

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor,

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1872.

Whole No. 962.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

ALBION HOUSE.

Miller & Edgecombe

Have great pleasure in intimating that a large portion of

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DRESS GOODS,
in all the leading styles.

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Fredericton, May 3, 1872.

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Dry Goods,

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DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS,

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&c. &c. &c.

DRESS SILKS

AND

IRISH POPLINS,

STRAW HATS,

Carpetings and Oil Cloths,

and every description of

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

PARKS' ST. JOHN

COTTON WARPS.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, June 21, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

[From the New York Observer.]
MORAL LIFE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

BY WILLIAM R. BLISS.

HONOLULU, April 15th 1872.

I have already described to you the delightful condition of the white people who live in pretty cottages under the shade-trees of Honolulu, eating the lotus and dancing the polka through a perpetual summer. It is the picture that a stranger always sees. But I have found a contrast to it in the life of the native population of the islands. What I have seen of their moral and social condition, of their dress, food, amusements, habits and occupations, I propose to write in this and in a following letter.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION

of the Hawaiians is probably much the same as it is in all places where American influence predominates. English bishops, Roman priests, American clergymen, and Mormon elders have been amply provided for them. Although the Protestant religion is the religion of the State, it is estimated that one-third of the people are Roman Catholics, a small number are Mormons, and many are indifferent to all religious faith. Those who profess Christianity, when compared with American communities, are considered to be good average Christians. With all classes there is a respect for the Sabbath; which is more disregarded by foreigners than by natives. The Webb Steamship company, carrying the mails between California and New Zealand, and receiving seventy-five thousand dollars yearly from the United States, for a monthly service between Honolulu and San Francisco, has been conspicuous for coaling its steamers, and loading and discharging cargoes here, on Sunday, in defiance of the law. This desecration has been unnoticed by the Government, although complained of by the people. But neither "His Majesty, the King," nor his boon companions in the palace—who are ancient mariners, with good capon lined—nor his white secretaries, one of whom was a lawyer, another a doctor, and the third a dentist—were as devout men as the pilgrim fathers were.

Although the islanders are civilized—in the fact that they have an organized government with Christian laws, observe the Sabbath and support schools and churches,—yet they are as full of

SUPERSTITIONS

as were their ancestors. Of course, all idolatrous ceremonies are unknown. The present generation would look upon a heathen idol or temple with the same curiosity that you would on seeing it for the first time. But the mass of the people have an ingrained belief in fatality. This is true, not of the low classes only. The higher you go in their social scale, the more intense is the regard for omens and sorceries. Even the king, who is a pure native, an educated man, is not without these feelings; as is testified by Kamaipua, his celebrated sorcerer, dressmaker and priestess. Ten years ago, this native was the wife of a Hawaiian sailor. She is a nervous, magnetic woman, about forty-five years old, shrewd, intelligent and adept to a wonderful degree.

As a royal dignity, her position is recognized by a full purse and a retinue of servants. Many statements are current about her influence over the king, which I am unwilling to credit. She doubtless holds some control over her personal movements; and when he starts to visit his cattle farm on the island of Molokai, it is on the days designated by her as fortunate for the trip.

The sorceress declared that the earthquake of February, 1871, occurred because a favorite saddle-horse of the king had been ridden by a foreigner. She ascertained that the spirit of a former Hawaiian chief, which had taken free lodgings in the horse, was indignant at this desecration, and gave the island a shake to pay for it. To prevent any more shakes the horse must not be saddled again; he must also be led through all the streets of Honolulu. Early one morning, this promenade was made, and there have been no earthquakes since!

The families of chiefs still form an aristocracy in the native community, and a distinction between these and the common people is acknowledged, although not with the same respect as it was in old times. When a large school of alaua (a small white fish that, dying, takes a red colour) runs into the shore, the natives believe that it foretells the death of a chief. When a chief, or chiefess, or one of their children dies, the people expect a compensating death to occur in their own community, and they are very careful to keep themselves and their children within doors after dark, lest one be taken suddenly away by the evil spirit of death; which is supposed to be wandering about in the night time, searching for a victim.

A house where sudden death have occurred is avoided as an unfortunate house. I know a respectable native woman in this city, the wife of an American, who, being obliged to sojourn in such a house, would only remain when she had obtained a piece of sugar-cane, over which a sorcery priest had made incantations, and placed it above the door—to avert the misfortune of the house.

