3-5-42

85

Deposited at the Office
of the Clerk of the
District Court of the
U. S. for the South
Dist of N. Y. Dec 19
1834

LETTERS TO ADA.

LETTERS TO ADA,

FROM

HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"*Rien n'est beau, je reviens, que par la verite':*
C'est par elle qu'on plait, et qu'on peut long temps plaire:
L'esprit lasse aise'ment, si le cœur n'est sincere."

BOILEAU.

"Truth makes the beautiful—I urge again:—
Where truth inspires not, every hope were vain
To please; the mind grows weary, if the heart
Be not sincere."

Charles Constantine Pise

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"FATHER ROWLAND," "PLEASURES OF RELIGION," &c.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET,
AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT
THE UNITED STATES.

1834.

Printed by G. F. Bunce.

DEDICATION.

TO THE READER.

Benevolent Reader.

The following familiar letters were written during the last summer, and are now published with the hope that they may afford you some instruction and entertainment. I know not what you may think of them—what they are, they are.

Permit me to dedicate them to you. I know not to whom, with more propriety, they should be dedicated. If you like them, you may perhaps, in the course of time be presented with another series. For, although *some* topics may have been discussed, and I hope to your satisfaction, others of no less importance still remain to be treated.

In the mean while, kind reader, peruse attentively what is now placed before you; and if you do not become convinced, the fault will not be mine. I am sure that you are actuated by candour, sincerity, and love of truth—I must hope for the result.

Yours be every blessing, courteous reader, here and hereafter.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The subjects treated in the following pages will be found highly worthy of a diligent perusal by the candid and inquiring: for, there certainly could not be presented to the public a volume containing more important matter. Without dropping a single expression—certainly without intending to drop a single expression—that might reflect on the sincerity and convictions of others, the Author of this Volume stands forth in vindication of a very numerous and much-injured denomination of christians. His weapons are not abuse, or unfair representation, or acrimony; they are a candid exposition of certain doctrines which are entirely misunderstood, and an appeal in their behalf, not to the passions, or the pre-

judices of the heart, but to the sacred tribunal of the scriptures.

The Author's object is to ascertain, whether there are any solid grounds on which the tenets of Catholicity may repose: whether there is any warrant for them in the bible: whether they were known to the ancient christians: whether many of them are not admitted by other denominations. In a word, whether he has not, at least, as much right to be a catholic, as his neighbour has to be a protestant. He wishes to convince the dispassionate inquirer, that a strict and practical member of the Roman Catholic Church *may* be a genuine friend of Republican Institutions, and *must* be true to his country and his God. His motto is GLORY TO GOD—PEACE TO MEN!

The effect which he would hope to produce by publishing these letters, is to do away prejudice—to impart information to those who are desirous of acquiring it, concerning our reli-

gious tenets: and he conjures the American public to remember that, among the innumerable writers in favour of our religion, were a Fenelon and a Kempis, whose piety all sects admire, and whose amiable virtues never appeared more beautifully, than when they vindicated the cause of Truth.

Nothing, the public may feel assured, could have induced the Author to publish these letters—nothing could urge him to continue the series—but the desire of rectifying certain erroneous ideas which are circulating through society, regarding the dogmas of the Catholic Church. And it is to be hoped, that one fact, will be made certain, viz: that our religion is adapted not merely to the dark ages, but to all times: and that the most enlightened scholar as well as the poor domestic, may feel proud in belonging to her communion.

LETTERS TO ADA.

FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

LETTER I.

My dear Ada,

The beautiful season of flowers has returned, when all around is fragrance and balm; when Zephyr trims his vernal wings, and the bee goes forth upon his errand of sweetness and honey: and as my ancestral oaks again begin to put out their earliest verdure inviting to their fresh leaves the birds—where they may build their nests, I think of you; young, blooming, and fair, destined to flourish awhile among the bright and lovely things of earth, and then to be translated into a region of bliss and glory ineffable. Yes, Ada, there is in the land of the living, a stream of immortality, on whose banks, such flowers as you are may bloom and smile in everlasting verdure. But then, my fair friend, mistake not, it is only religion, heaven-born spirit, that can conduct you to that place of rest; that Eden of immortal bliss.

Oh! there is nought, my Ada fair,
  Believe me, there is nought below,
Half so delightful, half so dear,
  As that blest treasure which I now
Present, amid the flowers of spring,
To thee—an heart-felt offering.

  Religion is the wreath
Which my humble muse entwines,
  For thy beauteous brows, beneath
The arbour's shade, where every thing combines
  To raise the mind to Him who gives us every thing.

Yes, religion is the most important topic that can interest the attention of man; infinitely more important than the great questions of human policy which awaken the energies of the statesman, and arouse the wisdom of a nation. For, the effects of religion are felt in this world; in all the concerns of society; in all the vicissitudes of life; in all the contingencies of fortune; and they extend besides into the grave, beyond the gloom of death, into the very depths of eternity. That which interests the immortal spirit, which will decide its destiny during eternity, is so far above the petty considerations which agitate the world, that no comparison can be drawn between them.

But truth, my Ada, is an essential attribute of religion; it is impossible that religion could be associated with error, or deception: and consequently it is infinitely necessary, that we endeavour to dis-

cover the genuine and original truths of christianity, amid the doubts and uncertainties which are every where found about us.

Truth, from the bosom of her God
  Descends upon the earth:
To guide the wayward to the abode
  Of glory, where she took her birth,
Religion's sister! twins of light!
  Stars to the heart, in life's dark night;

Where'er they smile, there heaven appears,
  Dawning upon these earthly spheres.
Seek, Ada, seek that light divine,
  And peace and safety shall be thine.

In retracing all past ages, we discover the interest which this subject has, every where, excited. We see what talent has been displayed, what industry aroused, what zeal inflamed, in this primal of all concerns. The tears which Jesus shed, were shed for this: the labours which his Apostles underwent, were undergone for this: the torments which the martyrs suffered, were suffered for this. For this Stephen was stoned: Ignatius torn to pieces in the coloseum: Lawrence broiled upon the gridiron.

Yes, Ada, when I stood on the arena of that coloseum, the mighty ruins of which still remain in the metropolis of the christian world, when there in fancy, I saw the venerable martyr, heard the

roarings of the beasts, the plaudits of the pagan multitude, I said to my heart, behold what heroism has been exerted in the cause of religion! and why are men so reckless, at the present day, about that momentous affair, which cost the primitive christians so much suffering and so much blood?

I know that there are associations without number, in this country, for the propagation of tracts, the diffusion of knowledge, and the spread of the bible. I am aware of all this, my Ada, and I do not venture to condemn the intentions of those who form these associations. Their object, perhaps, in substance, is commendable; their zeal praiseworthy. For they tend to confirm the inquirer in this one fact—that they consider the subject of religion as of vital moment, and consequently, that too much pains cannot be taken to urge the subject upon the thoughtless, the lukewarm, the gay, to induce them to pause from the noise of the revel, and turn aside from the pageantry of the festival, and give their minds to serious contemplations. To these I invite you, Ada, daughter of sentiment, direct your susceptibilities to your God, and give your heart to his church. For, after all the liberality and charity which should unite man with man, form the bonds of society, and link together the great chain of existence, after all,—and deem it not a groundless assertion, Ada,—truth, like its author, must be ONE. Oh!

start not at the proposition; I do not mean to deal eternal vengeance on *any individual* not professing the tenets of the church—I leave all to God. I judge not their hearts, that I may not be judged; but yet, St. Paul, the favourite apostle of the dissenting communities, St. Paul expressly declares that there is "ONE GOD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

If this is the case; if amongst the numberles-denominations existing, there can be but ONE FAITH, need I repeat, dear Ada, that the investigation into the claims of each particular church is one of infinite importance. One which God requires—and which reason itself dictates to be indispensably necessary.

Then as the young flowers freshly bloom,
  Sending their fragrance to the sky;
Turn, Ada, turn to heaven thine eye,
  And think,—for it is time to think—
Of those momentous truths which link
  The present, with our hopes beyond the tomb.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

True, my dear Ada; if the Catholic religion were what the disingenuousness of her adversaries represent her to be, she could not lay claim to any of the prerogatives which should adorn the spouse of the Redeemer. How often have you heard it said, that, even granting there can be but one religion, it is manifest it cannot be the Catholic; because it is so corrupt, so full of superstition, so clogged with useless and idle ceremonies: it is impossible that religion could be the true one, in which the saints are worshipped as gods and goddesses, licenses to commit sin are granted, indulgences are purchased, and casuistry introduced in lieu of rigid morality.

This is the language of some of the most distinguished men,—you find it in almost every book of travels, every romance, every geography, every history;—from the heavy and elaborated folio down to the flying tract, and simple primer.

Are these charges true, my Ada? is there any foundation for them in the nature of our holy religion? say not there is: although your education has been of a character to prejudice you against the tenets of catholicism; still there is in your bosom a sentiment of candour, a principle of justice, which forbid, you to pronounce judgment before you have heard the real statement of the case.

In these letters, I will examine the question—I will consider what these superstitions are, of which we are accused: whether or not we have any solid grounds on which to base the fabric of our convictions,—and, I am much mistaken, if I cannot make it appear that we have, at least, as much right to be respected, for our opinions, as any of our dissenting citizens have for their's,—and if this be the case, what means the incessant opposition which is encouraged, the warfare which is carried on against our creed, in a land of universal toleration, liberty, independence.

Why, as before my own dear shrine
  I send my prayers to heaven:
Tho' tapers glimmer while the sun-beams shine,
  And the cross tells me of the Lamb divine,
Say, Ada, why shall I not be forgiven!

And yet to be a catholic appears an irremissible crime. *You* will, I hope, forgive me, my fair friend, after you shall have had the patience to read these letters, and hear my apology; and it affords me peculiar pleasure that, retired from the dust of the city at this beauteous season, and breathing all the freshness of vale and glen, of streamlet and wood, I have leisure to address you on a subject which is very near my heart. Read them, Ada, and think of me. Adieu.

LETTER III.

You remember, Ada, one moon-light night last summer, as we sat on the portico of your father's mansion, conversing on the subject of religion, that a friend approached and entering into the conversation, remarked that the catholic rest his faith entirely upon tradition. Never shall I forget the expression of your eye that turned towards me, as it were to inquire by a glance whether this remark was true. No, it is not. We establish our religion upon the first principles of protestantism itself, I mean upon the interpretation of the scriptures, according to our best judgment, and on the authority of the unanimous exposition of the primitive commentators—Yes, the bible lies before me—It is upon my table, Ada, and shall ever be my inseparable companion. Well, how do I act: do not all denominations admit it to be the source of all truth? and is not every individual authorised, by their concession, and with their approbation, to draw from its pellucid streams and drink, that he may thirst not. If then, this privilege be granted to all other men, why, tell me, why am I to be deprived of it? and if I can deduce my doctrines from that inspired volume, why should not my deductions be as sacred and as convincing, as those of the members of any other branches of the christian

community. Do they not allow the Baptist, the Quaker, the Methodist, to rest satisfied in the sincerity of their convictions—then why is the catholic condemned? why is his church branded with ignominy? why are his tenets identified with the pagan rites of antiquity? why do professors in theological seminaries, "watchmen," and ecclesiastical DOCTORS, seek to sear us with the fiery brand of proscription and disgrace?

And let it not be objected, dearest Ada, that our bibles differ: supposing for a moment, that ours is not the genuine volume, (but it will not require much research to prove that it is,) still there is so little discrepancy in the essential parts of each, that I would be willing, in almost all cases, to refer to the protestant translation; and with that in my hand, if there be any consistency whatever in the professions of those who send the bible into every hamlet, I certainly must be permitted to form my belief upon it.

I contend, therefore, that I have as much right (to say the least) to be a catholic as any other individual has to attach himself to the church of which he is a member. Again, then, I ask, if this be true, what means the hostility that has raged and is still raging, against the catholic religion? What mean those *soi distant* protestant associations, which, like Thespis of old, move about from corner to corner, from street to street, systematically misrepresenting, and vituperating our church,

"Dicitur et Thespis vixisse poemata plaustris."

