

to the splendour of such an interesting occasion ; and the results were experienced in a scene the remembrance of which can never pass away—and the solemn grandeur of which could scarcely be anticipated even by those to whom the glories of our Ritual are not unfamiliar.

The day was exceedingly propitious. The morning had worn a lowering aspect and many apprehensions had been expressed that public expectation would be disappointed by a necessary adjournment of the sacred ceremony. But shortly before the hour appointed for the departure of the procession, the sun shone forth with more than his usual brilliancy, and he seldom witnessed a scene more beautiful and affecting than that which we have the happiness to describe.

Shortly after ten o'clock the thirty six Wardens, who rendered such invaluable services on the occasion of the two popular demonstrations at the Cemetery, appeared among the mass with their wands beautifully decorated and ornamented, to marshal the assembled thousands in the old grave yard. As in the other processions the parishioners marched four deep. Before their departure the most admirable dispositions had been made to give effect to the proceedings: so that when the signal to move was given by the Bishop all proceeded with a regularity and self possession becoming the sacredness of the day and the object all had in view.

Having received the signal from his Lordship Dr. Walsh, all proceeded in the following order :

Four hundred and fifty boys, four and four.
The Parishioners of St. Mary's four and four.
Cross Bearer, wearing a splendid cope, and
bearing a magnificently gilt cross, ten feet
in altitude—on each side attended by
an Acrolythe.

Thurifers.

Boys, two deep, in surplices, red cossack and
hands, bearing on cushions, &c. the various
things to be used in the ceremony—
the mitres, &c.

Two Crozier Bearers in white and gold Dalmatics.

Sub Deacons in Tunics.

Deacons in Dalmatics.

Priests in fine Copes, two and two.

The Bishop.

We will not attempt to describe the appearance which this gorgeous assemblage presented as they moved along the Spring Garden Road on their way to the Cemetery. The impression made upon our minds is not to be conveyed by words. It was not the endless line of the thousands stretching away through all the tortuous windings of the road until the moving column could be traced unbroken from the grave yard to St. Mary's Church ; it was not the admirable precision with which the officers directed and the people preserved the order of the march from the commencement to the end ; it was not even the splendour of the purely religious portion of the cortege—and we have seldom seen any thing superior to it ;—nor even the reflection of unaffected piety which shone from the countenances of every one engaged there :—but it was something arising from the whole—the crowd of associations to which it gave existence—that make Sunday a day the memory of which must live forever. Who could look upon that countless multitude with all the solemnity of religion going forth on the Christian Sabbath—turning their backs upon the last home of their mouldering predecessors, where the dwelling place of death had become too crowded ; where “dust to dust” had been added until the remains of four generations had been gathered in silent testimony of the hollow vanity of all things here below ; where many a one reposed whose death even recently had shadowed the brightness of domestic happiness and withered friendship in its blossom ; who could recollect this—and that now that same multitude was going forward to seek a new region for death's empire—to recognise that ties were yet to be sundered—that objects of affection were still to be snatched away—to make homes in the Earth's dark womb for themselves and others—who could recollect all this and not be moved by the majesty of the moral spectacle ?

As we approached the Cemetery the scene