

tance, of our most eager pursuit is suddenly lost, or snatched away from us; the soul often sinks into a careless apathy for every thing; and finds in this sort of torpid indifference a repose, which nothing further can disturb. CURÆ LEVES LOQUANTUR, says Seneca; INGENTIS STUPENT. *Light cares speak out; but heavy ones remains fixed in speechless stupor.*—Our finite nature, and, more especially in this life, our solimited condition; prevents our being distressed beyond a certain pitch. When the mind is brimful of sorrow, whatever is superadded to it of affliction but overflows without much affecting it. Like the Nautilus in a storm, it shuts up its shell, and consigns itself to the deep.

The two short poems, which are here subjoined, express under different Allegories the keenest sense of this pathetic feeling. Of the one in French I am at a loss to trace the author; but I can affirm that he who wrote the one in English gave but vent to his real feelings at the time.

De la tige detachee
 Pauvre feuille desechee,
 Ou vas tu?—Je n'en sais rien
 L'orage a brise la chene,
 Qui seule etoit mon soutien.
 De son inconstante balaine
 Le zephir ou Paquilon
 Depuis ce jour me promene
 De la foret a la plaine;
 De la montagne au vallon
 Je vais ou le vent me mene,
 Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer.
 Je vais, ou va toute chose;
 Ou va la feuille de rose,
 Et la feuille de laurier.

Behold the rude blast of misfortune still driving,
 On life's stormy Ocean my course I pursue;
 With half founder'd skuff, a mere wreck vainly striving
 To reach the wish'd haven, that flies from my view.

No reck'ning nor bearings, to steer by remaining,
 For lost is my compass, and clouded the sky;
 The long look'd for land now all hopeless of gaining,
 With ev'ry wind veering I carelessly fly.

But thou, whose dread summons the tempest careering
 Sends forth; and its purpose accomplish'd recalls;
 O bid thy bright sun with his influence cheering
 Dispel the dire gloom, that my fancy appalls!

Hush the storm, my frail vessel so fiercely assailing,
 The wind's angry howl, and the vex'd billows roar!
 Then, o'er the smooth deep gentle breezes prevailing,
 May waft me yet safely to some welcome shore

THE EFFECTS OF LOCAL SCENERY ON THE MIND.

MESSINA DESCRIBED.

In travelling over the surface of this globe, we find some places, which, for their historical celebrity, and the memorable events that have taken place in them, awaken in the mind of the conscious Beholder a sort of melancholy approaching to the sublime. Experienced once in a very strong degree this sadly pleasing sensation.

I was seated at the time on the heights of Messina in Sicily, near a ruined convent, a few remaining appartments of which having been spared by the earthquake of 1783, were inhabited by mendicant friars of the order of Saint Francis. The city, with its fort on the near extremity of its peninsular *zandè*, the *Seythe* like bend of which forms the harbour; and its delightful environs, lay all stretched out beneath me, as on a map, depicted to the view. I saw the vessels gliding slowly to

and fro round the light-house, through the much famed streights of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; while others far to the left were seen appearing or disappearing as they rounded or cleared the *Faro* tower, situated on the utmost point of *Peloros*. Opposite appeared the Calabrian coast, stretching all along from *Scylla's* promontory or the north to the Southern extremity of Italy, beyond the town of *Reggio*. The whole scene was beautiful beyond description, especially at the season of the year, when my attention happened to be so particularly directed towards it. It was in the month of April, when the trees were all hung with their full spread vernal foliage; and the fields, unscorched with summer's heat, embroidered with every gay coloured and sweetscented flower.

In this solitary and elevated spot, removed from all the bustle and tumult of the busy world, I was retracing in my mind the many important events recorded in history, which had taken place in those classic regions; and the many changes these had since undergone down to the present times. No sound was heard to interrupt my melancholy musings, but the frequent humming of the bee, or the soft whisperings of the balmy breeze, moving at intervals the many crowded leaves of a wide spreading fig tree, in the shade of which I reclined.

