

within herself the whole mass of sensible things, which taketh up so much room without her: And when she has piled them up upon one another in such vast and prodigious numbers, is still as capacious of more, as when she was altogether empty. In a word, that can grasp the universe with a thought, and comprehend the whole latitude of Heaven and Earth within her own indivisible centre: who, though she takes in objects of all sizes; yet, when once they are in, they are not, as bodies, in a material place, where the greater take up more room than the less; for the thought of a mile or of ten thousand miles, does no more stretch and fill the soul, than that of a foot, an inch, or a mathematical point. And whereas all matter has its parts, which extend, the one beyond the other in length, breadth and thickness; and so, is measurable by inches, yards and solid measure; there is no such thing as measurable extension in any thing belonging to the soul: for in cogitation, which is the very essence of the soul, there is neither length nor breadth, nor thickness; nor is it possible to conceive a foot of thought; a yard of reason; a pound of wisdom; a quart of virtue. Then, if what belongs to the soul be immaterial, the soul herself must be immaterial: simple, therefore, indivisible; unalterable; incorruptible; therefore immortal and everlasting."—SCOTT.

[THE RHYTHMUS OF SAINT THOMAS OF AQUINA.
Adoro te devote.

Devoutly I adore thee, hidden Deity!
Beneath these forms who veil'st thine awful Majesty,
To thee my heart must ever wholly subject be;
Because I'm wholly lost, when I contemplate thee.

The sight, the touch, the taste, in thee are all deceiv'd:
But safely still the sense of hearing is believ'd.
What God's eternal son has said 's believ'd by me:
Nought, than the word of truth itself, more true can be.

Hide on the Cross alone was thy Divinity:
Here also lies conceal'd thy bless'd humanity:
Yet owning and confessing both most steadily,
I beg what once the thief repentant begg'd of thee.

Thy wounds no more I now behold, as Thomas did:
Yet own thee still my God, who hast my ransom paid:
Still make me with a livelier faith believe in thee!
Confirm my hope! influence me with thy charity!

Memorial wondrous of the death of my dear Lord!
O living bread, to man who can'st true life afford!
Grant that my soul on thee, her mystic food, may live;
And ever with true relish all thy sweets perceive!

True parent Pelican, who bleed'st, to nurse thy brood!
Pleasant me unclean, O Jesus, with thy sacred blood!
One precious drop of which thy guilty world can save;
And from its whole collected mass of sin can lave!

Jesus! whom now beneath these veils conceal'd I spy:
O grant me that, for which alone so much I sigh:
All veils remov'd, thee face to face that I may see.
And in thy glorious presence ever happy be!

ON ROMANCE WRITING.

UMBRARUM HIC LOCUS EST, SOMNI, NOCTISQUE SOPORIS.
This is the region of phantoms, of dreams and soporific night.

In the whole history of British literature it were impossible to point out an age so abounding in works of fancy; in love tales and romances; in every species of un instructive, frivolous and worse than all, demoralizing fiction; as the one we live in. Every week ushers in some new publication of this sort either in prose or verse: and such is the general taste of the times for these insignificant, absurd, and, except to their authors and publishers, unpro-

fitable, if not pernicious, lucubrations; that no sooner is a fresh one announced from the press, than all are striving with the impatient curiosity of children, who shall have the earliest reading of it. As a whet to this puerile appetite for devouring up every new story that is forthcoming; and, in order to heighten our curiosity; a whisper is slyly sent abroad and industriously circulated concerning it by those who have an interest in the quick sale of the work; and, who possessing the true tact of the trade, having previously felt the pulse of the public on such matters; know well how to raise and keep up the general expectations; especially if the author has already succeeded by some such performance in making himself a favorite with the lovers of this species of composition. Like skillful anglers, who know the colour of the busk that takes best; if the tale of *Waverley*, for instance, or *Guy Rannering*; of *Childe Harold* or *Lalla Rookh*; has proved a successful bait; they never fail to furnish you with a regularly continued succession of productions, pompously announced as issuing from the same patent mint and wholesale manufactory. You have them of all sorts, shapes and sizes. In every bookseller's window they are seen staring you in the face, and thrusting themselves upon your notice; each with the head that hatched it adorning the frontispiece; and seemingly bewildered in the endless images of its own imaginations; while the writers of all that is good and graceful; of all that is truly learned, classical and useful; are thrust into the back ground, even where such are to be had; and forced to give place to these ephemeral, but fashionable authors of the day.