THE SORCERY PRIESTS

do a great deal of mischief. As the law punishes them, if caught in their sorceries, they practise in secret, encouraged to do so by the natural superstition of the people. The most dangerous power they possess is that of praying persons to death. He who has this power, which is considered to be hereditary, is called a Kahuna-Aanaana, a praying priest, who addresses a nameless and ubiquitous spirit. This act works so effectually upon the superstitious feelings of the victim, who suspects it, or has been informed of it, that he gives up to despair, anticipating an early death, which generally takes place. I know that members of native churches have died entirely under the influence of this sorcery.

When natives engage in a law-suit, each party, after retaining a lawyer, will sometimes secure the services of a kahuna; thus employing both civilized and heathen arts to work out their ends. To secure the prayers of this sorcerer, the native not only pays him money, but must offer him three things before he will commence his work. These are *puahina*, a yellow pig; *moa*, a white cock; and *awa*, an intoxicating drink extracted from a root of that name,—articles which are to be obtained with difficulty.

These people, like all Polynesians, are prone to theft. If you have been robbed, and suspect the actual thief, let him know that you have engaged a kahuna, and your stolen property will be returned very soon. I was out with a party of herdsmen, and, night coming on, slept on a mat in a grass hut, the natives lying about us, both inside and outside of the shelter. In the morning I discovered that six half-dollars had been taken from my coat pocket. I immediately called for a white boy and putting some money in his hand, told him to mount his horse, go and find the necessary offerings, take them to a kahuna and bring him here. Every man on the ground heard these directions, but I told the boy privately that I only wanted him to be away for the day, and that he was not to spend any money for a kahuna. I said nothing more about the theft; and, on going in the hut soon after, I saw my six half-dollars piled in the doorway.

A kahuna will pick out the thief from a number of persons, if he be one of them, by an artificial ceremony called *Wahauhu*, or ruffled water. A calabash on the ground is filled with water, over which the kahuna acts pantomimes, and then compels every one to squat around and hold hands in it; while he, standing above and reciting enchantments, watches the hands in the water. As the thief believes that he must be found out under the eyes of the sorcerer, his hands tremble, the water is ruffled, and his guilt is apparent.

IN SICKNESS

they are unwilling to enter the public hospitals where white physicians furnish medical aid; preferring their *kauka*, or native doctor, whom they consult on the slightest case. The medicines which this charlatan administers, are derived from the roots of indigenous plants, and are either drastic purges and emetics, or are entirely inert, relieving the patient by the force of imagination only.

THEIR DEAD

are treated before burial, after the manner of all primitive nations. The body is laid out upon a mat, surrounded by mourners who wait over it, sometimes for days and sometimes for weeks. The wail is a constant repetition, in a loud minor key, of the word *au* (o-a) meaning, alas! This monotonous cry, drawn and prolonged by a multitude of voices in the same mournful tone, produces a peculiar effect upon the mind of the listener. I have heard its dismal note for days in succession, coming from a native's cottage in view from my window, which is in the centre of this city. But the mourners are not always as much distressed as they appear to be. A joke will vary their sorrow, and a laugh often serves as an interlude to these tedious wailings. The day after burial they tell me that their friend is dead, with the same animation that they would use in speaking of a good fortune.

The Sandwich Islanders do not appear to have any strong natural affections. They have never learned to express personal attachments with a kiss; a rubbing together of noses being their only token. They live in the present, taking little thought of the morrow; and, although civilized in forms and appearances, are Sandwich Islanders still; the races of Polynesia have always possessed. The women are not paragons of virtue, nor are the men noted for their fidelity to the marriage vow. So little appreciation have they of the pleasurable emotions, that their language contains no word for gratified—not even a "thank you"—and no terms that can express communal happiness. Their most attractive trait is an easy and listless good nature, pleasant to see, but of no value in an emergency. Although a few have become good mechanics, coasting seamen, and agriculturists, and will engage in daily work for a consideration—the mass of them appear to me to be natural sluggards, who would rather (as I have seen them) lie on their bellies and play cards all day, than stand upon their feet and earn a livelihood.

ARE YOU SAFE?

It is a great thing to be safe. Many dangers beset the path of mortals in this world. Some of them we see; others are no less real because they are invisible. There are dangers that lurk around us in our unconscious security, and rush upon us when we least suspect them.

