

# The Bazaar.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—ACTS XVII. 11.

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## WAITING FOR THE RESURRECTION.

How dark and drear the winter of the tomb  
To unlighted man; yet Faith's calm eye  
Can view the bodies of the saints that lie  
In the dark lap of earth, as plants whose bloom  
Fades with the year; that share the common doom  
Of all in this frail world, and seem to die;  
Yet still the root survives, and fair and high,  
Leaflet and blossom shall their form resume,  
And nobler spring-tide greet the slumbering just;  
Thy dead shall live, O Christ! with thee shall rise.  
Awake and sing, ye dwellers in the dust,  
Your dew is as the dew of herbs, when skies  
Drop down with blessings in the spring's sweet  
time,  
And God renews the earth as in her early prime.

C. Q.

(Christian Observer.)

## MEDITATION FOR LENT.

The carnal man who knows not what Christ is—how in him is lowliness, meekness, love—thinks the life of Christ in the soul mere foolishness, and the unrestrained, secure life of the flesh he takes to be great wisdom; and so blind is he, that he fancies himself to be leading a very pleasant and merry life—not knowing it is in Satan that he has his life. Thus he is deceived by the false light of carnal wisdom, and deceives others along with him. But those into whom has shone the true eternal light, are terrified at the discovery of pride, sensuality, anger, revenge, and such like works of the flesh; "Ah, my God," say they, "what alienation from Christ and the knowledge of him; what absence of true repentance, of faith, and of the new birth to become thy true children! What life according to the old man, in Satan's image!" He that would truly know Christ as a Saviour, must know him as a Sanctifier, an Example of life, pure love, meekness, patience, and lowliness. This love and meekness of Christ, then, he is to receive into himself, his heart is to embrace and cherish them. Even as fruit is surely known by its scent and taste, so Christ in these must become known as a root imparting to the soul life, vigour, comfort, and peace. Thus the life of Christ becomes known as supremely noble, exalted, and lovely—nothing upon earth so precious, so soothing, so like life eternal, as the life of Christ in the soul.

And forasmuch as it is the best, it is also to be most highly prized by us. He who has not the life of Christ in him, knows not the highest good, nor eternal truth, nor real joy, nor genuine love. Wherefore St. John saith: "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." (1 John iv. 7, 8.) It is evident that the fruits of the new birth and the new life, which is from God, consist not in mere words, but in the very highest virtue—even in love. Man has the peculiar qualities and likeness of him from whom he has his birth. Inas he, then, been born of God, he must have love in himself, for God is love.

And so as regards the knowledge of God. It consists not in mere words, nor in mere acquaintance with things; it has in it such lovely, sweet, and powerful consolation that the heart tastes the very condescension and tenderness of God. Thus it becomes a quickening acquirement, felt in the heart and conveying life. The Psalmist speaks of the joy and pleasantness of God in the believing heart when he says: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God!" and again: "Thy loving-kindness is better than life." (Ps. lxxxiv. 2, lxxiii. 3.)

Through faith in Thee, O Lord Jesus, have we righteousness and strength. Thou art come into the world for our salvation; thou givest us also a mind to know Thee, the Truth, to our souls' salvation; and in Thee, the Truth, to have our conversation, keeping thy commandments. Ah, Lord, may thy Spirit reveal Thee unto our souls! Be our wisdom, to enlighten us, so that we may pass from darkness to light. Be our righteousness, that we may come before God and be accepted of Him. Be our sanctification, that through divine strength we may lead a godly life, following thy footsteps. Be our redemption, Thou who for us hast shed thy precious blood, and at last deliver us from all evil. Amen.—From *True Christianity* by Johann Arnd, General Superintendent of the Clergy of Zelle, died 1621.