You have learned Latin, Ada, and understand well the meaning of this line of Horace; may I paraphrase it?

'Tis said that Thespis used to drive
His cart from door to door,
And standing on his moving stage
To spout his verses o'er.
Like those musicians, Ada dear,
Who grind their songs, I ween;
While fools and children at them stare
While little monkey squeals between
Petitioning the *fare!*

What mean those *religious* periodicals, the avowed object of which is to oppose the advances of "popery," to disclose its "abominations"—and to insult the whole catholic community. Dear Ada, your charitable feelings, your kind and general sympathy for all the human race, cause you to revolt from the thought of reading such effusions—and, of course, you can have no idea of their coarse, malignant, and vituperative spirit.—But there are thousands of others, ladies as well as men, who not only peruse them, but believe their assertions as facts, and condemn, as intolerable and anti-christian, the doctrines of our church. They believe that we regard the Pope not merely as a spiritual, but a temporal head—that we cannot, as his subjects, be good American citizens—and that we are only waiting the propi-

tious hour to establish his throne upon the ruins of republicanism—and the inquisition on the fragments of our court-houses and legislative halls.

In vain do we repeat, that we know no authority of a temporal character in the Roman Pontiff—that we acknowledge him only as our chief Bishop residing in the capital of the European world—and that were there a question to defend our liberties, or to attach ourselves to his political rule, we should rise *en masse* against his encroachments, and shed our blood in vindication of our rights, and the freedom of American citizens.

But I will appeal not merely to the bible—though more ought not to be required of me by consistent protestants, I will array authorities, my dear Ada, of the most indisputable weight and veracity—I will call up from their silent vaults the fathers of the church—I will question them and the primitive christians—I will examine the traditions of age after age; the common assent of all believers during a period of fifteen hundred years, and will then appeal to the vast majority of christians now living, and you will hear the answer, Ada: you will judge for yourself, and I will leave you to decide whether there is not a host of authority on which to establish the claims of that religion whose cause I have undertaken to defend. Farewell.

LETTER IV.

Oh! when I speak of defending my religion, the hosts of illustrious apologists who have done so, and so powerfully, ages before we were born, crowd, my Ada, before my imagination. Had I but a single spark of the zeal which enkindled their souls—one solitary emotion of the exalted piety which breathed through their writings, I might hope to produce some effect. But alas!—

Yet, I will not shrink from an effort: acquainted with so many amiable, intelligent, and naturally pious members of society, and knowing the deep prejudices which are fixed in their bosoms against every thing pertaining to my church, I cannot be silent. Ada, you yourself, though incapable of entertaining a prejudice against any one, were so educated, that you could not suppress, at times, your wonder that I should be a catholic. And yet I am, and I glory in the title! a catholic! yes, Ada, but not imbued with the superstitions attributed to my church by the ignorant and unfair. A catholic, adhering to my church because she possesses the criterions of truth: because her doctrines are *uniform*—she is ONE: because she has produced myriads of saints—she is HOLY: because she comes down to the present time from the age of the apostles—she is APOSTOLIC.

You are not of those, dear Ada, who assert that it is useless and unnecessary to enter into an investigation of religious truth; I have heard you declare, that you admit its importance; and in consequence of your desire to become acquainted with the nature and tenets of our church, I have determined to address you these familiar letters.

Still I have known hundreds who refuse to read, perfectly satisfied, they say, with the religion in which they were born. And notwithstanding their own security on the subject, many condemn the unitarian, not reflecting that he acts upon the very same principle—and deems it utterly unimportant to admit the divinity of Christ, because he was born under a different conviction. Yes, I have been amused, Ada, when, after hearing this remark, *that no one ought to change his religion*, the question has been put, "do you think the unitarian can be saved."

The Jew says that he ought not to forsake the belief of his fathers—the pagan asserts the same. And yet they are both condemned by the very persons who act upon precisely the same maxim, and attempt, in their own regard, to defend it as inviolable! What do you think of such inconsistency, Ada?

But there are in this world too few
Like thee, my Ada—once again,

Adieu.

LETTER V.

There was a time, my Ada, when there existed but one only religion, and the spectacle was truly beautiful, of the unanimity and accord of all christians in believing the same doctrines, practising the same rites, frequenting the same sacraments, and acknowledging the same head. Whatever establishments were erected, whether for literature, or the relief of suffering humanity, all were the offspring of her charity, solicitude and benevolence. It was a glorious sight to behold an entire nation kneeling at the same altars—its sovereign bending his brow before the tabernacle and the tribunal: the noble, the wise, the learned, the rich, the beautiful, the lovely, all vying in the cause of that one religion.

Then did those monuments arise,
  Where talent, wealth, and taste were lavished:
Whose spires in hundreds pierce the skies,
  And which, though centuries repose
  Upon their hoary casemates—still disclose
Beauties which fill the stranger with surprise,
  And skill with which the admiring sight is ravished.

You have seen, Ada, these prodigious Gothic structures reared under the influence of the catholic religion, in England and Scotland. Oh! those were halcyon days, indeed: when the quiet of the

fireside was not disturbed by polemic disagreements: when all thought alike, acted alike: content in the possession of that creed which was transmitted from their forefathers, and happy in their convictions which inspired their minds with security, and their hearts with tranquillity. Those brighter than Astrean days are gone—the noise of controversial disputation is heard in the sanctuary of domestic life, and the recesses of the temples of prayer. Acrimony and prejudice have usurped the tabernacles of ten thousand hearts, where charity and peace and love should ever abide: and we, who still cling to the tenets which rendered our ancestors so happy and so good, are hardly tolerated amid the violence of modern opposition.

In lieu of that one religion that diffused her blessings from pole to pole, there now exists a multitude of others, all of them recent, all of them differing—all of them appealing to the bible—all of them condemning us.

Before the birth of this numerous offspring of sects, infidelity was unknown. Now, what desolation has not been carried into society by the schools of incredulity which propagate principles the most pernicious to the world and the soul. Schools, which seek to confound spirit with matter—to extinguish the torch of immortal hope—to annihilate our being, in the cold and ignoble dust—

schools which have burst the sinews of order, and plunged society into blood.

Oh, Ada! how widely has the spirit of infidelity spread its baneful influence! I have known young, buoyant, feeling hearts—tinctured with the gloom! I have heard lips, from which we could have expected no sentiment to fall, but that of piety and devotion, uttering doubts, expressing misgivings—not about purgatory, or the trinity, or transubstantiation, but—the immortality of the soul. To what is the world coming, dear Ada, when such doubts are gaining upon the minds of the fair and feeling? And what barrier can be opposed to such ravages, except that which the authority of our church can afford. Take away that authority, and the consequence will be fatal to society. It is on account of its having been removed, that every other denomination has undergone change after change; insomuch that, in the language of Starke, "were Luther to rise again, he would not know the church which was the work of his industry." This is the effect of the so much vaunted *private judgment* in matters of religion. What think you of it, Ada? So pure a heart as you possess, and so clear a mind as you are adorned with, cannot approve of a principle which has been the parent of so much mischief and so much doubt. Reflect on this, my fair friend, and farewell.

LETTER VI.

I am sitting upon the borders of a limpid brook, dear Ada, under the shade of a venerable sycamore. And while I fix my eye upon its stream which the sun-beams are trying to play on through the deep foliage of the shrubbery and green briar bushes that are entangled along its course, I think of you—

Yes, the sun-beam, in tremulous light,
  Glimmers soft on the stream as it flows,
Which, shooting its way from the sight,
  Mid the shades of the shrubbery goes.

It seems as if longing to hide
  All its splendours and charms from the eye,
It steals to the thicket's dark side
  And passes in loneliness by.

So virtue, when round her meek head
  The halo of glory is bright,
Will fly to some desolate shade,
  And hide her from flattery's sight.

Yes, true merit is always most modest—true virtue most retiring. The more we mistrust our own judgments, the more prudence we evince, and the more secure do we repose on the authority of the church of God. And yet the *magna charta* of protestant liberty is private judgment. What says archdeacon Blackburn? "When the pro-

testants first withdrew from the communion of the church of Rome, the principles they went upon were such as these: Jesus Christ hath, by his gospel, called all men into liberty—and restored them the privilege of working out their salvation by their *own understandings.*" Upon this principle, who could condemn the socinian or the unitarian? do they not act according to their understandings? and consequently, do they not act in conformity with the fundamental maxim of the author whose words I have last quoted.

Dr. Marsh maintains the same position. "The church of England," he writes, "recognises to the utmost extent, the right of every man to worship God according to *his own conscience.*'

The Dr. might, perhaps, have justly excepted the Catholic; for it would appear, that that right is not extended to one who is made the theme of controversial animadversion, and the object of bigoted vituperation.

The sincere protestant must feel bound, my Ada, to examine the foundation of his belief. He should put to his reason this question: Is it possible that God could have constituted private judgment the rule of religious faith? Who does not know how changeable, how capricious such judgment is? How seldom are two individuals found to agree, in points infinitely less intricate and important, than the sublime subject of divine revela-

tion: Nay, how often does not the same individual change his opinions—destroy at night the work of an entire day: like the daughter of Icarus,

"Nocturno solvens texta diurna dolo."

All day she weaves her subtle work,
But wastes her time in vain:
Her fickle genius, in the night
Undoes the whole again.

I know not how you like my paraphrase, Ada, but I am sure that you do not imitate the whimsical attribute of Penelope.

I am aware that it is no easy matter to induce men to undertake an examination into subjects of this kind. Their prejudices, opinions, education, associations, are opposed to every such inquiry. Besides the discovery of truth is not always agreeable: truth is rigid; the duties she prescribes not congenial to the natural inclinations of the heart—and there are, who, after the light of truth bursts upon them, regret that they had not been left in darkness.

The Redeemer himself complained of the little disposition he found in men to become acquainted with his doctrines. They loved darkness, he said "because their deeds are evil." He proclaime- his gospel throughout all Judea, and after all his exertions, prayers, miracles, he succeeded in asso-

ciating to himself only twelve followers, and those from the lowest walks of the world.

The eloquence of Paul, who addressed the assembled wisdom of Greece, in the Areopagus of Athens, though he dwelt upon the vital truths of christianity, and spoke of the most terrific of all subjects—the resurrection of the dead, and the last judgment,—converted but one of the members of that august assemblage.

On another occasion, he could make Felix tremble, and turn pale on his throne, but did not convert him. How then can *I* expect to produce a change, though I prove the necessity of seeking for truth—though I succeed in convincing the unbiassed mind that there exists a church, which he who will not hear, "let him be as a heathen and a publican."

This is not my language, Ada, strong as it is, remember that it came from the mildest and most amiable of all Beings—from Christ himself. If you discover that church, will you hesitate to listen to her authority? no, Ada, you value too highly the privilege of being a christian.—Adieu.

LETTER VII.

A christian, Ada! what a glorious title this! yes, the greatest honour which the philosopher can possess, is to be decorated with the name of that system which was founded by a crucified Nazarean. It is an honour which we would not forego for worlds—and yet are there existing among us, persons illiberal, unjust enough, to make it a matter of disputation whether or not the members of the catholic church can claim the dignity of belonging to that system! Ah me! What motive can men have for treating the most ancient and venerable church in this perfidious manner. I am astonished how in this country, at least, such prejudice—might I not rather say ignorance, could be found! In this republic, where learning has erected her shrine, where every facility of acquiring information, and investigating controverted points, may be had—where the spirit of inquiry is abroad—where effusions of all descriptions are sent forth in thousands—where periodicals scientific, literary, critical, and religious, issue from every village; and the streams of information flow, in redundance, over every portion of the country.

