

was rarely that a clergyman could find time to visit the Catholics of Cornwallis, and yet during a period of many years scarcely one case of apostasy occurred.

Their long trial fidelity, however, would not be without its reward. The Bishop assured them that a clergyman would visit them more frequently, and that they should have every opportunity of attending to their religious duties, a promise which has since been realized. We remained a short time in the village to take some refreshments, and rest ourselves after the labours of the day. We bid an affectionate farewell to those good people, who seemed waiting for our departure as the signal for their own. We returned to Kentville, leaving behind us many happy hearts, buoyant hopes, and high aspirations. The work of the visitation would have been considerably lessened, if, as is usual, the people had been prepared by a resident pastor for the reception of the Sacraments, but the district through which we were travelling was so extensive that almost in every instance we were obliged to perform that duty ourselves. On Wednesday 15th we proceeded to the Church at Kentville, and during that day, and the greater part of the day following, we were necessarily occupied in the usual routine of labour. Confessions, confirmation, exhortations, instructions, the distribution of religious memorials, meetings for Church purposes, and other matters, scarcely left us a moment of time to ourselves. The solemn ceremony of the Absolution of the Dead by the Bishop concluded the proceedings at Kentville. The anxiety of the multitude to witness this ceremony was not less than upon other occasions, and the same decorum was observable in the conduct of our Protestant brethren. The Church at Kentville stands in a commanding situation, but by some unaccountable caprice of the builder its front instead of facing the main road where the view would be remarkably fine, turns in a direction obstructed by hills and trees almost overhanging the building, and commanding no view whatever.—Being built of wood, the interior still unfinished, and presenting no obstacle to its being turned in the proper position, his Lordship represented the matter to the principal Catholics, and we have no doubt that when the requisite funds shall have been collected for its completion, his suggestion will be acted on with all willingness.

The rising sun of Friday 17th reminded us that we had hundreds of miles yet to travel, and that we must be soon on the road in order to secure some shelter for the night. Leaving Kentville, where we had remained nearly a week, and confirmed sixty-two persons, we set out for Bridgetown, forty-five miles distant, hoping to arrive at Annapolis by easy travelling in the forenoon of the day following. We had thought that, with the exception of the delays necessary to give our horses rest, we should experience no interruption on the road. We were disappointed however, for no matter where we stopped, many Catholics from the surrounding district came to see us. Some had children to be baptized, others whose homes were far distant from the principal missionary stations, were determined at least to have a glance at their Bishop as he passed along the road. The affection with which these poor people greeted us was, indeed, touching in the extreme; and we regretted that our limited time prevented us from saying more than a few passing words of consolation. At Aylesford, where the number of Catholics is considerable, we delayed for nearly two hours. A Protestant gentleman living there had given his Roman Catholic brethren a beautiful site for the erection of a Church. We found our people collected on the spot, expressing their warm admiration of the truly liberal Mr Willet, and their determination to erect the Church as speedily as possible. At the time of which I speak there was not a stick of wood on the ground for the purpose, and little did we think that when the Bishop was sketching the plan of the proposed edifice, before twelve months the Holy Sacrifice should be offered up in it, and that too by a clergyman whose place of residence is so near that he may be justly considered a resident Priest. This was a change which the good Catholics of Aylesford did not expect, but which God has made your noble Society an instrument in accomplishing. It was late when we arrived at Bridgetown. We did not expect to find any of the faithful here, but we were agreeably disappointed. It was soon whispered about that the Bishop had arrived, and although Bridgetown is a

stronghold of dissent in all its varieties, we saw some faces gazing at us so familiarly that we could have no doubt whatever as to their Catholic identity. Before our departure, the day after, his Lordship said Mass in one of the rooms of our lodging, baptized two children, and made arrangements for the purchase of a small piece of land upon which a temporary Church might be built, so as that the Catholics of Bridgetown would have some centre of attraction, however humble, until Providence would be pleased to enlarge the fold of the faithful in that township.

On Saturday, 18th July, we entered Annapolis, distant one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Halifax. Annapolis is the most ancient town in Nova Scotia. It was the Capital of the Province when the French held possession of the country, and continued as such during many years of its occupancy by the English. All the historical antiquity of which Nova Scotia can boast, centres round Annapolis. It was the theatre of sanguinary struggles which saw it taken and retaken several times, as each of the parties triumphed or was subdued. Although the interest it possessed for us was connected with different associations from those of war and slaughter, our emotions were aroused at the sight of this ancient capital. The first church erected in Nova Scotia once stood at Annapolis.—It was here that the sound of the Church bell, and the paternal voice of the devoted priest first called the savage from his wigwam to listen to those words of eternal truth, whose echo still rings in his ears after the lapse of centuries. It was from this spot that the missionaries first penetrated into the forest to win the soul of the wandering savage to God. Weak, unprotected, confiding in Him who sent them, they taught the true nature of that Great Spirit whom the Indian ignorantly adored.—Their work still remains. Their memory is still hallowed.—But of those who shed their blood so freely for Kings, and their quarrels, scarce a recollection is retained. An old guard-house in ruins, and a dismantled fort, are the only relics that speak to the eye of a traveller of bygone battles and sieges; but the rude child of the forest who still pitches his wigwam on the surrounding heights, and who clings to the religion of the ancient Port Royal, is a proud token of the Missionary's success and of the immortal work at which he is destined to labor. If the religion of the French had been merely national, it would have been extinguished in the torrent which swept their possessions away; but that religion was familiar to other climes, and professed by men of iron wills, endowed from on High, to give it permanency in Annapolis. Though shorn of its ancient splendor, catholicity is not extinct in Port Royal. Its roots are shooting deep into the earth, and its branches are spreading apace. May we not hope that through the intercession of the glorious St Louis of France, to whom our new Church was dedicated by the Bishop, the blessings of true religion will be once more abundantly diffused among the people of old Port Royal.

The interest excited by our arrival at Annapolis, was fully equal to any that we had witnessed in the stations of which I have already spoken. Persons of all denominations crowding into the Church on Sunday, the 19th, scarcely left room for a passage to the altar, and it was with some difficulty we forced our way through the dense crowd that awaited our arrival at the time appointed for the celebration of Pontifical High Mass. In the course of the morning, the Rev. Mr. Hannan and myself, said our masses in the Church, which were attended by large congregations, composed principally of Catholics; but at the High Mass, so anxious were the Protestants to be present, that although we had caused a temporary gallery to be erected, the accommodation was by no means sufficient.—Many an eager face peered through the windows from the outside, and the multitude that beset the entrance, without being able to obtain admittance, would, of themselves, form a numerous congregation. This was the first High Mass chanted at Annapolis, probably, during the last one hundred and fifty years. We had a tolerably efficient Choir, and it was with honest pride and exultation that we listened to the beautiful hymns of our Church, as they wafted us back to the days of old, when the same tone, and the same chaunt, unchanged by time, resounded through the valley, and although silent for more than a century, awoke again with renewed animation. After Mass,