It is by no means certain that a man is safe because he thinks so, or because he says so. Many dying people declare that they shall get well, and many come to the gulf of bankruptcy, supposing themselves to be rich. So when I ask you this question—Are you safe? I hope you will not answer it too hastily, nor too confidently. For no man can know that he is safe until he clearly knows for himself his actual present condition. Do not therefore conclude you are safe because you see no danger. Who sees the approach of the midnight assassin? Who sees the sunken rock on which the noble vessel crashes and goes down? Ah! there may be a thousand dangers which you have never seen. Do not conclude that you are safe because others think you are, or tell you that they think so. They are quite as likely to be mistaken as you are, and you can not afford to trust to others the decision of a matter that so deeply concerns yourself. Do not, I beg you, conclude that you are safe because "There is no danger." That word has carried the sick man down to the grave; it has driven the vessel on the rocks; it has overthrown the army; it has lost the battle; it has ruined the nation.

Friend, Are you safe? Do you know it?

Do not answer me blindly. Do not "suppose so." Do not look away from danger till you feel secure. But look your peril in the face. Investigate your true condition. Seek to know the truth—to know the worst at once. Examine your past life. Think of your present condition—and tell me how is your future hope? Have you any certain dependence for the future? Is it clear and sure, or is it dim, and dark, and shadowy? In a word, are you safe?

Let us look at the matter a little. As for the past. You have sinned, and wandered, and rebelled against God. This is certain. You do not see that it is so? A man never is likely to see filth on his own face till he looks in the glass. Ten men may work in a coal-pit and any one of them can see that nine faces are black, and the nine will all agree that his face is like the rest. You see that all around you sin and do wrong; pray do not make yourself ridiculous by claiming that you are the only sinless one in the race. Come to the Gospel glass and read, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." See yourself as others see you—yes, as God sees you—He who sees everything, and before whom the darkness and the light are both alike. You can not deny that you have sinned against Him. And besides, he commands you to love and serve him with all your heart—and you have not always done it. Have you done it at all? Now in view of this fact, Are you safe?

You have been wandering from God, the source of light and joy. All your light is that which you receive and reflect from him. And you have been tearing yourself away from the orbit of obedience, and the attractions of Divine love, and plunging outward amid the dreariness of sin and transgression. Are you safe? What if you rush on; will you not plunge into "the blackness of darkness forever and ever?"

But you "mean to repent." Then you are not safe now. But perhaps you have intended to repent before now. Yet you have neglected it. Why may you not always do so? Why may you not rush farther and farther from the attraction of a Saviour's love, and so perish at last, and be lost in the dark abyss of eternal night, cut off from the glory of Christ, who now would draw you by his love? My friend, is there not danger of this? Are you safe?

How are you now? Are you safe? Safe while you live? Ready if you must die? Prepared if the trumpet of God should summon you to your doom? Have you settled the great account with Almighty God? Have you entered into an agreement with him? Have you come to a solemn compact with your Creator? Have you given yourself to him? Do you know that he is your God, and that you are his child? Are you confident, from rigid personal examination, that there is a good and friendly understanding between yourself and God? In a word, Are you safe? How is your future? What are your hopes? "Education." What then? "Business." What then? "Wealth." What then? "Honor." What then? "Enjoyment of life." What then? Ah! what then? There is an end to this state. What then? Life hath its bounds. It is appointed unto man once to die. What then? After that the judgment. What then? Ah! what then? What shall be the end? Are you confident? Are you certain? Are you safe? You feel safe at a distance—would you feel safe if death with his icy hand were feeling for your heart-strings? You feel safe amid these rolling waves. Would you feel safe if the heavens were rolled together as a scroll, and the trumpet of God was sending forth its notes to wake the dead? Oh, friend, are you safe?

You may be safe. David was safe when God brought him out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and put his feet on the rock, and established his goings. The prodigal was safe when he returned with weeping and confession to his father's house. The publican was safe when smiting on his breast, he cried, God be merciful to me a sinner, and went down to his house justified. Paul was safe when, being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and when he could say Jesus Christ "came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." So you may be safe—safe as John was when he said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Safe as Abraham was when he "believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

You can be safe. Noah was safe when he believed God, prepared an ark, and entered into it. There is an ark prepared for you. The like figure even baptism doth also now save us. If we are truly baptized into Christ, believing in him with all their heart, we are in an ark that all the deluges of time and eternity can neither wreck nor swallow. Lot was safe when forsaking the imperiled cities of the plain, he obeyed the voice that said, "Escape for thy life." "Escape to the mountain." And there is a mountain of refuge to which you may flee, to escape the gathering storm that hangs above this world. "As it was in the days of Noah, and as it was in the days of Lot, even so shall the coming of the Son of man be." Just in such a careless and unthinking hour—just in such a period of secure prosperity, shall the deluge of fire descend, and the trumpet of judgment sound. In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh! Do you say you are safe? "When they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them... and they shall not escape."

