MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND.

THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

X—Continued.

"You speak in paradoxes now, sir," said Lord Somers, interested in spite of himself.

"I take aristocracy as the efflorescence of the social and political evil," said Mr. Wyville, now deeply moved by his theme. "It presupposes the morality of hereditary classes. Men would not, in a justly ordered state, be born either to luxury, poverty, disease, or crime. I do not know where or how mankind began to do the social sum wrong; but I do know, for I see, that the result is appalling,—that millions have evil for a heritage, as truly as you, my Lord, have your entailed estate."

"But how can this be changed or bettered, my dear Mr. Wyville, except by the spread of charity and religion among the wealthy?" asked the peer.

"Ah, pardon me; I consider these things from another standpoint. Charity among the rich simply means the propriety of the poor being miserable,—that poverty is unfortunate, but not wrong. But God never meant to send the majority of mankind into existence to exercise the charity and religion of the minority. He sent them all into the world to be happy and virtuous, if not equal; and men have generated their evils by their own blind and selfish rules."

"Surely, Mr. Wyville," interrupted Hamerton, "you do not believe in the American absurdity that men are born equal?"

"I do not think the Americans mean that in your sense," answered Wyville. "I do believe that every generation of men should have a fair start, and let the best lives win."

"But it never can be done," said Lord Somers.

"It has never been tried, I think, except by fanatics or philanthropic charity-mongers, who have done more harm than good. The good shall not come from the stooping of the rich, but from the raising of the poor; and the poor had better remain poor for another cycle than be raised by charity, and so pauperized and degraded."

"How would you begin the improvement, had you absolute power?" asked Mr. Hamerton.

Mr. Wyville checked himself with an effort, as he was about to speak.

"You have led me to utter latent thoughts rather than opinions," he said, smiling, and looking toward the nobleman. "I fear my upas roots have led me out of bounds."

Mr. Hamerton seemed annoyed at the check, and strode across the room impatiently.

"Confound it, Somers," he cried, "throw off your official airs, and take an interest in principles, as you used to. Mr. Wyville, I beg of you to continue; you should not only talk freely here, but I wish to Heaven you could preach these things in Westminster Abbey."

"Let me recall the question of this excitable person, Mr. Wyville," said his lordship; "he asked how you would begin the reform of society, had you absolute power?"

"By burning the law books."

"Splendid!" cried Hamerton.

"And then?" asked Lord Somers.

"By burning the title deeds."

"Magnificent!" ejaculated Hamerton.

"Could society exist without law?" asked the nobleman.

"Not just yet; but it could have a better existence with better laws. At present the laws of civilization, especially of England, are based on and framed by property—a depraved and unjust foundation. Human law should be founded on God's law and human right, and not on the narrow interests of land and gold."

"What do you propose to effect by such law?" asked Lord Somers.

"To raise all men above insecurity, which is the hot bed of lawlessness," answered Mr. Wyville.

"But by what means can law make poor men rich?" asked the nobleman.

"By allowing no one to hold unproductive land while a single man is hungry. By encouraging small farmers, till every acre of land in England is teeming with food."

"But men do not live by bread alone. Englishmen cannot all be farmers. What then?"

"By developing a system of technical education that would enable the town and city populations to manufacture to advantage the product of the fields and mines."

"Admirable!" cried Hamerton.

"But this is revolution," said the nobleman.

"I know not what it may be called, my Lord," responded Mr. Wyville impressively; "but it is lawful and right. This can all be achieved by legal reform—ay, even under present laws."

"Let me not misunderstand you, Mr. Wyville," said the nobleman seriously. "Would you propose that the estates of wealthy men be wrested from them by law?"

"Not without compensation, my Lord; and not at all unless they refused to cultivate the soil or to pay the heavy tax necessary to insure cultivation. I would do no wrong to make a right. No inherited nor purchased land should be taken for the benefit of the people without giving a fair recompense to the aristocrat."

"Well, and having done all this, where should we be?" asked Lord Somers.

"At the starting-point," answered Mr. Wyville, with a sad smile; "only at the starting-point. At present, the level of society is insecurity, poverty, misery, from which spring fear, ignorance, disease, and crime. Under a better system, the lowest point would be at least sufficiency, enough for all the human beings in the country; and this, in time, would eradicate much of the evil, perhaps most of it."

"Do you think, if there were enough for all, there would not still be some who would steal?" asked Hamerton.

