

take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames." "Very well," said the priest, and deliberately directing his steps towards the meadow he drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

In the month of August, 1829, Chiniquy finished his classical course of study in the college of Nicolet, and on 4th May, 1832, irrevocably consecrated himself to the Church of Rome by taking the vow of celibacy and accepting the office of sub-deacon. It was not, however, till 21st September, 1833, that he was raised to the priesthood in the cathedral of Quebec. "No words," he says, "can express the solemnity of my thoughts when the delegate of the Pope, imposing his hands on my head, gave me the power of converting a real wafer into the real substantial body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ! The bright allusion of Eve as the deceiver told her 'Ye shall be as Gods,' was child's play with what I felt when assured by the voice of my church that I was not only on equal terms with my Saviour, but I was in reality above Him, and that hereafter I would not only command but create Him!"

Father Chiniquy was a faithful priest of Rome, and performed the duties which devolved upon him with the utmost conscientiousness. He thus describes his first administration of the Mass: "When the bell rang to tell me that the hour was come to clothe myself with the golden priestly robes and go to the altar, my heart beat with such a rapidity that I came very near fainting. The holiness of the action I was to do, the infinite greatness of the sacrifice I was about to make, the Divine Victim I was to hold in my hands and present to God the Father, the wonderful miracle of transubstantiation I was about to perform, filled my soul and my heart with such sentiments of terror, joy, and awe, that I was trembling from head to foot.

"It is not an easy thing to go through all the ceremonies of the Mass. There are more than one hundred different ceremonies and positions of the body which must be preserved with the utmost perfection. To omit *one* of them willingly is eternal damnation. To make one's self believe that he can convert a piece of bread into God requires such a supreme effort of the will, and complete annihilation of intelligence, that the state of the soul after the effort is over is more like death than life. I had really persuaded myself that I had done the most holy and sublime action of my life, when in fact I had been guilty of the most outrageous act of idolatry.