But unfortunately, Ada, these streams are not pure; their waters are rendered turbid by the

intermixture of those running from the fountains of misrepresentation and prejudice. I have said it before—and I cannot repeat the fact too often, the periodicals, especially those purporting to be of a religious character, are stored with false statements, fraught with groundless criminations. The works of fancy are a tissue of ridiculous fabrications, detrimental to our cause; travels are made up of superficial impressions, and even the muse in striking her harp, is made to sing of the "superstitions of popery."

Do I exaggerate? charge me not with giving too deep a dye to the picture. No, Ada, some of the most learned men of protestantism have admitted the truth of the sentiment of Dryden:

> A hideous picture of their foes they drew,
> Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades nor colours true.

I refer you to Mr. Wix, a writer of no ignoble authority in the church of England: speaking of our religion, "it is," he says, "calumniated cruelly." And Dr. Parr, the rival of Dr. Johnston in gigantic intellect, and powerful reasoning: "It is insulted barbarously." Nightingale adds, "No religion is treated so unjustly." And Hume, who viewed the condition of things with a disinterested eye, as all religions to him were objects of illusion and folly, observes: "The protestants seem to have thought that no truth should be told of papists." The more, my dear Ada, you will be-

come acquainted with the real state of the question now before us, the more will you be convinced of the justness of these observations.

I have been acquainted with some very amiable and otherwise enlightened individuals—and have you not met with some, Ada,—who believed it sinful to read a catholic book? I have known others, who regarded a Priest, as you would a mufti, and felt an indescribable aversion to have any intercouse whatever with him, even in the ordinary relations of society. Nor is it to be wondered at, when the catholic clergy are branded by their instructors with epithets the most disgraceful, and accused of imposition, jugglery, idolatry, and every abominable practice.

For myself, I have sometimes doubted whether I should be amused, or offended, in reading the descriptions of clerical legerdemain, and sordid profanity, in books from which our protestant youth derive their hideous notions of catholicism.

I certainly deem it necessary in self-vindication, and from a motive of social benevolence, to do all that lies in my power to disabuse them of such ridiculous ideas, and to represent our tenets as they really are; and our clergy, in their merited character, that of true christian ministers.

Even the pulpit, the sacred desk itself, is frequently converted into a rostrum for polemical declamation, and ill-natured misrepresentation.

Yes, it is too often the case, that the youth of our country, whose minds should be imbued with charity for all mankind, and a respect for the convictions of their fellow-christians, receive in the churches which they frequent, impressions of deadly opposition to the catholics. Is this in conformity with the spirit of true and practical religion?

Yet, am I far, very far, dear Ada, from implicating all dissenting clergymen in this charge of illiberality. I am acquainted with some, whose virtues are an ornament to the world, and whose feelings of sympathy and benevolence, bounded only by the limits of creation; personages, who, convinced that they are discharging their own duty, look with veneration upon the virtues, talents, and zeal, of their catholic brethren. Yes, Ada, there are in the number of dissenting clergymen, some whose friendship I possess, and am proud to enjoy—whose acquirements are great; whose piety sincere; and whose good will and heart-felt respect, for our religion, are conspicuous.

It was your good fortune, my fair friend, to have been placed when a child under the direction of a minister of the most amiable and liberal character; and I was pleased to hear him remark, that were you to be convinced that you would be more secure in the catholic religion, you ought, by all means, to embrace it. Oh! Ada, I do not

wish to render you unhappy. I would not, for the world, plant a thorn in that heart, where calm, and peace, and happiness, have hitherto abode; I desire to make you still more happy—to convey to your mind an unsophisticated view of the tenets which I profess, and to impart to your spirit some of the consolations, which are found so abundantly in the catholic church.—Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

It is a beautiful saying of St. Francis de Sales, my dear Ada, "That a good christian cannot be outdone in good manners." And, if ever there was a practical comment upon an aphorism, the life of that amiable prelate was an exemplification of the maxim.

It is a pity that a similar spirit does not direct the pens and language of many of our most distinguished writers. We should not then have to complain of the abrupt sentence of condemnation which is passed, and sometimes, too, in very unchristian-like terms, against the religion of the best and wisest of men.

How few are there among the multitude of modern dissenters, who have ever reflected, that the doctrines and ceremonies which they denounce as absurd and superstitious, were believed and prac

tised, by a Constantine the great; a Charlemagne; a Louis IX.; an Alfred; a Thomas à Kempis; a Dryden; a Pope; a Fenelon; a Massillon; a Bossuet; a Columbus; a Charles Carroll; and countless other no less illustrious personages—That religion numbered among herc hildren all the flower of the nobility, chivalry, and talent, and learning, and virtue, of those very countries where she is now most condemned, and proscribed!

When in fashionable circles, the subject of catholicism is accidentally introduced, I have heard it often remarked, that that religion is confined to the servants—and those, too, are not natives, or at all instructed. You yourself once remarked, dear Ada, that were you to judge of our religion from the answers made to your interrogatories, by persons of that description, you would be induced to believe that the church to which they belong was a compound of absurdities and superstitions.

It amuses me to hear persons speaking of the want of respectability in the catholic church True there are not many very fashionable families in this city belonging to her pale, yet are there some as intelligent, respectable, and well educated, as any of our dissenting friends. And I would ask, not you, dear Ada, for you have too much discernment and judgment to form your ideas on

the simplicity of domestics; but I would ask some of our acquaintances, whether it is fair, justifiable, judicious, to take up violent prejudices against the whole community of catholics, because their domestics happen not to be as thoroughly instructed in their religion as they might be.

But I repeat it, I am amused at the term *respectability*—when almost all the crowned-heads in Europe, and by far the majority of the wealthiest, and most ancient families, beyond the Atlantic, and in our southern hemisphere—are catholics. Even in our own republic I might name not a few, who yield to none, in ample fortunes, elegant acquirements, and splendid virtues.

Besides, my Ada, the men of profound erudition, vast investigation, boundless research, indefatigable industry, who defend the catholic system, are more numerous and certainly far more conspicuous, than those who are arrayed against it. I have before me the writings of Dr. Milner, Dr. Lingard, Dr. Fletcher, and the Bishop of Aire; and I smile when upon my mantel I see the flimsy and badly written "Renunciation of Popery," which, my Ada, will be buried in the grave of the writer, and yet how many will devour this miserable production, who would turn with horror, from the classic, and logical effusions of those master-minds.

"Res sunt humanæ flebile ludibrium,"

is a sentiment as true, as it is difficult to translate it into English, yet you understand it perfectly, and will often have occasion to apply it in the passing events of life.

> "There are among the things of earth,"
> (Thus might I rhyme the poet's saying,)
> "Which rouse *one's* grief, *another's* mirth,"
> The reason is beyond portraying:
> As for myself, where'er I see
> Pedantic efforts to be wise,—
> What might call forth a tear from *thee*
> To mark such folly in disguise,
> Will always, Ada, cause a smile in me.

And it is because, perhaps, I have less sensibility, and more acquaintance with the world, than you possess. I am never more convinced of the truth and sanctity of the catholic church, than when I peruse the angry "renunciations" of men who, from sordid or baser motives, were induced to abandon her communion. Show me a man, who, even in defence of a bad cause, or of a precipitate step, writes well and politely, and he shall not be without the respect which talent should always be entitled to. I am sure, Ada, you do not differ with me, on this point. To-morrow I shall pursue my subject. The moon is shining brightly in the azure heavens, and echo seems to have gone to rest in the deep windings of the vale—good night, and—farewell.

LETTER IX.

" Les cloches, dans les aires, de leurs voix argentines
Appelloient a grand bruit les chantres a matines."

Thus opens, as you well know, Ada, the fourth canto of Boileau's "Lutrin." Embosomed in the quiet and sequestered shades of the country, far from the smallest village, I hear no sounding of clocks, no ringing of bells; but my ear is saluted at early morn, with the wood-land matin song of the lark and robin.

There is a charm, at this hour, in the country.—I love to ramble over the dewy fields—to pause by the side of the gurgling streams—to muse in the solitude of nature—where the lively warblers of the forest, strain their little throats, in the praise of him "who feeds the birds of the air." There is as much wisdom to be learned here, by the contemplative mind, as the disciples of Plato could derive from the instructions of the academus.

When I left my study this morning, Ada, I put in my pocket a small volume containing extracts from the most eminent protestant divines. I am fond of reading the works of celebrated men, no matter what may be their profession—and among the writers of the various denominations, there are some of exalted talents and admirable conceptions.

In turning over the pages of the volume at random, I fell accidentally upon a passage from the far-famed Jeremy Taylor, which, I think, will prove a perpetual refutation of all the abuse and calumny which the illiberal and interested have heaped upon our church.

"There are many considerations," writes that excellent divine, "which may retain persons of much reason, and more piety, in its communion. They know it to have been the religion of their forefathers, which had possession of men's understandings before protestantism had a name. *Its doctrines* have had a long continuance and possession of the church, which, therefore, cannot easily be supposed in the present possessors to be a design, since they have received them from so many ages.—Then comes the splendour and beauty of that church. Its pompous service; the stateliness and solemnity of its hierarchy; its name CATHOLIC; the antiquity of its doctrines, the constitutional success of its bishops and their *immediate derivation* from the apostles, its title to succeed St. Peter. Add to this the multitude and variety of persons who are of its persuasion; the consent of elder ages.—To this again add its happiness in being the instrument in converting divers nations—the piety and austerity of its religious orders; the severity of its fasts; the great reputation of its bishops for faith and sanctity; the known holiness of some of its founders of religi-

ous orders; the single life of its bishops and priests," &c. &c.

Now, my dear Ada, in comparison with Jeremy Taylor, what are those ephemeral writers, who make it their business, in this country, to propagate slanders, to gather up the cobweb invectives of political economists, whose object was to pander to the vanity and prejudices of power. Was this learned man ignorant, do you think, of the history of our church, which certain fanatical compilers of mis-statements, which they style facts, are pleased to designate as the mother of iniquity and abominations! It seems to me, the most effectual antidote that can be applied to the malevolence of those men, is to place before a candid public, the sentiments and language of the ornament of the protestant religion, Dr. Jeremy Taylor. He soars like an eagle, far above the prejudices of petty minds: he can, with unflinching eye, look upon the sun of truth, while others, whose spirits are of two vulgar a kind to bear them aloft to such brilliant contemplations, are left in gloom and cloud.

Fix *your* eye, Ada, upon that orb of religion, from which light is diffused throughout this nether world. You are one of the few, who can stand the rays, can tolerate the glory! Pure spirits are destined for regions of light beyond the most brilliant stars: prepare your's for those glorious

spheres,—the genius of religion points to them, my friend, and may we meet—Adieu!

LETTER X.

As I mused, my Ada, upon the beautiful terrace which stretches down upon a blooming garden, I was checked on my way, by a swarm of busy ants, that covered the superficies of the path for a considerable space. I was cautious how I trod among these interesting insects, whose industry has been presented by the Redeemer, to the imitation of christians—and, as I watched them, I said to myself, how these little labourers toil to provide for the time to come, and how thoughtless are most of the rational portion of creation about the future! I was struck, and could not help repeating an elegant sonnet, written by a lady, Ada—the baroness Caraccioli da Termini:

"Provida formichetta esce da quella,
Che natura le die, misera stanza,
E Scorrendo per tutto have speranza
Di portar nuovo cibo a la sua cella.
Da ciel appena questa parte e quella
Fervido il sôle a riscaldars 'avanza
Che sua raccolta espone a l'inconstanza
Del vento, e a'improvisa e ria procella.
Formichetta infelice! e pur trovasti

In me chi compatir possa il tuo duolo,
Se indarno, al par di me, ti affiticasti
Tu in van gioisti, in vano io mi consolo
In aver raunato esca che basta:
Disperde ogni fatica un soffio solo—"

It is no easy matter to translate well from any foreign language: but I confess, that with me, the most difficult of all attempts is to put into English verse a good Italian sonnet.—Pardon me, then, if I do not succeed in the present. You are welcome to it, my Ada, as it is:—

The prudent little emmet strays about
From her poor cell, by nature's hand dug out;
Scouring, with patient industry, the earth
In quest of some provision: from the birth
Of the Aurora—as the orb of day
Ascends the heavens, all she seeks to lay
In her small granary, may be swept away
By wind and storm. Poor ant, thou find'st in me,
One who can feel compassion for thy worth!
And if in vain, as it appears to be,
Thou strugglest to provide for future want,
I think how little *I* can hope, poor ant,
The good things I have treasured to enjoy,
Which one small breath, alas! may suddenly destroy.