The Israelites were safe when they kept the passover;—the destroying angel smote their foes, but spared those houses that had upon their door-posts the marks of sprinkled blood. The blood made them safe.

Reader, Christ our passover is slain for us. Know his cleansing power? Are you washed in it from all your sins? Oh, come to Christ and in him you shall be forever safe—safe now and safe in eternity. Nothing can harm or destroy you while God is your shield. Death's dart shall lose its point and its sting, and in the day of judgment, "Who shall

lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Oh, friend! will you meet with the saved ones there? Do not forget this subject. Do not neglect or repel it. Remember, oh, Remember! my simple question—as I bid you adieu I repeat it—Are you safe?

DENOMINATIONALISM.

In a previous article it was stated that sectarianism among Evangelical denominations, especially in New England, has been steadily on the decline for some fifty years or more. It is not yet quite extinct, but is far less a reproach to religion than formerly. It may be of some account to consider what has been, and what is likely to be, the effect of this change on the permanency of denominational connections, and on denominational attachment, devotion and success. Under the present state of things, there are doubtless conflicting tendencies. To strike the balance might not be easy, if indeed possible.

When the members of one church looked upon the members of another church of a different order as in some sort semi-heretical, denominational lines were very distinctly drawn, and a passage from one to the other was neither easy in itself, nor at all desirable. Hence, such changes were of unfrequent occurrence. But when Christians of different sects began to look upon each other as common and equal brethren in Christ, erring, to be sure, in judgment as to things not quite essential, as well as in practice, then a bar to change of denominational relation was taken away, and a transfer of membership, where convenience, or some supposed or real advantage entered into the question, was made comparatively easy.

But on the other hand, the spirit of proselytism has declined apace with sectarianism. When one admits that there is salvation in another church, he will not be so anxious that the members of that church should come over to his, as he would be in case he supposed his to be the only true church. The only proselytism either honourable or justifiable now left us, is to induce accessions to our churches, from other bodies of Christians, by making their character and standing worthy of such accession.

This remark is especially applicable to our own denomination. Instead of expending money and wearing out brains in direct attempt to induce others of like faith and practice to join us, we shall do well to go on vigorously perfecting our educational arrangements, influencing new life into our missionary enterprises, elevating our ministry to a higher standard of efficiency, and securing to our membership an increase of "holiness unto the Lord," and devotion to the Master's service. Then those who are by right of us will come to us of their own accord, and both we and they shall have occasion to rejoice in their coming.

After all, it seems probable that in the process of the modification of creeds, and the growth of Christian charity and toleration, denominational lines will become less and less distinct, and of course more easily passed; well will it be, if the popular liberalism of the present day does not obliterate the line that separates between the church that recognizes Christ as the Son of God, and the church that denies it, between the church that "worships the Father in Spirit and in truth," and the church "that has a form of godliness, but denies the power." There is a limit.

But in this matter of denominational connection, let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. All denominations can not be regarded as equally sound in doctrine, or scriptural in practice. God calls me to one, and gives only one people for my choice. There is my special field of labour, and no where else. And this is not a matter of convenience, and personal profit, but of conscience. There is a faith to be maintained among men, associated labours to be performed, and a system of appliances adapted, through which the individual Christian is to make himself felt in the work of the world's redemption. Let him choose wisely, and if possible for life. If he must change, let it be for conscience sake.

A Christian minister, for instance, upon more thorough investigation, may find his doctrinal views undergoing a change. As upon his ordination, he gave assent to the views of the denomination with which he was connected, and tacitly, at least, agreed to maintain them, he is in honour bound to state frankly and in the spirit of Christ, the change his views have undergone, and that he can in conscience no longer maintain the distinctive doctrines of the church of his former choice; but feels compelled, though in sorrow in view of past friendships and associations, to find a home and field of labour in some other evangelical denomination. In such a case, I do not see why he may not go in peace. Nay, more, what occasion is there for a disruption of Christian fellowship, or any check on our hearty "God speed him?"

But the case may be otherwise. Pastors have sometimes left one denomination for another, because they have supposed themselves not properly appreciated, or not suitably compensated—or, as they have sometimes said, "I felt it, I have failed to find a field of labour sufficiently ample—well, my, for their capacity! All the argument in such cases as this is involved in the simple statement of them, and nothing more can or need be said.

