and commands a fair prospect of Wailuku station on the west, of a variegated and verdant plain on the east, of mountains where grow the lofty koa and wide-spreading kukui on the south, and on the north, of the illimitable sea. All around us is verdure and freshness, but there are no trees very near us. The trade winds sweep the plain with all their fury and bring much rain with them. Sometimes it is quite cold, and fire would be comfortable. The people are about building a new church, as the old one is too small and ready to fall down. When the weather has been good we have had pretty large congregations. On the first Sabbath after our arrival there were from one thousand to twelve hundred present,

not more than one third could get into the house. * * * There are a great many people in this region of country, but the misfortune is that they are very much scattered. Were it not for this, this would be one of the finest places for a station in the island and I think it is not a bad one as it is. * * * The people seem to be becoming more fearless of laws or of the chiefs and to be turning their backs upon schools, books, etc. The Lord save them, for it is beyond the power of man to do much for them. The schools are in a low state. * * *

* I have an examination to morrow with a view to raise the schools a little and to collect the teachers into a school. As to prospects of usefulness here you can judge from what I have told you. * * *

There are more people on East Maui destitute of instruction than there are on all the Marquesas Islands, both groups put together, and those who consider them as in any important sense supplied with the means of grace have a very different impression of the people from what I have or from what Mr.G. has. As we travelled along in one of these remote parts one day he said to me, 'These people are

in as great darkness as the Marquesans,' and yet Mr. R. would be filled with sorrow to see another missionary come to these islands. He is certainly blind as to the real state of this people. * * * We have not the luxuries that you have but we have plenty to eat. The natives are so far bountiful, and bring us fowls, turkeys, ducks, pigs, potatoes, bananas, melons, ohelos, goats, etc. * * * I am trying to get a sawing establishment going, as there is plenty of koa timber close by, and I can get boards from no other quarter."

Soon after this was written Dr. Armstrong became very ill and they were with much difficulty removed to Lahaina, where their little boy died and a second son, who took his name, "William Nevins," was born. Sometime in the next year, while they were still without a settled home, Mrs. Armstrong says in her journal, dated Lahaina: "We shall soon again leave for Oahu. They talk of calling us back there again to teach a boarding school. Not a school in Honolulu! I am pained to think of it. We know it would be exceedingly difficult, but somebody must do the work." Three months

later she says: "We are to be stationed at Wailuku. We are disappointed in not having a boarding school. I was near saying that it is our only hope. The Board urge it, but we cannot get a vote of the mission yet. Mr. Armstrong feels so strongly on the subject of education that he has offered to teach himself and preach but little — but the mission says, No!" Such expressions of feeling are frequent, and show how great the discouragements were and how strong the spirit which overcame them.

His appointment to the church in Wailuku in 1835 gave him his first opportunity to carry out his ideas, and even here his work was at first only tentative. In a letter to Mr. Alexander, dated August 13, 1836, he wrote; "Mr. G. and I have applied to the king for a lot near our dwellings with a view to establishing a community of natives under a regular system of taxation and free from all other demands and claims. I have not much hope, however, that we shall obtain it. I returned last Monday from a tour round the island of East Maui in company with Hoapili Ma. We had a good time. The Governor ordered school-houses to be built on all the

lands, told the children to go to school or they would be fined, and told all that no young person should be married who cannot read." To the same friend he wrote a year later, "We had a bad time going to Hana. The streams of water were very high so as to occasion much difficulty in crossing. We travelled a whole day in the rain. On my return our canoe upset and we were thrown into the sea, but so near to shore as to have relief at hand. * * We are all well here. Mr. G. is driving on with his schools, has now sixteen scholars and more are shortly expected from Hawaii, Molokai and Lahaina. We have no difficulty in getting little girls of any age and having our choice. The only difficulty is in making selection. Our station schools are prospering considering the number of teachers who are competent. But I can do no more than exercise a general superintendence over them." In her journal of the same date Mrs. Armstrong says: "Mr. Armstrong has gone to attend meetings in Molokai. When he is here the room set apart for natives is full from morning till night. Books, schools, medicine, must all be attended to, and the natives talk so loud that it

is almost unendurable." Of the five years spent on Maui, his daughter, Miss M. J. Armstrong, gives the following description: "I must gather from various sources what still relates to the Wailuku life. In January, 1839, another son was born and christened Samuel Chapman, after his mother's father. My father's life on Maui was one of continued toil and great responsibility, not only on account of his own parish of more than twenty-five thousand souls, but for the whole kingdom. He identified himself early with all public interests and wrote many letters for the chiefs and to influential persons abroad. During these years the French made an attempt to force the islands into colonial dependency upon their government. In one of the letters written to him by his brother-in-law Judge Chapman, a man who later in life became chief justice of Massachusetts, I find this: 'Mr. Webster has written one of his thundering letters to the French government and tells them that they must and shall leave the islands independent. He tells Mr. Allen that they shall have our whole navy to protect them if necessary. * * * Probably we shall not have annexation at present.' "

One of his chief duties was building churches, one at Wailuku, one at Haiku, another at Waihee and still another at Ulupalakua. It was a tremendous tax upon his strength to keep things going. The natives were awkward and very destructive, breaking their tools and ox-carts and always relying upon their "kumu" to repair them. The stones for their walls had to be picked up here and there. Coral was obtained at low tide by divers miles away, and burned for lime. Sand was brought in bags on the backs of the natives, timber hewn out roughly in the mountains for floors and windows, and the grass for the roof brought from far up the valleys. Sometimes he would spend days in the mountains taking with him only a little dry bread, and sharing with the natives in all things, thus learning the language and directing them at the same time. His lungs became seriously affected from exposure, and it was feared that his frail body would utterly fail from overwork, but horseback riding and plain living carried him safely through. He used his influence to induce the natives to engage in manual labor and helped them to raise sugar cane at Wailuku

for a small mill. In after years he was one of the founders of the Haiku Sugar Co. at his former home. A letter from him at this time to a relative in America shows how full his life was. "You ask for news of myself. My work is pleasant but arduous. I attend a meeting every morning at dawn of day and speak to an audience of about two hundred, visit my schools from eight to nine, then attend the sick, bleed, blister, cup, poultice, dress wounds, give doses and all with the air of a notorious quack. Then go to my study till some one calls for books, advice, etc., which is often in five minutes and repeated constantly till ten o'clock at night. I am cumbered with many cares. In the afternoon I teach singing and lecture again. On the Sabbath I preach at sunrise, speak to the children at ten, a sermon at eleven to the people, Bible class at one, lecture at four, and on Mondays am somewhat blue. I spend every third Sabbath at the out station where the labor is greater than at home."

In 1839, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Lyons of Waimea he says: "On my return from Kauai I had all the schools in my district to examine,

re-organize and supply with teachers. This was a long and heavy job. There were about 1700 children in all. I also collected the people and had them adopt some regulations for their own benefit. Then I have been gathering in the fruits of the revival. I receive slowly, but about a hundred have come in. I have lately spent much time in writing for General Meeting. My meeting houses are not finished. We have been holding protracted meetings again, but the glory does not come as it did. We are about to pass laws in reference to human rights in the church. It will not do to have the large fish swallow up the small ones; members must all come under equal obligations. I have just sent off a tract on Romanism for publication and am still translating Wayland. Pray for me and mine."

All these cares and duties were brought to an end by a somewhat sudden call to take charge of Mr. Brigham's church in Honolulu, and the first entry in Mr. Armstrong's journal relates to this removal. He says, July 25th, 1840: How little did I anticipate a removal from my beloved people six weeks ago; yet so it is; the

case is decided and we are on the eve of removing bag and baggage to Honolulu for a season. But severe is the trial of parting with a people whom I had adopted as my fellow travellers to the grave, with whom I have spent five years of solicitude, toil and felicity, in the midst of whom I have seen more of the glory of God's grace than in all my life before. To many of them my heart tells me that it is knit in the dearest Christian friendship, especially the children * * * * * July 27th. A day of confusion, fatigue and weeping. We knew not until now the mutual attachment that has been formed, in the Providence of God, between us and our dear people. Our yard has been filled all day with weeping visitors and friends * *

This change brought no lightening of his labors, and indeed proved only to be the beginning of new and heavier responsibilities. His daughter says, "He was obliged to plunge again into church building, as the walls of the large coral stone edifice which was to hold over 3000 people, were only partly completed and there was a vast amount of planning and superintending to be done." His work took on,

more and more, a public character, his influence making itself felt in many directions, and he became thoroughly familiar with the machinery of government. One of the most important political events with which which he was at this time connected, is of general interest, and is thus described by his oldest son, who forty years later was himself, for a time, a member of the Hawaiian cabinet as Attorney General and Minister of the Interior *ad interim*

The missionaries found the political condition of the inhabitants to be that of serfs, under allegiance to chiefs, who, in turn, rendered homage to the King. The only well-defined law was that of might. As the people gave up their pagan practices, and assumed the ways of civilized life, it was evident that no real progress could be made without granting the people some interest in the soil. The missionaries were not makers of constitutions, but found themselves in a state where no moral or economical progress could be made, without a better form of political institutions. The chiefs had obtained as an adviser Rev. William Richards, one of the American missionaries who had entered the government service.

Dr. S. P. Judd had also withdrawn from the mission, and become an adviser of the King and chief minister of finance. Both of these gentlemen were honest, intelligent and wise. Few of the kings of the earth have ever had more disinterested and honest coun-

sellors. The King and chiefs placed great confidence in these gentlemen, while they, on the other hand, by wisdom and firmness, were able to guide their genial, kind, impulsive rulers. They saw that in some way a nation "must strike its being into bounds" out of this nebulous paganism, and that the first movement in that direction should be, by granting to the subjects undisputed rights in the soil. After many interviews with the kings and chiefs, in which they showed the justness of their views, and especially urged that in all great nations the people held rights in the soil, the kings and chiefs finally and without the pressure of revolution or of threats, and without even the request of the ignorant natives, granted, in 1847, the "Mahele," an authoritative act, by which a grand division of the lands of the kingdom was made. The King was recognized as the sole owner of the land. He, therefore, divided it into three parts. One third he reserved for himself and successors, and the support of his royal estate. Another third was granted absolutely to the chiefs, according to their rank and previous tenure. The remaining third was given absolutely to the people. A land commission was at once created. Every native, subject upon proof of his residence, was granted a "kuleana" or homestead, with fee simple title. Surveys were made and royal patents issued. Over eleven thousand of these homestead rights were finally granted. This act of grand division accomplished—by a stroke of the pen, that which European nations have secured only after centuries of revolution, anarchy and war. The task of carrying out the detail of the act involved great labor. Mr. Armstrong rendered efficient service in advising this great political change,

and was engaged for many months in translating the proceedings incident to it, and even in making actual surveys of the lands subject to the new law. He saw that the moral and economical prosperity of the people were involved in this change, and when it was completed he believed nothing stood in the way of a progressive Hawaiian nationality. Dr. Judd, however, who had done more than any other man to organize the nation, was soon afterwards dismissed from office by the King, who was a weak man, owing to the clamour of selfish white men who constituted what was known as the anti-missionary party. The King, following European precedents, in 1853, demanded the resignation of his ministers, but restored to Mr. Armstrong his "portfolio" at once, expressing his great confidence in his integrity and ability as an adviser.

During the years from 1840 to 1847 the family lived near Kawaiahaeo church in Honolulu, and was increased by the birth of four children, one of whom died in infancy. Mr. Armstrong's journal records as his first deep personal grief the parting with his oldest daughter Caroline, then 12 years old, who was sent, after much thought, to the United States for the education which it was then impossible to obtain in the Islands.

The death, in 1847, of Mr. Richards, then Minister of Public Instruction, gave to Mr.

Armstrong's work a new direction, and although the change was altogether in the line of his convictions, it was not accepted without many misgivings. The following correspondence between Judge Lee and Mr. Armstrong was the first link in a chain of events which were of special importance, not only from their effect upon Mr. Armstrong's life, but from their connection, long after his life was ended, with the establishment of the Hampton School.

Honolulu, Oct. 25th, 1847

REV. RICHARD ARMSTRONG,

Sir.

His Majesty, and the Honorable Members of the Privy Council, have this day appointed their Excellencies, J. P. Judd, M. Ke kuanoa, and myself a committee of three to wait upon you, and request that you may be pleased to accept the appointment of Minister of Public Instruction for the Hawaiian Islands, in place of His Excellency William Richards, now at the point of death.

The emergencies of the Kingdom are such as require a speedy appointment to this high office, and you are requested by His Majesty to furnish him with a definite answer on this subject within one month from this date.

In conveying to you the wishes of His Majesty, and the members of His Privy Council, allow me to ex-

press my most ardent hope that you will be prevailed upon to accept this appointment. It is one which opens a vast field of usefulness to this nation, and believing, as I do, that you have the present and future good of this nation at heart, let me say, that you are the man of all men to fill that field. The committee beg to request of you that you will meet them to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, in the office lately occupied by Mr. Ricord to consult upon this matter.

With the highest esteem,

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your most obt. serv't.

WILLIAM L. LEE.

Honolulu, Nov. 27th, 1847

HON. WILLIAM L. LEE;

Sir;

The time is at hand when a definite answer will be expected from me to your communication of Oct. 28th, requesting me on behalf of his Majesty and Privy Committee to accept the appointment of Minister of Public Instruction for the Hawaiian Islands, in the place of the late lamented William Richards. I have already expressed my deep sense of the honor conferred upon me by his Majesty's government in this request.

