

## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

DEAR — "The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." So I will commence with poetry.

"Blest be that gracious power, who taught mankind,  
To stamp a lasting image of the mind;  
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing  
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring;  
But man alone has skill and power to send,  
The HEART'S warm dictates to the distant friend;  
Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,  
In lands remote and under foreign skies."

The visitors here this season are quite enraptured with Bermuda. Those who came in January and February are much benefitted by the salty air, so fresh and pure, yet so warm. The denizens of that bleak northern land, Nova Scotia, especially rejoice in coming to this pretty group of islets, begirt with white coral shores of sand and crowned with the evergreen-scented cedar. No frost, no snow, but here is perpetual spring during our hard winter months.

Balmy breezes fan the cheek, the radiant sunbeams pour down a genial warmth on the delicate, chilly invalid, and the charms of Nature gratify the eye. The transparent waters of an azure and emerald-tinted sea reflect the plume-like foliage of the graceful Palmetto and lovely flowers are seen blooming everywhere.

"Who can paint like Nature? Can imagination boast  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"

The last time I wrote to you I mentioned a singular incident which our American friends witnessed before leaving Rome.

The party were crossing a street near the Tiber, from which the round Church of St. Theodore was visible in a valley below. This church is built against the rock, which is crowned with foliage. They saw issuing from the door of San Teodoro a procession of male figures, attired in a strange fashion. From the top of the head to the ankles they were covered with a coarse hempen garment with loose sleeves, a girdle of rope round the waist, and a hood which covers head and face, but has holes for the eyes and mouth. They wore sandals of rough make. Each one carried on his shoulder a coarse sack. *Il Sacconi!* said the guide, *il Sacconi!* Look at the *Sacconi*. He said: "This is a religious confraternity of persons in the world, masked so that they cannot be known by any one, but amongst them are Cardinals, Bishops and Roman nobles, &c. Every Friday you will see them in the streets begging for the poor. They are called *Sacconi* from the sacks they carry, into which the food and alms given to them are placed. Prince Dell—, who died last week, was one of them. He ordered it specially in his last wishes that the brothers of his confraternity should take him to his last resting place, that no carriages should be at his funeral, which was to be plain and simple. In accordance, then, eight of the *Sacconi*, bearing upon their shoulders the coffin of the dead Prince covered with the coarse hempen pall of the confraternity, walked in procession with others of the order, carrying lighted torches, and conveyed the body from the beautiful Palazzo Dell—to its tomb in San Lorenzo. There were no floral crowns or anchors, &c., no pomp or display, but the very spirit of the Cross, faith, mortification and humility were visible in that procession. The Corso was thronged not only by the laity but by priests and religious; tears flowed and prayers were offered for the soul of Prince Dell—the

benefactor of the poor and pious servant of God."

Mrs. — related with much enthusiasm an account of their journey one day, climbing up to the summit of the Ara Coeli, or ladder of Heaven. They had a magnificent view; for miles around they surveyed ancient Rome.

The Ara Coeli is an almost endless flight of stairs (you would think so when you had climbed half way up). These stairs lead to the Church built upon the site of the ancient Ara.

Where is Pagan Rome?  
She lives but in the tale of other times.  
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,  
And her long colonnades, her public walks.  
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet  
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,  
Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust."

The next incident which they described was the visit to the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, the largest round building in the world. Its walls are a complete picture gallery—pictures of the most famous martyrdoms during the first three ages of the Church; amongst them are designs by Michael Angelo and others by Raphael. The crucifixion of Our Lord, of course, was there and the crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, St. Paul beheaded by a sword, St. Vitales buried alive while his wife was beaten to death. St. Faustus and his companions clothed in the skins of wild beasts and torn to pieces by dogs, St. John the beloved disciple in the cauldron of boiling oil—his disciple St. Ignatius devoured by lions in the Coliseum, and hundreds of others. On the faces of some of the martyrs is a smile of joy—on others a look of patience and heroic fortitude. Some pictures are wonderfully beautiful in mosaic. Upon what was believed to be the spot where St. John the Evangelist's cauldron stood, a chapel was built before the Latin gate under the first Christian emperors. It was rebuilt several times. Tertullian, Eusebius, and St. Jerome and others declare the circumstances attending this martyrdom. After being beaten with clubs and tortured by order of Emperor Domitian, when nearly a century old the beloved disciple was thrown into a bath of boiling oil, but the horror of the spectators was turned to surprise and joy when the snowy head rose above the boiling oil looking youthful and fresh. In truth the martyr came forth from the cauldron with all his wounds and bruises healed and rejuvenated with the vigour of manhood. This prodigy struck even the dull senses of Domitian with awe, and instead of a sentence of death St. John was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he wrote his apocalypse. The favorite motto of St. John, "*Diligite alter utrum,*" "Love ye one another," is placed in the chapel opposite the altar.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—(Romans.)

