

ity of its glorious simplicity, which adapts it to boys and girls, as well as to philosophers, and which distort it into a mystery fit to employ linguists, philosophers, doctors of divinity, all their leisure hours, at a handsome sum per annum in studying, and then in giving publicity to their own discoveries, or in retailing those of others.

But into how diverse and opposite extremes and absurdities have many run, in their wild, chimerical, and superstitious views of the christian religion. Inquisitive reader, turn your eyes to yonder monastery, built in that solitary desert, filled with a religious order of monks, and an abbot at their head. Why have they shut themselves out from the world in that solitary recluse? Is it for the purpose of becoming more abstemious, more devout, more devoted to the study of mystic theology? Hear them contending whether the Solitaries, the Cœrabitcs, or the Sorabaites have chosen the cause most congenial to the Gospel. See this poor, gloomy, lazy set of mortals, habited in their awful black, their innocent white, or their spiritual grey, according to their order, forsaking all the business and enjoyments of society, spending their days in penury and affliction for the sake of sublime contemplation of God and the heavenly world; and say, have they ever seen a bible! Again, see this sacred gloom, this holy melancholy, this pious indolence, becoming so popular as to affect all the seminaries of Christendom for a time! See it command the respect of the highest dignitaries of the church; and hear them call those haunts of gloom and superstition, as some of reformed orders of our own time call our Colleges, "fountains and streams that make glad the city of God" by qualifying pious divines! Yes, these monasteries became so famous for piety and solemnity, that the church looked to them for her most useful ministers. And, indeed, much of the gloomy aspect, dejected appearance, and holy sighing of modern times, and especially of the leaders of devotion sprang from these monasteries.

Next, consider for a moment, yon sobbing anchorite, with his amulet round his neck, his beads solemnly moving through his fingers, bent upon his naked knees in yon miserable cell, muttering his "Ava Maria," and invoking St. Andrew to intercede in his behalf; and say, has he a bible? O yes! it lies mouldering and moth eaten upon his shelves.

From this scene of infatuation turn your eyes to yonder dismal edifice, with iron gates and massy bars. Within its merciless apartments view the "*minister of religion*," the "ambassador of Christ," attired in his sacred robes, with holy aspect and flaming zeal for "divine honor" and that of his church, exhorting the vile heretic on pain of excruciating torments here, and eternal damnation hereafter, to abjure his heresy. As an argument to enforce his pious exhortations, observe the red hot pincers in his hand,