

from zenith to horizon was deeply overcast, strong gusts of wind with drizzling rain, rendered the possibility of proceeding on that day with the Procession extremely doubtful. Anon the heavy rolling of thunder with frequent flashes of lightning from the west, raised, alternately, the hopes and fears of many, according to their respective knowledge of these grand phenomena upon the weather. In the meantime the rain poured down in torrents—louder and louder became the appalling artillery of heaven. However, as the thunder storm quickly passed along to the east, the western horizon, to the joy of all, gave signs of a speedy change of scene. The sun now shone forth in all the calm beauty and buoyant brilliancy of a summer morn—all nature seemed revived—the distant hills now re-echo to the martial peals of fire-arms—while the merry chime from the lofty belfry of the Church of St. Andrew's, cheers and welcomes the assembling faithful.

Divine Service commenced at 11 o'clock—the Rev. Hugh McDonald, P. P. of Boisdale, C.B., Celebrant—Rev. Messrs. J. Grant and Alex. McLeod, P. P. of Arisaig, Deacon and Sub-Deacon. On the Gospel side, within the sanctuary, Rev. H. O'Reilly, P. P. of Pictou; Rev. John Quinan, P. P. of Tracadie; Rev. Mr. Drummond, P. P. of Guysboro'; Rev. Angus Gillis, P. P. of Antigonish; and Rev. C. F. McKinnon, Pastor of St. Andrew's; arrayed in choral dress, took their seats. Two companies of musketeers, one at each end of the sanctuary facing the altar, dressed in a simple yet very attractive uniform, under the command of two Captains, added considerably to the scene. The Church of St. Andrew's, though always an object of attraction, presented on that day a spectacle, but seldom, if ever, before seen in this country; its beautiful altar lit up in a blaze of light—its noble corinthian columns tastefully entwined with wreaths of flowers—the banners of the Procession hanging in graceful, ample folds, from its lofty nave—the gay yet devout demeanour of the crowded congregation—the snow-white beauty of the sacerdotal robes, all combined to form a *coup d'œil* as rare to be seen in this country, as it nearly approached the imposing scenes of more southern climes. Our choir, on this occasion, was ably supported by several amateur singers from Antigonish. After the Gospel the Rev. H. O'Reilly ascended the pulpit, and during two hours, rivetted the attention of the immense audience before him. The Rev. gentleman's discourse was ably sustained throughout; the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist was learnedly shown from scripture, tradition, and the Fathers. The Catholic rule of faith, viz., the Word of God explained by the Church, carried the Rev. Preacher triumphantly through his different positions; The unity of doctrine thus acquired among Catholics, as well on this as on all other revealed truths, formed a vivid contrast with the endless contradictory systems of belief among private reasoners.

Immediately after Mass the Rev. Pastor of St. Andrew's briefly explained the order of the Procession. Owing to the excellent arrangement previously made, in the appointment of Guards and Banner-bearers, the line of Procession was easily organized. A grave majestic Highlander bearing a staff, headed with a cross, led the Procession; Captain McDonnell, with his men-at-arms four abreast, marched out of the Church; then followed the Processional Cross: next came a beautiful banner of the Virgin Mary, most tastefully decorated with flowers. After the banner of the Virgin upwards of ten hundred females, gaily attired, walked four abreast out of the Church. After the females full ten hundred men, with steady step and uncovered head, also four abreast, headed by appropriate banner, left the Church. The Parish choir, aided by several French singers, came next; a magnificent banner, carried by four sturdy Highlanders, preceded the canopy; the Rev. Pastor of the Parish, wearing a splendid white cope, and attended by Deacon and Sub-Deacon, carried the sacred Host, enclosed in a rich silver Ostensory; the attending Clergymen, in sacerdotal robes, walked before the Canopy, two incensers, one on each side of the Canopy, continually incensing the Host. Captain S. Macdonald, with his men-at-arms, formed a guard of honour round the Canopy. After the line of Procession had thus been formed, stretching out over a quarter of a mile in length, the bell, in festive peals, now announced to the whole line that the Sacred Host was out. The "Pange Lingua," in solemn and harmonizing strains, was then intoned by the Clergy and

