

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

EASTER.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Out of the dust and the darkness,
Up from the gloom and the cold,
Bougeon the lilies of Easter,
Lamps with a taper of gold:
Whiter than snow in the sunlight
Purer than altar-fed flame,
They bloom round the feet of the Master,
And shine to the praise of His name

Weak were our hearts when they laid Him
Away in the tomb of the rock,
Veiled were our faces in sorrow
The shepherd was gone from the flock
Low bent the sad sky o'er the prison
That earth, without Jesus, became
Halleluia! The Lord hath arisen,
Be glory and thanks to His name

Three days did the grave-silence hold
Him,
Three days was He hidden from sight,
While the scorner was proud in his
scorning,
And the faithless was lost in the
night.
Three days! but all heaven for joyance!
While the hosts of the ransomed pro-
claim
The grace of the love that redeemed
them,
And gathered them home in His
name.

Sweet lilies of Easter, ye chide us,
That still for our cherished ones gone,
We weep in the shadow of midnight,
And not in the break of the dawn.
Our passionate pleading and yearning,
The hope of the exile would shame;
For we know not our Lord in the garden,
Nor turn though He calleth by name.

In the light of the Lord's resurrection
His people should conquerors be;
In the battle with evil triumphant,
From the terror of death ever free.
We shall sleep in the dust and the
darkness:
We shall waken and sing to His
name
Who will bring us to life everlasting
By the path that, a victor, He came.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

I.

DYING about seven hundred miles south-east of New York is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar even to most well-informed readers. Speaking our own language, and having the same origin, and recently associated with us in religious fellowship as forming a branch of the Methodist Church of Canada, the people are bound to us by many ties of sympathy and interest.

Within three days' travel from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures

of those standing there are coloured, with a sprinkling of men well to do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier suggests the fact that this is one of England's military stations.

We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. A long shed-like structure stretches along the wharf, affording a comfortable shelter for men, boys, and barrels. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man of any calling vociferates in this latitude.

hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is regularly pure, and pleasant to the taste.

The houses are rarely more than one story in height. They are almost invariably built entirely of the Bermuda stone—walls, roofs, and chimneys. The stone is of a creamy white colour and so porous that it seems as if it would crumble in a day. Indeed, it is so soft that it is generally sawed out with a common handsaw.

There are in all about one hundred islands, though it is usually stated that there are three times as many. Not more than sixteen or twenty are inhabited, and of those the five largest are St. David's, St. George's, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. They are about fifteen miles in length, and the greatest breadth is about five miles. There are no mountains, no rivers, and so, while they are without magnificence in scenery, in a quiet sort of beauty they are unique.

There are about one hundred and fifty miles of good hard roads, which are generally free from dust. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and changes continually. Now you drive through wide stretches of country, and the landscape bears a striking resemblance to that of Canada, then through a narrow road, with high walls of rock on either hand, on the sides of which the maiden-hair fern grows in profusion, and the road is so winding that every new view which bursts suddenly upon you is a surprise; and then there are delightful glimpses of the sea, with its many islands. Walls of stone extend along the roadside, and over them clamber the morning-glory, the prickly-pear, and night-blooming cereus. Beds of geraniums, which mock our hothouses in their profusion, grow wild.

Hedges of oleander line the roads or border cultivated patches of land, protecting them from the high winds which at times sweep over the islands. The profusion of flowers is wonderful, and one can always have a bouquet for the gathering. The winter is the regal time for them. About Christmas the roses, magnificent in size, and of great variety, are in all their glory. One gentleman assured me that he had upward of one hundred and fifty varieties. The beauty and variety of flowers are fully equalled by the excellence and diversity of fruits. Oranges of superior quality are raised, though their culture is not general. The



GARDEN SCENE.—COUNTRY VILLA, BERMUDA.

at every turn. the shifting lights on the hills, the flowers which hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government House. The news has been telegraphed all over the island, and the crowd of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority

The town is small, not having probably more than two thousand inhabitants. It is laid out quite regularly, and is neither ugly nor indeed very pretty, but is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use. This for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a