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity."

"When constant faith and holy hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty and one in joy,  
Then thou more happy power, fair Charity!  
Triumphant sister! greatest of the three!  
Thy office and thy nature, still the same,  
Leaving thy lamp and unconsumed thy flame,  
Shall stand before the host of Heaven  
confest,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

It is rather a striking coincidence that just at the time when the Anglican establishment in Wales is tottering toward dissolution, Catholic progress in that principality should induce the Holy See to order the erection therein of a vicariate-apostolic. It was said by somebody, not many years ago, that if there were more Catholic priests capable of speaking to the Welsh people in their native tongue there would be a surprising number of conversions recorded in that country. Perhaps the new vicar-apostolic will make a special effort to secure such evangelists for his flock.

## CURED OF ASTHMA.

## HOW A YOUNG LADY IN TORONTO WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She suffered for years from their distressing complaint and on occasions was confined to her room for weeks—Her Father tells how she was cured.

From Brockville Recorder.  
Mr. Reuben Barber, architect of the city of Toronto, at one time a resident of Merrickville, has been visiting old friends and relatives in and around the village recently. While chatting with the Recorder correspondent, the recent wonderful cures in the vicinity through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came up, when Mr. Barber said he had an experience in his own family quite as remarkable. Asked if he would give the particulars, Mr. Barber said that some seven years ago while living in Mount Forest, his daughter took a severe cold which developed into asthma. At first she would be confined to her room for days and to see her struggling for breath one would think she could not possibly live an hour. As she grew older the asthmatic spasms became more frequent and of longer duration. Sometimes she would be unable to leave her room for weeks, and then she would really and be better for a short time. After we moved to Toronto she was put under the care of one of the best doctors in the city. At first his treatment seemed to help her, but after a few months she became as bad as ever and the medicine did not appear to do her the slightest good. We had now fully made up our minds that the trouble was incurable. We had read so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that we determined to give them a trial, really looking upon them as a sort of *florin* hope. My daughter began taking the pills and continued the treatment for about six months, when she found herself entirely free from the distressing disease. Seven months have now passed since she took the last box, and she has never had the slightest spasm or return of the trouble. "She is now the picture of health," says Mr. Barber, "and we give the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and lose no opportunity of sounding the praises of this great medicine." These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, or Schenectady, N. Y. at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Take not too short a time to make a worldwide bargain in.—Shakespeare.

Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth.—Sydney Smith.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of April, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30 7.45	7.25 9.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.30	10.10 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.00	12.35pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 8.35	2.00
G. W. R.....	6.30 4.00	10.45 8.30
	9.30	
	6.30 12.00	8.35 5.45
U. S. N. Y.....	4.00 12.35	10.50
	9.30	
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 noon	8.35 5.45
	9.30	8.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of March: 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. O. PATRICK, P.M.

## The R. S. Williams &amp; Sons Co. LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Church Pipe Organs and Fine Pianos.

INSPECTION INVITED.

CATALOGUES FREE.

## The R. S. Williams &amp; Sons Co., Ltd.

143 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

BRANCHES—London, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Chatham, Brantford, Ottawa, Kingston, Brockville.

## CUTLERY.

FULL LINES IN

Joseph Rodgers &amp; Sons, Geo. Butlers &amp; Co's.

## "MADRAS"

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY

## RICE LEWIS &amp; SON,

(LIMITED.)

Cor. King &amp; Victoria Sts., Toronto

## Star Life Assurance Society

OF ENGLAND.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

Assets, 31st Dec., 1893 . . . \$17,500,000.00  
Annual Income " . . . 2,700,000.00  
Assurance in Force, " . . . 66,000,000.00  
Invested in Canada, " . . . 1,600,000.00

Money Loaned on the security of Church property, at low rates of interest.

The attention of Clergymen is respectfully asked to the various Endowment Plans of the Society, as the best form of investment for the future.

For information as to LOANS, ASSURANCE or AGENCIES, address Head Office for Canada, 29 RICHMOND ST. WEST, TORONTO.

J. FRITH JEFFERS,  
Secretary for Canada.

## THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co.

OFFERS THE

Best Plans and Rates  
And the Most  
Desirable Forms of  
Life Insurance Obtainable.

For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company or to the Manager,

H. SUTHERLAND,  
Manager.

HON. G. W. ROSS,  
President.  
HEAD OFFICE: Manning Arcade, Toronto

## RECIPE.

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract...one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons.



The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.