singers about the Canopy. At fixed intervals along the line the Litanies and other vocal prayers were at the same time commenced. The whole line now slowly and solemnly moved along; an immense crowd followed in the rear, and hundreds of sight-seeking spectators hovered at a respectful distance on both flanks. Twenty-four guardsmen, armed with long white staves, admirably did their duty, in maintaining order along the line. The view of the Procession at this stage was highly imposing; it presented a sight much calculated to impress each believing spectator with sentiments of awe and reverence—nay, the most heartless scoffer must have received a deep impression from the order and devotional attitude of the multitude before him. On an eminence in the centre of an open and extensive plain, about half a mile from the Church, a temporary Altar had been erected and handsomely decorated. Three standards marked a semi-circular line in front of this Altar; outside this line and fronting the Altar, the whole Procession, arranged by the guards in semi-circular ranks, now formed one dense column. As the Sacred Host arrived at the Altar, the whole multitude devoutly knelt on the green sward; the scene now became peculiarly interesting, and, indeed, one not unworthy of the great object of the day's solemn festivity. The voice of praise now rose on the elastic air, while clouds of incense—emblematic of the prayers of the faithful—ascended in sweet perfumes. Lo! all is silent—the Sacred Host is raised on high—the pious multitude, with heads bent to the ground, receive the Sacramental Benediction—the hills and valleys around re-echo to the continued peals of cannon and musketry. The Sacred Host being replaced on the Altar, the multitude rose on foot, and to the martial strains of the ancient music of Mooven, rank after rank the immense column deployed and extended itself in the same order in which it left the Church. Returning by a different route, the Procession finally re-entered the House of God. After the several rites prescribed by the Church on such occasions had been gone through, and the Benediction given, the Rev. Mr. Drummond, at four o'clock, P. M., ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very eloquent and appropriate discourse. After the Rev. gentleman's address the vast multitude, to all appearance satisfied with the proceedings of the day, left the Church and peaceably departed to their respective homes.

SPECTATOR.

St. Andrew's, 19th July, 1848.

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS No. 4.

HYMNUS OMNI HORA.

Bring forth, O boy! my harp that I
May wake to truth, the slumbering chord,
And chaunt, in dulcet melody,
The mighty wonders of the Lord,
Be this, my muse, thy dearest dream,
Be this, O lyre! alone thy theme.

With priestly garlands gaily crowned,
The Prophet's King proclaimed his birth,
With voice and harp and timbrel's sound
To all the nations of the earth,
With heavenly fire in every brain
He sang aloud the solemn strain.

These wondrous deeds inspire us too,
These works of wonder known so wide—
Which all the world announces true
And nature's self has not denied,
A God made man, creation cries,
For sinful mortal leaves the skies.

Forth from the Father's breast he came
Before arose this earthly ball,
Alpha Mega is his name,
Beginning and the end of all
Whatever was, what'er we see,
Whatever shall hereafter be.

He gave the word and all obeyed,
He spoke, and everything had birth—
The triple element was made
Of sky, of ocean, and of earth,
With whatsoever now appears
Beneath the Sun's and Moon's broad spheres.

He put on him this form of clay
This destined tenant of the tomb—
To rescue man from hell's dark way,
Which was the inevitable doom
Entailed by man's first parents' woe,
And fixed on every soul below.

O ever blessed was that hour
When that sweet Virgin full of grace

O'ershadowed by Jehova's power,
Brought forth salvation to our race,
And earth's Creator, the sweet child,
Showed to the world his brow so mild.

The voices of the starry sky
The universal heavenly throng,
All, all, below, around, on high,
Sing loud to God the praiseful song,
Nor silent shall one tongue remain,
But voice and soul awake the strain.

Behold him whom the bards of old
Did sing aloud through many an age,
Him whom the Prophets all foretold,
In many a ventable page,
The promised comes of ancient days—
Strike, strike, ye Nations! to his praise.

The vases filled with water high,
Soon flow with nectar all divine;
The waiting menial standeth by,
And loud proclaims the rosy wine,
The banquet master tastes the bowl
And sudden wonder fills his soul.

With leprous contagion dread,
A wretch stood near afflicted sore;
"Be thou made clean," the Saviour said,
And lo! the misery was no more;
The sacrifice was offered then
And all the man is clean again.

The sight obscured for many a day
With awful shadows o'er it flung,
Thou didst, O God! annoint with clay
And spittle from thy sacred tongue;
Before thy hand the darkness flies,
And light bursts o'er the happy eyes.

Thou didst rebuke the tempest dark
Howling in phrenzy o'er the waves,
That threatened wild the little bark,
Wild roaring from their lowest caves,
The storm obeys thy high behest
And silence broods o'er ocean's breast.

A woman touches Lat by stealth
Thy sacred garment's hem, when now
Forthwith returns her long lost health,
While paleness quickly spreads her brow;
The stream that flowed surcharged with gore
Now finds its bloody flux no more.

In death's deep slumber lying low
A youth is seen upon his bier,
The widow'd mother following slow
With many a flowing bitter tear—
Arise, said He—the boy arose—
The mother's heart with joy o'erflows.

Fast bound within the house of death
While four suns rolled along the skies,
Inspiring him again with breath,
He orders Lazarus to rise;
Again returns life's genial flame
And once more warms the fetid frame.