"For a time there would be," answered Wyville, gravely; "perhaps for a thousand years or more we should have remnants of common crime. Men have been thousands of years learning to steal, and cringe, and lie; at least give them one thousand to unlearn."

"But if it take so long," said Lord Somers, laughing, "we may as well go as we are."

"Not so, my Lord," answered Wyville; and, as he spoke his face was lighted with an exaltation of spirit that made it marvellously beautiful and powerful; "no man who sees truth, however distant, can conscientiously go on as if it were not there. Thousands of years are vast periods; but the love of human liberty and happiness shall reach out and cling to the eternal. Let every man who believes, faithfully do his share, sow the seed that he has received, and in God's time the glorious harvest will come of a pure and truthful people, whose aristocrats shall be elevated by intelligence and virtue, and the love of humanity, and not by accident of birth and superiority in vice and pride."

The three who heard were deeply moved by the earnestness of the speaker, whose whole being seemed filled with the splendid prophecy. Lord Somers was the first to speak, returning to the subject of the Penal Reform Bill.

"And yet, Mr. Wyville, with all your enthusiasm for social reform, you have given us a bill which is filled with practical attention to existing institutions."

"Ah, it is too soon to begin; and the beginning will not be at that point," said Mr. Wyville. "The real evil is outside the prison, and at present our legal morality calls it good. Until society is changed by the new common sense of abstract justice, we must temporize with our criminal codes."

There was a pause; no one seemed willing to break the floating possibilities of the future.

"You are going to Australia with the next convict ship, are you not?" Mr. Hamerton at length asked Mr. Wyville.

"Yes; I wish to see the machinery of the new system put in motion. Besides, I have personal matters to attend to in the Colony."

Sheridan had started so sudden at the question that now all three turned their eyes on him.

"I have thought," he said, looking at Lord Somers, "that I also should like to return to Australia on that ship."

"Would you not prefer to go in my yacht, Mr. Sheridan?" asked Mr. Wyville. "She will sail for Australia about the same time, and you shall command her for a voyage."

"I should prefer the ship," said Sheridan. Then, thinking he had rudely refused, he added: "I desire very keenly to have this experience."

"You shall have your wish, sir," said the Secretary, "and I envy you the companionship of your voyage."

BOOK THIRD.

ALICE WALMSLEY.

I.

MISERERE!

O, Spirits of Unrest and Pain, that grieve for the sorrow dealt out to weak humanity, sweep from my heart the dull veil of individuality, and let my being vibrate with the profound pulsation of those who mourn in the depths. Spirits of Sorrow and Sympathy, twin sisters of the twilight, touch the trembling chords that sound the symphony of wrong, and desolation, and despair!

Almighty God, in Thy wisdom, and surely also in Thy love, Thou layest Thine awful finger on a poor human soul, and it is withered in Thy sight even to agony and death. Thy ways, far seeing, our eyes may not discover. In those supreme moments of trial, when that which we see is black as night, teach us to trust in Thy guidance, give us light to deny the fearful temptation of Chance, and faith to believe that all who labor and are heavy laden may bring their heavy burden trustingly to Three!

With a prayer, we enter the cell of Alice Walmsley—a cell where no prayer had been uttered, woeful to say, for the first five years of her life therein. We look upon the calm white face and the downcast eyes that during the hopeless period had never been raised to Heaven—except once, and then only in defiance and imprecation.

God's hand had caught her up from the happy plain, to fling her into the darkest furrows of affliction; and from these depths the stricken soul had upbraided the judge and rebelled against the sentence.

Alice Walmsley had been born with a heart all kindness and sympathy. From her very infancy she had loved intensely the kindly, the unselfish, and the beautiful. She had lived through her girlhood as happy, healthy and pure as the primroses beneath her mother's hedgerows. She had approached womanhood as a silver stream ripples to the sea, yearning for its greatness and its troubles and its joys—hurrying from the calm delights of the meadow banks to the mighty main of strength, and saltness, and sweetness.

The moment of communion was reached at last, when her girlish life plunged with delicious expectation into the deep—and in one hideous instant she knew that forever she had parted from the pure and beautiful, and was buried in an ocean of corruption and disappointment, rolled over by waves of unimaginable and inevitable suffering and wrong.

From the first deep plunge, stifled, agonized, appalled, she rose to the surface, only to behold the land receding from her view—the sweet fields of her innocent and joyous girlhood fading in the distance.

