

ULTIMA VERITAS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

IN the bitter waves of woe,
 Beaten and tossed about
 By the sullen winds that blow
 From the desolate shores of doubt—
 When the anchors that faith had cast
 Are dragging in the gale,
 I am quietly holding fast
 To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right ;
 That it is not good to lie ;
 That love is better than spite,
 And a neighbor than a spy ;

I know that passion needs
 The leash of sober mind ;
 I know that generous deeds
 Some sure reward will find ;

That the rulers must obey ;
 That the givers shall increase ;
 That Duty lights the way
 For the beautiful feet of Peace ;

In the darkest night of the year,
 When the stars have all gone out,
 That courage is better than fear,
 That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
 And long though the angels hide,
 I know that Truth and Right
 Have the universe on their side,—

And that somewhere beyond the stars,
 Is a love that is better than fate,
 When the night unlocks her bars
 I shall see Him, and I will wait.

AN EASTER IN BERMUDA.

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT.

DURING our visit to Bermuda I spent some weeks at Government House, and one Easter Sunday attended both morning services with the family. All the day before we were busily occupied in gathering all the white flowers we could lay our hands on, and even the beautiful and spacious gardens of Mount Langton (another name for Government House) were unable to furnish what was wanted for the different decorations of the two churches, for we went to two, one a short distance from the house, as being more convenient for the early service at 8 o'clock a. m. Easter day was a day of glorious sunshine and brilliancy, the white roads enhancing the effect of the sun, and making the shade of the trees most grateful. Government House stands in large grounds of its own, and the road from the house wound down to a large opening between two immense rocks, covered with roses and other flowers. From there we walked in the sweet freshness of the early morning. The church was very full. Our seats were several rows of chairs with red cushions in front on the floor, on which to kneel. At the time of administering the Holy Communion, the Governor and his family, following an old, and I suppose, a time-honored custom, went up to the chancel or rather altar

steps, and there received the sacrament alone ; and then returned to their seats before the crowd advanced. I say advanced, for there is no other word to describe the curious effect of the large body of natives who were standing all along the aisles waiting for their turn.

The native Bermudian is very dark, almost black, and many faces have the shining blackness and flat features of the true African—nearly all the women, looking to me so like the old “aunties” and “maumers” of the Southern States, each with a bright cotton or black dress, as the case might be, but all with the big snowy white apron and kerchief, and enormous colored bandana turban on the woolly heads, and almost every one with a folded handkerchief and a large Prayer Book or Bible in her hands, was ready to press forward the moment an opportunity for doing so occurred ; old men were plentiful amongst the numbers, but I do not remember seeing many young ones, but it must always be a very touching sight to look on the dark faces, many of them full of excitement and emotion, aroused by the services leaving an impression strong at the time, though probably, owing to the negro nature, not lasting.

This church was not distinguished for the elegance of the decorations. The members had evidently thought that quantity was the great thing needed, and that quality might be left to take its chance ; in each corner were the long stiff fronds of the Sago palm, standing up like so many spears, stiff and straight, against the white walls and big bunches of roses and geraniums stuck about in all directions. However, it was all very fragrant and sweet, which was, perhaps, rather a fortunate circumstance in a church crowded with natives in the tropics.

At Trinity Church the arrangements of the flowers, texts, altar, pulpit, etc., were each more beautiful in its way than the others. The church itself was built of the porous white stone of which the coral formation of the Bermudas is composed, and in the distance had almost the effect of marble ; it was beautifully situated on a hill almost in the centre of Hamilton, and thus commanded an exquisite view of the islands, large and small, and the glorious sea with its wonderful prismatic hues glowing and sparkling in the sunshine. The interior was much like that of a miniature cathedral, with rows of pillars forming broad aisles, a vaulted roof, and the organ placed at the side.

Trinity Church has since then, I grieve to say, been burned down. So I am doubly glad to think I can remember Hamilton with the white church on the hill as the most conspicuous object when approaching the town. I have never heard if it has been rebuilt—but nothing can erase from my mind the remembrance of the Easter Sunday in Bermuda.

LET the true spirit of consecration obtain among parents, and the number of volunteers for Foreign Missions will be at once increased twenty-fold.—
R. G. Wilder.