He wanders on the billows ways,
And gently walks their crested head,
While to and fro the water sways,
And smoothes a path which he may tread;
Nor does the liquid yield, tho' prest,
Beneath the Saviour's footsteps blessed.

Abiding in the dens and caves,
And howling fiercely in his chains,
A wretched being wildly raves,
Torn and tortured with his pains,
He leaps, and runs, and calls on high
When he beholds the Saviour nigh.

A myriad spirits of deep hell
Swift fly before the pow'r divine,
And rush forth, suddenly to dwell,
Amid a herd of feeding swine:
The maddened herd impatient flee,
And headlong perish in the sea.

Twelve baskets full are counted still
Of numerous fragments that are found—
When thousands have received their fill
Far stretched along the desert ground,
Two fishes and five loaves of bread
Were all on which the numbers fed.

O Thou! our Bread, our real Meat!
The spirit's inexhausted store!
Whoever of thy board shall eat
Shall ne'er complain of hunger more;
Nor frame alone dost thou renew,
Thou feed'st the soul with plenty, too.

Th' obstructed cavern of the ear
No longer waking with the sound,
By Christ's command again is clear,
From every band with which 'twas bound;
Now thrilling to each vocal cry
And hearing e'en the softest sigh

And every sickness flies away,
And every foul disease is healed,
And oh! the tongue may loudly say
With what deep silence it was sealed!
The lame leaps up with joyful tread,
And thro' the city bears his bed.

Yea—and lest e'en those souls below
Should not enjoy their happy state,
To Limbo's self his love must go,
Swift bursting thro' the brazen gate,
Whose solid bar is thrown aside,
Wrenched from its rest and opened wide.

That prison easy to descend,
But oh! so difficult to fly,
Now seeing all its sorrows end,
Gives back its inmates to the sky.
The law of grace prevails at last
And those dark dungeon's hour is passed.

Rut while the Lord with dazzling ray
The caves of death doth bright illumine,
Diffusing the immortal day,
Wide o'er those palaces of gloom,
O'er heaven's broad brow the shadows sweep,
And hide the stars in darkness deep.

The sun is banished from the skies,
O'ershadowed by a blackness dread,
Far from his orbit, lo! he flies;
And hides in clouds his radiant head,
The earth doth fear, with pallid fright,
A chaos of eternal night.

Oh! let my voice be heard on high,
And let my tongue be all unbound,
Resound the Passion's victory—
The triumph of the cross resound,
Sing—sing that sacred sign, which now
Glow's bright on every faithful brow.

O sight of wonder and of woe!
O miracle of that sad wood,
How doth a river down it flow
Of sacred water mixed with blood!
Our sins are in that water drowned,
And with that blood we all are crowned.

The serpent sees the sacrifice
Of that blessed body offered there—
He sees—and lo! his enmities
Are vain, for he no more can dare
With head all bruised and racked with pain,
Ho hisses, but his wrath is vain.

Of what avail, thou fiend accursed!
Is now to thee that work of guile?
Which doomed frail man to death at first
Effect'd by thy demon wile?
A God clothed in this form of clay
Hath washed the fearful stain away.

Salvation's Lord, vouchsafed to give
Himself awhile to death's embrace,
To bid the dead of ages live—
Live to the glorious life of grace,
Bursting the fetters of those crimes
That filled the heart from ancient times.

With him did the ancient just arise,
As he, triumphant, led the way,
Returning, joyful, to the skies,
Upon the third auspicious day
The same frail flesh they then assume,
And soar, exulting, from the tomb.

Then might be seen the dead limbs form
From out their heap of ashes grey,
And the green veins returning, warm
The cold and lifeless lump of clay,
The nerves and bones and all within
Swift covering with the tender skin.

When death in life was swallowed down*,
And frail humanity re-erect,
Arrayed in victory's glowing crown,
Triumphant to his sire he soared,
Bearing forth to eternal life
The glory of his Passion's strife.

Then reign—thou judge of earth's dead bard,
King of the living! reign in might,
Placed on thy Father's high right hand
Surrounded by the powers of light,
From which thou shalt descend again;
Th' avenging judge of sinful men.

Old age! and youth! and infancy!
Sing—sing aloud a praiseful song,
And mothers! virgins! maids! do ye
Join, too, with the rejoicing throng
Let all resound his sweetest lays,
And chaunt the Saviour's boundless praise.

The billow and the rivers flow,
The sea-beat coast and winding bay,
The heat, the shower—the frost, the snow,
The grove, the gale, the night, the day,
All—all, their song of gladness pour
And shout his name for evermore.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, July 18, 1848.

* "Swallowing down death"—St. Paul.