



WHERE IS GOD?

Where is He?—Ask his emblem,
The glorious, glorious sun,
Who glads the round world with his beams
Ere his day's long course is run.

Where is He?—Ask the stars that keep
Their nightly watch on high.

Where is He?—Ask the pearly dews,
The tear-drops of the sky,

Where is He?—Ask the secret founts
That feed the boundless deep;

The dire sinner, or the soft night-breeze
That lulls the earth to sleep.

Where is He?—Ask the storm of fire
That bursts from Etna's womb,

And ask the glowing lava-flow,

That makes the land a tomb.

Where is He?—Ask the Maelstrom's whirl,
Shiv'ring tall pines like glass;

Ask the giant oak, the graceful flow'r,

Or the simplest blade of grass.

Where is He?—Ask Behemoth,

Who drinketh rivers dry;

The ocean-king, Leviathan,

Or the scarce-seen atom fly.

Where is He?—Ask the awful calm
On mountain-tops that rests;

The bounding, thund'ring avalanche,

Rent from their rugged crests,

Ask the wide-wasting hurricane,

Careering in its might;

The thunder-crash, the lightning-blaze,

Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He?—Ask the crystal isles
On arctic seas that sail,

Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,

The perfume-breathing gale,

Where in the universe is found

That presence-favor'd spot—

All—all—proclaim his dwelling-place—

But say—WHERE IS HE NOT?

12 o'clock, about that time I went into the chapel, which is always kept open, and amused myself by looking at the pictures. At length I heard a confused noise rolling through the long entries, in one of the upper stories, which grew more distinct, until I discovered that it was the voices of the nuns, responding to each other in a plaintive chant. They continued this, until they came into the chapel, which they did by pairs, in the most perfect order; the youngest being foremost, and the Superior behind them all. They went up towards the altar, and kneeling down in the order in which they came in, commenced their prayers—

These were in French, and were uttered in response to the Superior, and in a reverent manner, though with an unusual tone. After this, they prayed silently a few minutes, and then, at the shutting up of a book by the Superior, they all arose, passed up to the altar, and turning round with military precision, passed slowly out of the room. Of course their piety did not permit them to neglect crossing themselves with the holy water at the door. There were 22 of them, some of whom might be as young as 20, while others were quite advanced. Their countenances were mostly cheerful, and the younger of them had scarcely lost the glad smile and the dew drop brilliancy of early life. Their dress was grey cloth, (from which circumstance they are named,) and neatly, though singularly made. Their veils, or rather caps, were of black. There was one in the gallery of the chapel, dressed differently from the rest, who did not come in with them, and remained at her prayers after they had retired. My curiosity was considerably excited respecting her, but there was no one to give me any information.

The three Convents which I have described, are all that exist in Montreal; though there is a number of similar kinds in Lower Canada, particularly at Quebec, where there are three or four, and at Three Rivers, where there is one. How far these institutions ought to be condemned, I shall not pretend to say; but it is almost impossible to witness the benevolence of these self-denying sisters, without entertaining great respect for them.

I have promised to say something of the Catholic places of worship in Canada. This promise I will now redeem. Liberal sums are expended upon the churches. The larger ones have generally two steeples, and from one to four bells. The doors are always open for the people to say their prayers, and are never entered without finding a number there at their devotions. Near the doors, as in all Catholic churches, stand vases of holy water. The altars are furnished, in a manner similar to those in the United States; having an image of our Saviour on the cross, stands of artificial flowers, long wax tapers, &c. Around the altar is, generally, a slight elevation of the floor. Above it, is a painting of the saint to whose tutelary guardianship the church is committed. Paintings, often of the finest execution, hang thickly along the walls. These are generally persons or scenes, taken from sacred history; though many of them might as well have been taken from any where else, for any reference they bear to piety and devotion. The pulpit is a large round stand, about three feet in diameter, stuck upon the side of the wall. Appended to the church, or hard by, is the residence of the priest, or priests, (for they sometimes have five or six over one church,) where they live in single and solitary blessedness, free from the cares and distractions that attend the marriage state. I now and then saw boys in attendance on the altar. They bowed every time they passed before it, or touched any of its appendages; nor would they, while there, permit any one to keep his hat on in the consecrated place.

The new French Church of Montreal, (often, though erroneously, called the French Cathedral,) is probably the noblest edifice on this continent. It is 255 feet long, by 100 in width; and including two large galleries, will contain 10,000 persons. It has five altars, two on each side of the church, and one principal one at the end. Over this last, is an enormous window, which is shaded by a semitransparent sort of curtain, upon which is painted a variety of scenes and figures, taken mostly from the Apocalypse. These have a very brilliant appearance in the day time, on account of the refraction of the light upon them through the window. The ceiling is painted in such a manner as to represent a series of arches obliquely crossing each other, and it is so high, that the deception is complete. I do not know how much has been expended upon this building; but it is not yet finished. The two steeples are yet to be run up about 125 feet above the roof; and another marble statue is to be set up, in an arched cavity, on the front of the church. The two already there, are, I believe, intended to represent two of the apostles, and though as large as life, are so much elevated, as to look quite small. Indeed the first thing noticed by the traveller, on approaching the city, is this enormous church, which is about two thirds higher than the buildings around it.

The Catholics have other places of worship besides the churches, particularly in the country; viz: neat, but very small chapels, with a little cupola and bell, designed, I suppose, merely as a convenience to those of the parishioners, who live at a distance from the church.