She raised her eyes, and saw the heaven calm and beautiful above her, sprinkled with gem-like stars—and she cried, she screamed to God for help in her helplessness. The answer did not come—the lips of God were dumb—it seemed as if He did not heed nor see the ruin of one puny life. The sky was as beautiful and serene as before, and the stars were as bright.

Then, from the crest of the wave, as she felt herself slipping back into the dreadful depths again, and for ever, she raised her face to heaven, and shrieked reproach and disbelief and execration!

On the very day of her marriage, before the solemn words of the ceremony had left her memory, she had looked for one dread moment beneath the mask of him who had won her love and trust—some old letters of her husband relating to Will Sheridan had fallen into her hands—and she shrank within herself, affrighted at the knowledge of deceit and habitual falsehood that the glimpse had brought her. It was her first grief and secret, and she hid it in her soul for months before she dared look upon it again.

But a single grief, even though a heavy one, could not crush the light out of so joyous and faithful a heart. She still possessed the woman's angelic gifts of hope and faith. She had, too, the woman's blessed quality of mercy. She forgave—trusting that her forgiveness would bring a change. She prayed, and waited, and hoped—in secret confidence with her own heart. Another influence would be added to hers ere long. When she gave his child into his arms, and joined its supplication to hers, she believed, nay, she knew, that her happiness would be returned to her.

But before that day came, she was left alone. Her husband, from the hour she had given herself into his power, had followed one careless, selfish, and cynical course. She would not, could not, believe that this was his natural life, but only a temporary mood.

When first he spoke of going to sea again, on a long voyage, she was pleased, and thought gladly of the change for her, who had never seen the great world. When he coldly said that she was to remain, she became alarmed—she could not be left alone—she implored, she prayed to go with him.

Then came the sneer, the brutal refusal, the master's command, the indelible insult of expressed weariness and dislike. She held her peace.

When the day came, he would have left her, for years of absence, without a kiss; but the poor soul, hungering and waiting for a loving word or look, unable to believe her great affection powerless to win a return, could not bear this blighting memory. She clung to him, sobbing her full heart on his breast; she kissed him and prayed for him, with her hands on his shoulders, and her streaming eyes on his; she blamed herself, and told him she would be happy till he returned,—the thought of her coming joy would bless her life, and bless and preserve him on the sea. With such words, she let him go.

Firmly and faithfully the loving heart kept this last promise. Months passed, and her lonely home grew very dear to her. Her young heart refused to remember the pain of the past, and would recall day after day, untiringly, the few poor pleasures of her wedded life. She would not allow herself to think how much even of these pleasures was due to others than her husband—to her mother and her old friends.

But all her sorrow died, and her doubt and fear fled away on the day when she took to her yearning breast the sweet baby that was hers and his. God's eye seemed too full of love that day. The harvest of her young life was the bursting of a flower of exquisite joy. Her baby was a prayer—God had come near to her, and had sent her an angelic present. Her life for many days was a ceaseless crooning melody of soft happiness, mingled with prayers for her husband absent on the sea.

Then came the lightning, and blasted her fabric of joy, and shrivelled her future life into hopelessness before her face. One moment it rose fair and sightly and splendid; the next, it was scattered at her scorched feet, a pile of blackened and pitiful ruin. O, day of sorrow, would it had been of death!

It was a bright and happy morning, and she sat in her pleasant little room, with the baby in her arms. She had been dreaming awake. She was full of peace and thankfulness for her exceeding joy.

Suddenly, a shadow fell upon her—some one had entered the room. She looked up, and met a terrible face—a woman's face, glaring at her and at her child. She could not scream—she was paralyzed with terror. The face was crowded with passion—every dreadful line seemed to possess a voice of wrath and hatred.

Alice had no power to defend herself; but she folded her baby closer to her breast, and looked straight at the dreadful face.

"You think you are his wife!" cried the woman, with a laugh of hideous derision. "You think he loves you! You lie! You lie! He is my husband! He never was yours! He is mine, mine! And he lied to you!"

More was said by the woman—much more; but it all resolved itself into this in Alice's confused memory. Papers the stranger produced, and held before Alice's eyes. She read the written words—they were transferred to her brain in letters of fire. Nearer and nearer came the dreadful women, and more threatening the insults she hissed into Alice's face. She laid her hand on the baby's shoulder, and crushed it, cursing it.