No sphere of labor sir, would be more congenial to my feelings, than the department of public instruction, and I may add, no branch of the government, seems to me of more vital importance to the welfare, of the Hawaiian race than this. Education, intellectual,

moral, and physical, is the great lever by which philanthropists of every land, are seeking to redeem and elevate the mass of the people. *Here* it is of peculiar importance, where the glory and safety of the nation must depend in so great a degree upon the proper training of the young. If depopulation here is to be arrested; if the vices which are consuming the natives are to be eradicated; if an indolent and thriftless people are to become industrious and thrifty; if Christian institutions are to be perpetuated, the work must be accomplished mainly where it has been so prosperously begun, *in the education of the young*. Neither is it easy to perceive how this can be done without the efficient aid of the government.

The idea therefore of devoting the remainder of my days to the promotion of sound, practical and Christian education among the children and youth of these islands is to me a pleasing one; the only thing connected with the office in question, disagreeable to my feelings is its intimate relation to politics.

But, sir, circumstances beyond my control compel me to decline the honor his Majesty's government would confer upon me. On the receipt of your letter of Oct. 28th, I hastened to refer the subject of it, as it was my duty to do, to my brethren of the mission. From a majority of them I have received replies; and while there is much diversity of opinion among them, and the deepest interest expressed in the cause of education, the *general sentiment* is that I ought not to leave my present post for the office of "minister of public instruction," while Judge Andrews, an experienced teacher and good man, already in civil life, might be selected for said office. This

sentiment is well nigh universal in our mission. As then we are members one of another, I conceive that it would not be right for me, whatever may be my private convictions, to accept the office contrary to the general voice of the good men with whom I have been so long and so happily associated. To do so would place me in an unpleasant situation and I fear, prove prejudicial to the interests of education. Possibly were the mission to gather and discuss the subject thoroughly, the result might be different, as there is evidently much misapprehension in regard to the whole matter in the minds of some members of the mission, which can only be removed by a discussion in the general assembly of the body.

Another serious obstruction in the way of my accepting the office is the fact, that I have been unable hitherto to make arrangements by which my place in this church and congregation shall be supplied. This difficulty could be overcome only by a general meeting of the mission.

I deem it important to add that should his Majesty's government still think of selecting a member of our mission to fill the vacant office, I would earnestly advise that the choice be deferred until our general meeting in May next. This I say from an extensive acquaintance with the feelings of the Board of missions in the United States and my brethren on these islands, in regard to missionaries entering into the service of government; nothing short of urgent necessity can reconcile either to it; this shown, there will be no difficulty in the way.

If it will relieve the embarrassment of the government in any way I will again tender my services to as-

sist for a season in the department of public instruction.

With the highest esteem

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your most obt. servt.

RICHD. ARMSTRONG.

When, after much consideration, the office was accepted, we have in Mr. Armstrong's own handwriting the record of what this change meant to him, and there is something very touching in the entries made from time to time during these months.

"Dec. 6th 1847. Agreeably to a request from the Government I entered to day the office of the Minister of Public Instruction, and stood in the place of the beloved dead, assisting Mr. Young, the Premier, to whom is committed the care of this Department for the time being. A cast of melancholy rested upon my feelings through the whole day, not knowing to what results this step may lead. Found much confusion in the papers of the office and many disorders existing in the schools in various places." Six months later he writes: "June 7th 1848. To-day received from the King the office of Minister of Public Instruction. The subject of this office has cost me a long and severe mental conflict. Accept it, I could not, reject it, I dared not. To be brought into so close contact with the Government has seemed extremely objectional and repugnant to my feelings, and

yet to let the school system, which has succeeded beyond all expectation, go down, I could not. But the conflict is over; sink or swim, I must now go forward. I trust my motives have been in a good degree upright. Were my object the honor that comes from men, it were madness to seek it in this office, where the most envenomed shafts are unsparingly hurled at its occupant. If ease were my object I would not seek it in the midst of perplexity care and toil that have laid a stronger than I in the silent grave. As to emolument, I did not need it, as my support is sure and sufficient.

The grand impelling motive in my mind in this matter, has been to do good to the Hawaiian race, and in this office I hope to be more useful than I could be as pastor of a single church."

Of the fact that he accepted this office in opposition to the strongly expressed feeling of a majority of his co-workers, Mr. Armstrong here makes no mention, but it is easy to read between the lines of his journal and understand that it was no easy matter for him to decide as he did, in defiance of what, by a general verdict, was declared to be the unwritten law of the mission. His son, William N. Armstrong, says of this :

"The missionaries, in the General Meeting in Honolulu, opposed his acceptance of office under the King, although by doing so, the mission would be relieved of the great expense of supporting the common schools,

and was sure of a faithful friend at Court, the members of the mission, with a certain want of worldly wisdom, believing that their ranks as a religious body should not be broken under any circumstances. They held that each of them had devoted himself to the teaching of religious truth, and that the acceptance of any secular occupation, however much it might facilitate mission work, would be an abandonment of the cause. They did not realize, that any work, provided it was well done, and done for the great cause of Christian civilization, was in effect religious work. They failed to see the divine side of secular occupation. My Father saw that the opportunity had come for placing a Christian minister near the throne, and for infusing into the administration of public affairs the best methods, and above all, it was an opportunity for establishing a thorough common school system, by which the entire body of native children could be educated. He accordingly, and notwithstanding the disapproval of his associates, accepted office."

No man could be more fully aware than he of the weight and nature of the burden which he had taken up, and although discouragement and depression came to him as they come to all, yet, from beginning to end, his work was done cheerfully and with firm faith. His son says of him:

"While carrying on the details of his office, which involved great constructive labor, while advising daily the chiefs and people, and at the same time preaching on Sundays, his delight and recreation was

in riding into the beautiful valleys or under the coconut groves, by the margin of the great sea.

My Father understood the native character. He saw that King, chiefs and people were mere children, governed by impulse, untrained to thinking, selfish or generous, as their moods changed, utterly unable to guide their conduct by any fixed principle. While he would reason with them, he generally found that a pleasant manner, a humorous conversation, a gentle persuasion, were the most effective means for securing desirable ends. If a chief had been publicly intoxicated, he would hide himself when Father approached, but on being discovered would come from his hiding place, acknowledge his fault and, acting like a child who had been caught in doing a forbidden thing, was greatly relieved by only a quiet and gentle reprimand.

He himself writes in his journal :

" Nov. 12th 1848. Returned three days since from a tour around Hawaii and Maui and a visit to Molokai. Object of the tour to inspect the schools supported by government. I have been exposed to fatigue, heat, cold, the dangers of the sea, and sickness, yet the Lord has preserved me and restored me to my dear family.

* * * Never was I more depressed in regard to the natives. It would seem to be the design of God to blot them from the face of the earth. Almost the entire population have been prostrated, great numbers die daily. Visiting and administering to the sick, I have been taken sick myself.

Another cause of my present anxiety is a most uncalled for and unfounded attack by Dillon, the French Consul. He will no doubt give me all the trouble he

can and is probably backed up by the Roman Catholic Bishop, and all the priests who are not pleased with my administration of the law in regard to schools. All my conduct may not be blameless, but it has been my steady aim to carry the law into effect impartially and rigidly, paying due respect to Catholics as well as Protestants."

Such entries as the above show the nature of his work, and the varied trials which were the result of his peculiar surroundings. But his singleness of purpose, while allowing him to evade no responsibilities, brought to him, on the other hand, such universal confidence, that the attacks upon him served only to strengthen his position. No incident of his official life is more completely characteristic than the following, the description of which is taken partly from his journal and partly by his son from the records of the Privy Council;

"May 20th 1849. Preached this evening in the palace from Proverbs 13: 18. At my request none of the young chiefs were present but Alexander Liholiho, (the adopted son of the King and his successor as Kamehameha IV,) and none others but the principal chiefs and those immediately about the King, and well acquainted with his manner of life. The discourse was the most pointed I ever delivered in the presence of his Majesty and nothing but a sense of duty could induce a minister to deliver such a sermon to any class

of men. But the King's course of life has of late been so dissolute, and ruin to himself, if not to his dynasty, so sure if he persists in it, that my heart could get no relief until I had spoken to him once more boldly, in God's name to abandon sin and flee from impending ruin. My own soul has been burdened beyond endurance by the King's conduct, and this evening God enabled me to speak freely, but, I trust, kindly to him. But I have some apprehension as to the result."

That he did not over-estimate the consequences of his plain speaking, is shown by the action of the Privy Council, of which his son writes;

On Sunday evening, May 20, 1849, an event occurred which caused Mr. A. great trouble, and nearly cost him his office. He had for some months, held, with the king's permission, a prayer service in the "Palace" on Sunday evenings, which the royal family and the chiefs attended. For some days the king had been more dissipated than usual, and had refused to listen to the remonstrances of his advisers, Dr. Judd and Mr. A. These gentlemen had often threatened to resign their offices, if the king continued to publicly disgrace himself, and, by this means, had brought him back to a state of sobriety. At this time the king appeared to lose control of himself, and refused to allow these gentlemen to reach his presence. Mr. A., believing that the time had come for heroic treatment, devoted some minutes of the prayer service of this date, the king being present and partially sober, to address him on the subject of his exalted position, the effect of his example before the people and the disgrace which his con-

duct had brought on himself and on the government. The king was greatly offended at his remarks and on the next day brought the matter before the Privy Council. He stated that the remarks made to him in the prayer service should have been made in private; that he restrained himself, with difficulty, from leaving the room and that he felt that he had been grossly insulted. Mr. A. replied that he might have made a mistake in judgment, but that he had been moved to make the remarks by a sense of duty. The king then retired from the Privy Council, after requesting that the subject should be carefully considered. Paki, an old chief, said that the king was hurt because the truth had been stated; that he had conversed with his majesty that morning, and his majesty had informed him that the ministers and chiefs had better bring his reign to a close at once. Dr. Judd informed the Privy Council that he had threatened several times, to resign unless the king kept sober. He thought the remarks complained of might better have been made elsewhere, and for that reason he thought Mr. A. might be censured, but if he was, there should be a full explanation of the circumstances. Paki thought that the king would take Mr. A's life, after the service, and suggested that Mr. A. be brought before the king, with the request that he deal with him gently, for he thought that the king was not vindictive; other chiefs expressed the opinion that Mr. A. had spoken the truth, but that, as it was done in public, it had naturally incensed the king. Mr. Wyllie, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a wealthy and eccentric Scotchman, who had, by persistent diplomatic despatches to other nations forced the Hawaiian Government into notice and rec-

ognition, said that he knew of nothing so likely to cause the king to abdicate as public reproof; that if the king abdicated, there would be a Republic, and the chiefs would lose their rank and their lands; that most kings drank liquor, and got more or less drunk, but he never heard of their being rebuked by their ministers, because of it. He did not think the king wished to punish Mr. Armstrong, and suggested that a disapproval of the public reproof would be sufficient. Mr. Armstrong stated to the Council that he had repeatedly admonished the king for his sin of drunkenness, and finally made a public reproof as a last resort. He felt that he might have been in error in so doing and would submit to any punishment which the Council should impose, whether it was deprivation of office or imprisonment. Other native chiefs then spoke, expressing love and confidence in Mr. Armstrong, but regretting that he should have censured the king in public.

The following resolutions were then adopted :

1. *Resolved*, That the members of the Privy Council deeply regret that the feelings of the king have been hurt by remarks on his private conduct, addressed to him personally, last evening.

2. *Resolved*, That the members of the Privy Council fully rely on the king's sense of propriety and honor so to comport himself as to keep up the respectability of his character, as a man, and his dignity as a king, for the good of his subjects.

3. *Resolved*, That the members of the council express the hope that no occasion will occur to hurt the feelings of the king, by any public remarks on his private conduct, and that the king will forget what has past.

A committee, therefore, took the resolutions to the king, who, after reading them, said that he thought that Mr. Armstrong was making the chiefs disaffected towards him, but that he would reflect on the matter.

On the following day the king sent word to the council that Mr. Armstrong must be removed from office, and that, if he was not removed, he should abdicate. Paki said that he would agree to Mr. Armstrong's dismissal from office, if the king would promise to reform. Mr. Ii, an old chief, said that he would not consent to the dismissal, because the fault was with the king. Kanana, the father of Lunalilo, who became king in 1874, made an imaginary address to the king, and stated what inconveniences and evil results would follow a dismissal. It was then suggested that the king be asked if he would be satisfied if the office of chaplain to the Royal Family be taken from Mr. Armstrong, but that he be allowed to hold his office as Minister of Public Instruction. A committee waited upon the king and made the request, but the king demanded that it should be "put in writing." Mr. Wyllie informed the council that he had assisted in placing Mr. Armstrong in office, but that he would prefer his dismissal to the king's abdication. He suggested that the council ask the king to forgive Mr. Armstrong; that many kings were irregular in their conduct, but, still, they were God's sovereigns, for all that. In his opinion it almost amounted to high treason to speak in the council of the king's indiscretions.

A new committee then waited on the king, and informed him that the council requested him to forgive Mr. Armstrong. The king replied that he now

understood that he was really regarded as king by his Privy Council, and accordingly forgave Mr. Armstrong.

From this time until the king's death, the king placed great confidence in Mr. Armstrong. His quiet humor and genial manner was a strong agency in controlling the king and chiefs; they felt that he was a true friend. In small matters, which they considered of much moment, he patiently advised with them. He understood their simple, child-like natures, and realized how greatly their actions were controlled by their feelings, rather than by their reason. On one occasion a chief, delighted with his assistance in the settlement of a dispute, pointed out certain lands, and said to him. "That is yours," and was much surprised that he did not accept the gift.

Mr. Armstrong's last entry in his journal in regard to this matter is as follows:

"I did not attend Privy Council to-day. At 2 o'clock Dr. Judd returned and informed me that it was all settled and the King wanted to see me. I went and he received me with apparent cordiality and said it was "pau" (ended). I assured him of my love and loyalty and of my sorrow at having given him offence. In doing so I was conscious of nothing but anxiety for his welfare and that of his government. The interview was in his private room and no one else was present. Thus this storm has blown over. My prayer is that God will bring good out of it to the King, the nation, and to myself above all. I need more of the wisdom that is from above. God grant it me."

