

in scripture phrase, "Built the house and finished it."

About two o'clock the appearance of the Cemetery was imposing in the extreme. The sun shone brilliantly, but a fine westerly breeze tempered the warmth of his beams. Immediately inside the Cemetery gate hundreds were engaged, in a long line, reducing an obstinate rising ground. At some distance, on the Church Yard hill, rose the handsome "Capella"—some boarding—others shingling—more painting, and many standing round admiring the Edifice. At various distances small detachments were scattered here and there removing inequalities in the surface; and far off, on the Fort Massy side, all along the brow of the hill, clay is flying in clouds—carts tottering down, only half visible through them, some men cheering as the hill appears to move, like a huge wave before them—and others singing over the exhumation of some gigantic rock which their persevering efforts are slowly presenting to the upper world.

We should not omit the party who were iaudably engaged in building a circular wall round a sweet little well that springs in an angle made by the intersection of two walks. It reminded us so much of the "*Tubar beneagha*" at home, that we gazed upon its dark waters—with the three or four little steps descending to them—and the cheerful green seat around them—gazed on them, with something like the feelings one would have on seeing a very old friend. A fig for the philosophy that destroys feeling. It flings a pall of darkness over every thing bright and beautiful in nature—plucks out the affections of the hearts own forming—for a cheerless and sombre formality on which a morose misanthropy is reflected. In spite of all their formality we will love an old well. How often we have looked with awe, upon the dark hoods of our countrywomen hanging down over the waters, as they knelt by the old well's side! How often our eye has followed the "Pilgrim" as he counted his beads along the well-trodden walk, which was called the "rounds" at those places of religious resort! And how often, we wondered at

the votive memorial, which simple piety left behind it, to acknowledge the benign interference of the Patron, to whose honor, under God, the place was dedicated. Old wells revive recollections of home. They remind us too of piety which has outlived the wreck of centuries—the powerful aggression of successive dynasties—the insidious allurements of successive heresies—the scandal of successive schisms—superior to every thing, but itself, is the piety of old home. We do love old wells. And though scepticism may smile at the traditions which surround them—and infidelity condemn the abiding confidence of our countrymen's simple faith—the true Christian will remember, that the "wise and prudent" know "infinitely less" than the "littles ones" of the Gospel, of the influence of that trust to which all things are possible.

About four o'clock the ground became thronged with visitors. Many of our Lunenburg Friends contemplated the spectacle with delight, Military gentlemen and civilians combined in giving their meed of praise to the mighty efforts they saw making around them. Numbers of well-dressed Females, too, contributed by their presence to give an interest to the scene: while the wearing day seemed to infuse new energy into our countrymen, who were determined to give old TIME a tale to tell after this days travel, such as he rarely could have related before. At this moment no less than EIGHTEEN HUNDRED MEN were in active employment on the ground. The falling of pickaxes—the rolling of carts—the ceaseless rattle of a hundred hammers at the chapel—the cheers—and the occasional explosion of a refractory rock, like a loud gun in a storm, made the ground exciting to a degree we seldom witnessed.

At length about a quarter after seven, the signal for cessation was given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The roads had been nearly completed—the inequalities of the surface had entirely disappeared—a beautiful gate had been erected at the entrance to the Cemetery—and a beautiful and commodious place of devotion stood within the precincts of the church yard.