Still Alice could not scream. Her heart gave irregular throbs—her brain was beginning to reel. Nearer, still nearer, the hateful face—the words struck he like missiles—they sprang like knives at her heart—her body grew weak—the baby fell from her knees——O God! the silent agony—the terrible stranger had seized the child—the mother's senses failed—the sunlight grew dark—the sufferer fell unconscious at her enemy's feet.

When she raised her head, after hours of a merciful blank, she was alone,—her baby lay dead before her,—and the love and trust of her life lay stark and strangled by its side.

What more? Nay, there was no more to be borne. The worst had come. The flaming rocket had spent its last spark in the dark sky—the useless stick was falling to the earth to be forgotten for ever.

Friends? What had they to say? Kindness was dead. Shame had no existence. Sorrow, disgrace, infamy, what had she to do with these? But they had taken her, had seized her as their prey, and she would make no resistance.

With bonds of faith and love and trust and hope, Alice Walmsley's life had been firmly bound to all that was good and happy. The destroyer's knife had severed all these at one merciless sweep; and the separated and desolated heart sank like lead into the abyss of despair.

Their followed a blank—intermixed with turmoil of formal evidence and legal speeches, and voices of clinging friends, who implored her to speak and clear herself of the dreadful charge. At this word, her mind cleared—she looked at and understood her position—and she refused to speak—she would not plead "not guilty" when charged with killing her own child. Her mother, broken with years and with this affliction, tottered from the rails of the dock, against which she had leant, and sank heart-broken on the floor of the court. She was carried to the open air by weeping strangers—carried past Alice, who never looked upon her dear face again.

Still she stood silent, tearless, but conscious of every act and relation. Anguish had changed her in one day from a girl into a strong, self-reliant woman. To her own soul she said: "My life is in ruin—nothing can now increase the burden. If I speak, another will stand here—another who has been wronged as I have been. She was wretched before she became guilty. Let me undergo—let me never see the face of one who knew me, to remind me of the past. Between freedom and memory, and imprisonment and forgetfulness—I choose the latter."

These thoughts never became words in Alice's mind; but this was the mental process which resulted in her silence in the dock. The trial was short—she was found guilty. Then came the solitude and silence of the great prison.

Four white walls, a stone floor, a black iron door, a heavily barred window, through which she looked up at the moon and stars at night—and, enclosed within these walls, a young and beautiful girl, a tender heart that never throbbed with a lawless desire, a conscience so sensitive and a mind so pure that angels might have communed with her.

Shall not this prisoner find peace in solitude, and golden sermons in the waves of pain?

She had been one day and night in Millbank. The severe matron or warder of the pentagon opened her cell door in the morning, and handed her two books, a Bible and prayer-book.

The window of the cell, outside the bars, was open. Without a word to the warder, the prisoner threw the books out of the open window.

"They are not true; I shall pray no more," she said, not fiercely, but firmly, as they fell into the yard within the pentagon.

She was reported to the authorities. They sent the Bible reader to pray with her, in the cell, according to the rule laid down for the convict prisons; but she remained silent. They punished her—for the dreadful word "murder" was printed on her door card; they shut her up in a dark cell for days and weeks, till her eyes dilated and body shrank under the meagre food. Remember, a few weeks before, she was a simple, God fearing country-girl. Neither prayer nor punishment could bring her into relenting, but only deepened the earnestness of her daily answer:

"I shall pray no more."

Her case was brought before the Chief Director, Sir Joshua Hobb. This disciplinarian visited her dark cell, and, with a harsh "Ho, there!" flashed a brilliant lamp on the entombed wretch. She sat on a low seat in the centre of the dark cell, her face bowed into her hands, perhaps to shut out the painfully sudden glare.

"She won't pray, eh?" said the great reformer, looking at the slight figure that did not move. "We'll see." He evidently took a special interest in this case.

An hour later, the prisoner was taken from her cell, and dragged or pushed by two strong female warders till she stood in an arched passage beneath the prison. Her clothing was rudely torn from her shoulders to the waist; her wrists were strapped to staples in the wall; and, before her weakened and benumbed brain had realized the unspeakable outrage, the lash had swept her delicate flesh into livid stripes.

Then, for one weak moment, her womanhood conquered, and she shrieked, as if in supplication, the name of Him she had so bitterly refused to worship.

But the scream of her affliction was not a prayer,—it was the awful utterance of a parting spirit, the cry of a wrecked and tortured soul, an imprecation born of such agony as was only utterable in a curse. May God pity and blot out the sin!

