

heels of a plague and warning against a doubly armed death.

In the days of prosecution, their home was the forest solitude and their doom, the gibbet—in the days of freedom,—they sat amongst their children and reared up temples for the decent worship of the Divinity, in the land—in the days of the plague, their foot is still on the mountain, and their ministering is still amongst the stricken, and the bereaved and the dying and the dead—but in persecution and freedom—in the sorrow born of man, and his puny power, or the sickness begotten of God in his eternal wisdom—there is no severing the links that bind for ever

THE PRIESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND AND THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES.

—*Cork Examiner.*

DIED.—On thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, universally regretted, Miss NUGENT, (in religion Mrs MARY JOSEPH) of the Order of Mercy, in her 48th year, of malignant typhus fever, contracted in her attendance at St. John's Hospital.—The last visit of the Rev. Sisters of the above Order was paid on Wednesday, 2nd inst;—on which occasion Miss Nugent gave spiritual consolation and instruction to no fewer than thirty-six patients; and on that day, she received the reward which the Almighty in His inscrutable wisdom so frequently bestows on those devoted to the practice of the most exalted virtues; for, on returning to her Convent, she bore with her the fatal pestilence which developed itself the next day, and after lingering until the fifteenth day, she resigned her spirit into His hands, to whom it had been long consecrated.

The Religious Order to which Miss Nugent belonged, has, in this country received a severe shock by the death of so distinguished a member; her educational attainments were of the very first class, and her capacity for imparting these, to others, could only be equalled by the mildness and suavity with which she conveyed her instructions; whilst her unaffected piety and zeal, inculcated the most invaluable of all lessons, by the force of example—and proceeding from so pure a source, sunk deeper into the heart, than any precept could reach. To the poor and the afflicted, her removal from amongst them is deemed a real calamity, and there are thousands in St Johns, this day, whose countenance proclaim more unequivocally, than any language could, that a great loss has befallen this community.

The writer of these lines has had the happiness of being intimately acquainted with Miss Nugent, from the period of her arrival in Newfoundland and until her retirement from the world, some years since,

when she devoted herself exclusively to the services of religion; and he feels a melancholy pleasure in thus humbly endeavoring to portray even a shadow of those virtues and inestimable qualities, which characterized this truly excellent lady to all who came within the sphere of her influence, or who claimed to be ranked amongst her intimates and friends. Her funeral took place this morning, within the Cathedral, at 6 o'clock—*Newfoundland Paper.*

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. POWER, OF KILROSSENTY.

Another light has been dimmed—another star extinguished in this fatal year—the Rev. Richard Power is no more. The space in the world which our lost friend occupied was narrow indeed, compared with his vast abilities. Those who knew him, however, understood and appreciated them. A priest, who was an honour to the mission, even among the priests of Ireland, were first rate. As a writer the duties to which he devoted himself prevented his undertaking anything to fix the attention of the world—but when he did take up the pen in the cause of patriotism, liberty, religion or country, who could surpass him? We have greatly missed him for some time past, both as an attached friend and a constant contributor. The letters published in the Pilot, signed, “A priest of the diocese of Waterford,” were from his pen—they fixed the attention of country. He also contributed to the Pilot under other signatures, when that became so known as to be equivalent to his own name. He likewise furnished occasional articles; and ever did the mark of his pen appear but in its effects one could discern the hand of a master.—Deeply were we indebted to his kindness—proudly did we feel his preference, confidence, and good opinion; and unaffectedly do we sorrow for his sad and premature loss. The following extract from a private letter will give some particulars on this truly affecting bereavement:—

“I am deeply pained to communicate to you an account of the death of another able and sincere friend to Old Ireland—the Rev. Richard Power, late P. P. of Kilrosenty in the diocese of Waterford. This melancholy account has reached us from Rome, through a private letter from one who had the unwished for satisfaction of being one of the number of his sorrowing and admiring countrymen who attended the solemn obsequies of the mournful occasion of his funeral. This sad event occurred in the Agustinian Convent in Rome, which he retired last autumn to recruit his health which had been greatly impaired in the discharge of deeply painful and important duties. By letters recently received, his friends were gladdened