And yet man exhausts all his labours, wastes all his strength, in hoarding up perishable treasures—which cannot follow their owner farther than the tomb; while he is reckless of those eternal things which only commence after the present life!

Am I too grave a moralist, dear Ada? alas! I have seen instances of persons, who were not only regardless themselves of their immortal interest, but sought to interfere with the consciences of those under their care: unamiable beings, who imbued with prejudices against the catholic church, exerted all their influence and authority, to prevent their relations, or friends, from following their own most sacred and awful convictions!

You may turn Moravian, Socinian, Unitarian, any thing Ada, and not much will be said about it—but become a Catholic, and there is a general excitement—"What! has she forgotten herself so far!" exclaims one: "Has she really lost her senses, then? exclaims another. All her friends are in arms: the clergyman who receives her into the church is denounced, her dearest associates cease to be her intimates, and, to speak in plain terms, a persecution is commenced against her.

I am not rash in making these remarks, I speak from experience; I am representing in description many a striking original—and I think you will agree with me, Ada, when you call to your recollection the history of a young and much injured convert whom you knew when living, and over whose grave you have wept, for her untimely fate. You will not object that I should bring the details of that history again before your mind. I know you will shed some tears at the recital, but—farewell.

LETTER XI.

Among the tomb-stones, Ada, which arrest the stranger's eye, as he muses through the grave-yard belonging to the Cathedral of — there is one, simple in its construction, pure in its design, surrounded by a neat pailing, and shaded by a young cypress, bearing the name of her who there lies buried. While others are filled with sculptured praise, and melancholy panegyric, upon this is carved the monosylable—JANE. This is all her epitaph! The wild-flower blossoms over the remains of her, who, had she not been brought to a cruel, and premature end, would now be its rival in freshness and bloom! There is no one who visits that sadly, beautiful spot, devoted to the dead of the Cathedral, but, after reading the many elegant and some well merited eulogies inscribed upon their monuments, turns, with infinite interest, to this and feels that there must be something plaintive associated with that brief word—JANE.

Yes, stranger, her story is a doleful one; she fell in the spring-tide of youth, a victim to the unrelenting prejudices of her once dearest friends; she pined away in the deepest pangs of affliction, a martyr to her conscience, and there lie her ashes!

You knew her well, dear Ada, when she was the glory of her family: beautiful, accomplished and gay as the timidly sportive fawn. She was

then a protestant, rigidly devoted to her church, first in all good works, and zealous in her principles. You have seen her, yes I know too, Ada, you have frequently accompanied her, when she left the comforts of her fire-side, to carry relief to some poor sufferer, to wrap in comfort some wretched babe, to administer solace and aid to some heart-broken widow. You have seen her, an angel of charity and love, cheering with her presence, the despondency of sickness, dispersing with her smiles, the deep-fixed gloom of want and dereliction, and delighting, with more buoyancy of heart, in such scenes of mercy, than in the beauteous circles which she adorned and enlivened.

In one of her errands of charity, as she was distributing tracts from door to door, with the purest intention of enlightening, as she thought, a catholic clergyman, she ventured to call at his house. She had never conversed with a priest, and she conscientiously pitied his delusion, and trembled for his condition.

She was met at the door by the reverend gentleman, whose manners were refined, and whose acquaintance with the world extensive.

"Pardon me," she said, "dear Sir;" perhaps it may be deemed an unjustifiable obtrusion on my part, thus to present myself before you, without any introduction; but I have so far overcome myself, and set aside the formalities otherwise to be

observed, for the purpose of presenting you a tract, will you accept it?"

"With great pleasure," returned the priest—"and allow me to ask you to walk into my room—your motive in presenting me this tract must be sincere; and I respect sincerity wherever I meet it."

Jane entered the room. Every thing around seemed strange; over the mantel piece hung a picture of the Pope, whom she had been taught to regard as antichrist; around the walls were ranged other sacred pictures, and on his secretary stood an ivory crucifix.

A conversation immediately ensued on controversial topics, and was conducted with becoming mildness, perspicuity, and elegance, by the priest. He explained to her the light in which we view the Pope, the nature of the veneration we pay to images and to the crucifix: he marked, with peculiar emphasis, the difference between the proper doctrines of the church, and the misrepresentations of those doctrines. The effect of this interview was a correspondence on religious subjects, which continued for six months.—During that period Jane read every thing that was put into her hands by her ministers, to save her, as they said, and by the catholic clergyman, to convince her of the truth.

After a thorough investigation, and a difficult struggle with her dearest prejudices, she deter-

mined to embrace the tenets of that church which she had learned to identify with error and sacrilege. Being fully instructed, she was admitted to communion, at the foot of the altar, in the little gothic chapel of ——

Oh, my Ada, what an edifying sight it was to behold this fervent christian, bathed in tears, and rapt in divine centemplation, receiving, for the first time, the body of the Lord. It was early on a bright Sunday of May, when the first-born flowers of the garden decorated and perfumed the tabernacle, and the gentle tapers calmly glimmered, like the peace-stars of Eden, around the shrine of saint ——

There knelt the lovely convert, a wreath of flowers on her head; a white vail flowing to the ground; a smile of rapture upon her cheek; her hands softly clasped on her bosom; and her eye beaming with serenity and joy.

Oh! from that heaven
To which her spirit hath now flown
(By persecution from this cold world driven)
Angels, my Ada, then looked down
And smiled upon the sight:

They saw in her,
One, fit to mingle in *their* throng
Too pure, too meek, to be a sufferer
On earth, and now she shines among
Her sister-angels bright.

I pause here, Ada; we shall soon arrive at the conclusion of her history—until then, Adieu.

LETTER XII.

I resume the story of Jane. Dear Ada, have you not wept yourself almost sick, at the manner in which she who had been her family's idol as a Protestant, was afterwards treated as a Catholic:

On returning home from the chapel, she was met not with the welcome of a parent's love, but with stern reproof, and cold disdain. Even her youngest sisters, who formerly used to rush into her arms, and vie for the first embrace, were instructed to keep aloof, and look askance! Oh, what a pang to the tender heart of Jane! What agony did she not suffer, when she found her father's house, the once abode of love and happiness, suddenly converted into a strange place, in which she felt as lost!

"What means this woful change papa!" she sighed, as her father coldly past her by, and burst into a flood of tears—Her father made no reply.

She then flew into her mother's room—but on her mother's face the benign expression of affection smiled no more; she fixed a scowling look on

Jane, and exclaimed: "disgrace! disgrace!"

"Oh mamma!" she sighed—and sobbed bitterly, "how have I become the disgrace"—she could say no more.

"Yes you have brought shame upon your family."

"Have I been guilty of any crime, mamma!"

"Guilty! no words can express the enormity of your guilt."

"What then have I done!"

"Do you ask me such a question? Where were you this morning? Whence have you just come? What have you been led to ——"

"Mamma, I became a catholic from conviction ——"

"So much the greater guilt—you acknowledge that you are convinced you are lost, gone, ruined—"

"Alas! my dearest, dearest mamma, speak not thus ——"

"You will no longer find a mother in me—You have forfeited my love, you have incurred the displeasure of your family for ever!"

"For ever!" exclaimed Jane—and almost distracted with anguish, left her mother's room.

Yes, Ada, it was for ever! for Jane there was no more the endearment of home; the angel of peace took his flight from that sanctuary, where the demon of prejudice prevailed. The temptation to relapse, to yield, was powerful: no, to a spirit like

her's, it was nought. Her conscience told her she was acting well; the panoply of heaven was extended over her heart, and, with the grace of HIM who penetrates the secrets of the soul, and who *judgeth justices*, she acquired an almost omnipotent energy. For the sake of her heavenly Father, she could brave the frowns of her earthly parents, whom still she loved—adored; and, in order to obtain a mansion in his kingdom, she hesitated not to be exiled from their house, of which, but a short time since, she was deemed the guardian angel. She remembered the awful sentence of the Redeemer, the most dutiful of all children: "he that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

Among strangers, however, there was not wanting an asylum for the young victim of paternal intolerance: the bosom of sympathy beat warmly in her regard, and hundreds of new friends emulated one another in wiping away her tears, and inspiring her with consolation.

But, what can compensate for the loss of home! what could soothe the wasting affliction of a heart, which clung with the tenderest devotion, to the sacred associations of her family! No, Ada, there was nothing to support her moral energy but religion; her physical strength began to yield, and her spirits, lately so elastic and buoyant, to wither and decay. She sickened, and, in the space of a few weeks, she was but the shadow of herself, the

skeleton of Jane! She could not eat; sleep fled from her pillow; and death hastened apace. You were among the few true friends, who did not forsake her; at the peril of the intimacy of her family, you sat by her bed-side, during her illness, you mingled your tears with her's, you breathed the spirit of solace into her sinking bosom.

You witnessed the last moments of a perfect christian—praying, with oppressive emotions, for her dear parents; naming, with kindling affection, her little sisters; and only expressing one wish, to die in their arms;—she died in your's, Ada—

And while that tomb, that simple tomb,
Beneath the willow shall remain,
The stranger oft shall learn the doom
Recorded in the name of JANE.

Ada, farewell.

LETTER XIII.

May it not then be asserted, with some grounds, dear Ada, that there exists even in this free country an unrelenting spirit of opposition to the catholic religion? Was I guilty of rashness when I remarked, that, if a member of a family brought up in any dissenting denomination, becomes a catholic, too often a persecution is commenced, and

every means had recourse to, in order to shake the convictions, and fetter the liberty of the convert!

Still, notwithstanding this, how many have defied all opposition, have risen above all prejudice and attached themselves to the catholic church: From all ranks of society, from the first class of wealth and fashion—young and old, male and female, ministers and laymen, I could number many.

Yes, Ada, even the desks of Protestantism have been forsaken by some of their most eminent men, who have done homage to the truth of our church, and become her firmest pillars. You have not forgotten the conversion of the honourable and reverend George Spencer, formerly chaplain to the Bishop of London, and brother to lord Althorp—I knew him well, dear Ada; I saw him a simple student in the English college at Rome; I heard him deliver his first discourse, as a catholic divine, in the church of *Gesu Maria*, in the Corso, to a crowded assemblage of English, and Americans: I marked the sincerity of his manner, plain but dignified; serious but amiable; energetic but liberal.

It afforded me extreme pleasure to meet in person that illustrious character, concerning whose conversion, which was denied by a writer in the Gazette of ——, I had been drawn into a correspondence. The account of his change, which was stated in that paper to be a fabrication, I found to be perfectly authentic: all the details

were true, all the facts as they originally occurred: and I cordially shook the hand of my brother priest, the son of lord Spencer.

In our country, Ada, several potestant ministers have embraced the catholic religion. Within my own recollection there were four—three of whom are still living, practising, with primitive fervour, the duties of that church. The other is dead—and never died a man of more sterling integrity, honest conviction, and genuine virtues, than George I*******.

Faith has lighted her torch over his grave; and peace watches over his ashes!

These men were educated in prejudice, and, before they made themselves thoroughly acquainted with catholicity, as much opposed to its doctrines as they were afterwards convinced of their truth. It was a glorious triumph to our cause, to gain over, at once, from the protestant church four of her former champions. It was a spectacle calculated to awaken public attention, and induce investigation. "What!" did many observe, "If such men as these, learned, wise, and virtuous, brought up from their cradle in a system so different from that which they embraced, could, after mature inquiry, avow their change in so important a matter, must they not have had solid grounds to act on?