They carried her senseless body to the hospital, where unconsciousness befriended her for many weeks. A brain-fever racked her; she lived the terrors of the past every hour; a weaker body would have sunk under the strain: but her time had not yet come.

The fever left her at last,—her consciousness returned; the austere, philanthropic women and hackeyed preachers labored by her bedside in rigid charity and sonorous prayer, during which her eyes remained closed and her lips motionless.

As her strength returned, she moved about the ward, feeling a pleasant relief when she could do a kindness to another inmate weaker than herself. She would warm the drinks, smooth the pillows, or carefully give the medicines as prescribed, to her unfortunate sisters. And all this she performed silently. She never smiled, and no one but her own heart knew that her labor for others gave her comfort.

When her health was quite restored she had become valuable to the physicians and warders. She was asked to remain in the hospital rather than to go back and work in the cells.

She chose the hospital, and entered at once on her regular duties as a nurse.

Why did she choose the busy hospital, instead of the solitary cell? Because she was still a woman. Trust in God had been taken from her; but she remained unselfish, or, rather, her life had assumed an exalted selfishness, possible only to highly organized natures. Though God was deaf, she could not believe that good was dead, for she still felt sympathy for her fellow sufferers. God had made the world, but had forgotten it, and the spirit of evil had taken His place.

"They say you don't believe in religion?" said a dying woman to her one day; "then maybe you don't believe that God has punished me like this for my evil ways?"

Alice Walmsley looked at the unfortunate—then searched her own heart before answering. Her affliction was her own; God had deserted her—had He also deserted this poor wretch?

"God has not punished you," she answered; "you have brought on your own punishment."

"Then God will give me my child in the other world?" cried the woman with pitiful earnestness; "O, say He will, and I shall die happy!"

Alice did not answer; but the iron of the question pierced her soul. There lived beneath all the burden of her suffering a love that thrilled her day and night, a yearning that never slept, a memory and pity of unspeakable tenderness for her dead child. It was grief in love and love in grief. She had tried to reason it away, but in vain. God, who had tortured her, or allowed her torture, had seized her babe for ransom. While she was wronged before Him, He held a hostage for her silence.

How should she answer this dying woman's question?

She walked from the ward straight to the matron's office, and asked to be sent to the cells—she could work no more in the hospital.

Expostulation, argument, threats, had no effect on her determination. Her resolution troubled every one in the hospital, for her services were highly prized. But she had settled the question. The mind may delay in solving a problem, but the soul's solution is instantaneous and unalterable. She was sent to the cell.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get "Putnam's."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

The greatest frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met now a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxy in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorisis or anæmia—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. Is not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded especially to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care from the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unvarying success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich color necesary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases a never failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or depraved condition of the blood or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A church is soon to be erected in Penetanguishene in memory of the Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Brebœuf and Lallemant, who preached among the Huron Indians and were put to death by the Iroquois in 1640.

The Cathedral of Salt Lake City, which is to be begun early in the spring, will be a very handsome structure, the cost of which will be about $75,000. It will be 105 feet in length and 92 in width.

Medical Hints.

The quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, soreness and lameness, is Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take 10 to 30 drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also, when immediate relief will result.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Keep off the Chaps.

Wet wintry weather causes chapped hands, sore throat, croup, colds, pain in the chest, swellings, etc., for which a certain cure exists in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the best pain expeller for internal or external use. Keep it on hand in case of emergencies. Every bottle is a little giant in curative power.

Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is prefrom fresh beef, soluble iron, and pure sherry wine, combined with choice aromatics.

Coming Events.

Coming consumption is forshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

There is no Better remedy for worms of any kind in children or adults than Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

Burdock Pills cure sick headache by regulating the stomach, liver and bowels

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache, others report remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum, etc. Truly, the best advertising which Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

REV. DAVID SCOLLARD

ORDAINED AT ENNISMORE BY BISHOP O'CONNOR.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY AT ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH — DESCRIPTION OF THE ORDINATION RITES—REV. FATHER SCOLLARD'S ORDINATION—HIS FIRST BLESSING—PRESENTATION TO HIS LORDSHIP—AN ADMIRABLE SERMON BY REV. FATHER KIELTY.

