

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

[In the letter published last week under this head the printer inadvertently gave "Dacian" as the author of Byron's immortal lines on the Gladiator.]

LETTER XLII.

HAMILTON, May, 18—.

MY DEAR BOY—This is my last letter from Bermuda, as we expect to leave for home next week; so I shall take this opportunity of offering you a little wholesome advice, which, I trust, if not very sweet (as wholesome things seldom are), you will not find it bitter, and it may prove some benefit to your inexperience.

"Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his pain may lie.
Let careless youths their seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity."

All, when life is new, commence with feelings warm and prospects high, but time strips our illusions of their hue. You are yet within the boundary line of youth, and have been up to this time a gay and happy dweller in that cloud-land of rosy mist and shapeless castles, where the future shines before the eyes of dreaming youth, vague, glorious and golden, like a landscape by Turner. You have yet to learn "the arduous strife, the eternal laws, to which the triumph of all good is given, high sacrifice and labour without cause."

If when the fallow years are spent the soil is richer, if haply strength of mind grows out of vague aspirations, and purpose out of hopes, then a rich harvest crowns all.

A youthful life is compared to a river by Tom Moore in his fanciful style.

"Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river thy current runs;
Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide;
All its path is fairy ground."

But fair river the day will come,
When wooed by whispering groves in vain,
Thou' leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main;
And thou sweet youth too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas!
All hope of peace is lost for thee."

He lives long that lives well, and time mispent is not lived but lost. Horace tells us: "Govern your passions, or otherwise they will govern you." But I say to you,

"Always keep that generous boldness to defend,
An innocent, or absent friend."

"A task to all men God giveth,
Be the work well done or ill;
And to every soul that liveth,
A place that no one else can fill."

A noted author of moral essays tells us: "If you wish success in life make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian angel."—ADISON.

I will add. Let Wisdom, *Divine Wisdom*, be your guiding star. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth before the time of affliction come." *Al ma' rem Pri gloriam* is the Christian's motto.

Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity except loving God and serving Him alone. This is the highest wisdom. Often remember the prophecy. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear satisfied with hearing—Eccles. 1. In the world we have truly but one important interest—that of our salvation, that is, everything should be made subservient and ancillary to that great interest; for, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The mind is a field in which so sure as a man sows not wheat, so sure

the devil will sow tares. As with space Nature abhors a vacuum in minds.

"Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of Summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the Autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain."

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise, and he works accordingly with the strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse and feels that its gates must be stormed or remain for ever shut against him.—(Carlyle.)

But yet—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Pope says:

"Worth makes the man the want of the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and pruneella."

Industry is the true philosopher's stone which turns all metals to gold. Education and industry combined will render one almost impregnable to the assaults of fortune in the Battle of Life. There must be a head to contrive, a heart to resolve, and a hand to execute. Trusting that you will give these remarks a "place on the table of thy memory," and thus escape

"Those ill the scholar's life assail;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
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, descriptive:

BERMUDIAN SONG.

If you delight in sylvan ease,
In orange groves and platan 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 wavelets glide.

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

If you delight in Summer's heat,
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 blossoming bowers,
Of sparkling waves and sunlit skies,
From joys like these how can I roam
And leave my sea-girt island home.

With heartfelt friendship's dearest ties;
Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A family of tourists have been staying 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 topic of their conversation:

Mon pere
And ma mere
And mon frere
And ma sœur
All of us out
Have been over the sea,
As far as l'arce
On a tour.

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

HOMER.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship

Of life the better part;

The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Unspringing 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 glees;
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 Hobe 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.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

HOW A GRENVILLE CO. LADY WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

A Severe Cold Brought on Illness Which Confined Her to Bed for Three Months and Brought Her Almost to the Verge of the Grave

From Brockville Ont. Recorder.

In and around Merrickville there is no medicine so popular as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This condition of things is hardly to be wondered at when it is known that there are herescores of people who owe the excellent health they enjoy to this great life-saving medicine. Mrs. R. M. Easton, a well known and estimable resident of the village, is among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Recently this lady related her experience to your correspondent as follows:—"In the fall of 1893 I contracted a severe cold which resulted in congestion of the lungs. This threw me into bed, where I lay for over three months, all the while suffering a great deal, and apparently constantly growing weaker. I expected a great deal of blood, and at one time it was thought that nothing could save my life. But again I rallied and lay for a long time between life and death. I had suffered for some time before being taken down with a severe pain in my head and left side, and sharp, twinging pains between my shoulders. The pain in my side and head continued to trouble me all through my illness. The doctor gave up all hopes and my friends made up their minds that I could not live. It was at this juncture that a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I sent and procured a couple of boxes. I began their use and soon felt an improvement in my condition, and by the time the two boxes were gone I could sit up in bed and take considerable nourishment. I gladly continued the use of Pink Pills and soon found the pain in my left side and head had gone and I began to feel like a new person. By the time I had taken six boxes I was able to be up and around the house and could do some light work. I still continued using Pink Pills and constantly gained in strength until I was soon as strong as ever I had been in my life. Last fall I caught cold and the pains to which I had referred returned in a slight degree, but I had now found a cure for them and taking a couple more boxes of pills I was as well as ever. I never had better health than at present and feel such confidence in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I always keep a box in the house, and I confidently believe that but for them I would have been in the grave to-day and my little ones motherless. I cannot say too much in their praise, and hope my experience may be the means of inducing some other sufferer to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out diseases due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of any pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

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