Yes, they had, dear Ada: they could not be accused of interested motives, for they resigned their

livings and threw themselves upon their talents, and their resources. They must have been influenced by supernatural inducements. Their subsequent conduct has proved it, and their example should serve as a model of imitation for others.

I have placed it before you, Ada, because I know you will admire their consistency; and, I feel too, that when once convinced, your name will be added to their's, as another light kindled from the sun of truth, and mingling its meek lustre with the splendour of religion—Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

I write this under a broad oak, dear Ada, on as beautiful a morning as ever dawned on the world. Upon the lawn, fragrant with fresh grass, and bespangled with dew-drops, the snowy sheep are browzing and the tender lambs are sporting. And, I remember, besides, that this is your birth day, Ada.

This is thy birthday—know'st thou not, fair friend,
That from thy years of life one more hath gone
For ever, and for ever!—hast thou ne'er
Paused in thine innocence before the leaves
That show their first, fair greenness to the spring?
Perchance while viewing them, some lovely one,
Nipped in its youth, hath fallen at thy feet,
And withered, never to be fair again.

That fallen leaf, methinks, resembles, Ada,
The year which hath just left thee. There are still
Many remaining—but there is one less.
Yet hath thy birthday joys to greet thee still ;
Health, vigour, beauty, still are left with thee.
Hope's wild, yet fragrant flower, is opening bright
And heaven is smiling on thine innocence.
This is thy birthday—yes it is—it is :
Then joy be with thee and thy parents ; joy
With all who soothe thee with the name of friend,
And as thy years flow from thee, turn thine eyes
To that bright heaven, where time shall be no more.

For my own part, I love to carry my thoughts into eternity, where the spirits of the just are mingling in the communion of heaven, and looking down with vigilant anxiety upon their friends who are still struggling in this valley of tears. I am not among those, who hold, that the saints in the bosom of their God, have forgotten their brethren on earth; that they feel no interest in, and have no knowledge of, the affairs of mortals.

No, Ada, "I believe in the communion of saints."—I believe that I may address my prayers to them, and I believe that they can hear, and through the merits of Christ, can assist me. Yes, all this I believe, notwithststanding the charge of idolatry which is alleged against me, for so doing, by no obscure opponents.

I will examine whether the charge be grounded—whether for requesting a parent or a friend

in heaven to pray for me, I am to be ranked among the pagans, and made like to those who invoked the gods and goddesses of old.

The reformation, dear Ada, was not undertaken on this ground: when Luther separated from the ancient church, it was not because he saw in the practice of praying to the saints anything that bordered on idolatry; he had other motives; he was impelled by other causes. For, in his sermon on the feast of St. John the Baptist, addressing his audience on this very topic, he says: "you do not sin by asking them (the saints,) to pray for you."

The pretext of idolatry was assumed, as the learned Dr. Milner remarks, by the Duke of Somerset, with a view of inflaming the passions of the ignorant against the catholic church, and in order to effect the revolution which ensued. The tenet regarding the invocation of saints, was accordingly misrepresented—it was identified with the senseless rites of paganism; it was denounced as derogatory from the infinite merits of Christ, and contradictory to the plain meaning of the scriptures.

This was a popular manœuvre:—the ignorant multitude began to imagine that the religion of Christ was at stake—and that it depended on their zeal and energy, to save the last remnant of truth; to kindle once more the dying embers

of pure religion—and to inflict a merited chastisement on those sacrilegious beings, who had spread darkness over the face of christianity, and almost plunged the world back into the chaos of idolatry.

Nor was this spirit confined to the ignorant and the low; it communicated itself to many of the ablest writers of those days, it breathed through their discourses, and insinuated its venom into all their productions.

The outcry raised against this doctrine at that era of confusion and change, has rebounded from clime to clime, and from century to century. The echo of the present age, and in our free republic, still repeats, though with a fainter sound—Idolatry.

Yes, Ada, too often does the grave "professor," instead of instructing his theological pupils in the science of truth, instead of proclaiming facts, and expounding ecclesiastical history, too often, I repeat, does he forget his dignity, and join in the vulgar cry—Idolatry.

Even the drowsy "watchman," as he paces his solitary rounds through the darkness of the night, as he attempts to vociferate the hours, stammers, with stentorian lungs,—Idolatry.

Thus is the popular shout kept up, from the all-solemn Doctor of Divinity, down to the all-ludicrous menial of the midnight tribe!

What motive can there be, dear Ada, in this age of investigation and liberal opinion, to continue the odious shout? Is it to be supposed that Americans are to be alarmed by the bugbear of old English invention! Is there not intellect, judgment, perspicacity enough, in the minds of the "Lord's of human kind," to see through the flimsy texture in which prejudice and policy have laboured to involve the tenets of our church?

I have merely to state those tenets as we really believe them, as they are taught by the Church and the candid minds of our countrymen will perceive how much we have been injured and abused. They will be convinced that it is only by misstating, that our opponents can succeed in exciting opposition, and keeping alive prejudice. It frequently happiness, that the most rigid believers in those misrepresentations, when they discover how systematically they have been imposed upon—are the first to enter into an investigation of religious matters—and often too the first in returning to the bosom of their mother, the much injured and calumniated church.

Oh Ada, that I may succeed in convincing you that the ideas which you have derived from your earliest education on the subject of our religion, are incorrect—I know what the result will be—Adieu.

LETTER XV.

I was on the point of returning home to breakfast, after concluding my last to you, dear Ada, when a gentleman of advanced years, and accomplished manners rode up, and inquired of me the way to ——. He observed that he was a missionary of the —— church, and his object in going to the village in question was to preach a series of sermons. As I found him communicative, I took the liberty of asking him to accompany me to my country-house, to rest himself, and breakfast with me. He readily consented, and, in a few minutes, we reached the "alley green."

The reverend gentleman had no idea that I was a catholic, and I deemed it prudent, lest I might have destroyed his appetite, not to reveal the secret to him until we had finished our breakfast.

"You observed sir," I then said, "that you are on your way to —— in order to deliver a set of sermons, may I inquire, on what subject it is your intention to preach:"

"I purpose sir," he replied, "to expose the absurdity of the Roman catholic doctrines, they are so perfectly unscriptural, so untenable, that I am surprised how any one who feels any respect for the christian system, can possibly admit them."

"And still they are believed by most of the learned, and the good," I returned.

The missionary looked doubtfully upon me, and becoming suspicious of my orthodoxy, would gladly have diverted the conversation, had I not purposely continued the subject.

"I thank you sincerely, sir," he blandly said, "for the hospitality you have extended to me ——" and was on the point of departing, when,

"Pray, reverend sir, may not your ideas of catholicism be erroneous:" I asked—

"Every one knows enough of that religion to condemn it," was his reply. "For instance, the doctrine it maintains of praying to the saints is abominable. It places Mary, a mere woman, on an equal footing with the Son of God, and transforms the saints into deities."

"Are you certain that the doctrine of the Roman catholic church is as you have stated it?" I again asked.

"Read the Renunciation of Popery,—Blanco White, the History of Popery, Dr. ——'s Essay, and judge for yourself."

"Read Dr. Milner, the Amicable Discussion, and the Papist Misrepresented and Represented," I retorted. "It is surely not from the avowed enemies of the church, that you are to learn her genuine doctrines. We should drink of the pure fountain,

if we desire to be refreshed with a limpid draught, and not of that turbid stream, thickened with the influx of a thousand prejudices and a thousand misrepresentations."

"If you do not believe the doctrine, my dear, sir, as I have stated it to be, you cannot be a catholic," he insisted.

"I do not believe it in that sense," I returned, "and yet I *am* a catholic: and moreover, I contend that were I to admit your interpretation of it, instead of being a catholic, I would be an idolater."

"*You* are an enlightened scholar," urged the missionary, "but the ignorant, do they not believe that the saints may be invoked as possessing power of themselves, independent of the merits of the Redeemer?"

"The ignorant are taught the common catechism," I returned: and having a copy upon my table, I opened the part relating to this subject, and read the following passage: "We are to honour them (the saints) as God's special friends and servants, but NOT WITH THE HONOUR WHICH BELONGS TO GOD."

The missionary became manifestly impatient, and begging me to excuse him, as the time appointed to reach the village had almost arrived, and not a moment was to be lost. He mounted his horse, bade me good morning, and rode off. I

did not hear what was the tenor of his sermon on the subject we were discussing. But I should not wonder, Ada, if he repeated the very same misstatements which I carefully sought to rectify.

When for the future, then, you hear us stigmatized as idolaters for praying to the saints, remember the missionary.—Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

"Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence:
But that on th' other side, if it be weighed
By itself, with aggravations, not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find, &c."

You have read the Samson Agonistes of Milton, dear Ada, and remember, no doubt, these lines, put into the mouth of Delila. Had the missionary remained a little longer, I might have repeated them to him, in whose estimation, I was guilty of the most grievous offence against the spirit of christianity, by admitting the propriety of praying to the saints. I rejoice that *you* have the patience to read my letters, and hear my views and arguments on these important articles of religious faith.

Is it then true, that the catholic church teaches that the saints possess any power to grant our petitions, except as far as they derive it from God! can I pray to the virgin Mary as to one who can *command* her son in the strict acceptation of the term? am I to believe that the merits of Christ are insufficient of themselves, or that it is absolutely necessary that I should invoke any particular saint, in order to have those merits applied to my soul! In a word, dear Ada, is it derogatory to the mediatorship of the Redeemer to recommend myself to the prayers of the just in heaven?

I refer you to the Council of Trent, the constitution, I may call it, of the catholic church: in which our doctrines are distinctly defined, and from which there can be no appeal.

In the twenty-fifth session, you will find this proposition. "The saints reigning with Christ, offer up their prayers for men. It is *good* and *useful* suppliantly to invoke them, and to have recourse to their prayers—to obtain favours from God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is alone our Redeemer and Saviour."

And in the catechism of the Council, published by order of Pope Pius V., part the fourth on prayer, it is expressly stated, that "we do not address God or the saints in the same manner: God we implore to grant us the blessings of which we stand in need; but the saints because they are the friends of God,

we solicit to undertake the advocacy of our cause with him, to obtain for us, from him, all necessaries for soul and body. Hence we make use of two different sorts of prayer; to God we properly say, "have mercy on us;" but to the saints, "pray for us."

This is very different from the doctrine imputed to us, dear Ada, in the periodicals, and bigoted essays of the day. I adhere not to the creed formed for me by my adversaries, but to that drawn up and promulgated by the councils of the church.

Again permit me to direct your attention to another authority of high respectability: which every catholic reveres, and whose statements of our tenets are, in every respect, conformable to the unanimous belief of all instructed members of the church.

Drs. Challoner and Gother are two venerable names in the records of catholicism: under their sanction and supervision, a small book was published, to which I before alluded, entitled "The Papist Misrepresented and Represented:" in that book I find the following anathema: "Cursed is he that believes the saints in heaven to be his redeemers, that prays to them as such, or that gives God's honour to them, or to any other creature."

To this anathema, I most cordially subscribe; and so will you, Ada, and every consistent christian. Nor will I, or you, or any other christian,

hesitate a moment to say "amen" to this one: "Cursed is every goddess worshipper, that believes the B. Virgin Mary to be any more than a creature, that worships her, or puts his trust in her more than in God; that believes her above her son, or that she can in any thing command him."

Judge now, my dear Ada, whether the invocation of saints is idolatrous; and whether I should be condemned for vindicating its propriety.

And yet I know, it will be said,
  Repeated, urged, insisted on,
That rites idolatrous are paid
  To saints, by every genuine son
    Of popery!

That Mary, like some goddess old,
  Some Juno glittering on her car,
Can o'er her Son dominion hold
  And hurl his thunderbolts afar
    O'er land and sea.

That the deluded papist leaves
  The altar of the sovereign Lord,
And making her his goddess, weaves
  His chaplets at her shrine—adored,
    (Oh! profanation!)

In place of Him, the eternal One,
  Who claims the homage of mankind:
And heedless of the only Son—
  To saints and Mary is confined
    His adoration!

