

by Protestants for the belief even of the Trinity or Incarnation? especially if they reflect again, that all antiquity too is full against them, that the ancient fathers, Greek and Latin, all Christian Churches, both east and west have ever believed the real presence and transubstantiation with Catholics, as Catholic writers have demonstrated beyond reply (see Perron and Mr Arnaud, *Perpetuite de la Foi*); and that Protestants have none to uphold them in their unbelief, but the unbelieving Jews in the synagogue of Capernaum, who protested against the doctrine of the real presence, the moment the mouth of the Eternal Truth had taught it, and disputed with him, as Protestants do now with his Church, the possibility of it, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat? Let not Protestants, at least, pretend they have the written word on their side in this great controversy; but let them fairly own the truth, that as for texts from the word of God, they can produce none for their opinion, and that their true and only reason for not holding transubstantiation and the real presence, is their natural difficulty in believing a hard and high mystery of faith above their comprehension (which has ever been the case of those that have not faith). But if the incomprehensibility of this mystery be a sufficient reason for them to reject it they may, for the same reason, with free thinkers and infidels, deny the mystery of the Trinity, the incarnation, the eternity of the pains of hell, the resurrection of the dead, and all the fundamental articles of the Christian religion.

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

"What a misfortune!" said a Maltese counsellor, as he returned from the cemetery whither he had gone to deposit in the family vault, his wife, the young and virtuous Madeleine—"to die so young, after being married only eighteen months!" He dried up his tears and began to kiss his son, only ten days old, whose birth had caused his mother's death. This child was the only memorial that his wife had left him; for Madeleine had brought him no other dowry than her virtues. The whole town had shared in the grief of this afflicted father, who intrusted his little Frederic to a young lady of the neighbourhood to be nursed and raised. He had placed him near his own house, in order that he might have the happiness of seeing him often; and indeed he used to go very frequently to see him, lavished on him a thousand marks of his love, and

esteemed himself happy when he saw him answer his caresses with smiles, or stretch out his little hands as if to tell his father to carry him with him.

The death of Madeleine had left a frightful void in the heart of this good father. He had been tenderly attached to his virtuous spouse; and although he foresaw that it would not be easy for him to find one possessing the amiable qualities of his first wife, yet he resolved to marry again—his happiness and the care of his house demanding the presence of a wife. He had a fine fortune, was nearly forty-eight years of age, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all. He fixed his mind on Sophia Fallen, a lady in her thirty-sixth year, whose character resembled his own. He obtained her without difficulty. One year after, Sophia had a son, whom she named Ely.

From the day of his marriage with Sophia, the counsellor had taken home Frederic, whose features reminded him of his poor Madeline, whom he always lamented. Sophia seemed at first to take a liking to him, and loaded him with kindness in order to please her husband; but when she became a mother, she neglected Frederic, whom she regarded, if I may so speak, as a stranger in the family, and called him the child of a beggar, because she was richer than Madeline. Thus she became from day to day, more cold towards him, and finally treated him as a cruel step-mother. Ely, on the contrary became the object of all her attention; whatever he desired was given him, she even went beyond his desires, applauded him in every thing, and even praised his defects, whilst poor Frederic, experienced nothing but severity, and lived in continual dread; for the least faults, even when they were involuntary, he was treated with unexampled cruelty. Their educations which were so different, produced corresponding fruits. Ely became a spoiled child, a little cheat, a hypocrite, a conceited fellow, and a liar. It is true, he improved at school, because he had an extraordinary memory; he was always well dressed, behaved well at home, and thus kept up appearances. Frederic, without neglecting any thing essential, was more timid, and did not boast so much as his brother; he had more judgement than Ely, but the ill treatment that he constantly experienced seemed to paralyze the vivacity of his mind; and because he spoke but little, they took him for an idiot. His courteous countenance pleased every one. Ely, on the contrary, was frightfully ugly; his features were irregular in the extreme, and his whole body was badly proportioned. But the defects of nature were compensated by his wit and pleasantry: whenever he could, without exposing himself, play a trick on his companions, he never failed to do so. He knew so well how to make his plans, that the fault would fall on another, and very often Frede-