

axo and spade. We observe that two cargoes of materials and men have arrived at Shediac, and we learn that plant and men are daily expected at St. John.—The surveys to the westward are also being prosecuted with vigour, but we believe that no route has been determined upon; and that no opinion can with propriety be expressed until the whole survey is completed.—*Courier.*

**THE CATHEDRAL.**—Our readers will not be sorry to have before them a short account of the architectural details of the building, as many of them were not present at the Consecration, and some perhaps have never seen it. The extreme length of the Cathedral is 172 feet, and its width exclusive of the Porch, 67 feet. The height of the Nave and Choir to the ridge of the Roof 60 feet. The Tower is 84 feet high to the base of the pinnacles, and the Spire about 84, or 178 in all, including the Cross.

The first impulse was given to the erection of this structure by two old and zealous friends of the Bishop, who determined to present him with some memorial of their affection and esteem. This feeling was shared by others, and the sum gathered amounted to £1500 sterling, which was presented to his Lordship by his former Diocesan, who bade him farewell in the presence of a large company, and presented him with a cheque for £1400, towards a Cathedral Church, or any other Church purposes." Stimulated by this generous offering, the Bishop sent down Mr. Wills, then a young draughtsman in an architect's office in Exeter, to take the measurements of a fine church in Norfolk, at the village of Snettisham, a small place near the seacoast, which appeared to him to be a suitable model, and in the winter of 1845-6, Mr. Wills brought out his instruments and drawings for this work. In many respects the model has been strictly followed, it has only been departed from, where the Cathedral character of the building seemed to require it, or where it was necessary to economise. Two unusual features in this structure mark its Cathedral character; first the triple Western Porch, which only appears in Collegiate or Cathedral Churches; and secondly, the uniform height of the Choir and Nave, which is rarely found in English Parish Churches of this style.

We regret to state that Mr. Rainsford, the young gentleman who was injured by the falling of the Orchestra at the Ball on the 14th inst., died this morning. We understand his remains will be taken to the family residence at Kingsclear for interment.—*St. J. Courier.*

### Correspondence.

#### SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 56.

#### THE NAME OF JESUS.]

"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." ST. MATT. i. 21.

O Jesus, Thy beloved name,  
Inspires my heart and tunes my voice;  
To tell to lis'n'ing worlds its fame,  
And in its saving pow'r rejoice.

Though lowly-born, divinely named,  
The heir of Heav'n to earth assign'd,  
And by "the Angels" voice proclaim'd,  
The only Saviour of mankind.

My Tow'r of strength to which I fly,  
In times of war my conqu'ring arm;  
My covert when the storm is nigh,  
My perfect rest when all is calm.

O Jesus, to Thy name I bow,  
The earnest of Thy grace and love;  
And with it written on my brow,  
Will I approach Thy throne above. †

Its fragrance is my vital breath,  
The sign and seal of sins forgiv'n;  
My comfort in the hour of death,  
My watchword at the gate of Heaven.

W. B.

\* Prov. xviii. 30  
† Rev. xxii. 4.

#### FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

#### A VISIT TO LOUISBURGH, C. B.

LOUISBURGH may perhaps be called the classic ground of Cape Breton. To those who are fond of historic recollections, and love to trace the remains of departed glory, and to meditate upon the change which the hand of time produces upon earthly labours, the ruins of the old Town of Louisburgh cannot fail of being an object of interest. As a healthy spot for resort for a few weeks in the summer season, it would also have attraction were the road better and the distance less than it is from Sydney. The pure and refreshing breezes of the sea are here enjoyed in perfection. But the object of the visit which is here briefly described, was for a missionary purpose, and is now given to the readers of the *Church Times* simply for the purpose of making known one of the humbler fields, in which the Missionaries of their Church endeavour to advance the religion of Christ.

On Saturday, September 19th, I set out from Sydney to make a visit to another outpost of the Parish, leaving in my place the travelling missionary, in whose charge Louisburgh is chiefly left. Until within seven miles of the place the road is the same as that to Mainadieu. The harbour of Louisburgh, which is 24 miles from Sydney, is not seen until you come upon the hill immediately over it, when it at once appears in view. Its appearance from this spot is very striking. You look out from a thick wood of dark spruce and fir, upon an expansive sheet of water two or three miles in extent, and in this view, almost of a circular form. The land to the right and left, which is rather high (except on the peninsula where the town stood) and is covered on the heights with the same dark trees, draws in towards the south east, and leaves what appears at first a wide entrance to the harbour, with an extensive view out to sea. In the centre of this opening is an island called Battery Island, and just beyond a larger one called Green Island. From Battery Island to the Peninsula runs a long low reef of rocks—here and there barely visible. Upon the sides of these two islands and over the reef, the sea dashes and breaks with such force as to leave a constant and ever-varying margin of silvery spray,—sometimes tossed high above the islands, and sometimes subsiding over the reef till the water for a moment appears quite smooth. The vivid green of the islands amidst the foaming water has a beautiful appearance. The harbour opens towards the east, and is only half a mile in width from Battery Island to the Light House point—which is on the left as you look from the hill. Vessels as soon as they enter escape from a rough sea to a harbour always safe and comparatively smooth, with deep water very close to land. The land on almost all sides of the harbour shelves down toward the water from the hills, whose tops covered with dark fir trees, give a sombre character to the scene.

