

ry laborious, the cost of conveyance from one station to another soon exhausts his resources, and it must be remembered that every farthing he expends is derived from the revenues of a poor and distant diocese. Lately, however, a small sum of money has been granted by the government towards the support of a chaplain in several military stations in British North America. In all these places the ecclesiastical authorities have congregations to depend on for their support, but as the labours of the Priest in Bermuda are principally devoted to Her Majesty's servants, I am not without hope that in extending the principle to islands so peculiarly situated, a liberal allowance will be granted, for the priest here is emphatically the *unpaid chaplain* of an almost exclusively military congregation.

But any grant which we might reasonably expect from the government would be totally inadequate to supply the wants of the mission. We have no church, no burial ground, no place of residence for the priest, no facilities for visiting the different stations, and no place but the open air in which we could conveniently catechise our poor Catholic children. In the whole island we have not an inch of ground we can call our own, and building materials are so difficult to be procured, and so expensive, that the erection of anything like a suitable place of worship in any of the stations that we visit must be left to the work of time, or rather to the wise disposal of him who sees all our wants, and who knows best how to supply them. From Halifax we can expect little or nothing, for there are no less than nineteen or twenty unfinished churches in the diocese claiming vastly more than can be expended upon them out of its slight revenues; and then the number of Priests required to give the people an opportunity of attending to their religious duties is so great, compared with the means at the Bishop's disposal that the continuance of a large outlay upon such a mission as Bermuda cannot fairly be demanded, nay, is practically impossible.

But suppose the priest must abandon the mission, what will be the condition of our poor Catholic Brethren in the Bermudas? Surrounded by sects whose religion is of a character, in whose bosoms hatred of Catholicity has been instilled by lying books and interested teachers, without hearing their own religion explained, or seeing it exemplified, is there not much reason to fear that many of them may sink into that fatal system of indifference—that rampart liberty of opinion—that recklessness which spurns every religious authority, with no principle of conservatism but its hatred of our holy Church, which appears to be a natural development of the Reformation. And again, if the Priest will be compelled to abandon the mission, independently of these considerations, what a painful stroke will it give to the hearts of the faithful! Who will baptise their children? What consolation is left to the sick and the dying? Who will call our brethren together, and remind them of their obligations as children of the Church? Who will pronounce the mysterious words whilst he extends his hand over the head of the sinner whose conscience is deeply burdened? Who will offer up the Holy Sacrifice in their presence to propitiate heaven in their behalf? Who will remind them of those solemn and important truths of religion which under the most favorable circumstances we are but too apt to forget?—Painful—painful in truth would be the separation of the Priest from his desolate flock in the Bermudas.

The year of 1843 is well remembered here. During that year

the yellow fever had found its way into the Bermudas. Soldiers and civilians were indiscriminately attacked by the disease. So dreadful were the ravages among the military, that at one time in the two battalions of the twentieth only two officers were found fit for duty. The hospital seemed but a resting place between the barracks and the grave. So fearful was the mortality, that the convicts were engaged to dig for the poor soldier a final resting place. Some of the scenes exhibited in the hospital, as related to me by an eye witness, were both shocking and mournful in the extreme. There might be seen the Irish soldier twisting and writhing in his bed with inexpressible agony, during his fits of delirium calling for his father, his mother, his brothers, his sisters, and his friends. Long forgotten associations awoke as it were unbidden, and he talked of home, of green fields, and of the companions of his earlier days, and with a ghastly smile on his haggard face he seemed as if he were in Ireland once more, surrounded by those whom he loved and revered. Again with a wild, hysteric laugh he shouted out that the priest whom he had sent for was coming at last, and he called upon his comrades to hurry him on, little thinking that the priest and he were separated by the wide ocean, until at length he sank down, wasted, exhausted, and breathless—a corpse. Day after day such scenes might be seen repeated, and day after day did the well paid Protestant chaplain stand over the grave of the Irish Catholic soldier to repeat the burial service of the Established Church, knowing well that if the cold clay before him had a tongue to speak it would have spurned his officiousness, and despised his inconsistency. Such scenes may occur again, and although not to an equal extent, they have been of frequent occurrence. The Priest himself may fall a victim, but if the charity of the faithful will give some permanency to the mission in Bermuda—if he could once see the spire of his little church surmounted by a gilt cross shining in the hot sun of this delicious climate, he will forget his dangers and his solitude in his warm gratitude to those who have blessed his sight with that long-looked for object.

JOHN NUGENT, Catholic Priest.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

GENTLEMEN,

Your allusion last week, so just and so pithy, to the general conduct of Protestant parsons in times of contagious disease, has considerably annoyed some of the Pharisees here. They have concocted a miserably lame defence in one of the most lying of their organs. But they shall not be suffered to escape in this cowardly manner. The ground they stand upon is rotten, and cannot support them for a week. I think you would do a service to the community by publishing the celebrated Pastoral of Bishop Whately, of Dublin, which was addressed to the Protestants at the time of the Cholera in 1832. I regret I cannot find a copy of it, or I would send it to your office with a request for publication. However, it is notorious that his Grace distinctly told his flock, that they had no right, when dying of cholera, to send for their clergyman or expect that he could expose himself and his family to danger on their account! I defy