An illustration of the curiously simple rela-

tions which underlay the external form and ceremony of the little Kingdom, is given by an entry in the journal made on the evening of the same day:

“The King and Queen and Mr. and Mrs. Young took tea with us this evening and all went off pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston were also with us, and we had family prayers.

On a worn scrap of paper lying between the leaves of the journal, are the notes of this troublesome discourse, and I give them as they were written, although the soft native language conceals their sternness from uninitiated ears.

Solomon 13: 18.

He ilihurve a he hilahila, etc.

Ke aoia mai, etc.

He 17 makahiki au maanii; hele mai eao e hai aku i ka mea e make ai a e pono ai. He hana e kekahi au i keia wa, he hana aupuni, aolemalaila wau e ku nei i keia po. Ma ka oi hana luna waiola no Jehova no e ao aku ia oukou. He hana Kaumaha keia, a ke ao aku i ka poe hewa Herode, lo Bapetito. He mea no nae ia e olai ke mala ma ia: he mea make ke malama ole ia. (Solomon 6; 23, 19: 25.)

No ke ao aku nei au.

1 E pale ae i na hewa nui e ponio ai na lii o keia pae aina. Heaha ia mau hewa? Elua hewa nui, 1. moe Kolohe, 2. Inu rama. Liholiho, Naheewaena, Leleiohoku, Mose: ia auhea poe? E ke alii, pehe keia lohe o makou nou? Eha a'uuluu ko makou naau.

2. E wana i ka mea e pau ai ua hewa nui, *Ke Kea moo* Keleawe, o ke ola ai.

3. Ka poino e hilki mai ana no ia mau hewa.

1. *Ilihune*; wai wai ole. Ua pau i ka wahine ino, a me Ka launa lea lea.

2. Ka *hilahila*; palaka huki ka iroa o Ke alii hewa, Herode, Parao, Kali I, Kali II. I kela ao Kehaki make.

3. Lanahila ka poe hewa, wawalinali Ke Kanawai haunaele. 4 O ka mea malama i ke aoia mai e homaikaiia mai oia. O Keola ia. Pela oe Ke alii. Hoomaikai ke Akua, hoomaikai na kanka i ka mea hoolohe.

From this time forward Mr. Armstrong's path seems to have been so plainly marked for him as to leave little room for hesitation and self-questioning, and while it was hardly possible for his interest in his work to deepen, yet evidently he grew and broadened with experience, and his influence increased with each year of his official life. In spite of his absorbing and various occupations, his journal was fully kept, and gives a picture of him and his surroundings, which asks no re-touching from other hands. The extracts which follow, cover the years from 1849 to 1858 and are selected as being fairly representative.

July 18th, 1849. To-day returned from Maui where I have spent two weeks in lecturing on education and

in looking at the government lands which have been appropriated to the Seminary at Lahaina luna * * * * The new class in the Seminary is unusually promising, the boys evince good ability and better preparation than heretofore * * * * Visited Wailuku, Hamakuapoko, Kamakualoa, Haliimaile, and Makawao. Schools doing pretty well in all these places. Land in Pauwele occupied some part of my time, ten or twelve persons, old friends, wished me to assist them in getting pieces of land in "fee simple" which I am happy to do; the lands have been surveyed and applied for. I am glad to serve the people in any way that will promote their temporal or spiritual welfare. They are a poor, helpless race and need aid at every turn and at all times. God give me a heart to labor for them.

I have returned much impressed with the following things: 1. The importance of engaging good foreigners to engage in agriculture, * * to introduce to the nation better modes of cultivating the soil. 2. Education must be carried on vigorously * * * * * The half caste children must all be educated, as they are increasing in numbers and importance. 3. Rewards of merit might do good. Rewards for industry, for the care of children, for acts of distinguished moral excellence, as taking care of orphan children, of the sick, saving a drowning man, educating a poor child, etc. 4. The missionaries must be aided in seeking a support on these Islands. This is of vast importance, inasmuch as their discouragement and retirement from the Islands would be a very great calamity, and their permanent settlement here will secure, under God, some of the choicest benefits to the race * * * *

Their children, dwelling in the land, will form a good moral nucleus for the natives and a good basis for a white population, which, as the natives are decreasing so rapidly, is very important to the welfare of the nation."

From time to time the French Government pressed claims upon the Hawaiian nation, which were felt to be unfair, and caused much anxiety to those of the missionaries who had become responsible for the maintenance of the native power.

Mr. Armstrong writes:

Aug. 25th, 1849. This has been a day of anxiety and apprehension. Between three and four o'clock, by order of Admiral de Tromelin, about two hundred French soldiers landed and took possession of the Government House and the fort. The reason of this is the refusal on the part of the Gov't, to accede to the ten imperious demands of the Admiral and French Consul. To yield to these demands would leave but little of the King's sovereignty. It is remarkable that in three instances in which the French have made demands on this Gov't., brandy and Popery have been the basis, of the most important of them * * * * I have taken much comfort in reading the 37th and 141st Psalms; they now have a meaning they never had before. How sweet in such seasons of distress to have access to the Eternal Father and pour all our cares and anxieties into his bosom * * * Sept. 5th The frigate "Poursuivant" Admiral de Tromelin, sailed to-day much to the joy of our people * * * *

Dec. 14th, dined at the Palace with Commodore Voorhees and officers. All passed off pleasantly, though I should have been much better pleased to have seen no wine on the table. Here is now a chief source of danger to the chiefs—drunkenness. It seems to be on the increase in Honolulu and is doing untold mischief * * * July 28th 1850. For several months an incessant pressure of care and labor has affected my head, and I am now suffering more or less acute pain daily. I long to be more free from the general business of the Government that I may give my whole time to promoting the interests of education. The five hundred schools, together with the seminary at Lahainaluna, and the Royal School in this place, now under my care, afford sufficient field for all my exertions. Oh that I could do something to raise up and bless the rising generation. God help me to do it. Dec. 6th, 1850. A memorable day in my family. Mrs. Armstrong and our son William Nevins sailed for New Bedford in the whaling ship "Julian," Capt. Tabor, at 3 o'clock P. M. Accompanied them on board with Ellen, Amelia and Samuel * * * I returned to our house with the children, who had thus far borne the parting scene admirably, but as the evening came on and we met around the tea table, the hearts of the poor little girls failed them, and there was more weeping than eating or drinking. Dec. 12th. Spent the day in Cabinet meeting and in translating resolutions in regard to a board of health for the city to be presented to-morrow at Privy Council.

Feb. 2d, 1851. Preached in Nuuanu to a number of my former parishioners. Our meeting in the old thatched house after an interval of three years was mutually gratifying. My sermon was designed to show

the duty of the people toward the King, to sustain good laws and to submit cheerfully to taxation."

The recurrence of the difficulties with France at this time gave him much hard work and anxiety, and it is evidently from his heart that he writes:

"Feb. 23, Sabbath, a rainy day, few people at meeting, but a quiet, peaceful, holy, blessed day to me. Thank God for the sabbath; without it I should lose soul and body both."

During these years his labor was incessant and might have broken down a stronger man than he, but the varied nature of his occupations, and the long horse-back journeys which his superintendence of all the schools on the group, made a frequent necessity, kept up his energy and sustained his health.

May 12th, 1851, he notes as a

"Most fatiguing day. The reports of the King and ministers were read to-day before both houses of the Legislature in the Stone Church, and it devolved upon me to read an English translation of Mr. Young's report, a translation of Mr. Wyllie's in Hawaiian, and my own also."

And again on June 20th:

"A day of heavy business in the House of Nobles, many bills were read, discussed, passed, and some rejected or postponed. A resolution of the lower House was received, refusing to reduce the duty on spirits

which was unanimously confirmed by the House of Nobles. Sept. 2d. Returned from my tour over the Windward Islands which occupied two weeks, and during which I examined over two hundred schools; had much pleasant intercourse with the people and the mission families, and experienced much of the goodness of God."

On Oct. 15th there are two entries which show that the little Kingdom was threatened from both within and without. It is difficult to read them now without a smile, but then they were sufficiently serious to excite very different emotions, and to point to alarming possibilities.

"Much anxiety was occasioned some three weeks ago by the prisoners, who were not in confinement that night, and who made attempt to murder the King, Ministers, Governor, and Marshal, and destroy the Government. They got in Punchbowl, (an extinct fortified crater) charged two guns and tried to fire them, but had no matches. They were betrayed by "Keau" once my boy, a redeemed prisoner and a Tahitian. This was followed by a threatened invasion by some desperados from California, who are supposed to have formed the design of subverting the Government and establishing a republic. The Government is considering what military force should be organized for the safety of the nation. Some of its members think its internal dangers are greater than its external. John Ii stated in Privy Council that the conduct of the King puts his independence in greater danger than arises from the Californians. Lee, Bates, Judd and myself supported Ii."

As might have been expected, the "invaders" were never heard from, and on Dec. 5th Mr. Armstrong writes "To-day dedicated the new school-house of the Royal School. . . I made an address and Mr. Beckwith followed in a happy manner. Dec. 8th, Royal School reopened with thirty-five scholars, under Rev. E. G. Beckwith. Feb. 11th, Mrs. Armstrong and Caroline this day returned from the United States. Came to Panama in the steamer Ohio; from thence to San Francisco in Golden Gate; from thence here in the "John Potter," a miserable vessel; had a passage of twenty-seven days. God be praised for His goodness! This dear child has been gone eleven years, and has returned in safety."

In this year he received the degree of D. D. from Washington and Lee University, Virginia, U. S., * and about the same time, an accident occurred in his public life, which was to him, person-

*Rev. Dr. Junkin, then President of the college, had been his life-long friend, and I am glad to be able to add here a letter from Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Dr. Junkin's daughter, which indicates that the tie between them had been a peculiarly close one. She says:

"I have heard my father speak many and many a time of Dr Armstrong. He was a parishioner of his in his earliest ministry, and, if I mistake not, it was under his influence that he came into the church and became a missionary. My father always cherished the most affectionate regard for him, and to the last years of his life I was accus-

ally very painful, and threatened to bring his official career to an abrupt close. The entry in his diary reads. "July 20th. A storm has arisen against Dr. Judd and myself, and efforts are being made for our removal from office, professedly for our not keeping out the smallpox, but really, I think, from motives of personal ill-will on the part of some of the leaders, and of the old anti-missionary feeling on the part of most." A few weeks of excitement culminated in decided action on the part of the King, as follows: "Sept. 5th. On Saturday last the ministers, at the King's request, handed him their commissions, and to-day new commissions have been handed to Mr. Wyllis, Mr. Young, and myself. Mr. Allen's will be made out and given to him on his taking the oath of allegiance." That he was thus re-established in office was evidently a surprise to Mr. Armstrong, who had fully expected to share Dr. Judd's fate. He writes, "The idea of removal had become not unpleasant to me, although, with my large family, I could see no-

tomed to hear him speak of him in the most admiring way. If my memory serves me right I think their correspondence was kept up at intervals until near the end of their lives. . . . I am glad the life of so good a man, and one who had so much to do with establishing civilization, Christianity, and the means of education in the Sandwich Islands, is to be published, and I hope you will be able to carry the work to a successful issue."

thing before me in returning to pastoral duties, except toil and poverty for the outward man. As to what my enemies say of me, it affects me little so long as I am conscious of being innocent of the things they lay to my charge." A year later, after speaking of the harassing cares which were inseparable from his work, he says, "But I took this office, as I believe, with a view to being more useful to the Hawaiian people, and I don't yet see it to be my duty to resign, lest the superintendence of the schools should fall into worse hands."

After the death of Kamehameha III, it was supposed that his successor, Kamehameha IV, would at once remove Mr. Armstrong, who, as before, held himself in readiness for such a change.

"Dec. 24th, 1854. God give me a heart to be satisfied with His will, whatever it may be. This is all I ask. It would be agreeable to me to go on for a while longer and see what more I could do for the schools, especially those to teach English to natives, and also to procure the means to educate my children, but I leave it all in the hands of my heavenly Father."

After his reappointment he writes:

"I take this as a token of God's favor to me, to my family, and to the nation, inasmuch as I greatly feared if I were dropped out of the new cabinet that

the schools would fall into bad hands If I know my own heart, I wish, in this office, to honor God in laboring for the good of the rising generation,"

Mr. Armstrong's conviction that there should be a distinct "Bureau of Education," increased with his experience of the workings of the government, and his efforts to that end were finally successful. "July 2d, 1855. On this day I ceased to be a minister of the Crown by the Act of May 7th, drawn up and proposed by myself, remodeling the Department of Public Instruction and placing it under a Board of Education. I attended the Privy Council at 11 a. m., read the usual prayer; the minutes were read and approved. I then arose and addressed the King and Council for some twenty minutes, expressing my gratitude to his Majesty for his kindness, and my desire henceforth to be wholly devoted to the schools and education. This was my original desire when I first took office, to be disconnected from the general government and to be wholly given up to labor for the schools. At the same time I assured the King of my willingness to serve him in any way. I also thanked my colleagues, the other ministers, for all their courtesy and kindness, as we had been very har-

monious in our councils for some years. . . . I would now consecrate myself anew to the great and holy cause of education, and spend the little strength and small abilities granted me in seeking the best good of the young on the Island."

The marriage of his oldest daughter, Caroline, to the Rev. E. T. Beckwith gave great comfort to Mr. Armstrong, and he writes, Feb. 22d, 1857: "Mr. Beckwith preached in Seamen's Chapel a sermon on 'Christ crucified.' . . . God be praised for a son who has such a spirit and such gifts."