## GOD, YOUR FIRST-RESOURCE.

When man naturally regards God only as the last resource, when they can do nothing better. As leaving him was the first evil committed, so returning to him is the last thing attended to. "My people have committed two evils," (first) "they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters; and" (secondly) "they have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water," Jerem. ii. 13. The disappointed hewer, sighing over his broken cistern, thinks only of making another. That he ought to return to the full fountain, does not so readily occur to his mind, as that he must be more careful to construct another that will not so easily break. This figuratively, but truly, represents the conduct of all unrepentant men. When one child dies, they console themselves that others remain. When friends depart, they retain the hope that they shall acquire more. When one object of delight salutes, they endeavour to invent another; and often fly the whole round of pleasure in pursuit of that contented satisfaction, which shall have nothing further to desire. This they never find; yet onward they haste, and never think of the well-spring of peace and joy. Nor will they till the Spirit of the Lord instruct them, and lead them to the Most High, none at all will regard him! Alas! even those who have

been born again of that great Quickener, how much more proneness is there to the way of nature, than to the way of grace! If our trials increase, how much more ready are we to seek the consolations of our fellow-Christians than of God himself! When our own prayers fail to yield us relief, and we not generally more solicitous to obtain the kind supplications of a friend, than the intercession of the appointed Advocate above! We desire to abound with comfort and peace, and oftener seek them from our own pleasant frames and past experiences than from the undecieving and infallible assurance of God's promise. When closely pressed with temptations to melancholy, when doubts and despondency prevail, how prone are we to grope in the dark chambers of our own hearts, searching for evidences, the existence, nature, and use of which, nothing but the light of God's Spirit can enable us to discern! What an increase of evil arises! We become more confused, perplexed, and miserable than before. Hence we make great mistakes, we put darkness for light and light for darkness. We fall into a spiritual hypochondriasis, which leads us to regard everything as against us. We find a good evidence, and imagine it to be bad. We examine a symptom of our spiritual decay, and conceive it to be worse than it really is. We meet with one of an indifferent nature, and persuade ourselves that it is of the most unfavourable kind. Too often, we go on till we sink down into a settled fear, and dulness of spirit, darkness, and despair. How foolish, how sinful, is this conduct! It grieves the Holy Spirit. It assumes that God refuses to give us light, or to impart comfort to our souls. It dishonours him. It seems to say, either "I need not," or, "I will not go to God himself. Since these fail me, all is lost." After continuing for weeks, or months, or even years, in this condition, we are at last brought to say, "I must after all, trust to the bare promise. It is only getting worse and worse with me. I will cast myself on God as I am, and if I perish, I perish." When thus the Spirit of God has enabled us to do that very thing, which we ought to have done long before; which ought to be the first, the spontaneous, impulse of the child's heart, we find an all-sustaining help. God hears the appeal. He honours that confidence which honours him. He akes off the heavy burden. He relieves the sorrowful heart. He pours balm into the spirit. And if the poor desponding had come to him at first, he should have found the fountain as full, as open, as living, as it is now. Learn, then, O Christian, to make the Lord your confidence in the first place, not in the last. Begin, and continue, as well as end, all things in him. Always draw near to God, just as you are. Never wait in hope of being better, or more holy, than you are now. Delay is dangerous. Satan will take advantage of it. The longer the heart has to cool, the colder it becomes. As a piece of iron in the hand of the workman, so is the Christian in the hand of God. Instantly as it is removed from the fire, the chilling atmosphere around steals its heat insensibly away. Soon it loses its glowing whiteness, becomes covered with darkish spots, and at last returns to its native blackness. From being susceptible of impression, and taking the mould of every stroke, it becomes harder and harder; and the next blow will break it to pieces, or it must be thrust into the furnace again.

Oh, compel not your Maker to deal thus severely with you! He desires it not. Instead of retreating into self, before the temptations of Satan, or of men, do as your Lord here sets an example. Make a direct appeal to God himself. Though racked in feeling, as on a mental cross, hanging by spikes of perplexity, cast yourself on God at once as you are. This is what Jesus does in these verses. (Ps. xxii. 9, 10.) He does not give way to despondency or unbelief. The moment the temptation assails him, he carries it to God. Here he allows himself to be reduced, as it were, to the last extremity—to the lowest point of creature-weakness—then places himself in the Almighty hand. As if man had proved the case against him, he leaves that great friend to answer the charge, who had sustained him till now. Nay, as it were, he throws a necessity upon God, and makes it appear as though he were personally concerned, and bound to answer these taunting men. As if he would say, "Thou didst bring me into this being, thou wilt help me to sustain it."