But there is still another case, and one that deserves a passing remark. Pastors have been known to leave a denomination somewhat unceremoniously because of local dissatisfaction, dissension or quarrel. They allege no change of views respecting doctrine or church policy,—have no fault to find with the denomination, at large,—may, have uniformly met as they themselves will confess, with the kindest treatment, been promoted to places of trust and responsibility,—and rendered even conspicuous in the public eye,—so that their departure is trumpeted through the public journals and, often, without explanation or comment. This is a reflection on a Christian community, without justification. It would not be courteous or gentlemanly for one to take his hat and in like manner bow himself out of an ordinary evening party! There are obligations assumed, promises made, expectations excited, and claims engendered by a formal union with a

Christian body not so lightly to be disposed of. But of denominational claims and of corresponding individual obligations, we must speak at another time.

J. F.

[From the Baptist Union.]

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

The meetings are as full as usual, though many thousands have left the city. On most days that mysterious and arousing influence proceeding from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit deeply impresses those who meet to pray. The reading of some of the requests for prayer calls up some one to pray who pours out a gushing heart before the throne of heavenly grace. Take the following examples:—

A request for prayer came from Atlanta, Georgia. It was from a boy—written in a handsome hand, and showed a good degree of culture. He says he is an orphan and has no one, in his religious anxieties, "to help him on to Jesus." He is very anxious to become a Christian, and has been for a long time. It was a very touching letter. The leader said, "I have kept this for the last, as I know it will move your hearts as it did mine. I hope some one in the next prayer will make special mention of this case."

A clergyman was at once on his feet, ready to lead us to the mercy seat. We thought that the whole assembly joined in that prayer, and we expect to hear that this poor anxious orphan boy has found peace by believing in Jesus.

Another case: A gentleman came into the meeting by the Ann street entrance. He seemed to be a perfect stranger—all unused to the meeting. He was uneasy. At length he arose and went out.

In a little time he came in again and took the same seat he had occupied before, after he had passed up to the leader a request for prayer, of which the following is the substance:—

"Will you pray for a young man who this morning has been arrested on a charge of murder. He has been often in this place of prayer. And now he stands in perishing need of the help of God whether he be innocent or guilty. Oh, do pray that God will have mercy on him!"

An old Scotch Presbyterian prayed for him with great fervor, that whether he might be his case, his sins might be forgiven and his soul be saved.

A hymn-book was passed up to the leader, and on the fly was written this:—"Pray in behalf of an aged mother, I ask you to pray for the conversion of my two sons, one aged forty-five—now in Mexico—and the other a confirmed inebriate aged thirty-seven, now present in this meeting."

The meeting took up the burden of this mother's sorrow in earnest supplication that he who could save to the uttermost the chief of sinners would hear the prayers of this mother and send salvation to these sons.

Then came a request for prayer for a young lady who is in great distress of mind, and fears that God has taken his Holy Spirit from her to be lost forever. She longs for the return of that Spirit which can lead her to faith in Christ as her Saviour.

Another says, "I take the Baptist Union, the reading of which makes me very anxious that you would pray for the conversion of my son and for the salvation of my whole family."

A student of divinity who is in "soul affliction," asks prayer for speedy deliverance out of all his trouble.

There is one request which comes all the way from Valparaiso, South America, praying that God will bless a family in very deep affliction by reason of sudden deaths. The mother is an active member of the Presbyterian church. Now the cry is that the father who is not a religious man, may be led by this sore bereavement to believe in Jesus.

A prayer comes from a sister, for a brother who is going down to a drunken's grave.

Several requests for prayer came from those who are in great pecuniary distress, yet trusting in the Lord that he will deliver them out of all their troubles. We could give examples of such deliverance in answer to prayer.

We said to the stranger who presented the written request for the young man accused of murder:—

"Why did you not request prayer for that young man when you first came in?"

"I came here for that purpose, but my heart failed me. When I went out I went to the prison to see him, but the officers had taken him to the court room. I know him very well, and I feel very sorry for him. That is the reason I came here to get the meeting to pray for him."

In the great battle between truth and falsehood, between sin and holiness, every human being bears his part; is for or against. There is no neutral position in this war. To do nothing, is to be against; and to be against the right, is to be lost. Illness is a crime; indifference a fatality. There is much to do, and little time to do it in; for "the night cometh when no man can work." Work while the day lasts; work hard; work well; those should be the resolves of all the friends of a true Christianity, some of whom can do a great deal; all can do something.

Kingsley says: "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—Penn.

Do you know that all your property belongs to God?

Do you know that you forfeit your hope by indolence?

Do you know that your Sunday vacant seat looks bad?