

Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, *upward*, till the goal ye win.
On to the world's great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

There are many rainbows in your sky;
mine have vanished.

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

"Yet we know whatever good or ill betides
The rolling wheel of Fate, 'tis God who
guides."

Let us leave moralizing and turn to
a brighter subject. Read this song;
if not effective, it is, at least, descrip-
tive:

BERMUDIAN SONG.

If you delight in sylvan ease,
In orange groves and plaine trees,
With the murmur of the ocean
And the music of the spheres,
And the singing of wild birds,
Sounding sweetly in your ears,

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

In coral caves you hear the sound
Of waters sweet on pebble ground,
Where gentle winds and waters near
Make music for the lonely ear;
Come to my home, which stands beside
A cave where briny wevelets glide.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

If you delight in Summer scent,
In rose and lilies' merriment,
All glorified with golden gleams,
That steep the soul in heavenly dreams,
Where Spring her earliest visit pays,
And Summer's lingering bloom delays.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A world of hedges, rocks and flowers,
Of bushes green and blossom bowers,
Of sparkling waves and sunlit skies,
With heartfelt friendship's dearest ties;
From joys like these how can I roam
And leave my sea-girt island home.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A family of tourists have been stay-
ing at the hotel. The young ladies
talk incessantly of Paris. There is a
great contrast between these people
and our American friends. We hear
continually the topics of their conversa-
tion thus:

Mon pere
And ma mere
And monfrere
And ma soeur
All of us out
Have been over the sea,
As far as Pareae
On a tour.

Next week we expect to be at home;
"Home, sweet home. There's no place
like home."

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet compani-
on-ship

Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long-remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest, and our best,
No matter where we be.

"Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the
bloom

Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume,
For ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms.
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of its bowers is light to the eye
And their melody balm to the ear,
But the fiery orb of day is too near,
And the snow spirit never comes here.
Farewell, dear Bermuda.
I'll oft' think of these times
And remember with pleasure
Thy valleys of limes."

"Isles of beauty—fare thee well."

Adieu, au revoir.

PLACIDIA.