This argument must prevail. It is founded on what God himself has done. It places him in the position of one who allows not his work to be spoiled. It supposes that the same motive which induced him to commence, will lead him to complete. It is "Argumentum ad Deum." It is an argument which involves the Creator in a matter of duty and interest. It is heavenly logic. The great Teacher invented it. Every one must enter the school of Christ who desires to learn how to employ it. Turn to his sermon on the Mount. Hear how he exhorts the disciples to take no anxious thought for the sustenance of their life, or for the covering of their body. What is the argument he employs? It is included in this simple question, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" (Matt. vi. 25.) Yet how much is contained in that one question! With what force does it urge us to trust all to God! "He gave us the great, and will he withhold the small? He supplied life, and will he deny food? He provided the body, and will he grudge it a covering?" How adapted is such a mode of reasoning to our condition! What we see, and hear, and feel; to be realities in the world around us, are made proofs and arguments of the invisible love and care of an Almighty Friend.—From *Christ on the Cross*, by the Rev. John Stevenson.

## FASTING IN THE ROMISH CHURCH.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith. Commanding to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." 1 Tim. iv. 1, 3.

## DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI. Regulations for the ensuing Lent in this Diocese.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the fast of Lent.
2. They are only to make one meal a day, excepting Sundays.
3. The meal allowed on fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.
4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time.
5. A small refreshment, commonly called collation, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.
6. The quality of the food allowed at a collation is, in this diocese, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish, though not warm, but fish previously prepared and grown cold. Eggs are prohibited.
7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid; as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, made with water, to which a few drops of milk may be added serving rather to color the liquids, than make them substantial food.
8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, &c. &c.
9. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting; young persons under twenty-one years of age, all who through weakness cannot fast without great prejudice to their health.
10. By dispensation, the use of flesh-meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, with the exception of the first four days, and all the Holy Week, including Palm Sunday.

It will be perceived, that these regulations are very nearly the same as have been prescribed for the Archdiocese of Baltimore by the most Rev. Archbishop.

JOHN BAPTIST, Bishop of Cincinnati. Septuagesima. Cath. Tel. (Episcopal Recorder.)

## Political Comment upon the above.

### WAY TO KEEP TRUE LENT.

- Is this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?
- Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?
- Is it to fast an hour,  
Or ragged to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look and sour?
- No: 'tis a fast to do  
Thy share of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soul.
- It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;  
To circumcise thy lie;
- To show a heart grief-rpent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not him;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

[Herrick was a Clergyman of the Church of England who lived during the reigns of Charles I. and II. and the time of the Commonwealth intervening.]

## THE COLPORTEURS IN FRANCE.

From account of a meeting held in Paris, given in the *Continental Echo*.

In speaking of the good accomplished by these humble and faithful men, M. de Pressensé related an interesting anecdote which had been reported to him a few days before by a colporteur on his return from a journey. It was on one of the last days of the month of November, that this humble and faithful servant of Jesus Christ was carrying his books on the borders of Brittany. The extremely bad weather rendered his journey very fatiguing. At nightfall he arrived, very tired, at a small town, and entered an inn of modest appearance. After having eased himself of his burden, he was conducted into a large room, in which he found about fifty persons seated round a table. They were small traders, who had come to the town to transact business at a fair to be held the next day. They placed our colporteur at the bottom of the table; and during the repast, he listened to the conversation of the forty guests, which was carried on briskly. At first they spoke of trade, then of politics, then of the priests, and at last they touched on religion, when jokes, profane language, and the most horrid blasphemies rapidly succeeded each other. Our poor colporteur suffered much in his soul at this; his conscience told him that he ought to speak; but he felt afraid at the sight of these forty infidels, seemingly so united, whilst he was alone in their midst. As the wickedness of their language increased, so did his uneasiness; and to