The first entry for the following month marks the beginning of a new undertaking, in respect to which his own words best show us his feelings:

"March 11th. To-day my dear Janie left in the 'Yankee,' in company with my dear son-in-law Edward Beckwith, for the land of my birth, the former to seek health in California, the latter an endowment for Oahu College. Last evening letters arrived from the American Board approving Mr. Beckwith's going on this business, and proposing that I go also after July next. This, I confess, takes me quite by surprise. To visit my country and kindred would be a welcome task, and yet even for this I have never felt a strong desire, and I would not leave my work while in health

to enjoy such a luxury, but to go, as requested, to solicit funds for our little college is another thing entirely. My heart instinctively revolts against the idea. I have been too long from that good land, am too rusty as a public speaker, and lack courage and perseverance for such a work. . . . Still I only ask to know my Master's will and for grace to do it when once known."

That, however, the decision was not long delayed, is shown by the next entry:

"1858, Jan. 2d. I have just returned from a visit home to my dear native land, having been absent since the 27th of June last. . . I travelled upward of 20,000 miles on land and water, and no accident befell me nor was I sick an hour, nor lost a night's sleep. The time of my greatest exposure to danger was on the steamer 'Star of the West,' from New York to Aspinwall, for the vessel was overloaded with freight and passengers, and during the last three days the yellow fever broke out and six died of it. . . [Years after one of his fellow-passengers told his son that Mr. Armstrong volunteered at once to assist in nursing the sick, and by his care brought one man back to life. His son adds, "I remember hearing my father say that he never heard a cry of pain, especially from a child, without longing to go to its relief."] I was most kindly received by the American Board in Boston. . . Their annual meeting in Providence was to me the most interesting gathering of my life."

Their success in obtaining assistance for their college was not as great as they had hoped for on account of the financial difficulties then

existing in the United States, but they had no reason to be discouraged, as later events have proven. To Mr. Armstrong personally the visit was a series of pleasant experiences. He says: "My short stay at my native place was full of pleasant and painful interest. The lapse of twenty-six years had changed everything, and I looked in vain for the old landmarks. . . . The Sabbath on which I preached at the 'Warrior Run Church, was very oppressive to my feelings. I found it hard to control myself. There was where I first heard of a Savior, but the voice of the venerable pastor had long been silent in death. . . . There, more than all, was the grave of my dear, dear mother. Had I been alone I felt like sitting down upon it the whole day and weeping tears of gratitude and affection. . . . I preached on the text 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' After leaving home I went to Washington and saw the President, to whom I had a flattering note of introduction. He received me with much respect. . . In Baltimore I had a delightful visit with the friends of my good friend Dr. Nevins. . I stood in the same little desk where I received license to preach twenty six years before, and it was sad

to think that not one member of the Presbytery which licensed me now lives—Nevins, Breckenridge, Morrison, all gone to their reward. On the Sabbath I preached in the same old pulpit in front of which I was ordained. . . . It was at the meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia. I attended the meeting of this same body in October last in Lancaster, Pa., and found but one member who had been at my ordination.”

This is the last entry in a volume whose record covers seventeen years of full and varied experience. The active, beneficent life, of which it has given us glimpses, went on in its strong purpose for two years more, and then closed, as he would himself have chosen, somewhat suddenly, while the pain of parting was unknown, and the change was only from loving service here to the fuller and more joyful service awaiting him beyond.

Recognition of his work and proof of the high regard in which his fellow workers held him, were full and general, and his children do well to be proud of the legacy thus left them.

The reigning King, Kamehameha IV., wrote at once to Mr. Armstrong:

My Dear Madam :

I hope I shall not appear intrusive upon your first grief if I hasten to tender you and your family my sincere condolence for the great bereavement you have sustained under a heavy dispensation of Providence.

Your husband, so suddenly removed at the very time when all who knew or appreciated his usefulness were hoping to see him return to his important avocations, was a valued friend of mine, and an efficient officer of the Government, and I am, to a very large extent, a sharer in your loss.

Believe me, madam, when I assure you that so suddenly did this blow reach me, that it is only by degrees that I appreciate the magnitude of the loss which you and I and the country have sustained.

Yours, very truly,

LIHOLIHO.

Palace, 24th Sept, 1860.

He also published in the native paper a sketch of Mr. Armstrong, which closes as follows:

When we have spoken of Dr. Armstrong as Minister of Public Instruction, and subsequently President of the Board of Education, we have but partially described the important offices which he filled or which he discharged. He was a Member of the House of Nobles, and of the King's Privy Council, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Oahu College, Trustee of the Queen's Hospital, an executive officer of the Bible and Tract Society, and deeply interested in developing the agricultural resources of the kingdom. His accurate knowledge of the Hawaiian language, and the facility with which he wielded the pen

of a translator, naturally imposed upon him an immense amount of toil and perplexity. He has always been connected with some newspaper published in the Hawaiian language, and was continually writing for its columns.

His immediate and appropriate duties were connected with the cause of education. All the schools of the kingdom, common, high, and collegiate, came under his supervision. His annual and biennial reports, which have been published under the authority of the Government, afford abundant statistical matter to show that he was called to no sinecure office. In the discharge of his official duties he was called upon to make frequent tours throughout the group. Again and again has he traversed all parts of the islands. He has visited every remote school district of the kingdom, both Protestant and Catholic. No Government officer, or missionary, was brought into such close intimacy with the nation, as a whole.

Although his week-day duties were so abundant and onerous, yet he never spared himself as a Minister of the Gospel. He was an eloquent preacher in the Hawaiian language, and always listened to with deep interest by the people, and in whose true peace and spiritual welfare he took so deep an interest. Nearly every Sabbath his voice was to be heard in some one of the pulpits of the kingdom. It was to fulfil an appointment of this nature at Kaneohe, the mission station of the Rev. Mr. Parker, that he was going when he met with the fatal accident which terminated his valuable life. * * * * *

We could add much more, but our limits compel us to confine our remaining remarks to a brief.

notice of the funeral ceremony which took place on Monday afternoon, Sept. 24th. At half past 4 o'clock, a large concourse assembled at his late residence, where a hymn was sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. E. Corwin. The procession having been formed, his remains were conveyed to the Stone Church, where his voice had so often been heard in eloquent and impassioned tones, proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The exercises in the church were as follows: Prayer in English, by Rev. S. C. Damon; Address in English, by Rev. E. Corwin; Prayer in Hawaiian, by Rev. L. Smith; Address in Hawaiian, by Rev. E. W. Clark, and singing in Hawaiian.

The coffin was then carried to the Mission Cemetery, at the east end of the church, where prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Bishop, and that most appropriate and touching hymn of Watts was sung:

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.”

As the last notes of the plaintive music died away, and Mr. Bishop's quivering lips pronounced the benediction upon the weeping, silent and retiring throng, we looked upon the sun just sinking amid banks of golden clouds beyond the distant ocean, but sending back his mild rays to cheer and gladden, for a little longer, our island home. Thus it is with our departed Brother. We had buried him from our sight, but we shall walk a little longer in the light of his example and words.

It is sufficient to take extracts from one of the numerous obituary notices, written at the time

to show how deeply his loss was felt, and how wide his influence had been within his chosen field.

“In their intercourse with him, the chiefs well knew him to be a man of integrity when he gave his advice on the subjects for which his advice was asked. For this reason the King and all his chiefs had great confidence in him, and it cannot be said that that confidence was misplaced. If any act of his was thought to be wrong, or was condemned, no one could say that any wrong act was undertaken in obedience to evil advice from him. In the discharge of all his public duties as an officer of government, he ever received the approbation of all who employed him. There was no shirking in his intercourse with his associates in council; he ever spoke truly and to the point; they are unanimous in their testimony to his uniform kindness of feelings and regard for the opinions of others associated with him.

At the time the Board of Education was constituted, the entire confidence and trust of the King was reposed in him, that he would fulfill faithfully the duties of that office. Many years did he preside at the head of that department to the entire satisfaction of the late King, and also of his present Majesty, Kamehameha IV, who appointed him to a seat in the House of Nobles and to a membership in the Privy Council.

One excellence in the character of Dr. Armstrong was, that he was energetic in regulating the affairs of his own department, and ready to assist in forwarding every work pertaining to that and other departments of the Government. It was his pleasure to work, if by

that means he could promote the welfare or diminish the wants of others. His natural temperament was activity, a perseverance in seeking what would accrue to the profit and comfort of the many. He was the mover of enterprise, and multitudes were encouraged by his exhortations to undertake agriculture and other enterprises.

His readiness to assist the labors of those enfeebled by sickness, or absent, is well known, as was often the case of his fellow laborers in the gospel. The distance of the place of preaching was reckoned as nothing, if he could only reach it in time. It was in one of these excursions to help another that he received the wound which caused his death.

It is not possible for want of time to prolong these remarks of admiration for the deceased, but it is plain to every reader of this page that great is the loss sustained by his own family, and the burden of sorrow fallen upon the King and the nation, by the death of this ready and benevolent working man. It is right that the whole land mourn along with the disconsolate widow and children, for in the time of our prosperity he rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and in the time of adversity, he was in heaviness with those who were burdened."

How lovable he was in his family life none but his children know, but an idea of what he was to them and they to him, may be gained from the letters which he wrote them during his various inter-Island journeys, which, it must be remembered, were always attended by more or less suffering and danger.

During the summer of 1844 the family spent some time in the beautiful Manoa valley, and from thence he wrote to his daughter Caroline in America.

Oct. 6, 1844.

My Dear Child Caroline :—Seated in a snug little grass cottage, 30 feet by 23, all in one room, by a large Chinese tea table, with two lamps before me, and your mamma on the opposite side reading, I commence a letter to you. The children have all gone to bed, but they are not all asleep, as the constant prattle of the three boys and occasionally a lusty laugh from little Samuel and a droll remark from Baxter, things for which each of them are somewhat remarkable, affords abundant evidence. The two little girls, M. J. and Clarissa, sleep on a large platform of boards put up for a bedstead, in one corner of the house, while the three boys occupy a similar establishment in the opposite corner, while our bed is in the other end of the house, and a large curtain of furniture calico separates us. A large cupboard stands on one side of the house where our small supply of crockery is kept, and an old comfortable Chinese settee stands opposite. Mats constitute our only floor, and over head is nothing but thatch of grass. The door opens upon the enchanting valley of Manoa. How different the scenery from any you behold in America at this season of the year. There you behold the fallow falling leaf, the glory of the forest departing, the flowers faded and gone, the trees stripping themselves, as it were, for the fierce contest of winter, and everything in nature is calculated to lead the mind to pensiveness of thought and

solemn reflection. How different here in Manoa, where "everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers." Here the leaves never fade, winter never comes, and the scenery never changes. The amphitheatre of mountains which encircle us are covered with perpetual green. Groves of kukui and koa trees, with a variety of under shrubbery, adorn the hill sides and ravines, while in the valley, which is flat marshy land, the beautiful broad-leaved taro is the principal article of cultivation; patches of sweet potatoes are seen here and there on the more cultivated points. What adds much to the beauty and productiveness of this valley is the fine stream of water which passes through it. At the head of it died the stern ruler and devoted Christian, Kaahumanu, the regent of the islands, in the full assurance of faith. Kaahumanu's last words were, "I will go to Jesus and be comforted."

But the inhabitants, what shall I say of them? Alas, "Every prospect pleases, but only man is vile." Their condition, in a moral point of view, is vastly better than it once was; many of them are sober-minded and pretty intelligent Christians, but they still live in small and filthy grass huts, destitute of every comfort, and herding together, often a dozen sleeping on mats in one small house without even a partition, and some of them, as if to make bad worse, keep their dogs and ducks in the house during the night; sometimes even whole broods of hens and chickens, in order to preserve them from thieves and the multitude of hungry dogs which prowl about. But they have more and better clothes than they used to have. We rarely see a native now unclad or even wearing native kapa. Had they skill and industry

they might abound in every good thing. Sweet potatoes grow finely and they get a dollar a barrel for them; melons, squashes, taro, tomatoes, pigs, fowls, all could be raised for the market in abundance, had the natives the requisite skill and enterprise. But, poor creatures, they will not very soon shake off the low wretched habits of their former state. Their government, until recently, was one of the worst forms of despotism, consequently the common people were slaves and could not enjoy either liberty of person or right of property. This state of things cut up all enterprise by the roots, since no man will work for nothing, or aim at an object which he knows is beyond his reach, and in those days a *character* was formed which will not soon be entirely reformed. When I look over this valley I think what a little Yankee skill would do here. How different from the hard soil of New England.

But I must return to family matters. The three boys go to school and have just commenced a new quarter Wm. Nevins reads in the first book of history, writes part of each day, attends to arithmetic, and has been through Hall's geography. His taste for reading increases. When he gets an interesting book, such as Rollo, the Life of Putnam, or Bancroft's Abridgment of American History, he gets entirely absorbed so as not to hear when spoken to. He has quite a mechanical genius, builds frigates, sloops of war, and all sorts of small craft for the boys in the neighborhood.

The rest of this letter is lost, and the next that has been preserved was written from Kohala Hawaii, to his daughter in Honolulu.

My Dear Daughter :—I sit down in the midst of my engagements to write you a letter. Time passes pleasantly. * * * I shall send some squid and Itraish potatoes to you all if I am not disappointed. How do you all get along? I am anxious to hear. Those that love Jesus are always safe. Dear Janey, don't neglect secret prayer a single day. Be watchful over your temper—that is a viper which poisons the happiness of thousands. Be watchful over your tongue and over your feelings. Be careful about speaking evil of others—that is wicked. Charity, sweet heavenly charity, covers over the faults of others and seeks out their virtues. Be cheerful in every duty; don't murmur or repine at crosses. God sends these for our good. We could not grow in grace without them. Complaining, murmuring Christians, never recommend religion to people of the world. Be quick in obedience to your mother, and pray for me that the good hand of God may be with me, and that my work may prosper and the children of these islands be greatly blest by my poor labors.