I put up at Chas. McAlpine's, Esq., a member of the congregation, and the principal inhabitant of the place. I was very hospitably accommodated at his house. On Sunday at 11 o'clock, I held service in the Church, which stands, on a rising ground—given by the Rev. Chas. Ingles of Sydney, not far from the water at the head of the harbour. It is a plain but substantial building, not finished inside, but very comfortable, with good seats, a communion table, and a neat stand for officiating at, upon a raised floor. The congregation was about 80, but is often much more. I preached from 1 Tim. 8th. In the evening I had service again at half-past 3 o'clock. The same number were present; but I was sorry to observe so few prayer books, and so little responding. There is no Sunday school here; but the children are usually catechized before the evening service. After service I went to visit an aged member of the congregation, who has been unable from infirmity to leave his bed for 5 or 6 years. He was in his 85th year, and was the son of a sergeant in General Wolf's army, who had fought at the siege of Louisburgh, and afterwards settled there. He was a communicant, and there could be but little doubt from the cordiality and earnestness with which he listened to the Scriptures and joined in prayer, that he was sincerely preparing for the close of his long pilgrimage.

Next morning (Monday), I held service at Loran, a small fishing Bay 3 miles distant from Louisburgh, which I reached by a bridle path very rough and swampy. I met a congregation here in a private house, of 35 persons, and preached (to) them from Proverbs xv. 3rd. The settlement consists of 13 families, all of whom but one belong to the Church, to which they are much attached.

On my return from Loran I rode to the Peninsula of the Old Town, which is three miles distant from the church. The old French roads round the harbour and into the town still remain. In company with a party who were on a visit to Louisburgh from Sydney, I walked over the site of the fortifications and town. An old resident of that part of Louisburgh of the name of Kennedy acted as guide. The spot for some distance is marked with evident traces of very strong fortifications and other remains, telling of scenes very different from the quiet deserted aspect which now characterized the spot. Some remains were very perfect, The bomb-proof casemates, and the arches beneath the citadel are still standing, and even now are of immense strength. Long lines of high but ruined walls, overgrown with grass and sods; and remains of outworks and batteries are distinctly visible. The sites of the barracks, barrack-yard and parade-ground, are also plain; and the site of the cathedral is pointed out. Who could believe in looking round upon the scene of

desolation that presented itself, that little more than 100 years ago this was an almost impregnable fortress filled with troops—resounding with martial sounds, and protecting a town of 15,000 inhabitants. In the space between the barracks and the parade was a solitary grave, covered with a stone slab, placed there to the memory of Lieut. Haldiman, of the 60th Regiment, who was drowned in the moat when skating upon the ice, the 16th of Dec., 1765. The inscription is quite plain. This solitary tomb was in melancholy keeping with the ruined mounds and walls with which it was surrounded. We proceeded in our inspection of the ruins to the extreme point of land, which looks out upon the sea. To the right, towards the south-west, lay the wide, black and dreary marsh, over which the British troops advanced; and on the point was a high and projecting rock called Black Rock, from which earth and stone had been taken for the fortifications. Against the most extreme point of this huge rock the ocean beat with immense violence, and sent its foaming waves into every recess of the rock. The whole sea shore presented a majestic scene: for miles along the beach could be seen nothing but long ledges of craggy rock projecting far into the sea, exposed to all the fury of the waters, which foamed and roared in the most terrific manner. Such a scene could not fail to excite in the mind a contrast between the mighty works of the Creator, and the proud but feeble efforts of man which had come to nought.

In the evening, service was held in the Church at half-past 5 o'clock, where an attentive congregation of 40 was assembled. I preached from Prov. xii. 28th. As the setting sun came through the windows and shone upon the quiet assembly, who were listening to the message of pardon and peace that the Gospel brings, I could not help contrasting it in my mind with the sounds of strife and scenes of blood, which once filled the ruined spot, from which I had just come, and thinking of the future and complete triumph of His religion who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

On Tuesday morning, before leaving for Sydney, I crossed part of the harbour in a boat, in company with the same party, to view the Light House, which stands at the north-eastern side of the entrance to the harbor, on a high rocky point, opposite Battery Island. The lantern, into which we entered, contains nine lamps with reflectors, the light from which is seen at the distance of 20 miles out at sea. It is in the charge of Lawrence Kavanagh, Esq., and is kept in excellent order. The sea view is very grand, and presents much the same scene as has been already described. In the crevices of the rocks below the light-house are to be seen three cannon, 36 pounders, which belonged to the French. The platform upon which they formerly stood is still visible, and the spot where the furnace was placed for heating the shells. The rust and the chafing of the waters have worn the surface of these guns quite smooth; but they still remain apparently as whole as ever. As they lie where they first fell from their stations, sometimes hid and then disclosed by the dashing waves, they are not the least striking features in a scene which leaves upon the mind altogether an impression of the unstable nature of human power and glory. I returned to Sydney the same evening.

SYDNEY, C. B., Sept. 23rd. 1853.

The *Church Witness* of the 21st comes to us (late) in an enlarged form. Our able contemporary speaks boldly as to the prospects of his paper, and his independence of extrinsic aid; but we observe that Edo the Proprietor of this Journal, a large sum is due to the printer for the second and third volume." Messrs. Barnes & Co. are now the publishers of the *Witness*.

**BISHOP DOANE'S CASE.**—The following item furnishes the sudden and unexpected finale of this business:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The Court of Bishops to day discharged the presentment against Bishop Doane on his confession; at the same time declaring that the presenters had acted in the matter in good faith, and with the single view to the maintenance of the laws of the Church. Bishop Doane, after referring to the resources on foot for the liquidation of all his liabilities, says in conclusion, that in the course of all these transactions human infirmity may have led him into many errors, which lie deeply feels; he does not wish to justify or excuse them. If scandal to the Church and injury to the cause of Christ have arisen from them, they are the occasion to him of mortification and regret; for these things, in all humility and sorrow, before God and man, he always felt himself liable, and willing to receive friendly reproofs of his brethren in Christ Jesus, and especially of the Bishops of his Church.