

your faith and love
essing,
may shine,
be lighted up with
ssing
e divine.

at naught of bitter
ow,
may hold,
not feel the shock
orrow,
et hold;
unctifying power of
burning hot,
soul, as gain for
enial,
a spot.

to rescue you from
clutches,
to spare,
th His own loving,
er touches
rt lays bare;
h to see thee rich in
asure,
ll refined,
d alone His bounte-
th measure,
behind.

ask for you a lesser
d's own love;
Him, and all His
ealth possessing,
n above.
re only waiting here
s,
und for home,
th's darkening shades
angers,
l says come.
hby, in N. Y. Ob-

Y SOCIETY

INTERESTING BRIT- OSSESSION

IE P. DOBIE.

winters are bracing
ut we had experi-
ny, and the prospect
of the winter months
—losing them, as it
warmer climate—was
ive. The geographies
cribed the climate of
d, genial and salubri-
le up our minds to try

rists, in straw hats,
nd full summer re-
arrival of the steam-
d gone through the
ing our baggage ex-
ustoms, we took one
ined up, and had our
e dazzling white roads
n in Warwick. The
is in full bloom, the
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or two to adjust our
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v something new and
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trees first claimed
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course, farming, or,
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things that strikes
range is the irregu-
ds. They are of no
and seldom fenced
mparatively little soil
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often the next one
hillside, or many feet
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es, and Easter lilies,
crops, and we no-
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Lettuce, parsley and
largely cultivated.
a shrub, whose root
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sh" potato, as Ber-
is very fine, and po-

tato fields in Bermuda are well worth seeing. The Colorado beetle, which demands the eternal vigilance of the Canadian farmer, has never reached Bermuda, and the foliage of the plant is really beautiful. The "Christophine" was a curiosity among vegetables. It was of a sickly green, with a scaly rind, something like a pineapple. It was about the size of a small muskmelon, and when cooked tasted as insipid as its name would imply. Custard apples were sweet, with a soapy flavor which we could not relish.

One of the commonest and yet queerest of the fruits was the "Paw-paw," which grows on a tree from six to eight feet high, and is tufted at the top like a palm. The oddity about it is that the fruit grows sometimes up at the top, among the leaves, or it may develop a couple of feet from the ground on the main stem. It looks exactly like a tiny watermelon, and inside there are hundreds of round, black seeds, like peas, covered with a jelly-like substance. The paw-paw is said to be a specific for stomach trouble, and the best results are said to be obtained by swallowing the seeds whole. We were told this so often that we concluded it was a stock-joke of the Bermudians.

The loquat was another strange fruit. It would be hard to describe it. The tree is straggly, and the fruit, in appearance, not unlike a small crab apple. It is very juicy and tart, but rather pleasant. This and the "Surinam cherry" are made into jam by the Bermudian housekeepers.

Speaking of the Surinam cherry recalls the Surinam toad, which was the most formidable creature we saw in Bermuda. It was larger than a chicken, and was introduced into the Islands to destroy an insect of some sort. It was successful in its mission, but increased to such an extent that it is now dying of starvation. It makes an alarming noise, like the bellowing of a bull.

We saw both oranges and lemons growing, but of such poor quality that they were scarcely worth gathering. All fruits of this kind are brought in from Barbadoes and Jamaica. Fifteen or twenty years ago oranges, lemons and pomegranates were raised in abundance, but the trees were all destroyed by a pest of some sort. While we were in Bermuda, we noticed a fly attacking the loquats, but no attempt seemed to be made to check its ravages. For some reason—it may be fatalism, or it may be indolence—the people of Bermuda make no fight in the way of spraying trees, as we do in Canada. They just drift along, and take everything as it comes. The soil is very rich, and the climate perfect. Frost is unknown, and yet the people are poor. Instead of cultivating his land, a Bermudian lets it to a Portuguese, who takes three crops a year from it. In a few seasons the Portuguese will go back home wealthy, leaving the soil of Bermuda so impoverished that crops will not grow without expensive fertilizers.

There are about 18,500 inhabitants in Bermuda, two-thirds of which are negroes. This means cheap (?) labor in Bermuda; but, as a matter of fact, two negroes will not do what we Canadians would call a day's work for one man. Until recently, a negro would work for three shillings and sixpence a day, but agitators are now urging them to demand more.