The letters which follow, bright and cheery as they are, show that it was no holiday task which he had undertaken.

Hilo, August, 1851.

Dear Daughter :—Not till this morning did I receive your letter of July 11. * * * I began to examine schools in Kailua, and have taken them regularly to this place. When about finishing in Kona I was taken sick of a fever, and having no medicine I was obliged to work my way in riding a while on a bullock, then on a donkey, then on a horse, for two days and nights.

till I reached Mr. Kinney's, where I was laid up twelve days.

It is a great relief to hear of the arrival of your mother and Nevins in the U. States. Let God be praised; we have much to thank Him for. Be patient and good girls, and by and by we shall be again in our happy home. The boys are growing strong and fat.

Lanai, Aug. 26, 1855.

Dear Janie:—Here I am in this hot, dreary, barren island. I arrived in a boat from Lahaina after a sail of three hours. Where we landed there was a little hut, and I tried to make a cup of tea (you forgot to put up my tea and sugar, you sleepy girl). The old woman of the house said she had a pot and could boil water, so at it she went, and in process of time said the water boiled. I gave her "quantum sufficit" of tea, and in the course of five minutes tried to drink it, but what a dose! Were you to mix ipecac, aloes, gamboge and salts, and all other nauseous drugs, you could not make a mixture so horrible. On questioning I discovered that they were in the habit of boiling fish in the pot, and I suppose never cleaned it. Besides the water was very brackish. After this we got horses and rode several miles to the house of my friend, Mr. Pia. Just as we came in sight the old man, not knowing we were coming, put off in his canoe for Lahaina. It went like a bird, and we could not hail him, but his old lady received me very graciously. She went to work with a cocoanut broom to clean house, and lashed around lustily, sweeping all the dirt under the mats. A young man cooked our dinner, a sort of hodge-podge, that tasted better than it looked.

MOLOKAI, 1856.

In about twenty-four hours after I left you I landed with Mr. Dwight. O, how sea-sick I was! I could not even wind my watch. I lay on deck all day for it was hot and horrible below, and took the spray until my new and elegant "poncho" was soaked and I chilled through. But we got ashore and laid down in the dry grass. It was the sweetest grass I ever laid my head on. Capt. W. me gave a little hard bread and I was soon up and walked three miles to a house, where I got some fish and poi, and then lay down and slept or should have slept but for a naughty flea that kept galloping over me. What were fleas made for? Let Goody take this subject for a composition. * * * Take courage—The dark side of the cloud is turned towards you, but it is all bright on the other side.

I do not forget you, my dear ones at home. However busy, weary, hungry, cold or hot, you dwell in my heart, and I cease not to make mention of you in my prayers.

We rested one night, and yesterday went out on our journey to see the schools. About noon we arrived at Mt. Zion, the Mormon settlement. There on the top of Lanai is a farm which is fertile and which they cultivate. * * * * *

One of the last family letters which he wrote, is full of the cheerfulness which made his presence always a delight to his children.

May, 1860.

I suppose you will always expect a few lines from "father," and as long as my hand will move to my bidding you shall have it. * * * Things are

at home much as usual. Sam is acquiring quite a reputation as an editor, and even numbers His Majesty as one of his editorial corps. The King writes rapidly and well. There have come in about six hundred new subscribers since Sam took charge of the paper. The Queen spoke of the *Hæ* yesterday, as a very interesting paper. But, having his college studies to keep up, he is rather overworked. Baxter is in love at last—dreadfully so. I never saw anything like it, for it is so unlike his stoic nature; and affords us great amusement. The lady's name you will wish to know of course. Well, it is Miss Nettie Merrill, recently from New York. (a new schooner.) The fellow can't talk about anything else, and when he does talk he can't get out the words fast enough nor very coherently either, and he gestures like a native minister, up and down and across, all at once. She is a nice jade, that is a fact, and her like has never been seen in these parts. To-morrow examination begins, and next day the Legislature. The Haw. Association is in session also, and my time is completely occupied.

Of the memories which he has left with his children, little more than the shadow can be put in words, but something of their strength and tenderness is shown in a letter from his youngest daughter, Amelia, in which she says:

Like a sweet, soft wind come to me the fast-fading memories of one, who, all through my childhood, came and went, always devoted to work, silent, tranquil, patient and loving—"never hasting never, resting." I cannot recall one unkind word or harsh act, and even when in childish play we were noisy and

troublesome, disturbing his reading or writing, reproof and restraint were always administered patiently and gently. His table chat was always interspersed with witty anecdotes or incidents conveying some moral truth. How could he misspend time when at sunrise he first sought strength and guidance at the Throne of Grace. His blue eyes can never be forgotten—I seem to see them now so “still and saint-like, looking downward from the skies.” His influence is always with me. Even in his last “will and testament” he did not forget in providing for our temporal wants, to admonish us to “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.” Father was never bitter, haughty or bigoted. In this world of hate, calumny and wrong, I treasure his forgiving nature. His sermons were always simple, for he preached mainly to minds of childish stature, but he never gave offence, though often very pointed in his application, as, for instance, “When you take in a family washing, don’t pretend you want five pieces of soap when two is all that is needed.” I remember the “pela no” of some old deacon accepting the reproof, meaning “that is so.”

He loved flowers, and the sight of a white jasmine brings back his face, for he delighted in its fragrance. Music was always restful to him. Sometimes he would say, “Come, Janie, sing me that song. ‘A dainty plant is the ivy green.’” With Clara at the piano to sing with him, he translated several of our English hymns into Hawaiian.

His heart always seemed at peace.

REMINISCENCES.

BY S. C. A.

My earliest recollections of my Father are when we lived in the mission quarter of Honolulu, about a mile from our subsequent and more permanent home "Stone House," in an adobe cottage, with which was connected the dispensary of the station. Although no doctor, Father had attended medical lectures in Philadelphia in 1830, and what, with natural aptitude, and the experience afforded him by his own ten children, he could attend to all ordinary cases, even performing minor operations, and being especially skilful with babies. The popular dose was castor oil, which to the Hawaiians was a luxury, and there was a daily morning demand for this remedy. The children, however, were principally interested in the box of liquorice, most of which was diverted from the purpose for which it was originally intended, being eaten by us, instead of the heathen.

In those days the natives brought to their kumu (teacher), their accustomed tribute of

fruit, vegetables, chickens, fish, etc., thus eking out the small salary of, I believe, \$400 for each couple and fifty dollars extra for each child. Those were days of cheerful greetings, youthful rejoicings, and fatherly benedictions, when the people came—in a minimum of costume—from far and near, with bananas, sugar-cane, guavas, cocoanuts and the delicious ohia.

The large crop of small boys that swarmed about the mission, had the usual piratical instincts of their kind, and although we were all subjected to the severest Puritanic discipline, we managed to execute occasional raids upon the barrel of lump sugar in the mission "Depository," when good Mr. Cooke and Mr. Castle were not looking. The "Maternal Association" took up the more hopeless cases of those who played checkers or said, "By George." The boys were thrown into convulsions when one of our number reported hearing an excited missionary father say, "By Jingo."

We had one real luxury, that of going bare-footed all the year round, wearing shoes on Sundays only, and then under protest. The Sunday morning "cleaning up and dressing" was looked forward to with dread, as our sympathies were

all with the natives, who, in the early days, took off their clothes when it rained, so that a shower, as church was closing, produced an extraordinary scene. The material of our usual garments was a blue denim of the cheapest kind, which, to allow for the growth of the wearer, was made with two or three tucks in the trousers' legs. These being successively let out, after many washings made a series of humiliating bright blue bands about our ankles. I can remember wearing aprons, which I took every opportunity to discard, although I invariably came to grief from so doing, as the rod in those days was laid on freely.

We went to Mr. Castle's Sunday school and also to the "Bethel." We were required to recite seven Bible verses to Mr. Castle, and to bow as we went out, which latter ceremony was particularly obnoxious to us and gave rise to much cutting up. I was a pupil at the "Bethel" of Gen. Marshall and Mr. C. R. Bishop, and from them received my first instruction in, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, etc."

Father's chief work was preaching, and I am sorry to say, that although we always attended the services, the part we took in them was some-

times far from creditable. We usually sat with mother, and were kept quiet by frequent gingerbread, but I remember that once Father took two of us into the pulpit and was obliged to interrupt his sermon in order to settle a quarrel between us. But nothing disturbed the equanimity of the natives, not even the dog fights, which were of frequent occurrence, for they doted on dogs, often bringing them to church in their arms, while their children toddled on behind.

These dogs were a perpetual trial ; I have seen deacons with long sticks probing after the wretched curs as they dodged under the seats, the preacher scolding roundly the while—and not a smile in the congregation.

But the service was interesting. Sometimes, when I stand outside a Negro church, I get precisely the effect of a Hawaiian congregation, the same fullness and heartiness and occasional exquisite voices, and am instantly transplanted ten thousand miles away, to the great Kawaiaha'o church where Father used to preach to 2500 people, who swarmed in on foot and horseback, from shore, and valley and mountain, for miles around.

Outside, it was like an encampment, inside,

it was a sea of dusky faces. On one side was the King's pew, with scarlet hangings; the Royal family always distinguishing themselves by coming in very late, with the loudest of squeaking shoes. The more the shoes squeaked the better was the wearer pleased, and often a man after walking noisily in, would sit down and pass his shoes through the window, for his wife to wear in, thus doubling the family glory. Non-musical shoes were hardly saleable. The Hawaiians, like other heathen, made their religion their chief business. Their language is full of worship, rich in expressions of adoration, and a prayer in it is far more impressive than in English. Their own services were never tiresome, and, in their child like simplicity and genuine devotion, became sometimes sublime.

The sermons of the missionaries were always without notes; a written discourse soon put the people to sleep, and the only way to hold their attention was to *talk*. Father, like many of his co-workers, was a fairly good writer of sermons, but in common with many others, he developed real oratorical power in the vernacular, was full of eloquence and action, using incidents and humor as they served, asking questions from the

pulpit, and bringing answers from all over the audience. There was no dullness, and the people thought and talked of what they had heard. While some of the native preachers excelled the missionaries in pulpit power, they were as slow to apply the doctrines which they taught, as they were quick to adopt them. They were put forward as responsible pastors far too soon, and the consequences of the mistake have been unspeakably sad. The preaching of the missionaries was generally direct and practical, ethical rather than theological. "Have you stolen a jack-knife or a fish-hook, or a hatchet? Take it back," was the burden of their discourses. Father used to tell us how "Blind Bartimeus," a gifted, but ignorant native preacher, grasped the idea of Christ's atonement, through the supposed sacrifice by a chief of hisson, for the sin of his people, and how he electrified them all by his burning eloquence. The Hawaiians are born orators. "Speaking in meeting" is no ordeal to them; to be suppressed is the hardship.

I am writing of the people of my boyhood, from 1845 to 1860, not of the daintily dressed, genteel generation of to day, of whom I know little. There are few left of the old simple, at-

tractive type, but they are still a gay, happy, smiling people, much developed in the last twenty-five years by an active industrial and political life, more hardy, I think, but more heady and less easy to control, capable of good thinking, yet with very little foresight.

Much of father's best life was his earlier experience in the Island of Maui, at Haiku, his first mission station, and at Wailuku, my birthplace, both lying at the base of Mt. Haleakala, at whose summit, ten thousand feet high, is the largest extinct crater in the world, seven miles in diameter. He used to tell us of the two churches that he built here, one at each station, each to hold fifteen hundred people. He planned and superintended the entire work without any carpenter. The timbers for the roof were hewn far up on the mountain, brought down on the backs of natives and placed on walls of broken stone laid in mortar made from coral, brought up from the sea by native divers. Once, when a storm destroyed the work of months, the people, led by their chief, went willingly to the mountains and began again.

Although father nearly broke down here from hard work, yet afterwards, when in the

service of the government, he often spoke of these as the happiest days of his life, for his own hardships were forgotten in remembering how gladly the people heard, and, in their weakness, followed him like children.

The transfer to Honolulu, where he took the place of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, and finished the great stone church which seated 3,000 people, brought him into the centre of the nation's life and ultimately into public office. For several summers after this we spent some months at Makawao, high up on Haleakala, at Mr. McLane's sugar plantation, where the view of mountain and ocean was magnificent. Here, donkey riding, eating sugar cane, hanging round the sugar house, bathing in the deep gulches and exploring the wild country and tropic forests, filled what were the happiest days of our lives. How exciting it was when we were pulled round into Maalea Bay in whale boats or sailed in in the "Maria," and Capt. Hobson, in default of a white flag, sent one of Father's shirts up to the mast-head, to announce the arrival of a missionary party. With our belongings we were piled into ox-carts, and after five hours slow pulling up the side of Haleakala, would at

last reach Makawao, to be greeted by the smiling Hawaiian housewife, "Maile."

On Sundays we rode over to hear the Rev. Jonathan Green, the single representative in that field of the American Missionary Association, who always prayed for, and often preached about, slavery in America. He was a devoted abolitionist, and from him I obtained my first ideas of the Negro race. A few colored men had appeared at the Islands, and the first colored clergyman I ever heard, was in Honolulu, where he preached from the text, "I am not mad, most noble Festus," and stated that "such was the discipline in the legions of Julius Cæsar, that any one who found a Roman sentinel asleep at his post was expected to take his musket and shoot him dead."

Many of the churches which were built in the early and heroic age of the mission are crumbling away, the people have vanished, or moved on to plantations, and of those who are left, many are under no religious influence. The outlook seems dark, but it is not even yet hopeless. In a broader Christian work, which shall include the home and social life, and give a more

practical education, lies the only chance for the future.