This is not the most elegant poetry, my Ada, but perhaps a ludicrous strophe or two will occasionally tend to vary the monotony of a grave controversial correspondence. Perhaps there is no subject which presents fewer attractions to the young mind than that of controversy. Even Moore's work, "Travels of an Irish gentleman in search of Religion," is left on the shelf untouched and unread, by thousands who devour his Llala Rookh, and feast on his Melodies. The Hind and Panther of Dryden, which contains as much good poetry as any other of his productions, finds very few admirers; and had he written nothing else, he would have been, long since, buried in oblivion; or had that poem been the offspring of some modern catholic, it would have been regarded as unworthy a liberal and poetical mind. And yet it is the effusion of Dryden. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

I this day heard the doleful news of the death of our dear and promising young friend Oscar ——. The letter communicating this intelligence, my Ada, now lies on my table deeply sealed with black, and stained with the tears of her who wrote it. It informs me that his brother is actually at —

awaiting the arrival in port of the ship which brings to his mother's arms the remains of her darling! oh what an amiable youth has been taken from us!—what a generous, high-minded, religious member of society has fallen! and how sad is the reflection, that, after an absence of so long a time, when on the point of finishing his education in Europe, and about to return to his native land, he was attacked by a mortal disease, and, ere yet the shores of Europe had disappeared, he died on the sea!

Oh never breathed upon this earth
  A nobler, purer, gentler spirit:
I knew him, Ada, knew his worth,
  His virtue, and his merit!

His features manly and refined,
  His person elegant and tall,
His manners graceful, and his mind
  Pure and ethereal—

Upon the distant shores of France
  Afar from her he lov'd so dearly,
He sought in science to advance
  And to improve in virtue yearly.

At length approached the welcome day
  When all his anxious studies o'er,
He was again to bend his way
  Back, Ada, to his native shore.

The sea was lovely, through the foam
  The gallant ship in triumph sped:

As though exulting towards her home
To bear this boy—she bore him *dead*.

Yes, scarcely had the misty peaks
Of Europe's mountains shrunk away
Than death sat on his pallid cheeks
And closed his eyes for ever to the day!

The sea breeze has sung his requiem, on the trackless ocean, and the mermaids have wept for the early and premature fate of poor Oscar! While, we can have no doubt, Ada, the angels have borne away his immortal spirit to the regions of the good and the pious. Oh! may not he, that loving son, brother, friend, in the bosom of his God, pour forth his prayers for those who are left bewailing behind him! where is the feeling heart that could doubt it! where the bosom that could not throb to think that that there is in heaven one spirit that will ever interest itself for an exile on earth. And if he can pray for me, what impropriety can there be in my invoking him; will not his prayers avail me? does not St. James declare that "the prayers of the righteous avail much." He makes no distinction between those of a righteous man on earth, or in heaven. The proposition is general and explicit; "the prayers of the righteous avail much."

Gentle spirit, that hast departed from that comely frame which now lies in the stream, look down from the celestial spheres to which thou hast

flown, upon thy friend! mingle thy orisons with those of the myriads of spirits which surround the throne of the most High, and pour forth the odours of their prayers, to the Lamb who was slain for us. Pray for me, that I may pass in safety through the infinite perils which beset my path in this valley of wo; and forget not her, to whom I address these letters, fair Ada.

Will you not join in this supplication, dear lady? oh how consoling it is to the feeling heart to sigh out its aspirations to those who are in heaven! Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

St. Paul, dear Ada, was in the habit of recommending himself to the prayers of the faithful. In his epistle to the Romans, fifteenth chapter and thirtieth verse, he writes thus: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you assist me in your prayers for me to God," &c.

Cannot I, with the same spirit, and always referring the efficacy of their prayers to the merits of Christ, call upon the brethren in Heaven, to assist me?

God himself commanded the friends of Job, to

go to that good man, and supplicate his intercession.—You will find this fact recorded in the forty-first chapter of the book of Job, verses seven and eight: "And after the Lord had spoken these words to Job, he said to Eliphaz the Temanite; my wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends; because you have not spoken the thing that is right before me, as my servant Job hath, take unto you therefore, seven oxen, and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer for yourselves a holocaust: and my servant Job SHALL PRAY FOR YOU; his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to thee."

Thus does it appear manifest, that, the Lord would not receive the holocausts of Eliphaz, until Job prayed for him. It was a condition, which could not to be dispensed with: and, had not that holy man interceded for him, the wrath of heaven must have fallen upon his head.

Who knows but there is some Job among the saints of heaven, whom the Almighty wills me to invoke? who can tell, whether it will not depend on the prayers of that righteous spirit, that the indignation of God may be appeased? My holocausts, my tears, my supplications may not be acceptable: those of Eliphaz were not. Is it then, improper for me to send up my prayers to the saints, beseeching them, if *I* cannot find mercy, that *they*, like Job, would intercede before the throne of divine justice!

But, it is said we worship the saints. What is meant by worship, dear Ada? Do we pay to them that adoration which is due to God alone, and which he will not suffer to be given to another. If so, we are indeed idolaters—worse than the ancient Romans, more inexcusable than the modern Chinese.

I need hardly answer such a question. You know full well, that we merely venerate or respect the saints, as the special friends of God; we adore only God.

Nor does it follow because we kneel before an image, that we are guilty of idolatry. Abraham bowed before the angels, as is related in the nineteenth chapter and second verse of Genesis: "And when he had lifted up his eyes there appeared to him three men, standing near him; and as soon as he saw them he ran to meet them from the door of his tent, and *adored down to the ground.* Think you, Ada, was it idolatry in Abraham to prostrate himself thus, before the angels? You know that it was not, let it not then be deemed idolatry, when the catholic kneels before a sacred image.

Joshua too, as we find recorded in his own book, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, fell on his face in the presence of an angel. "Joshua fell on his face to the ground, and *worshipping*, said: what saith my Lord to his servant."

We worship the saints, as that great prophet worshipped the angel. If it is wrong, he has given the example. But who will accuse him of derogating from the honour due to God: catholics, then, should cease to be vituperated, when they have so unexceptionable a precedent to guide them.

But it is objected, saint John attempted to worship the angel, and was reproved for so doing—"And I fell upon my face," he writes, "to adore him, and he saith to me, see thou do it not; I am thy fellow servant—adore God." This text is found in Revelations, chapter nineteenth, tenth verse.

This proves nothing against our dogma, dear Ada. In the first place, it must appear evident, that one angel would not reprehend, what another had approved. But, in the two former cases, the angels accepted the worship of Abraham and Joshua. John would not therefore have been chided, for following the example of those venerable men.

He must consequently have imagined that it was the Deity himself he was conversing with and, under that impression, fell upon his face in order to offer him strict and religious adoration—that *latria*, which is due to God alone. It was then the angel informed him of his misapprehension, and assured him, that it was the vision mere-

ly of a servant of the Almighty, not of the Almighty himself.

"Adore God." Yes, my Ada, it is to that supreme and omnipotent being, we must pay our adoration. But as he does not forbid me to respect you, to feel towards you all the regard which your merit and virtues deserve, neither is he unwilling that I should evince some external tokens of veneration for those who are already in possession of that glory, which is prepared for you—oh may we enjoy it together! Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

In conversing, some time since, with a very devoted friend of yours, dear Ada, the subject on which I wrote you in my last letter was accidentally brought up. She, at first, had strong objections to praying to the saints. But, after hearing several arguments in defence of the doctrine, she was compelled to admit, that if they can hear us, there can be no impropriety in invoking them.

Let us examine whether it be necessary for them to be omnipresent, in order that our prayers may reach them. I affirm that it is not, that through the power of Him whose presence they are enjoying, and in whose majesty all things are reflected,

they may know what is going on in this world, and may hear the prayers which are sent up to them.

Eliseus was a mortal, and certainly not possessed of any of the attributes of the Deity, still, from the banks of the Jordan, he saw as far as Syria, and knew what was going on in that distant region. The sacred writer relates that "the king of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants saying: in such and such a place let us lay ambushes, and the man of God sent to the king of Israel saying: beware that thou pass not to such a place: for the Syrians are there in ambush.' 2 Kings, chap. 6. v. 8 and 9.

If the prophet in Judea knew what was occurring in Syria, why cannot the prophet in heaven be aware of what is taking place on earth?

Nay, my dear Ada, our Saviour himself expressly assures us, that the angels not only know the manifest transactions of the world, but even penetrate into the deepest secrecies of the human heart.

He says, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, tenth verse: that "there shall be joy before the angels of God doing penance," or, as the protestant version has it *repenting*.

Now, that the angels might rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, it is surely necessary for them to be acquainted with that conversion. But you

will admit Ada, every one will admit, that conversion may take place in the silence, and profoundest secrecy of the soul; the last dying aspiration may be sufficient. Consequently the angels, who rejoice at the repentance of a sinner, must see the most silent workings of the human conscience. Therefore it is plain, that the angels know what is transpiring in this nether world. But the saints are participators of the sublime privileges of the angels, enjoying the same heaven, and possessing the same God, therefore the difficulty of our friend is solved, and no other objection remains in her mind, against the practice of praying to them.

The question how they hear us, is quite irrelevant; we may as well ask where heaven is. Certainly spirits disenthralled from the incumbrances of the body, do not stand in need of visual rays, and undulating sounds, to see and hear us. If with the velocity of the lightning flash, my fancy can speed away to the most remote realms of the old world; if, while I am writing in this rustic abode, on this side the Atlantic, my imagination instantaneously bears me to the cupola of St. Peter's, or upon the leaning tower of Pisa, tell me, Ada, is it philosophical to ask *how* the spirits of the just, free and glorified, can hear when I invoke them?

Wrapt into ecstasy,
  And feasting on the presence of their God,
From their bright thrones on high
  They see the things of earth—th' abode
Of mortals is traced out upon
  The mirror of his splendour—there they view,
Reflected brilliantly whate'er is done
  On this dark orb—they hear each sigh
And count each tear—Ada, believe.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

You tell me, dear Ada, that Dr. —— of the episcopal church, considers the difficulty of the saints hearing our prayers as insuperable. "If they can be aware of the events occurring in America and Europe, Asia, and Africa, at the same time, they must be *omnipresent*," he remarked.

This objection I have, I think, already replied to: but I am singularly astonished that it should be urged by a gentleman, devotedly attached to his religion, which believes in the existence of *witchcraft*, *sorceries*, &c. That is to say, a minister admitting all the doctrines of the church of England, is bound to believe, that the evil spirit may, and sometimes does, exercise his malign influence, when imprecated in any part of the world. Does

it follow that he is obliged to believe the devil to be omnipresent? And if that dark spirit can exert his diabolical power over the persons of individuals of every clime, how is it that the bright spirits of heaven cannot exercise a benevolent and holy influence over men, in every region. I think, therefore, that Dr —— has evinced and expressed much inconsistency, in this particular. What think *you*, Ada?

The case of Dives and Abraham seems to decide beyond the cavil of speculation, the question under consideration. Dives, after feasting sumptuously, and disregarding the miseries of Lazarus, died, and, in scripture language, was buried in hell. Finding himself in that abode of wo and reprobation, he called upon Abraham to relieve his sufferings. There was a chaos between them; and yet Abraham could hear him. You know the particulars of the narration I allude to, and I shall not repeat them.

Now, Ada, if Abraham could hear the complaints of that unfortunate rich man, why cannot Abraham hear the prayers of a soul on earth. Heaven, if I may be allowed to speak thus, is not more distant from earth, than was the place in which Abraham then was, from the realms of perdition.

This objection being removed, can you refuse to admit the proposition, that it is lawful and profita-

ble to pray to the saints? that they may assist and bless us? We read in Genesis, the twenty-second chapter and twenty-sixth verse, that Jacob demanded the blessing of the angel with whom he had wrestled; "I will not let thee go," he said, "unless thou bless me."