The Bermudas consist of about 360 islands, of coral formation. Some geologists believe that they rest upon the craters of submerged volcanoes, ages ago extinct. The largest island, Bermuda, is only about three miles across at its widest part, so that the sea is at everyone's door, as it were, and is Bermuda's greatest charm. It is constantly changing, taking on the most wonderful shades of blue.

The islands are covered with red cedar, and against the dark background of its foliage the white houses gleam out in beautiful contrast. These houses have been made for generations out of the coral rock, quarried from the hills, and sawed by the workmen into big blocks, like cream candy. In time it becomes very hard, and the law compels householders to whitewash the roofs of houses every year. We saw several old buildings, said to be over

two hundred years old, and still in a fair state of preservation. Woodwork is all made of the red cedar, the same that flourished on the Islands in 1609, when Sir George Somers was wrecked off the harbor of St. George's and stayed there long enough to build new ships and continue his voyage to the English colony of Virginia.

The chief recreations of tourists in Bermuda are driving, bicycling and sailing. The roads are kept in splendid repair, and there is no dust. At every turn in the road there is a change of view—a picturesque old house, a few

sides by the treacherous reefs that show up purple just below the surface of the waters. We remembered that we were 750 miles from our own reliable American continent, and, with a shudder, we turned away to descend the spiral staircase as quickly as we could.

In the matter of sight-seeing, her caves are perhaps Bermuda's strong suit. The Islands are honeycombed with them, and more are coming to light literally every day. We drove one day to the Admiral's Cave, the largest, and one of the latest discoveries. As we drove up, four or five negroes rushed

of us. At least, we thought four dollars considerable to pay.

Moore's home, where he lived while in Bermuda in 1803, is in Walsingham, close to the seashore. Its situation is most romantic, but the house has fallen into such decay and desolation that one is terribly disappointed. Hens of no particular breed seemed to have possession of the grounds, and in one corner was a filthy pen, in which a pig had lately wallowed. We sadly recalled the poet's own words:

"And I think oft if spirits can steal
From the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight,
Thou wilt come to me there!"

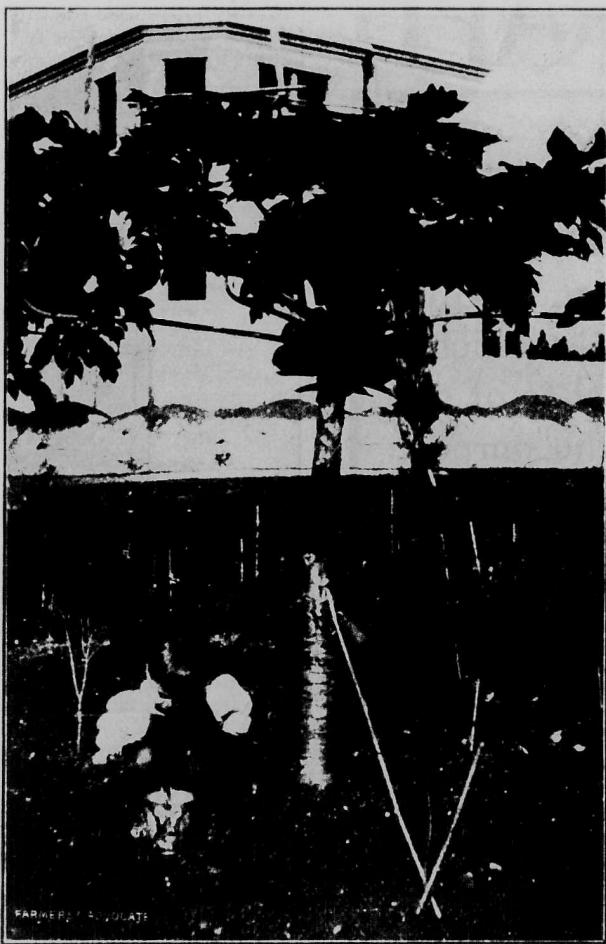
Our stay was brief at Walsingham, and we walked through a banana field to Joyce's Cave. This cave is much smaller, and very suggestive of a mermaid's retreat. There is about eighteen feet of water in it, and the light strikes in in such a way that the corals, finger-sponges and seaweed are seen very clearly against the white, sandy bottom. At a later excursion we visited the cave at Tucker's Island. Our experience there was like a mystic ceremonial. We were met at the entrance by a silent individual carrying a torch which twisted the gloom into ugly shadows. He hustled us on to a sort of barge, and paddled round the cave, striking occasionally against the stalactites, which gave forth eerie sounds, like the tones of pipe-organ ghosts.