My memory covers the most of father's official life, and one of my earliest and most vivid recollections is of moving into "Stone House," which was built of coral and stood at the foot of "Punch Bowl," an extinct crater, from the summit of which a royal battery of fifteen sixty-pounders, often fired national salutes, which were answered by ships of war in the harbor below, and made the windows and dishes rattle. Although the guns were all pointed in the air and could not by any possibility hurt anybody but the careless artillery men, I thought the place impregnable. As a matter of fact, a couple of pirates could have captured the whole affair, for the garrison slept all night, and a half dozen, resolute, midnight cats might have scared them into instantaneous surrender.

One of our great delights here was that we had plenty of white pine for making miniature ships, which we sailed in the salt ponds and in the quiet waters within the reef, and for sawing into blocks to represent soldiers, wherewith my brother Will and I had many a pitched battle in the garret. Our heroes were those of the

Mexican war—just over—and we fired our powder and shot out of little leaden cannon cast by our commanding officers. The necessity of earning our pocket money kept us on the alert for profitable chances, but our fun was none the less joyful because we had to work for it.

One of our ways of earning pocket money as we got older, was to get an appointment as assessor of taxes in some country district, during the summer vacation. Six weeks hard work would bring in fifty dollars. It was not play, especially when it came to counting the dogs, who, being a luxury and a nuisance, were taxed at a dollar a head. The burning question of Hawaiian politics was the dog tax, any man who would pledge himself to diminish it, was sure of his election to the Hawaiian legislature. Torrents of eloquence were poured out on this subject, and one country member, Ukeke, nearly gained immortality by a bill to abolish the tax on good dogs, and tax only the bad ones, but the revenue was necessary to support royalty and the state, and there was no escape. It goes without saying, that every subterfuge was resorted to by the owners, and I remember that my favorite method of detection, was, with my

escort, to gallop furiously up to the house and halt suddenly, making such a racket that the curs would bark, and betray themselves in their hiding places, inside calabashes, under the dresses of their squatting mistresses, and tied to distant trees. Then began the pleading, "Don't count that dog; we are going to eat him to-morrow!" "That one is too little, etc!" It was tiresome work, but often very funny.

The natives were all kindness to friends and to those who trusted them. Father used to tell us of a walk of twenty miles which he took through a waterless district, when, distressed and faint with thirst, he came upon a watermelon in the road. After some hesitation he ate it, and, at his journey's end, met a native who asked if he had found it, and told him that he had left it there for him. He always gave his purse to his guide, and never lost anything.

During the perilous nine months among the Marquesas cannibals, he had to go on a journey, and left mother in charge of the head chief, Hape, a typical savage, indescribably horrible in his appearance. This man laid down every night across and outside the door of mother's house, so that no one could injure her without

first killing him. On their departure he suggested to father a change of wives, but fortunately did not insist upon it. The lowest types of humanity are, it seems to me, to be found in civilization, not among the heathen. How often have we boys halted our horses before their thatched houses, and been greeted with, "Where are you from?" After the reply, the universal formula was, without regard to time or distance, "Mama ou kou." [You have come swiftly.] Next, the question, "Are you hungry?" To which there was but one answer, "Very hungry." Then a stampede of the household and neighborhood in pursuit of some fleet chicken, which was soon boiling in the pot. Expected guests had fish, pigs, poultry and vegetables, cooked underground on hot stones, but the food was always eaten cold. After dismounting, we would lie on our backs on the mats, and father's old retainers would "lomi-lomi" the fatigue all out of us, for these people have, it is claimed, the most perfect massage, or movement cure, known. It is part of their hospitality, and is delicious.

They were patriotic during the war; a thousand of them could easily have been enlisted for the Union army without bounties, had not

the law forbidden their leaving the Islands. I found several of them among the Negro regiments. During the bombardment of Fort Harrison, north of the James River, while commanding a supporting brigade, I heard my Hawaiian name, Kamuela, called from a color-guard, and looking down saw a grinning Kanaka, a corporal, who had recognized me—as cool as a cucumber. Another turned up as a head-quarter orderly—holding my horse. I read, in an account of the naval land attack on Fort Fisher, that among the first seamen to volunteer for the deadly work were two Hawaiian sailors. They were all good soldiers; like the Negro, they are noble under leadership, often wonderful in emergencies.

Some of the boys who grabbed sugar from the missionary barrel in the “Depository” went into the war, too, and how the good old native women prayed for our deliverance from danger! There were rare types of simple piety and faith among them.

Father grew old and gray in his public work, visiting and examining in person every one of the five hundred common schools of the Kingdom, which were scattered over seven

islands, besides constantly assuming new cares, as the weak native officials leaned on him more and more. He never ceased his missionary work, superintending the Sunday school at his own old church in the morning, preaching there or at the church in the cocoanut grove at Wai-kiki in the afternoon, and usually holding service at the Palace in the evening, for the kings and chiefs. Mother, too, kept up her ministrations, more, I think, than most of the ladies of the mission, holding weekly meetings for women, not only in the beautiful valleys of Manoa and Pauoa but in the "China Sea" and other lowest parts of Honolulu, gathering round her the vilest of both races for prayer and exhortation. Father's voluntary reduction of salary and rank, in taking the position of President of the Board of Education, instead of that of Minister of Instruction, in order to escape from increasing responsibility, was of no avail, for, within a year he was back again in the Privy Council and House of Nobles. He and Dr. Judd, an ex-missionary, (who was Minister of Finance and a most efficient officer for years before my father took office), chiefly bore the burdens of state, finding, however, in Chief Justice William Lee,

a most active and honorable assistant. While Hon. Charles H. Bishop, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, Boston, Mass.; Mr. E. P. Bond, West Newton, Mass.; and many others not connected with the mission, worked earnestly and nobly with the missionaries for the good of the kingdom, there was a bitterly hostile foreign element, chiefly English and American, which was, from the outset, the most serious obstacle to the nation's progress. There is no doubt that it is to the influence of this class, more than to anything else, that Hawaiians owe the steady decadence of the last twenty-five years, and it is equally certain that it is to the resident "Mission Children," that they must look for any uplifting in the future.

The Roman Catholics were active in my Father's day and had gathered in their churches, where they still hold them, at least one-third of the native population. Through the French consul, they constantly harassed the Department of Instruction with claims of many kinds, and did much to annoy my father, although he always kept up his friendship with some of the priests, and spoke of them with admiration and respect.

He used to tell us a good deal about the reigning kings—Kamehameha III and IV—with both of whom he was intimate and influential. Both were inclined to dissipation, and were sadly tempted by certain foreign countries, but both were manly and frank, and made honest efforts to live rightly. They were truly kingly in their appearance, being large and handsome, and of a noble presence and manner, especially Kamehameha IV, who had had the advantage of a foreign journey.

The high chiefs—John Young, Kanaina, Paki, Governor Kekuanoa and others, with their fat wives—were majestic creatures, towering above the common people and foreigners, but “the mighty have fallen,” and when Queen Emma and Mrs. Bishop died, the line became extinct.

I remember the royal “Soirees” at the Palace, when the gorgeous uniforms and noble bearing of these chiefs, threw foreign diplomats and naval officers into the shade. Father got on capitally with this native aristocracy; they always expected a good time when he appeared, and in spite of his occasional severity, they truly loved him. As he was ex-officio guardian of the

young chiefs, who were to be the future rulers of the kingdom, he established, as soon as possible, at a cost of \$10,000, a Royal School, for which he secured as principal the Rev. E. G. Beckwith, the assistant principal of the Normal School of Westfield, Mass., where my mother was educated, her birthplace being Blandford, a town near by. Besides fifteen young chiefs, about fifty white children, mostly belonging to the mission, were admitted as pupils. Mr. Beckwith was a graduate of Williams' College, and had fine natural gifts as a teacher. He was soon joined by his brother, the Rev. George E. Beckwith, and I have never since seen or heard of such a school as this became. Every boy and girl seemed inspired to learn, and we played as hard as we studied. Our teachers led us up the volcanic mountains that rose behind our school house, as they did up the hill of science. There was a moral atmosphere, a Christian influence, in the school, which permanently affected the lives of most of the pupils. I regard it as the ideal school of all I have ever known, for the perfect balance of its mental and moral inspirations. Under Mr. George Beckwith, a pupil of Dr. Samuel Taylor, of Andover, and a remarkably

fine classical teacher, we plunged with delight into the mysteries of Latin and Greek. Hard study did not hurt us, as on Saturdays we took to the mountains, or, tearing like cow-boys, rode off to some ranch, to aid in "rounding up" or branding cattle, or hunted wild turkeys and hogs in Halawa valley. Then, there were the horse-back rides with the girls, fifteen or twenty couples, in the tropical moonlight, through the cocoanut grove at Waikiki, across the plain beyond, round Diamond Head and back through the town, galloping eight or ten abreast, and halting occasionally to serenade our friends.

The young chiefs improved, but had to contend against a sad inheritance of instincts, and lacked the safeguard which the rest of us had, of good homes. The only survivors, are the present weak King, Kalakaua, and his sister, under whom the nation is going swiftly on in its ruinous way.

When the Rev. E. G. Beckwith was appointed President of Oahu College, then a small affair, planned in Father's study, most of his pupils followed him, and, with some others, I entered there as Freshman, and remained through part of the Sophomore year. Shortly after this the

health of his wife, (my oldest sister), compelled Mr. Beckwith to remove to California, and his brother broke down under the work, but the college which they founded, is now the educational centre of the islands. These teachers have wielded, through their pupils, an almost world-wide influence, and they have taught me that the work of the teacher, while often obscure and weak, may be the most vital and far-reaching that a man can do. I am glad of the part that Mother and Father took in bringing these two to the islands.

Besides caring for the common schools, supplying books, dealing with careless, wayward teachers, (for though the white man may be "mighty onsartin," the Hawaiian is a good deal more so), editing the only paper in the native language, and carrying on various public functions, father had a special concern for the higher education, represented by the Lahainaluna Seminary and the Hilo Boarding School, both for young men, established by the Mission, and ultimately aided by Government.

The education of girls was comparatively neglected during the first thirty years of the mission, which was a most serious mistake. Co-

education, was thought impossible; another mistake, I believe, for with proper teaching force it could have been done, and would have better fitted the girls to meet the life before them. The Lahainaluna school, originally on a manual labor basis, gradually took up advanced studies, at the same time weakening on the labor side, and produced some able men, most of whom, however, could not resist the temptations which attended political or other distinction. The Hilo school founded, and for thirty years conducted, by Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Lyman, was always a labor school, simple, homelike and elementary, which attracted chiefly the country lads, and fitted the best teachers and missionaries that the Islands have produced. Their students were among the solid men of the country, and their experience has been of not a little help to me at Hampton.

Our home "Stone House" was named after the English residence of Admiral Thomas, of the British Navy, who restored the national flag which his subordinate, Lord George Paulet, had, in his absence, hauled down, taking possession of the Islands in the name of the Queen. Lord George was compelled by the Admiral to restore

the flag and salute it with his own guns. The day was thereafter kept as a national holiday, and the name of Admiral Thomas is held in grateful remembrance. He was a friend of the missionaries, was often at our house, and sent back pleasant tokens of his friendship to us children from England. Later, when Mother was very ill, Lord George kindly offered to bring her from the island where she was staying, home in his ship, the "Carisfort." No nobler men ever touched those Islands, than some of the officers of the American and English navies. The names of Commodores Dupont, Perry, Shu-brick, Jones, Stockton, Capt. Finch, and some of their contemporaries, should be handed down in the history of the Islands.

The Armstrong grandchildren should not grow up in ignorance of our famous Ponto, a yellow dog long since departed, whose spiritual form I expect to meet somewhere in the other land, to be recognized by the double twist in his tail, and the peculiar capacity for wagging his whole body. Surely "Boki," the old family horse, will be there to meet us, with his projecting lower lip and resigned expression, and perhaps "Charlie," the California horse and our

noble "Lion." They were all part of the family, and knew it.

Our herd of cattle, twelve in number, were quartered at night in the cow pen, in the back yard, the sucking calves being penned by themselves. Will, Baxter and I, did the milking, for which father roused us, every morning. There was no bringing up calves by hand; we had not even a barn; the herd was driven to the mountains, and watched all day by a Kanaka cowboy, who slept most of the time, and then were driven in at sundown, half wild and altogether unwilling to be milked. We did not get much milk per cow, and spent a good deal of time in fierce combat with the calves, which did not meet the views of our American bred parents, who gave us a series of alarming facts in regard to New England cows and the boys who milked them, abnormal boys who "loved work." I may say, indeed, that we were brought up on New England boys, and I can remember the interest with which we watched the first importation into Honolulu of these marvels, and our delight when we discovered that they were even lazier than we were, that not one of them liked to get up early, or preferred toil to play. Inspiration

from that quarter, by which we had been so often shamed into laborious days, was thenceforth "played out." In the general mission cow pen, much larger than ours, I used to think that I could tell to whom the cows belonged by their resemblance to their owners; in a few cases I was sure of this. We had no stables, and out in the wide pasture had to catch with the lasso, every horse we rode, and everybody rode, men, women and children, the latter sometimes, as in our case, beginning humbly on calves and donkeys. The natives were passionately fond of riding and would walk a mile to catch a horse to ride half a mile. The women bestrode horses like men, but with long scarfs of brilliant calico draping either leg, and streaming behind them on the breeze. Saturday was their gala day, and the streets were filled with gay cavalcades of happy Hawaiians.