Again, in the forty-eighth chapter and sixteenth verse, he invoked the angel's blessing upon the sons of Joseph, "the angel," he exclaimed, "that delivereth me from all evil, bless these boys."

Certainly, if Jacob could call upon the angel, and the angel could hear him, the two-fold difficulty is resolved: namely, first, that it is lawful to invoke the heavenly spirits; and secondly, that they can hear our invocations; and this, my Ada, is the whole secret and mystery of that tenet of our church, which is so grossly misrepresented, and so recklessly condemned.

St. John, in the book of Revelations, chapter eighth, verses third and fourth, relates how he saw the prayers of the saints poured out before the throne of God.

"And another angel came, and stood before the altar, having a golden censer: and there ws given to him much incense, that *he should offer of the prayers of all saints*, upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God.

"And the smoke of the incense of the prayers

of the saints, ascended up before God, from the hand of the angel."

What further scriptural evidence do we need in support of this catholic tenet? I leave you to judge, my dear Ada, whether the assertions of our adversaries on the subject are true or false. After calmly reviewing the premises I have established on grounds the most incontrovertible, you will draw your own consequence—or rather the consequence will flow, of itself—that it is proper and useful to pray to the saints.

Oh! as before
  The golden altar, from their censers flinging
Their incense, angels pour
  The fragrance of their prayers,
May they remember thee! when singing
  Their hallelujahs through the heavenly spheres,
In one sweet chorus vieing,
  May they implore,
The pity of our Maker,—wipe thy tears
  Daughter of feeling—cease thy sighing—
Angels will pray for Ada, and watch o'er!

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

Not long since, I attended, dear Ada, the consecration of a new Jewish Synagogue: and I must confess that much interest was excited in my bosom for the strange condition of the once chosen people of God. I could not but indulge in the most solemn reflections, when I beheld these fragments of the remnant of Israel, without priest, or sacrifice, and with an altered and meagre ceremonial, dedicating for themselves a temple—oh! how little like that of Jerusalem!

No rams smoked on their altars: no oxen poured out their blood in sacrifice: no incense, flung from the golden censers of the Levites, ascended to the throne of the most High. No "workmanship of the ephod" appeared—the breast plate of Aaron was not to be seen—the eye looked in vain for the "tunics and girdles and mitres of glory and beauty." The splendid, the magnificent ceremonial of the ancient law, has dwindled away into a meagre and almost unmeaning form.

But, while I find fault with the ceremonies of the Jewish people, at the present day; while I deplore their condition, and pity their delusion, I must not forget the exclamation of a daughter of

the Synagogue when witnessing the solemnities of Good Friday in the catholic church: "what an infatuation to be a christian?"

You, too, Ada, have assured me, that a truly amiable and elegant companion of yours, once observed, that she deemed the Catholics as benighted, and as much to be pitied, as the modern Hebrews.

It does not astonish me to perceive how prejudiced the Jews generally are against us. But, if you continue to devote your attention to the arguments which I adduce in favour of my religion, you will be able to convince the otherwise intelligent Miss —— of her mistake.

Read to her, Ada, what I have said on the subject of the invocation of saints: and then inform her, on the authority which I am about to bring before you, that this tenet was admitted and reduced to practice, by all christendom, before the Reformation.

To ascertain the belief of the ancient christians, on this topic, we must refer, dear Ada, to the writings of the most distinguished men. We must consult the fathers of the church whose works are extant, monuments at once of their learning and their faith.

St. Irenæus, who lived but a short time after the aspostolic times, in his work against heresy, book fifth, chapter nineteenth, writes thus:

"As Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Virgin Mary induced to obey him, that she might become the *advocate* of her that had fallen."

"I will fall on my knees!" exclaims Origen in his Treatise on the Lamentations, "and not presuming, on account of my crimes, to present my prayer to God, *I will invoke all the saints* to my assistance. O all ye saints of heaven, I beseech you....fall at the feet of the Lord of mercies for me a miserable sinner."

"Hear now, O daughter of David," cries out St. Athanasius, in his work on the gospel, "incline thine ear to our prayers! We raise our cry to thee. Remember us, O most holy Virgin; and for the feeble eulogiums we give thee, give us some share in thy precious treasure of grace, thou who art full of grace."

"We stand in need of many graces," said St. Gregory of Nyssa to the martyr Theodosius: "intercede for your country before our common master and sovereign. We are fearful of great miseries and the utmost perils. The cruel Scythian approaches and threatens war. O soldier fight for us. Martyr, speak boldly for us your countrymen.....

"Admonish Peter, solicit Paul, call John, the beloved disciple, and let them intercede for the churches which they themselves have founded."

St. Ambrose, in his preparation for death, expresses himself thus:

"That my prayer may become more efficacious, I invoke the suffrage of the B. Virgin Mary.....I implore the intercession of the Apostles....the assistance of the martyrs....the supplications of the confessors."

St. Augustine bears testimony in his book "on the City of God," that it was customary for the christians to address this simple prayer to the saints: "Remember me."

In his meditations, chapter fortieth, he calls upon the "holy and immaculate Virgin Mary to intercede in his behalf—celestial choirs of angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, priests, levites, monks, virgins, and all the Just, by him who has elected you, and the contemplation of whom forms your felicity, I entreat you to supplicate the Lord for me, a miserable sinner."

These are but a few isolated and brief extracts, my dear Ada, from some of the doctors of the church, whose names are revered, not only by catholics, but by all denominations of Christians.

An Augustin, an Ambrose, a Jerome, a Chrysostom, a Gregory Nazianzen, a Gregory of Nyssa, a Basil, an Athanasius, invoked the saints, demonstrated the propriety of it—and I certainly feel

more safe in imitating such illustrious personages, than in condemning the venerable dogma which they reduced to practice.

Tell me, Ada, would you not rather be the disciple of those sainted men, than of the author of certain quaint and shallow "Renunciations." When you hear the modern teacher inveighing, with dogmatic self-sufficiency, against the invocation of saints, think of the testimonies I have cited in its vindication; and judge for yourself.—Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

When on a visit to New-York, last winter, I chanced to pass, in the evening, by a small church, which, being well lighted up, presented an inviting appearance. With the view of examining the interior, and to hear the sermon which was then going on, I entered, and seated myself in a remote place to observe more easily and freely every thing around. There were few auditors of the discourse, which was delivered by a middle-aged gentleman, of grave appearance, and unaffected manner.

From the text, I augured favourably of the discourse: I believed, that a minister commenting on the beautiful precept of charity, could not utter an expression which would not breathe sympathy

and benevolence towards all mankind. But what was my surprise, dear Ada, when digressing from the amiable topic, he began to descant on the fanaticism of the crusaders, and the terrors of the Vatican, and the abominations of popery.

Oh charity, sister of faith,
  And hope divine!
Daughter of heaven, tell me, where hath
  Thy spirit fixed her shrine?
Methought that in the unruffled breast
  Of meek religion's humble priest,
That spirit should preside:
  That he who peace proclaims, should be
The pattern of his ministry,
  The foe to envy and to pride.
But no; in preaching peace to earth
  He grasps the thunders of his wrath
And hurls them at the sacred hearth.
  Kindling anew the bigot's flame,
  And strewing, in religion's name,
With discord and dismay his neighbour's path.

Let us see, dear Ada, whether all the ministers of the church to which the gentleman of the little temple belongs, were as uncharitable, and illiberal. Consult the works of the father of the Reformation, and though you will find in them incredible inconsistency, still, in his more solemn moods, he does not refuse his tribute of respect for the custom of praying to the saints. In his treatise "on the Six Precepts," chapter fifth, he holds this language:

"The saints can do all things, and through them God will grant you as much as you believe you will receive from them."

"I have never denied," he again writes in his reply to the theologians of Louvain, "that we were assisted by the merits and prayers of the saints—as some *miserable wretches* have maliciously endeavoured to impute to me."

Œcolampadius, in his notes on the homilies of St. Chrysostom, declares:

"That the saints pray for us. Neither would I assert that it is an impiety and idolatry to implore their protection. The saints are inflamed with charity in heaven; they cease not to pray for us. What harm therefore is there in asking them to do that which we believe to be agreeable to God. —It is what has been done by Chrysostom and by Gregory of Nazianzum in his panegyric on St. Cyprian; and what has been practised by almost all the churches in the east and west."

Am I then to be condemned for observing a practice which, according to the admission of one of the founders of protestantism, was observed by the greatest and most venerable personages of the eastern and western churches!

But, there are other authorities still more convincing, my fair friend. There is the celebrated Dr. Montague, bishop of Chichester and Norwich, who, in his Antidote, page twenty, writes thus:

"I do not deny but the saints are mediators ,as they are called, of prayer and intercession, but in general, and for all in general. They interpose with God by their supplications, and mediate by their prayers."

Again, in a treatise on the Invocation of Saints, page 103, he gives the reason of this belief:

"This," he says, "is the common voice with general concurrence, without contradiction of reverend and learned antiquity, for aught I could ever read or understand: and I see no cause or reason to dissent from them touching intercession in this kind."

Page 118: "Indeed I grant Christ is not wronged in his mediation. It is no impiety to say as they do: Holy Mary pray for me; Holy Peter, pray for me."

Will you not consent then, my dear Ada, to join with me, after such authority, in invoking the saints to think of us, poor exiles, in their prayers: that we may be guided in peace to the realms of bliss which are prepared for us. O Holy Virgin! obtain, by thy intercession, that Ada may be for ever happy. Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

Who has not heard of Bishop Heber, dearest Ada, and the sweet effusions which he breathed from a sacred lyre, among the fragrant bowers and lovely scenery of the east? Seldom has the genius of poetry inspired the heart of her bard with sentiments more pure, and language more simply beautiful, than flowed from the fresh fountains of his soul. Pathos, sublimity, elegance, and piety are blended in one deep strain, in the warblings of his lyre.

Upon the banks of Ganges' stream
  The bard of Britain sung:
And echo, breathless, it would seem,
To catch each wild note of his theme
  Insacred silence hung.

Now on the weeping willow's boughs
  Its strings all loose and broken,
His lyre is hung—the lone wind blows
Its wail among them—and the vows
  Of boys and maids are spoken,

Beneath their cool and hallowed shade,
  Where oft they loved to lie,
Drinking the sounds those strings once made,
And weaving wreaths, for him who played,
  Of immortality.

What, dear Ada, were the sentiments of this sweet bard and most amiable prelate of the episcopal church, concerning the subject which we are now considering? Did he join the hoarse outcry of bigotry and prejudice? did he profane his lyre with a spirit of rancour on this subject?

I refer you to his journal, as quoted in the Edinburgh Review, number ninety-six, December, 1828.

In concluding a letter to Miss How, who had recently lost a dear brother, he says: "And now farewell. God support, bless, and comfort you. Such as my prayers are you have them fervently and sincerely offered. But you have better and holier prayers than mine. That the spirits in paradise may pray for those whom they have left behind, I cannot doubt; since I cannot suppose that they cease to love us there: and your dear brother is still employed in your service, and still recommending you to the throne of mercy."

From this passage, it is plain, that Bishop Heber believed in the efficacy of the prayers of the spirits in paradise—can you doubt it, Ada, after all that I have brought forward in its vindication? Can any consistent protestant, who venerates the opinions of his most enlightened prelates and writers, who respects the testimony of the fathers, and the unanimous practice of all past ages, and who regards the convictions of the

majority of christians at the present day. I ask you, Ada, can any candid protestant condemn me, and accuse me of superstition, for praying to the saints—*Pensez-y-bien*, my dear Ada.