We were fortunate enough to gain admission to Clarence Hill, the home of the Admiral during the six months that he spends in Bermuda. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and contain many rare plants and shrubs. Our friends insisted that we should make a tour of the tunnel underlying the grounds. We did so, and, after a time, found ourselves in a large, square chamber, hewn out of solid rock, intended, we were told, for ordinance. There was an opening about four feet square overlooking the sea, and commanding a view of the dockyard. This tunnel and chamber were the work of convicts, kept in Bermuda on account of its remoteness. To keep them out of mischief, and prevent time from hanging heavy on their hands, they were put at this work. Towards the close of the Boer war some twenty-five hundred Boer prisoners were sent to Bermuda, and "entertained" there until the war was over. In spite of their isolation two or three managed to escape, but only one got away from the Island. One was shot, and died the next day. While they were in hiding, they were fed by a Bermudian woman, who was evidently more soft-hearted than loyal. These Boers must have been clever with their fingers, because we saw a great many small articles carved very skillfully by them from the red cedar, and much prized by the Bermudians as mementoes.

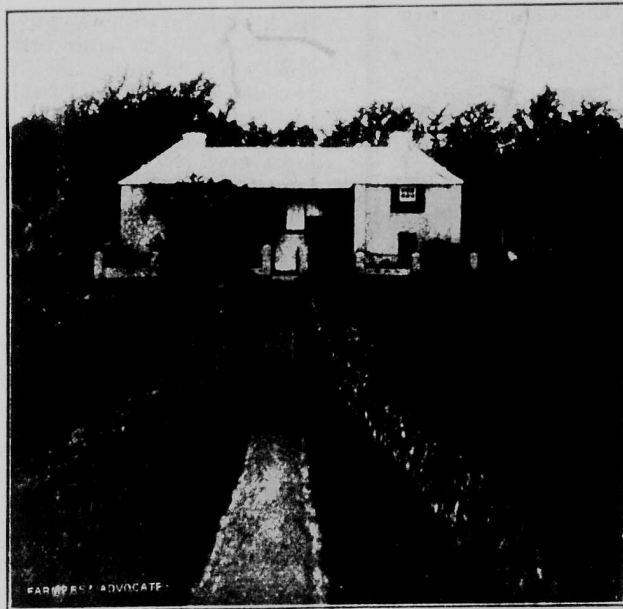
Like other countries, large or small, Bermuda has her problems; and one—the educational—does not seem to be near a satisfactory solution. On account of the large number of negroes, the whites will not send their children to the public schools. This involves the hardship of paying school taxes, and fees for private tuition besides. Many of the "board" schools are in charge of negro teachers, and one "academy" we visited was presided over by a negro "professor," who had received his education in St. John, New Brunswick. Much to our surprise, his pupils entertained us by singing several patriotic songs from a familiar Canadian song book. The singing was good, and in excellent time.

Although the Bermudian negro seems to be a quiet, decent sort of individual, with many traits to recommend him (he even has an English accent), his race is on the increase, while the white population is at a standstill. It may be that there will be a race problem in Bermuda before long. We met a good many people who seemed to have what might be called "dark presentiments" of trouble.

So few industries are carried on in these Islands that there is little inducement for boys to remain there, and most of them go out to seek employment in Canada and the United States. It is not remarkable that there are a



PAW-PAW TREE, BERMUDA.



TYPICAL BERMUDA HOUSE.

palms, or a clump of oleanders, with glimpses of blue sea, all lending themselves to combinations of endless beauty and variety.

In our ardor to see the sights, we climbed to the top of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, to get a view of the Islands. We were told that it was the one place to go to see the Islands properly. After we had toiled up the steep hill, and then up an endless flight of steps—it is 362 feet above sea-level—we realized our mistake. The Islands were so dwarfed that we saw ourselves hovering over a handful of pebbles, surrounded on all

towards our party, as if they had long expected us. They took our horses, helped us to alight, and led us to the entrance of the cave, which was almost concealed by trailing vines and coffee shrubs. It was an immense, lofty cavern, with the usual stalactite formations, and lighted with calcium light. In the center was a fresh-water spring—a rarity in the Bermudas. After we had seen all its wonders, which did not take more than ten minutes, we proceeded to the residence of Tom Moore, after the negroes had taken a "touching" farewell