But I have wandered from Ponto, the companion of our childhood, who was only saved from martyrdom by our petitions, and whose uncertain tenure of life made him doubly precious in our eyes. Our next door neighbor, Mr. Rogers, the mission printer, considered that we set a bad example to the natives, whose

fondness for dogs went so far as to include them in their bill of fare, and who indulged in them, alive and dead, to the verge of extravagance. It was argued that we ought to set up a standard of abstemiousness in this respect, and that Ponto ought to be sacrificed. I am inclined now to think that Mr. Rogers' zeal was heightened by the fact that the proposed victim usually howled all night, and even though a quarter of a century has passed since Ponto howled his last howl, I can still rejoice in the fact that he died a natural death, surrounded by appreciative friends. I ought, perhaps, in justice to Mr. Rogers, to mention that, aside from his attitude towards Ponto, we held him in high estimation from the fact that he used sometimes to give us type, which had been worn out in printing Bibles and hymn books for the natives, and which we melted into keels for our toy schooners. I am also willing, at this distance, to confess that we depended chiefly upon the mission bindery for our supply of kites. We played base ball. but not in the American fashion, and "I spy" was a favorite game, especially when we could play it in the graveyard. Nothing, however, was more permanently popular than

swimming in the great, deep mountain basins, of which Kapena Falls answered our purposes best. The great feat was to jump from the cliff, some sixty feet, into the depths below, where we played like fishes. A horseback tour round the Island of Oahu was a great lark, with the races on the long, lovely sea beach, and the nights at Kaneohe, Kualoa and Waialua.

My brother Baxter's cattle ranch at Wai-manalo was a favorite and beautiful resort; it was a little kingdom by the sea, bounded by the ocean and the mountains. It was exciting to jump into a cattle pen with a lasso, catch a young steer by the horns while another lassoed his hind leg, and a third pulled him over and branded him. In a few moments he was released, and then a race for the fence ensued, to keep out of the way of his fury. Though we did this dozens of times, I do not think that any one of us was ever hurt.

Our most memorable expedition was to the Island of Hawaii, to see the great eruption of 1858. Twenty-five of us, led by Mr. Beckwith, chartered a schooner, sailed 150 miles towards the mighty column of fire by night and smoke by day, landed at Kealakekua Bay, famous as

the scene of Capt. Cook's death, and scaled Mauna Kea, till we looked directly down upon a fiery flow of molten lava, fifteen miles in length and two broad, which plunged at last into the sea. In its centre was a swift stream flowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the effect of the whole scene was terrific beyond description.

The views in Hawaii of volcano, and ocean, and mountain top, and tropic valleys, are nowhere surpassed, I think, and that expedition in the "potato frigate *Kinoole*," will never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to take part in it.

Nobody understood the wonderful volcanic life of Hawaii as did Dr. Coan, the veteran missionary, and his title "King of the Volcano" was won by his ability to foretell its action.

I have not spoken of the French invasion in 1848, when Admiral de Tromelin, after the government's refusal to comply with his outrageous demands, sent his marines ashore, captured the helpless mud fort, spiked some innocent guns, demolished the royal calabashes, stole the King's beautiful yacht, the "*Kamehameha*," and twenty thousand dollars to boot, and then retreated, covered with the contempt of all decent people.

In 1839, Captain Laplace, under cover of the guns of his frigate *L'Artemise*, landed French priests and nuns, the former having been expelled from the kingdom some time before by the authorities, with the approbation of, or at least without any remonstrance from, the American missionaries, a record not altogether to their credit. These were serious times for all the missionaries, though indeed they were in their daily lives too familiar with danger "by flood and field" to find any special cause for fear in these temporary disturbances. Tossed in frail canoes in the rough sea channels between the islands, or imperiled in their land journeys by the natural difficulties of precipice and mountain torrent, they had their share of hardship and trial. But at least they had the great blessing of being at all times free from dread of treachery or cruelty on the part of the natives, from whom they were always sure of help and hospitality. For these kind Hawaiians we, their children, feel a deep attachment. It is their custom to transfer their loyalty to the children of their friends, and I prize more than I can tell my own heirloom of Hawaiian affection.

I have always been thankful that in 1851 my Father took my brother Baxter and myself, on

one of his tours of school inspection round the islands, visiting nearly every hamlet on the group, and being entertained not only at the various missionary houses, but more often in the huts of the natives, sleeping on their fragrant home-made mats, eating with them their nourishing "poi," to me the most satisfying food in the world, or their fish cooked on hot stones underground.

Father lived and worked in this way for weeks at a time, thus becoming personally known to every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, who loved him, because he, like his Master, first loved them. Baxter and I had a jolly time. Although the people were Christianized, 15,000 of them having been enrolled in the churches, yet, I remember, they lived pretty much as before. The huts contained but one room, with usually a raised platform, sometimes curtained, for the use of guests, but with no chance for privacy or anything like family life. Morality required a new order of things, and I feel now that there was lack of attention to the practical details of life, to the matters which, even though they may be secondary in the first stage of mission work, are certainly primary in its second stage. It was

lessons in living that they needed; their old social ideas were erroneous, and if mission work begins with proclaiming the gospel, it must end by organizing society. Those who can do the one cannot always do the other, and the ideal missionary needs a large endowment of heart and brain.

In February, 1869, Father asked me if I would take the place of his chief clerk, who wished to leave for a visit to the States. I was then a Sophomore at Oahu College, but the liberal salary and the prospect of independence tempted me, and for some months I worked hard, editing, bookkeeping, superintending schools, etc., keeping up my studies by night and morning work, and my strength by long gallops to and from the beautiful Manoa valley.

It was the money earned in this way which enabled me to come to the United States and take the last two years of my course at Williams' College, going there out of regard to my father's wishes, he being anxious that I should be immediately under the influence of Dr. Mark Hopkins, whom he greatly admired and respected.

Many of my contemporaries at the Islands assisted in some such way in paying the ex-

penses of their education, and it did none of us any harm. The Lymans, Coan, and Lyons, worked as surveyors, striking their lines through tropic jungles. The Alexanders, Judds, Emersons, and others, took positions as governors of guano islands, fifteen hundred miles away in the remote Pacific sea, and with gangs of natives under them, loaded the clipper ships that ran down from San Francisco for freight. With Frank Judd, now Chief Justice of the Islands, and Henry Parker, who has for years preached in Father's old church, in Honolulu, are connected some of the pleasantest memories of my early life, none the less pleasant now, because they involve the recollection of a good deal of hard work, along with plenty of the best kind of play.

On a quiet Sunday morning, in September of this year, I rode home from service to find a gathering of natives at the gate, and my sister weeping at the door. Before she spoke I knew that Father was dead. A fortnight before he had been thrown from his horse and seriously hurt. He was a good rider, but the horse had been suddenly startled and a girth gave way. We had thought his recovery certain, but that morning the end came. An intercostal artery was

pierced by a splinter of bone, and, after a few moments of pain, he left us. We buried him in the shadow of the great Kawaiaha'o church where he had preached for so many years. Beside him lie two children and two grandchildren, and the inscription on the simple stone which marks his grave is, "For he loved our nation."

The enclosure is surrounded by a stone wall and is filled with wide spreading algeroba trees, making a forest where once there was a desert. Years ago mother, single-handed, gathered together the native women, and induced them to work with her to raise funds to build the wall and plant the trees. This they accomplished, and now beauty and welcome shade have taken the place of desolation, and stand as mother's monument.

The old homestead, "Stone House," was sold when mother went to San Francisco in 1881, and is now a preparatory school to Oahu College. Part of the grounds have been bought by the English Episcopal Mission.

I like the service it is in, but it must be sadly changed, and the beautiful garden that mother tended with infinite care for thirty years, assisted by our good-natured but forgetful Chi-

naman "Ah-Kam," cannot be, as a school yard, the mass of flowers, vines, and foliage, that I remember it, when the wind carried the fragrance of its roses hundreds of yards away.

We never had any trouble with the Chinese, and I know that my father had faith in them, and that they liked him. "Ah-Kam" was a typical Chinaman, and made a good servant, except for his regular stealing of eggs, which could always be counted on, and indeed seemed, in a sense, to be forced upon him, as he was a partner in a neighboring restaurant. His friends came by scores to visit him and gamble, but they doubtless sent their wicked gains back to support their aged parents. I remember no annoyance from them, except that their chatter sometimes disturbed me when I was grubbing away at my Greek. It is true of them, as of everybody else, that the more we do for them the more we like them. Ah-kam, like other Chinese, made sponge cake and cooked chickens occasionally for the spirits of his ancestors, explaining to mother that the departed must be fed.

"But do they eat it all?" she asked.

"No," Ah-kam frankly answered; "what they don't eat we do."

However I am not in a position to criticize the action of Ah-kam and his friends, inasmuch as, in my school days, I frequently assisted my hungry fellow students in raids upon the joss sticks and sweetmeats, left by devout Chinamen on the graves of their kinsmen, near the Punaho school.

If Father could speak I think he would not wish to be made, in any sense, to appear as the central figure of the Hawaiian Mission. He is this only to his children and grandchildren, for whom this is written. He would speak rather of the noble brethren whom he loved so well, among them good old Mr. Alexander, of Wailuku, Bond of Kohala, Coan and Lyman of Hilo, Lyons of Waimea, Judd, Clarke, Castle, and Damon, of Honolulu, Hitchcock of Molokai, and Parker of Kaneohe. And the mothers stood beside the fathers, doing always a quiet, patient work for the people, bringing up, on the smallest salaries, large families, including hosts of irrepressible boys, who are scattered all over the world. More and more I feel that it is the mothers who make the men, and I look back with true sympathy on the tears which I shed, as a small boy, from a dreadful conviction that there

would be nobody to take care of my clothes when I grew up.

Father's image is freshest in my memory sitting, as he used to, at family prayers on Sunday evenings, in his big armchair. He always went to the native service in the morning, and we children to the English, and he would ask us about the sermon we had heard, not always, probably, with satisfactory results. The girls always remembered the text, and we boys gave the points, sometimes, I fear, drawing more on imagination than on memory. Then he would say, "Now I would have treated the text thus," and after a short discussion, a fatherly talk, and a reading of the Bible, he, with his fine baritone voice, would lead us in "Rock of Ages," or "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," or other familiar hymns, and offer a prayer. More clearly than anything else, can I see and hear him sing, with half-closed eyes, those hymns in which he delighted, which have been and still are the inspiration of multitudes in their work and worship.

The memory and influence of Father and Mother will be, I believe, a blessing unto the third and fourth generation. They have left us

the best heritage that parents can give to their children, the record of lives devoted to the service of God and man.

*"A man prepared against all ills to come,
 That dares to dead the fires of martyrdom;
 That wears one face, like Heaven, and never shows
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes;
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite
 Of what can hurt by day or harm by night;
 That takes and re-delivers every stroke
 Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak:*

** * * * **
*Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant."*

Herrick.

Since this memorial of Mr. Armstrong's life was begun, letters have been received from many friends in Hawaii and America, without extracts from which the work would hardly be complete, for they have the value which pertains to a different, and presumably unprejudiced, point of view. These, as they follow, are given, so far as possible, in the order of the dates to which they refer.

Gov. Pollock, of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, September 6th, 1886.

I regret that I cannot do full justice to the memory of one who, in my youth, was most highly esteemed and revered by me. The memory of many interesting incidents in his life have passed away from me, but his manly virtues, his noble, generous, and Christian character, as a young man and a student, remain indelibly fixed and impressed upon my mind.

I was quite a youth when I first knew him. He was born near my native town, Milton, Pennsylvania. He entered the Milton Academy, taught by the Rev. David Kirkpatrick, in or about the year 1826, was a classmate of my older brother, Dr. Samuel Pollock, with whom he was on the most intimate and friendly terms. Both were close, careful students, critical and accurate, devoted to the classics, and among the best scholars of the Academy. Whilst in the Academy he was frequently at the home of my mother, on most intimate terms with all the members of the family, and was treated by my mother with warm and affectionate kindness. She admired his earnest Christian character, and his conduct always corresponded to his profession.

After leaving the Academy in Milton he entered the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, about 1827 or 1828. In the fall of 1829 he visited his home in vacation. In the meantime I had been preparing to enter Princeton College (Nassau Hall), and when your father returned to the Seminary, in September, 1829, I was placed, by my mother, under his care, and in his company I went to Princeton to enter the college.

He was a kind and careful protector, and on reaching Princeton introduced me to the professors of the college, and other of his friends there, and often during his stay at the Seminary, before his graduation, visited me at my rooms, his cheerful presence driving away home-sickness and making me realize the value of a friendship that wells up from a warm Christian heart. Our intercourse during his stay at the Seminary was pleasant and to me a benefit and benediction.

I visited his room in the Seminary, and through his kindness was introduced to many of the students and professors, men of power, full of grace and truth.

He left the Seminary in 1830 or 1831 (I cannot be sure of my dates, after more than 50 years have elapsed), but soon after leaving he was married to your mother. I remember meeting them after their marriage, on his return to his home in or near McEwensville, Pennsylvania, and congratulating them on their happy union.

Soon after his marriage he went as missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and of his works and conquests there for his Master I need not say a word; his record of devotion, love, and triumph, in those isles of the ocean, cannot perish.

I saw him but once after he went to the Sandwich Islands. About the year 1855 or 1856 he visited his old home, and whilst there preached in the Presbyterian church in Milton. He gave his hearers a full and thrilling history of the islands, the natives, their character, their degradation and paganism, and finally, a summary of the grand work achieved by the Holy Spirit through the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus,

His hearers were deeply interested and affected, the cause of missions advanced, and the impressions of that hour remain to this day in the hearts of some who heard him then, and who still live to tell how they listened, heard, prayed, and resolved to be more active and aggressive in the work of saving souls, and conquering the world for Christ.

He soon after returned to Hawaii (or the Sandwich Islands), and resumed his useful and important duties both to the church and to the government.

"Absent from the body present with the Lord."
"The memory of the just is blessed!"