And ah! said I, how vain is our evinced, and insignificant all the mighty toil and trouble of ever restless and proud aspiring mortals; whose generations thus pass away and succeed each other, like the swelling and murmuring waves on the sea-shore!—The greatest states and empires have been seen here to die out, like the obscurest individual of the human race.—The Greek Republics have all vanished with their fame. The Romans, who once dictated the law to the rest of mankind, and their powerful Carthaginian rivals, have also disappeared. Their name is but an empty passing sound; and their mighty feats figure no where now, save in the page of history.

THE PROTESTANT, OR NEGATIVE FAITH, REFUTED, AND THE CATHOLIC, OR AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, DEMONSTRATED FROM SCRIPTURE.

Continued.

PART SECOND.

Other Protestant Negatives refuted from Scriptures

THE REJECTION OF THE MASS.

In their ruthless rage for spoiling Protestants have not spared the very *Holy* itself of *Holies*. Like the pagan persecutors of old, they have broken into the inmost sanctuary: defiled and overturned the altars of the most high God; and madly sought to abolish the perpetual sacrifice: proscribing the long predicted and prefigured unbloody sacrifice and Priesthood of him, who is a priest for ever according to the order of *Melchisadech*. Gen. 14. 18.—Ps. 109. 2. Heb. 5. 6.—They have thus exhibited themselves to the world the first pretended worshippers of God, without an altar or a sacrifice; and consequently without a priesthood: forbidding any more to be offered up that great universal sacrifice and clean oblation of the convert-

ed Gentiles; which God himself declares to be far more acceptable to him than all the Jewish sacrifices together. *I will not, said he to the Jews, receive any gift from your hand; for, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, great is my name among the Gentiles: and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered up to my name a clean oblation. for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts Malachy. 1. 10, 11.*

Against this supreme act of religious worship, Luther, the father of the Protestant reformation, was stirred up as he himself assures us, by the very devil; who, in one of those nocturnal visits, which that heresiarch owns he was in the habit of receiving from the fiend, succeeded in persuading him to abolish the mass.

It must seem incredible to those, who have not read his works, which, on account of the low boresonery, and profane ribaldry, with which they abound, are industriously kept from the eye of the public; it must seem a wicked fiction, especially to all, who deem his doctrine divinely inspired, and boast themselves his followers; that ever he made so strange and humbling an avowal; acknowledging himself on a point of faith so vitally important, the Apostle, not of God, but of Satan.—But that Lord, and his Christ, against whom he rebelled; saying in the words of the wicked: *Let us break their bonds asunder: and let us throw their yoke from us!* Ps. 2. 3. that God, whose chief worship he sought thus to abolish; has forced this arch-enemy of his church to take the confounding acknowledgement; and to leave it for ever recorded in his writings. Let such as doubt the fact, consult his works carefully collected, revised and published by his disciples; and they will find it related by himself in the 479th page of the seventh volume of the Wirtemberg edition: in the 82nd. page of the german edition, printed at Gena by Thoms: and in the 86th page of the sixth volume of that published at Altenberg: as well as in every full edition of his works printed at our Universities.

“On my awakening, says he, at midnight, the Devil begun, as usual, to dispute with me.”—He then relates the subject of their dispute, which was the Mass; and describes the fiend's abrupt, hurried and pressing manner of arguing; his harsh tone of voice; and the fearful impression it made upon him; “so much so, says he, that “I felt myself as suffocated; and my soul, more than once, as on the point of quitting the body: that which gave me the more easily to understand how it not unfrequently happens that persons are found in the morning dead in their beds”!!! He concludes by declaring the Devil's arguments quite convincing and unanswerable.

Luther's doctrine then, which Protestants follow, is, by his own avowal, the doctrine of the Devil! Thus saith the Lord, said the holy prophet of God, when they announced his word and inspirations to mankind. Thus saith the Devil, said Luther to his followers, when he taught them to abolish the Mass!

Zuinglius, another chief reformer and the father of the sect called Sacramentarians; avows that it