I was much interested in seeing the sisters perform their daily devotions—Learning that their hour of prayer was

—also, large wooden crosses, the centre of which is encircled with a rude representation of a crown of thorns. To each of these crosses is also appended a little case, with a glass front, enclosing a small metallic image of our Saviour on the cross. They are visited by all the congregation, on a certain holiday, every year.

A QUAKER JUMPING A DITCH.

Hezekiah Broadbrib was a fat Quaker in the state of New Jersey, who sold molasses, codfish, coffee, china and earthenware, cloths, and all sorts of liquors—We like the Quakers very much, who are Quakers in deed, as well as name; but Hezekiah was a Hickory Quaker.—He was somewhat of an old bachelor; and had a sister who was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive; straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and smiling as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

Hezekiah and Dorcas walked out one Sunday afternoon, in the blooming month of May, to breathe the fresh air and view the meadows. The walking was smooth and delightful, with no manner of obstructions, except here and there a ditch full of water; spanned by few bridges; and too wide for any man of ordinary jumping capacity to cross at a single bound. But Hezekiah valued himself, as fat people commonly do, on his agility; and instead of walking a few additional rods for the sake of a bridge, must needs leap every ditch he came to.

"Thee'd better not try that, Hezekiah," said his kind and considerate sister.

"Never thee mind, Dorcas," returned Hezekiah; "there's no danger. I've jumped many a bigger ditch when I wasn't half my present size."

"All that is very likely. But recollect, Hezekiah, thee's grown exceedingly puny since thee was a young man."

"Purys! Well, if I have there's no reason why I should not be as agile as before. I tell thee, Dorcas, I can jump this ditch without so much as touching a finger."

"Ay, but thee'll touch thy feet to the bottom."

"Thee's but a woman, Dorcas; and thy fears magnify this narrow ditch even to a river. Now stand thee aside, that I may have full sweep according to my abilities."

"Nay brother Hezekiah, thee'd better not. The ditch is wide, and the bottom muddy; and thee'll assuredly spoil thy Sunday clothes, if no worse."

"A ludge for thy fears, girl; they shall not stay me a jot. Nay, do not hold me; for I am resolved to jump this ditch, if it were merely to convince thee of my agility."

Accordingly Hezekiah went back a few yards, in order that he might have a fair run; and that the impulse thereof might carry him over. Having retreated far enough, he came forward with a momentum proportioned to his weight and his velocity; and found himself in the middle of the ditch. The water splashed on all sides, and bespattered the Sunday clothes of Dorcas, who could not, with all her Quaker sobriety and kind feeling, help bursting into a loud laugh. There was Hezekiah, showing his agility and floundering in the mud, like a whale. The water was not so deep as to be dangerous; and the scene was too irresistibly comic for even a saint to abstain from laughing, though on the Lord's day.

At length, when her visibility would allow her the power of speech, Dorcas kindly held out her hand, as she stood a rod from the bank, and said—"Come hither, brother Hezekiah, and I'll help thee out."

"Well, well!" returned the flounderer, in a tone of vexation—"thee does well, Dorcas, to stand there and laugh at me; as though it was mere sport, to stick in the mud and water up to my very middle."

"Nay, nay, Hezekiah, thee has shown thy agility so marvelously, that I could not help being pleased, for the life of me; and I now take shame to myself for having opposed thee so strenuously, or for a single moment doubted thy capacity for jumping. But if thee's satisfied with thy exploit, and is ready to come forth, I'll lend thee a hand to help thee out."

Thus saying, Dorcas drew near to the edge of the ditch; but Hezekiah, having got himself in by his own unaided power, declared he should get himself out in the same way. But the mud was deep and adhesive; and as fast as he got one foot out he got the other in; and thus he continued to labor and plunge, till he was fully satisfied his own ability was better calculated to help him in than to help him out of a ditch. He grew wroth; he used hard words; and so far forgot the plain language, that he exclaimed—

"By the——"

"Don't thee swear, brother Hezekiah," interrupted Dorcas.

"Sweat!" roared Hezekiah, "thee'd swear too, if thee was in here."

"Sweat not at all, Hezekiah; but even lend me thy hand, and I'll use my ability to pull thee out, according to the scripture, which saith, 'If thine ox or thine ass shall fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day—'

"Now, sister Dorcas, thee is too bad. Verily thee would not make me so heavy as the former animal, nor so stupid as the latter?"

"As to thy weight," returned Dorcas, "thee must be pretty well satisfied by this time; and as to thy stupidity, it were indeed unsisterly to liken thee to the long eared animal. But if thee is satis-

fied on these points, and will forthwith reach me thine hand, I'll do as much as in me lieth to bring thee safe to land."

Hezekiah was pretty well convinced by this time that his own ability would never fetch him out, wherefore tamely reaching out his hand to Dorcas, he said—

"Verily, sister, I will accept thine aid, inasmuch as my own ability hath grievously deceived me."

Dorcas kindly lent her assistance, and pulling vigorously, Hezekiah at length came to land. Shaking off the mud and water like a spaniel, he returned home; but charged his sister, by the way, never to mention how he came to his catastrophe. Dorcas promised, of course; and as she was a girl of truth and fine feelings, she was as good as her word. But once or twice, when they were in company with sundry other Quakers, discussing soberly about matters and things, Dorcas looking archly at another girl, merely said—"Did I ever tell thee, Rachel, how brother Hezekiah one Sunday——"

Hezekiah turned an embarrassed and imploring look towards her, & she said—

"Nay, nay, Hezekiah, I'm not going to tell—but merely to ask if I ever had told, how thee showed thy agility one Sunday, and jumped in the middle of a ditch."

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