quiet his conscience, he thought to himself that if he undertook the defence of the Gospel, it would certainly be casting pearls before swine. Whilst, with his head lowered, he was thus enduring an inward struggle, one of the guests who seemed to preside over the rest of the company, spoke to him thus: "Well, you, Sir, down there, you have not yet spoken; we should like to know your opinion. Is it not the same as ours?" The still trembling colporteur replied that his opinion was so different to theirs, that the hearing of it would only be disagreeable to them. But they insisted, telling him that they should be very glad to know what he thought of religion; to which he replied, that if he told them they would certainly be angry with him; but they assured him to the contrary. On this he requested to be heard without interruption, which they engaged to allow him. Then the colporteur having silently raised his heart in prayer to the Author of every good and perfect gift, took his New Testament from his pocket, and read slowly, and in a very serious tone, the second chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. To his great surprise, he was listened to with the greatest attention till he had finished reading, when he made a few remarks without interruption. Objections were then started, and questions asked, but in a very civil manner. He replied to both; and the conversation became so general and interesting, that it was prolonged till near one o'clock in the morning, when our poor friend, who, notwithstanding the delight which the conversation had afforded him, was much fatigued, wished to retire, but one of the company said, "Sir, we cannot allow you to go in this manner; you have just told us astonishing things. You have spoken of prayer, and we wish very much to hear you pray, and to know how you would pray for us." All concurred with the speaker, and the colporteur did not need pressing. Great silence prevailed in the chamber, uninterrupted, save by the tempest which seemed to give additional solemnity to the already affecting scene. The colporteur fell on his knees, and raised his whole heart to that Heavenly Father who had just shown him so much favour. When he arose, all were serious and attentive. The company then wished to know if it were in his power to procure them books like that from which he had read them a chapter, and which appeared so wonderful. It was then he informed them that his employment was to sell those books, and that he travelled for that purpose. He fetched forty New Testaments from his pack, which he offered at one franc each, the ordinary price; but they said to him, "What! you sell these precious books at only a franc! It certainly is not enough;" and the whole forty paid two francs each for his copy; "that you may be able," said they; "to give forty gratis to as many persons who are unable to purchase them."

## TAKING THE VEIL.

[The following account of this ceremony is taken from a work entitled "Life in Mexico," by Madame Calderon de la Barca; she describes what she witnessed, and we commend both the description itself and the reflections with which it is interspersed to the thoughtful consideration of Roman Catholic parents. We have only to add, that Madame Calderon is herself a member of the Church of Rome.—*Rich Hill Herald*.]

Some days ago, having received a message from my nun that a girl was about to take the veil in her convent, I went there about six o'clock, and knowing that the Church on these occasions is apt to be crowded to suffocation, I proceeded to the *reja*, and speaking to an invisible within, requested to know in what part of the Church I could have a place. Upon which a voice replied—

"Hermanita (or sister) I am rejoiced to see you. You shall have a place beside the godmother." "Many thanks, Hermanita. Which way shall I go?"

"Voice"—"You shall go through the sacristy; José Maria, a thin, pale, lank individual, with hollow cheeks, who was standing near like a page in waiting, sprang forward—"Madre cita," I am here.

"Voice"—"José Maria—That lady is the Señora de C—n. You will conduct her excellently to the front of the grating, and give her a chair."

After I had thanked the voice for her kindness in attending to me on a day when she was so much occupied with other affairs, the obsequious José Maria led the way, and I followed him through the sacristy into the Church, where there were already a few kneeling figures; and thence into the rail-off enclosure destined for the relatives of the future nun, where I was permitted to sit down in a comfortable velvet chair. I had been there but a little while, when the aforesaid José Maria re-appeared picking his steps as if he were walking upon eggs in a sick room. He brought me a message from the Madre— that the nun had arrived, and that the Madre cita wished to know if I should like to give her an embrace before the ceremony began. I therefore followed my guide back into the sacristy, where the future nun was seated beside her godmother, and in the midst of her friends and relations about thirty in all.

She was arrayed in pale blue satin, with diamonds, pearls, and a crown of flowers. She was literally smothered in blonde and jewels; and her face was flushed, as well it might be, for she had passed the day in taking leave of her friends at a fête they had given her, and had then, according to custom, been paraded through the town in all her finery. And now her last hour was at hand. "When I came in she rose and embraced me with as much cordiality as if we had known each other for years. Beside her sat the Ma-