Sunday was a memorable day in the history of the parish of Ennismore. It saw the ordination to the priesthood of the Catholic Church of a young man who had been born and bred in the parish, had grown up, and received his early education and religious training amongst the people, and was known to them for his piety, zeal and manly qualities. Rev. David Scollard—for such he now is—is a son of Mr. John Scollard, of Ennismore. After leaving the local school, and resolving to take holy orders, he went to St. Michael's College, where he learned his classics, and thence to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to complete his theological course. He has but recently finished his studies, and on Sunday he was received into the Catholic Church as one of her priests.

St. Martin's church, inside and out brightened with wreaths and arches of evergreens, was crowded with the good people of Ennismore, and some from neighboring parishes, who felt proud and pleased that one of their number was to receive such a high and holy office. The occasion was one of special importance on account of the presence of the beloved Bishop of the diocese, who, in person, ordained Rev. Father Scollard, and thus cemented the bonds of love and respect between himself and his parishioners.

Shortly after half past 10 o'clock the sacredotal procession left the manse and entered the church, the acolytes preceding, followed by the priests and the Bishop. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor ordained the priest, and was assisted by Rev. Father Laurent, V. G., Lindsay, archdeacon; Rev. Father D. O'Connell, parish priest, deacon; Rev. Father Connolly, Emily, sub deacon; Rev. Father Rudkins, St. Peter's cathedral, master of ceremonies; and Rev. Father Kelty, of Douro (a former pastor of St. Martin's), who preached the sermon.

BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY.

The ordination of a priest is one of the most solemn and impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The ceremony was conducted in Latin, but printed English forms were distributed amongst the congregation, so that they could follow the observances closely thoughout. Bishop O'Connor celebrated Mass clothed in full pontificals—amice, alb, cincture, cross, tunic, dalmatic, maniple, stole and chasuble. These are emblematic of the sacred power, which, in obedience to the Divine commission, he conferred upon the suppliant for ordination. Having previously received tonsure, the four minor orders—porter, lector, exorcist and acolyte—also the sacred orders of subdeaconship and deaconship, and after being duly examined concerning his conduct and morals, his knowledge of the Sacred Scripture, theology, etc., the candidate was arrayed in the vestments of a deacon. The Bishop proceeded with the Mass, as far as Tract, when, having taken his seat, the ordination commenced.

He who was to be promoted to the order of priesthood was then presented, holding on his left arm a folded chasuble, in his right hand a taper, and in his left a purificator for binding his hands.

The Archdeacon, in answer to the Bishop's question: "Do you know him to be worthy?" replies that as far as human frailty permitted him to judge, he knew and attested that he was worthy of this sublime office.

The Bishop then addressed the assembled clergy and people, impressing upon the candidate for holy orders and the congregation the importance of the position, and demanding if any man knew anything against his promotion to come forward and speak.

After a moment's uninterrupted pause the Bishop proceeded to address the candidate upon the dignity and holiness of the office he was about to assume. Then the candidate prostrated himself before the Bishop and the Litany of the Saints was chanted, during which the Bishop, standing with crosier and mitre, blessed the prostrate candidate thrice. After the conclusion of the Litany the imposition of hands was performed by the Bishop and the clergy in stole, followed by an invocation for Divine assistance and grace for the candidate. The Bishop then extended his hands and prayed as in the preface of the Mass and supplicated for God's favor upon the candidate. Resuming his seat, the Bishop, removing the stole from the candidate's left shoulder, crossed it on his breast, saying: "Receive thou the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden light." Then the candidate was invested with the chasuble, folded on his shoulders, and the Bishop, taking off his mitre, uttered a prayer. Then the

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took place. The Bishop made the sign of the cross with the oil on the hands of the ordained, and, after praying, he bound them together; then, to signify the conferring of the power to offer sacrifice to God and offer Mass for the living as well as for the dead, in the name of the Lord, the ordained was presented by the Bishop with a chalice containing wine and water, and patena with a host. Having arrived at this stage of the ceremony, the Bishop continued Mass, and, after the offertory, proceeded to the middle of the altar, where he was presented with the taper which the newly-ordained priest carried. The Bishop gave the priest Communion, after which he washed the priest's hands and read an admonition. Then the Bishop, with mitre on, turned to the ordained, who, standing before the altar, made a profession of his faith by reciting the Creed. He then knelt before the Bishop, who, placing both hands upon his head, said: "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." Then the chasuble is unfolded and the priest clothed entirely with it, and the Bishop, taking his hands between his own, said: "Do you promise to me and my successors reverence and obedience?" "I promise," was the reply; and the Bishop gave him the kiss of peace, and said: "The peace of the Lord