One of his earliest associates in the Hawaiian field, Rev. S. N. Castle, sends words of remembrance which have been echoed by the voices of many friends in his native as well as his adopted country.

Honolulu, H. I., Dec. 23, 1885.

The memory of all my acquaintance and relations with Mr. Armstrong, from my arrival here in 1837 until his lamented death, in September, 1860, is precious to me. During the whole time, I may say, we were together on different business committees and Boards of the Mission, the trusteeship of Oahu College, of which he was for several years Secretary, and I, Treasurer, both of which positions we held at the time of his death. After the death of Mr. Richards (Nov. 7, 1847,) he was called to the ministry of Public Instruction.

Indeed, from the absence of Mr. Richards, the former minister,—extending from Sept. 1842 to 1846, on his mission to Europe and the United States to secure the acknowledgment of the independence of the islands by Great Britain, France, and the United States,—the King and Chiefs, and executive had come so to lean upon him that he was really the head of the department, as well as pastor of the large native church, for during the four years of Mr. Richards' absence he devised and supervised the whole work of the department, as well as gave often sought advice to the King, Dr. Judd, then the chief minister, and later Mr. Wylie and Chief Justice Lee, upon matters of general interest to the kingdom in the formative period of the government. In connection with

Mr. Richards and Dr. Judd, and later Messrs. Ricord Wylie, and Lee, he may be said to have reared the government structure. He was an able and faithful pastor and Minister of State, genial and winning in his ways, commending himself to all with whom he was brought in contact in his business or social relations. For twenty years he was a neighbor, for half of it next door. His death created a vacuum in the church and state, in the committee room, the social and family circle, deeply felt and not easily filled. His children had great reason for thankfulness for such a father, and I may add for such an excellent mother. He was a progressive conservative, that is, ready to inaugurate and accept all real improvement, but with care, not blindly. His labors were arduous and few men accomplished as much. His works do follow him.

The coincidence which brought Gen. Marshall from Hawaii to Hampton, and enabled him to follow the father's spirit in the son's work, gives a peculiar interest to his kind letter, which is the testimony of a close and appreciative observer.

Kendal Green, May 6, 1886.

I am glad to learn that you are about to prepare a memoir of your good father, whose great services to the Hawaiian nation, and to the cause of education at that group in particular, deserve to be commemorated. During my twenty years' residence at the islands I was brought into more intimate relations with your father while he held the post of Minister of Public In-

struction of the Kingdom, and with his predecessor, Rev. Wm. Richards, with whom I was associated in the mission to England in 1843, during that dark and troublous year when the Cross of St. George floated over the group, than with any other of the missionaries.

On the death of Mr. Richards, the King's first Minister of Public Instruction, your father was appointed his successor. His energy, foresight and tact, gave a new impulse to the whole school system of the islands. He established there the first industrial school of which I have any knowledge, and that Hawaiian school was the inspiration of your brother's grand work at Hampton Institute. As Chairman of the Committee on Education of the Hawaiian Legislature, I was brought into intimate relations with Dr. Armstrong, and often had occasion to admire his sagacity, prudence, and executive ability, in performing the difficult duties of his office.

His death in 1860 was a great blow to the cause of education at the islands, from which it has never fully recovered.

Prof. Lyman's brief sketch shows how strong must have been the personality which thus impressed itself upon a stranger.

I saw Mr. Armstrong first in the "King's Chapel" on the very day of my landing, May 15th, 1846. Good Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, took me at once to the chapel, where the Annual General Meeting of the Missionaries was then holding its second day's session. When we entered, Rev. Mr. Coan was about concluding his report. Immediately afterward Mr. Damon

introduced me to the Chairman, Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, and he in turn, much to my surprise, to the whole assembly, whose rising to their feet on the occasion showed how ready they were to welcome even a wholly unknown young minister from the States in those early days, when such visits, via Cape Horn only, were necessarily "few and far between." While business was interrupted I was presented personally to a few individuals, among them your father, who, as pastor of the church where the meetings were held, was among the most prominent.

Four days later I found myself sharing the genial hospitality of your father's house and making my first acquaintance with your mother, whom it was a special pleasure to me to meet as an early friend of my friend, Mrs. Brockway, in whose family I lived while fitting for college. Possibly I may have taken a letter to her from Mrs. B. Of that I am uncertain. But, at all events, I am sure I could not have been welcomed with greater cordiality if I had. The impression I then received of them both, and of their early home life, filled out and deepened by subsequent acquaintance, has ever occupied a pleasant niche in my memory. No one could well be with your father long, and become familiar with his strong and earnest yet kindly face, and hear him converse, without inferring a character at once decided and well-balanced, full of strength, courage, and enthusiasm. Your mother's fair complexion I remember well, her pleasing face, fine presence, and attractive manner. She must have been then in her prime, and my impression of her, both as to person and character, was one which readily ripens in my imagination, at the end of two score years, into

a picture, however incomplete, of the venerable and saintly matron, whose eightieth birthday her children, not long since, so happily joined her in celebrating.

Of your father's public life, also, I caught occasional glimpses, and I listened to him with both pleasure and instruction. * * * Force of thought and of expression, practical good sense and magnetic earnestness, were among his prominent characteristics, and after my return to Honolulu I saw more and more of beneficent influence both among the common people and the ruling class. His conscientious fidelity in all circumstances, and strict enforcement of Christian morality, without respect to persons, even to the excommunication of the reigning Queen from his church, showed a courage and strength of character, coupled with wisdom, which well fitted him for his responsible position. His firmness of purpose and untiring devotion to duty were conspicuous to the most unobserving. His whole heart and soul were obviously in his work.

As the spiritual guide of the reigning family, and deeply interested in the training of the governing class, your father had of course held intimate relations with the Royal School, even before he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and took charge officially of the educational interests of the kingdom. Though that office at the time of my visit was held by Mr. Richards, who had then just returned from an absence of some years abroad on an important diplomatic mission, Mr. Armstrong, if I am not mistaken, had mainly discharged its duties during his absence, as he had been active at all times and in all ways in mat-

ters of education. To him the Royal School was especially an object of interest and care. I had frequently visited this school while in Honolulu in May, and became acquainted with some of the pupils. To Mr. Cooke, the Principal, I had brought a letter from a mutual friend in New Haven, and Mr. Thos. Douglass, the head teacher, was a Yale graduate, a few classes before me. In January, soon after my return from Hawaii, the health of Mr. Douglass requiring his temporary absence from the school, I was invited to take his place. This was to me an interesting experience, particularly at this the most interesting period, perhaps, of the school, for it was not long after merged in another school for the children of the missionaries, and the children of the chiefs became fewer and fewer in number, with the gradual decadence of the race.

* * * * *

If some of these lads, when they came to the throne, failed to do credit to their training, and lived but brief and unworthy lives, let not the training be held responsible, but rather their weak moral natures, and the physical corruption inherited from their parents. Surely their faithful and wise counsellor, Mr. Armstrong, as well as his assistants, spared no efforts to save them. Neither human effort nor divine grace might be able to reverse the law by which the whole race seemed doomed to perish. Already the ruling class is well nigh extinct.

But whatever may be the future of the islands—whether the natives are to remain, or to be replaced by a stronger race—the lives of such men as Mr. Armstrong and his co-workers, spent in self-denying efforts to plant Christianity and Christian institutions

on the group, cannot be said to have been in vain. For if a stronger race is to replace the weaker, the same Christianity which mastered the one will be likely to control the other, bearing to the supplanting race, or power, much the same relation that in Munchauson's story of his sledge ride into St. Petersburg, the Baron bears to the wolf, which, as the story runs, leaping upon his frightened horse and devouring him as he ran, soon ate his way into the harness, and the Baron drove the powerful wolf into the city in place of the poor horse he started with. Even so will the results of missionary labor—Christianity and Christian institutions in the Sandwich Islands—be likely to keep control of them in the future, by whomsoever they may be inhabited or governed.

From the Rev. Mr. Bond, of Kohala, Hawaii, comes such a warm and vivid description of Mr. Armstrong as could only have been written in the light of true friendship. It is a picture that his children cannot afford to lose, and fittingly closes this record of a life in which noble thoughts were daily translated into generous deeds.

Kohala, Nov. 27, 1885.

My opportunities for personal intercourse with your father were, for a time, rare and brief, depending mainly on a not frequent correspondence by letter, particularly till his appointment to the Cabinet of the King, Kamehameha IV, as Minister of Public Instruction in 1848.

Previously, however, to that, I had felt the drawing of that strong, personal magnetism, which easily attracted and opened to his genial sway the hearts of his fellow-men,

It was in 1841 that I first saw Mr. Armstrong. As our reinforcement stepped upon the wharf, in Honolulu, he was, I think, the very first whose cheery countenance and warm grasp of hand gave us a welcome to Hawaii nei, which I have never forgotten and shall never forget.

The spare and wiry physique, every fibre of which was alive, crowned with a face whose smile was very attractive, especially to new comers like ourselves, and a bearing most agreeable—that is the photograph then imprinted on my mind, and which abides with me today as fresh as it was forty four years ago.

By the General Meeting of the Mission, then in session, your father was transferred from Wailuku to the pastorate of the First Church in Honolulu. That post he most ably occupied for several years. During this period my acquaintance with him gradually became more intimate, and through this deeper knowledge of his character I came to the assurance that my first impressions, so far as they took form, were truthful and just, yet they fell largely short of the true measure of the man.

When, in 1848, he entered upon his duties as Minister of Public Instruction, I think it was manifest to us all that the King had been wisely directed in calling your father to that important office, an office which very few could successfully have filled.

With all his wonted energy he entered upon his new duties, making frequent tours through all the Is-

lands, visiting each district and personally examining every school therein, It was on these official visits, whilst making his headquarters at our house, that I came to know and love him best. Like the Divine Master, in the laborious service upon which he had entered, he sought no personal ends. The best good of the Hawaiian people, and through this the glory of God, was his single end and aim.

A vast amount of mere drudgery and personal discomfort was connected with his official tours, much of which most men of his commanding ability would have done by proxy. But this was the very service to which he had been called and to which he had unreservedly pledged himself, and to this service he unstintedly gave all there was in him of personal devotion and rare tact in administration. Even in the performance of the most uncongenial and menial duties, I think no word of complaint ever escaped his lips, nor indeed did he ever seem to regard the service as anything unacceptable and to be avoided. It was simply *duty*, and as such he loved it and was conscientiously faithful to it.

His constant thought was how most effectively he could push forward the great interests of his department, among this poor people struggling out towards the new light and the higher and better life. In the character of the dwellings, in the domestic and social life, he felt a deep solicitude, and labored much in these several lines to induce improvement among the people, and any suggestions of possible improvement in the methods of his administration, connected or not connected formally with his official duties, he welcomed with all the broad-hearted nobleness which characterized the man.

It was not enough, as already intimated, in Mr. Armstrong's judgment, that intellectual improvement was secured to the children and youth in our schools. With all his heart he sought to secure the inculcation of pure morals, of religious truth as found in the New Testament, as the only basis of any system of sound instruction.

But it was not long that your Father was permitted to follow out his cherished plans for this people. Emergencies in the government called imperatively, as was thought in official quarters, for his valuable services in other lines, and hence came serious and frequent interruptions to his official duties. How grievously he mourned this breaking in upon his plans for pushing on the schools, those who knew him were painfully aware.

As School Agent, under your Father's direction, it was my privilege, with perfect unanimity in sentiment and modes of action, to aid him, in this district, in carrying out his plans for elevating the character of our common schools. The thrill of fresh life which he imparted to us all at that time I well remember. It has scarcely yet spent its force.

The character of the national public schools, it is safe to say, never before nor ever since has stood so high as during those years of your Father's administration of the Department of Instruction. I speak of our own public schools especially, fully aware of the untoward influences which soon thereafter put the common native schools upon the present downward grade, which, it is to be feared, will end only with the life of the race or with a thorough abandonment of all the vernacular schools.

It was a great joy to me to witness your Father's perfect sympathy with the natives and cordiality in his intercourse with them. None understood more thoroughly than he the Hawaiian character—very few as well as he—and his kindly words and bearing were universally attractive to them. In his addresses, also, of all kinds, he readily carried the people with him. It was not in him to speak a dull word, and hence his more formal discourses made upon all minds a deep and lasting impression.

It was a day of sorrow, that on which the mail brought us the story of the fall which proved fatal. Yet, as a note from a member of the family came to tell us that there was no ground for serious apprehension, that he expected to be out again in a few weeks, we were cheered and, patiently awaited another mail, though not without solicitude, as you may suppose. In a few days the mail came, and as the carrier threw the bag at my feet his first words were: "Limaikaika is dead, and was buried last Sabbath!"

It was a crushing blow. I understood then, as never before, Dr. Lyman Beecher's exclamation on hearing of the sudden death of Dr. Cornelius, "That was a back-handed stroke of the Almighty!"

It certainly seemed so, and has often so seemed to me in the vicissitudes of subsequent times. But God does all things well, and this was well. Yet at the time, a time of deep solicitude to all who had at heart the highest and best interests of the Hawaiian race, it was a severe trial to faith. Why, in such a crisis as this, should a wise, gracious God remove one of the most influential and important men in the government and in the nation, one whom we could least

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afford to spare, and certainly one whose loss was most keenly felt to be beyond reparation by those who loved the Lord and his service in these islands?

That was the question on the lips of good people all through the group. But then that was a short-sighted view—short-sighted because human—to be taken of the Divine ordering which took from us such a man and in such a stress of public need. It was wise and good, and so we shall by and by see it.

Meantime my heart mourns the loss of so noble a friend and brother. As a quick and able thinker, as a wise counsellor, as a shrewd judge of men and things, as a leader of marked ability, by few, if any, surpassed, and above all as a steadfast and loving Christian friend, I shall mourn his loss to the end.

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