All this, however, in the way of book-making and bookselling, is very natural; and not at all to be wondered at. Neither authors nor publishers will neglect the golden opportunity thus afforded them of improving their circumstances. The only thing surprising is that, notwithstanding the frivolousness of such works, to say nothing of their immoral tendency; their composers have all along met with an unparelled success; such as none of our most learned and first rate authors could ever boast of having obtained. The precious works of these are left uncalled for, in obscurity; while the hot-bed, mushroom productions, so rapidly springing up from the agglomerated filth, and doughill fermentation of obscurity; and even the jejune crudities of ignorance and folly, alone are sought after: though when stripped of the charm of novelty, the only thing that recommends them to notice; they are thrown by as waste paper, and devoted to perpetual oblivion.

What a satire does not this undeniable fact imply on the perverted taste of the present generation! I know an author who offered to the publisher of that doggerel mass of impiety, *Don Juan*, for which other almost as valuable lucubrations he pays so dearly, a work upon charity. Charity! said the publisher, without ever deigning to look at the manuscript, charity is a subject that will never take with the public. The like condemnation was passed upon it by other publishers on learning only its title; who speaking, as they did from experience.

rejected it at once as an unprofitable concern, Bring us, said they, a good novel; that is sure to go through at least one edition; and thus to remunerate us for our trouble.

It were needless to anticipate those reflections on the depraved taste of the age, which must instantly offer themselves to every one's mind on learning these particulars. But I cannot help making a few observations on the dangerous tendency of the works in question.

The least exceptionable of them are just good for nothing but killing time; by withdrawing the mind from every rational, useful and virtuous reality; and ingulfing it in the interminable chaos of fancy; where, participating in the author's dream, its whole faculties are absorbed in the intense observation of the shammed feats of aerial phantoms; the motley offspring of some idler's brain; or the hopeful vision of some needy or greedy somnambulist.

And is merely killing time, however agreeable it may seem to many, who feel their very existence a burthen to them, no evil? Has youth nothing more necessary or useful to learn, than the feigned feats of some bully baron: the difficult intrigues of some amorous couple, crowned always right or wrong with ultimate success: or the absurd stories of water kelpies, hobgoblins and enchanted castles? Have parents no more important duties to attend to; servants no labours to perform?—Have those in health no pursuit more rational; or the sick no purer source of consolation, than romance-reading? And when, neglecting all besides they have fully perused the tale most to their liking; let them tell me; if they can, what good they have gained by it. Nothing, they must own, but a dead loss of time, if not the relish for vice into the bargain. And is this indeed no evil? Our time is *our all*, for which too at the last we would readily give whatever else we possess, nor grudge any sacrifice made only to prolong it a little. And while we have it, is this the best use we can make of it; just only to fling it away uselessly; to get rid of it at any rate, because we are quite sick and weary of it? Strange and unaccountable inconsistency! To make it our study how to squander that away which we wish most to retain; though we know that what we lose of it, is lost to us for ever; and that in whole it is but very limited. Nor is it even our own, nor at our own disposal, to use it as we choose. It is the talent entrusted to us but for an uncertain term, which we are expected to improve by laying it out to interest; and on the produce of which we are to subsist in a future state of being that never ends: and if, while we possess it, we neglect to turn it to any profitable account; where is our provision for that eternity of existence and which we are doomed so soon to enter; for from no other source, but our well spent time, can we derive any benefit availing us in the world to come.

O, but romance reading is useful in teaching us the ways of the world; how to speak, write and act with elegance and propriety. Our minds too are thus habituated to the finest feelings and sentiments;