

given, to all present, by Dr. Walsh, who announced the objects of the Visitation, and exhorted those who were about to be confirmed. One hundred and thirty-six persons, some of whom were converts, were then "sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." Many of those confirmed had the happiness to receive the adorable Eucharist that day, for the first time.

At three o'clock a Parochial Meeting was held, the Bishop in the chair. Various resolutions were passed, respecting the erection of a new and more commodious Church for which an elevated site has been chosen, so that the House of God may overlook the habitations of his people, and the weary fisherman returning from his perilous labours on the ocean, may descry from afar as the first beacon of hope the village spire. A Committee was appointed to prepare plans and collect subscriptions which are to be handed to Rev. Mr. Doyle, as Treasurer. We will be happy to receive and acknowledge any subscriptions that may be forwarded for the new Church of Prospect, and also for the intended Church at Chczetcook.

Solemn Vespers were chaunted, after the Parochial Meeting, and the venerable Bishop of New Brunswick, at the request of Dr. Walsh, gave his solemn Benediction to the assembled faithful. After Vespers the laity, two and two, the Clergy and the Bishops, proceeded to the Cemetery where the Absolution of the dead was performed by Dr. Walsh attired in Black Cope, Plain Mitre, &c. During this affecting ceremony all remained uncovered; and fervently united their prayers with those of the Church for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. When the *Libera me Domine* ("Deliver me O Lord from eternal death in that dreadful day when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire, &c.") was chaunted, its pathetic tones were re-echoed in the stillness of a beautiful evening across the glassy surface of the bay, and seemed to excite the most thrilling emotions in the devout and breathless multitude.

At six o'clock the delighted people returned to their homes, after a well-spent and happy day.

On Monday, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, the Bishops and Clergy again officiated, and at eleven o'clock the harbour was crowded with boats to accompany them on their return to Halifax. The

cheering was long and loud, the discharge of musquetry was uninterrupted, and after rowing nearly five miles to the head of Prospect bay, the Bishops and Clergy landed, and, before they set out for town, were saluted with a *feu de joie* and continual cheering. On the whole, the Catholics of Prospect have done themselves immortal honour, and proved that they know how to value the blessings of their holy Religion.

LITERATURE.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

God of the poor man! hear us—
Thou, Giver of all good!
At this our humble meal, be near us—
Bless, bless our food.
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow;
Through the dim night hear us pray—
Look down and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us,
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory thee,
Thine hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They make us strong and healthy—
May we remain so still.

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone—
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh, answer, we beseech Thee,
Their broken anguished prayer!
Let their dark woes first reach thee—
Beam on the sufferers here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat—
He hath no gift more holy,
To deck thy mercy seat;
Take it, our Father! tho' it be
Shaded with earthly sin—
Nought else hath he, to offer Thee,
To make it right within.

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot—
Though fortune be declining,
With thee how bright his lot!
Guard, now, the night before us—
Let quiet slumber come—
Spread, spread thy mantle o'er us—
And bless the poor man's home.