

the hill side with a wheelbarrow full of clay, and there again some young girls are loading a truck with the stones loosened from the soil. Scattered on the rising grounds lazy Indians are loitering and talking—Squaws whispering in their low bird-like accents, and Papooses crying. His Lordship, in his Gig, occupies the centre of the picture, chart in hand, and seems like the Spring that keeps the complex machinery in motion.

Cheer after cheer, now, announced the completion of some one part or other of the work. The ground became thronged with visitors, and the scene became proportionately exciting.—The men seemed to work for dear life. Imagine a man, just doing one single act of labour—suppose for a frolic—and you have a kind of picture of the unintermitting exertion used on Wednesday. It is quite impossible, however, by any words to convey the reality to the mind.

At length, about seven o'clock, the signal for cessation was given, when the following work was found to have been accomplished:

A Drain, one hundred and fifty yards in length.

A foundation for a "Capella," 60 feet by 25—sinking and building the same.

Four grand Roads around and through the Burial ground.

A Bridge constructed across the Brook.

A new Fence along the top of Fort Massy—a new fence and gates in front.

A high hill levelled at the entrance—an enormous one on Fort Massy.

The estimated labour, FORTY HUNDRED AND SEVENTY POUNDS.

We feel inclined fondly to dwell upon the description of this day; but we find that we have exceeded all reasonable limits, and must hurry to a close.

His Lordship addressed the assembled multitude at the close of the day. He spoke from the rising ground on which the little Church is to be built, and was very distinctly heard throughout. We are sorry that we cannot get an outline of the admirable discourse he delivered on the occasion; breathing, as did, an

spirit of pity for some, but of charity for all, it would be calculated to make an impression in any form or under any circumstances. He eulogised their union, and charity, and religious feeling. He exhorted them to forget every hyphen cause of dissension and to cherish the advent of Fraternal love. He said that this day was a triumphant corrective of the false impression, that differences existed between the people of St. Mary's. A few there might be, some three or four, who did not join them, but for whom they should pray, and to whom they should always be ready to stretch forth the hand of affection. His Lordship then concluded amid most deafening and long continued cheers of applause.

The Procession now re-formed. His Lordship was the first to cross the Bridge in his Gig. As the vehicle stood on the middle of the Bridge the very mountains ran again with cheers. His Lordship, then, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, closed the Procession.

The whole body proceeded in order, down by Steel's Bridge—along by the Church—turned down by St. Mary's College—along the Town, to the Parade. Here all formed again, His Lordship in the centre—when, having been briefly addressed upon the labours of the day, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, and having given three cheers for "Old Ireland,"—three cheers for His Lordship—and three for the clergyman who had just spoken—they retired in peace and order.

Thus closed a day which appeals in strong and pathetic language to the feelings of Christian Catholics and Irishmen—showing how much can be accomplished when the moral body is well organised, and how much is sacrificed by dissension and uncharitableness. We hope that the 25th is only the commencement of a golden age for Religion here, during which every follower of the Redeemer will show the stamp of his predilection—the warrant of his discipleship:—

* By this shall all men know you are my disciples—if you love one another.