drina, also in white satin, and jewels; all the relations being likewise decked out in their finest array. The nun kept laughing every now and then in the most unnatural and hysterical manner, as I thought, apparently to impress us with the conviction of her perfect happiness; for it is a great point of honour amongst girls similarly situated to look as cheerful and gay as possible; the same feeling, though in a different degree, which induces the gallant highwayman to jest in the presence of the multitude when the hangman's cord is within an inch of his neck; the same which makes a gallant general, whose life is forfeited, command his men to fire on him; the same which makes the Hindoo widow mount the funeral pile without a tear in her eye, or a sigh on her lips. If the robber were to be strangled in a corner of his dungeon; if the general were to be put to death privately in his own apartment; if the widow were to be burned quietly on her own hearth; if the nun were to be secretly smuggled in at the convent gate like a bale of contraband goods,—we might hear another tale. This girl was very young, but by no means pretty; on the contrary, rather disgraced by *la nature*; and perhaps a knowledge of her own want of attractions may have caused the world to have few charms for her.

But José Maria cut short my train of reflections, by requesting me to return to my seat before the crowd arrived, which I did forthwith. Shortly after, the church doors were thrown open, and a crowd burst in, every one struggling to obtain the best seat. Musicians entered, carrying desks and music books, and placed themselves in two rows, on either side of the enclosure where I was. Then the organ struck up its solemn psalmody, and was followed by the gay music of the band. Rockets were let off outside the Church, and at the same time the Madrina and all the relations entered and knelt down in front of the grating which looks into the convent, but before which hung a dismal black curtain. I left my chair and knelt down beside the godmother.

Suddenly the curtain was withdrawn, and the picturesque beauty of the scene within baffles all description. Beside the altar, which was in a blaze of light, was a perfect mass of crimson and gold drapery; the walls, the antique chairs, the table before which the Priest sat, all hung with the same splendid material. The Bishop wore his superb mitre and robes of crimson and gold; the attendant priests also glittering in crimson and gold embroidery.

In contrast to these, five and twenty figures, entirely robed in black from head to foot, were ranged on each side of the room prostrate, their faces touching the ground, and in their hands immense lighted tapers. On the foreground was spread a purple carpet bordered round with a garland of freshly gathered flowers, roses and carnations, and heliotrope, the only things that looked real and living in the whole scene; and in the middle of this knelt the novice, still arrayed in her blue satin, white lace veil and jewels; and also with a great lighted taper in her hand.

The black nuns then rose and sang a hymn—every now and then falling on their faces and touching the floor with their foreheads. The whole looked like an incantation, or a scene in some opera. The novice was then raised from the ground and led to the feet of the Bishop, who examined her as to her vocation, and gave her his blessing, and once more the black curtain fell between us and them.

In the second act, she was lying prostrate on the floor, disrobed of her profane dress, and covered over with a black cloth, while the black figures kneeling round her chanted a hymn. She was now dead to the world. The sunbeams had faded away, as if they would not look upon the scene, and all the light was concentrated in one great mass upon the convent group.

Again she was raised; all the blood rushed into her face, and her attempt at a smile was truly painful. She then knelt before the Bishop and received the benediction, with the sign of the cross, from a white hand with the pastoral ring. She then went round alone to embrace all the dark phantoms as they stood motionless, and as each dark shadow clasped her in its arms, it seemed like the dead welcoming a new arrival to the shades.

But I forgot the sermon, which was delivered by a fat priest, who elbowed his way with some difficulty through the crowd to the grating, panting and in a prodigious heat, and ensconced himself in a great arm chair close beside us. He assured her she had "chosen the good part which could not be taken away from her;" that she was now one of the elect, "chosen from amongst the wickedness and dangers of the world;" picked out like a plum from a pie. He mentioned with pity and contempt those who were "yet struggling in the great Babylon," and compared their miserable fate with hers, the Bride of Christ, who, after suffering a few privations here during a short term of years, should be received at once into a kingdom of glory. The whole discourse was well calculated to rally her fainting spirits, if fainting they were, and to inspire us with a great disgust for ourselves. When the sermon was concluded, the music again struck up—the heroine of the day came forward, and stood before the grating to take her last look of this wicked world. Down fell the black curtain; up, rose the relations, and I accompanied them into the sacristy. Here they coolly lighted their cigars, and very philosophically discoursed upon the exceeding good fortune of the new-made nun, and her evident delight and satisfaction with her own situation. As we did not follow her behind the scenes, I could not give my opinion on this point. Shortly after one of the gentlemen led me to my carriage, and so it was.