

right contempt, if not of the doctrine preached at least, of its preacher. To this the Governor replied, that whatever his own opinion on the subject might be, redress must be sought elsewhere, as there was an Act of Parliament positively providing that all the convicts should attend divine service, performed by a Minister of the Establishment, and that there was no room left for the exercise of a Governor's discretion.

Upon the whole we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of our visit; to whatever extent the Governor interferes with the conduct of those officials, his interference must produce some good.

Such, my dear Sir, is the mission of the Bermudas and such the difficulties which the missionary has to encounter. Alone in the midst of the Atlantic, far away from friends and from country, without a brother clergyman near, on whom he might lean for support in his trials, the startling thought frequently flashing across his mind, that if his hour came, no priest would stand beside his bed to console him or assist him in his final struggle; that however earnestly he might deprecate the idea of his body being deposited in a Protestant churchyard after the performance of a Protestant funeral service, such a contingency in the present state of affairs was quite probable. I appeal then to the charity of the faithful, and ask them—is this mission to be abandoned? Is the banner of the Cross never to float over the “still-vexed Bermoothes,” over those beautiful islands of which the poet of Ireland sang that he found them a place

For saints to live, and bards to die in.

Is that little church with its tapering spire and its gilt cross a thing of fancy's vision, never to assume the shape of reality? It is delightful on an evening here to ascend the summit of some hill and gaze on all the varied beauties of these Islands; but to whatever point of the horizon you turn, the well known sign of redemption greets not your view, and the heart is saddened, rather than pleased at the magnificent prospect before you. The cedar, the jasmine, the pupaw, the date palm, the palmetto, and the banana interspersed with white-roofed houses, the nameless islets, or miniature archipelagos which abound in every creek, the variegated colour of the waters floating over beds of coral at different depths beneath the surface; the warm sun reminding you that you are in the neighbourhood of the tropics, and the mantle of perpetual verdure with which the islands are clothed—all remind one of some fairy scene which he thought had no existence unless in the realms of imagination. But who will contribute to add another beauty to that landscape more cheering to the eye of Faith than all the gorgeous splendour of Bermudian scenery! Who will assist us to put up our little church, and to buy a small scrap of land for the interment of our dead? Some pious and faithful souls to whom the Almighty has given the goods of this world may cast a glance at this appeal, they may be inspired to assist us; and surely if they do assist they will contribute to a work of great godliness. I do not despair, I hope yet to see that church proudly raise its head to the skies, an object of beauty from without, and within a place where many an earnest worshipper will send up sweeter incense to heaven than ever arose from the fragrance scented Bermudas. I do not despair. I am convinced, my dear Sir, that you will gladly receive any trifling offering with which the faithful may entrust you for the mission in Bermuda. Our benefactors will be held in grateful remembrance, and our prayers shall be offered up in their behalf. The Bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr Walsh, will also receive any sum that may be sent him, or it may be sent directly to the resident missionary, who has the honour to subscribe himself your humble servant,

JOHN NUGENT, Catholic Priest.

STOP PRESS!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!—EXTRAORDINARY ARRIVAL AT MELVILLE ISLAND!

Our readers will share in the flutter of delight which agitates our bosoms, in making the glorious

announcement, that we have skinned the Tory Protestant Parsons into something like decency, and that, even at the eleventh hour a Protestant clergyman has visited the Fever Hospitals at Melville Island! Oh that horrid Cross! If we had not called public attention to the matter, no Protestant Parson would have ever gone near the House of Death. Three or four sick Protestants who were attended at Melville Island may thank us, for whatever spiritual benefit they derived from this unexpected visit. We have heard that the young gentleman who was selected for this visit, is what the Tory Papers called “a celibate preacher,” and certainly if none of the married Parsons ventured to go, it is an additional argument in favour of Popish celibacy. We confess we have no pity for the mortifying predicament in which the Tory preachers are thus placed. We cannot forget their impudent bullying, and the brazen pertinacity with which they denied that there were any Protestants in Melville Island.

We will publish next week the analogous case in Glasgow, which caused such confusion amongst the Tory Parsons there.

General Intelligence.

HEROISM OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

The author of one of the most fascinating books which has passed through our hands for a long time, we mean “Eothen,” speaking of the Monks of Palestine, and of the plague which had set its spotted foot in the holy city of Jerusalem, tells us—“The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk therefore was chosen, either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building belonging to the establishment, at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning, he was ordered to ring it, *if he could*; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place.