

days. There is need for more like him, but Irish priests are few in this part of Canada, and our people want them alone. The ships now arriving report larger mortality than those that came in May. This is due to the heat. The condition of the holds of the ships that come in is unspeakably revolting. Several buried over a hundred in the ocean, equal to a fifth of the number of their passengers.

July 2.—Father Moylan wanted me to go to Montreal as a witness before a committee of enquiry appointed by the legislature. I have no heart to leave here, and I told him if they would not believe him they would not believe me. There is no improvement in caring for the sick; the callousness of the Canadian government to the sufferings of God's poor on this island I cannot understand. The weather is now settled, and beyond the sun being scorchingly hot at midday is as fine as could be wished.

9th.—This evening I took a walk to the far side of the island and enjoyed the solitude and the peace of nature. Sitting on the beach, I watched the sun sink behind the hills. I have a feeling that my own sun will soon disappear, for I am sad and disheartened beyond all my experience. Dr Fenwick told me the other day I should leave; that I needed a change. I cannot, indeed I will not, for I cherish the secret wish to die where my Aileen left me. A ship has