Oh! myriads of celestial beings, deeply interested in your welfare, and who long to have you as a companion in their society for all eternity, are pouring forth their prayers for you—Blend your's with their's, dearest lady, and while you breathe out your fervent aspirations, pray, pray for me. —Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

The scenery around me is calm and beautiful, Ada. 'Tis the sweet hour of twilight, when the delightful interval between day and night gives respite to the wearied bosom, and quiet to the agitated heart. I am sitting on the portico of an ancient mansion, on the banks of the ——. Tufts of trees, half lost in dusk, lift their boughs in thick confusion, through which, ever and anon, a vista opens upon the clear stream, tinged with the sunken rays of the gone sun. The big black watch-dog is fawning at the feet of his master, keeping fixed upon him his large fine eye, and al-

most intelligent of what is going on. The melodious notes of the mocking bird are swelling from the strained throat of the caged warbler, and mingling with the soft whisperings of the sportive zephyr.

Around the white pilasters twines the woodbine, clustering with the sweet-briar and the wild-rose; fragrance is sweetening the atmosphere —my cousin is listening to the reading of her lovely little Maria Louisa—and Theodore is watching the bounding colt.

Seated in a corner, with just light enough from the reflected sun beams, to see by, Ada is not forgotten. Were she here, we could converse at leisure on the subject which now occupies all my thoughts, and on which I snatch the present moment to write again.

Scarcely had I commenced, than my cousin, interrupting her daughter's lesson, cried out to me, as she drew an image from her work-basket: "I forgot to show you this picture, cousin."

"Whom does it represent?" I asked.

She fixed her eyes, suffused with tears, upon it —"my dear mother!" she faltered with a voice half-stifled with sobs, and kissed it.

I looked at it—returned it—she resumed her amiable occupation, and I was left again to my musings.

I thought how strange it is, that veneration is allowed by a natural impulse, to images and relics of our friends, and yet, condemned in the catholic who refers it to sacred things, as superstitious. Modern polemics inveigh, with no little acrimony against this tenet, and yet it is a fact not known to many, that Luther did not separate from the ancient church, on this adopted ground. Nor did his immediate disciples, and intimate friends, object to the respect which we pay to the crucifix, since Melancthon, in the frontispiece of the editions of the Reformer's works, represents him kneeling in prayer before that instrument of redemption.

Nor did the primitive heads of the church of England object to this dogma. You have read in Dr. Milnor's works, dear Ada, that James the first reproached the Scottish bishops with the fact, that they placed in the churches the royal lions and Queen Elizabeth's devils (griffins) and refused to admit the statues of the apostles and martyrs. How will the Rev. Dr. — of the little church answer the king's strong argument? Do you think he will attempt to do so, Ada? I certainly cannot be accused of illiberality when I bring protestant against protestant—*you* surely will acquit me of any intention of uttering a syllable that might be offensive to thousands, who though not within the communion of my church, are sin-

cere in their convictions, and disposed to embrace the truth, if they discover it, at any peril. You are among these, dear Ada—God bless you, and direct you.—Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

'Tis said, my Ada, that before
His wooden God the papist bows :
And muttering his senseless vows
He loves some image to adore :

" Blinded idolator !" exclaims
Some voice oracular and deep !
Old men groan forth—old women weep,—
We laugh at such nick names.

" Papists," "Romanists," and similar misnomers, seem now, to be the titles by which the conscientious member of the ancient church is designated. Pitiful invention ! In England, in former times of intolerance, this artifice might have produced its effect—but in a free country, and an enlightened and liberal age, it is unmeaning and contemptible.

The nature of the tenet of our church regarding sacred images and relics has been as disingenuously misrepresented, as the members of that church are miscalled. Authors of high repute

and respectable authority on other subjects, appear as ignorant on this as the most insignificant scribbler of the age.

It is stated, dear Ada, that we pray to images; and adore the cross—that we believe there exists a divine efficacy in relics, by which, forgetting the Almighty giver of every good gift, we hope to derive from them blessings and graces. Have you not frequently found this assertion made with all the gravity of truth, in the course of your reading? Yes, from archbishop Secker in England down to the obscure "Watchman" in the United States, this silly assertion is transmitted, and continued—until at length it has almost become a proverb in the world.

You know how to treat such aspersions, Ada, on the good sense and religious understanding of so many excellent and virtuous catholics. You smile with pity when you hear it said that your elegant friends, the amiable, the accomplished Misses——are bound to transfer, as catholics, their adoration from the great Creator, to a stock, or a stone—to a crucifix or a picture.

What, then, is the true doctrine of the church, on this point? We find it in the Council of Trent, session the twenty-fifth—

"The images of Christ, of the Virgin Mother of God, and the other saints, are to be kept and re-

tained particularly in the churches, and due honour and veneration to be paid them: *not that we believe in any divinity or power in them*, for which we respect them, or that any *thing is to be asked of them;* or that trust is to be placed in them, as the heathens trusted of old in their idols."

Consult the catechism in use throughout this country; and to the question, "Are we allowed to pray to crucifixes, relics, and holy pictures?" you will discover this answer: "No, by no means; for they have no life, or sense, to hear or help us."

It is false, therefore, that we adore these memorials: it is true that we offer them a species of veneration. We have to examine, what is the character of the veneration which the church admits, and the catholic pays to them.

After going into the investigation, I feel assured, that there is *one* candid, sincere, and ingenuous enough to condemn, with heartfelt emotion, the strange, but strong exertions that are now made, in the most enlightened of all countries, to keep up the wild cry of idolatry, Romanism, Popery! That one, is Ada.—

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI

I ask then, Ada, what is the character of the veneration which we pay to relics and images?

Let the church of Smyrna, in their letter to their brethren in Pontus, as recorded by Eusebius, answer the question:

"Our subtle enemy, the devil, did his utmost that we should not take away the body (of Polycarp), as many of us anxiously wished. It was suggested that we should deny our crucified Master, and begin to worship Polycarp. Foolish men, who knew not that we never can desert Christ, who died for the salvation of all men! nor worship any other. Him we adore as the Son of God, but we show deserved respect to the martyrs, and his disciples and followers. The centurion therefore caused the body to be burnt. We then gathered his bones, more precious than pearls and more tried than gold, and buried them. In this place, God willing, we will meet, and celebrate with joy and gladness, the birthday of this martyr, as well as the memory of those who have been crowned before, as by his example, to prepare and strengthen others for the combat!" This passage is taken from the fourth book, fifteenth chapter, of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History.

The faith of the present age, dear Ada, is here

defined in the clearest terms, by the christians of the second century. They were, at that early period, accused of adoring the relics of the martyrs; the same accusation is laid to us; but we reply, in the triumphant language of those enlightened christians: "Foolish men! we never can desert Christ—nor worship any other."

Whatever veneration, therefore, we give to relics and images, is merely relative; referred to the person represented, or of whom any memorial remains; and that veneration is entirely of an inferior character—similar to that which my amiable cousin paid to the image of her departed mother.

I contend, my dear Ada, that this veneration is proper; is rational; is founded upon scripture. Turn to the thirty-seventh chapter of the book of Exodus, and you will find there a description of the ark, before which Joshua prostrated himself to the ground.

"And Bezaleel made the ark of sittim wood; two cubits and a half was the length of it..... ..and he overlaid it with pure gold within and without, and made a crown of gold to it round about....

"And he made two cherubims of gold, beaten out of one piece made he them, on the two ends of the mercy seat, one cherub on one end of the side, and another cherub on the other end."....

Now, Ada, I request you to pay peculiar attention to the *images* of the cherubim, formed upon the ark; and then turn to the book of Joshua, seventh

chapter and sixth verse, and see how that prophet, who understood the nature of idolatry better than those who now object to paying respect to images and relics, observe, I entreat you, how that holy man bowed before the cherubim of the ark:

"And Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until even tide; he and the elders of Israel; and put dust upon their heads."

I presume no one will accuse Joshua and the elders, of having fallen into idolatry because they prostrated themselves before the ark. Upon what principle, then, are we condemned for bowing before a crucifix, or a sacred memorial, in the same spirit, and with the same motives which influenced that venerable man!

How often have I not heard some of your intimate friends regret that catholics could so far forget the adoration due to the Supreme Lord, as to prostrate themselves before a crucifix, and yet the precedent which I have just adduced, to authorize our practice, exists, recorded and approved, in the ancient testament!

By venerating the crucifix, which brings so vividly to my mind the sufferings of him who redeemed us, I do no more than protestants themselves, when they venerate the bread and wine, the symbols of the body and blood of Christ. There is no one, I believe, who approaches the communion ta-

ble, but feels and evinces, a high veneration for the elements containing the memorial of his passion, who is represented under them.

Why then, may the catholic not exhibit a proper and decent veneration for the crucifix, or an image representing him still more perfectly?

It is prescribed that, at the pronunciation of the name of Jesus, every knee shall bend; accordingly, at the sound of that venerable name, I have noticed, with no little edification, that it is customary for the more devout among our protestant brethren, to bow their heads.

If it be lawful and proper to bow before the mere name of the Redeemer, where can there be discovered any derogation from the eternal majesty to bow before the *image* of Christ.

In London, dear Ada, you yourself remember, when you were introduced into the house of lords, how those noble personages, as they entered, bent their knees to the empty throne! It then occurred to you. as you stated in a very elegantly written letter, that *these* men at least, could with no consistency whatever, condemn the catholic for bowing before a picture or a relic!

The most violent fanatic against the veneration of images, does not hesitate to pay external respect, to the volume of the scriptures. He will treat it with religious decorum, he will kiss it with veneration. But this same person, when he sees me treating a sacred picture, or relic, or crucifix, with

precisely the same regard, affixing to them my lips, in testimony of a similar respect, this same person, Ada, will exclaim "superstition!" and will affect to pity the lamentable delusion of poor "papists!"

We ask not their pity, we call upon them to examine our tenets, and to act consistently, and fairly. Ada, farewell.

LETTER XXVII.

Whenever I entered the house of delegates in my own native city, Annapolis, I felt a reverential emotion at the reflection, that in that venerable hall, the father of our country once appeared, and that there he resigned his office of President, in order to retire to the tranquil enjoyments of his ancestral farm. And that sentiment was very much enhanced, dear Ada, when I cast up my eye to an ancient likeness of Washington, which hangs in the hall.

Who could look upon the image of that immortal patriot, and would not experience a sentiment of profound respect for the original, and veneration for the picture of so illustrious a man! The contemplation of such an image excites a thrilling feeling in the bosom; awakens a deep desire to imitate the example of the original, and kindles a

glow of admiration for his virtues. An American youth, whose heart would not throb with the love of country, when his father points to the likeness of Washington, cannot be worthy of the liberties which were won for him.

If scepticism itself, dear Ada, would shrink from the condemnation of such respect towards the image of a hero and a sage, may I not be allowed the privilege, or rather may I not claim the right, to venerate the image of my Saviour, or of a saint; may I not hang up such a representation in the churches, that the faith of the christian may be excited, his gratitude roused; his hopes invigorated; and his devotion increased!

Certainly, Ada, if the likeness of a patriot urges the heart of him who contemplates it, to a pure love of country, and the desire to emulate the civic virtues which distinguished the original, the contemplation of the likeness of the founder of our religion must excite us to the love of our heavenly country, must stimulate us to the practice of supernatural virtues. Is not this a plain and natural deduction, Ada! Can you discover any inconsistency in the argument, any flaw in the conclusion?

> But 'tis objected, that the hand profane
> Of mortal artist dares to represent
> On canvass what the loftiest mind in vain
> Seeks to conceive—and what was never meant

To be depicted to the human eye:
And what is this?—that as an aged man,
The papist represents the eternal Deity!

Yes, Ada, this seems, in an especial manner, to scandalize the more devotional, and contemplative portion of our opponents; and yet, the catholic does what he is justified in doing: he describes on canvass, what the inspired penman describes in writing. He conveys to the eye, what the divine author traces to the mind.

If the Eternal ever deigned to appear as an aged man; if he is described as such, by the author of a book which all denominations admit to be canonical, I contend, that there is no possible ground of complaint against the catholic for representing Him, in that character, on canvass.

Turn, dear Ada, to the seventh chapter of Daniel, verse the ninth, and you will read this sentence:

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool"

Can there be any impropriety in tracing out this idea, presented by the author of the book whence I quote the passage, in a painting, or in sculpture. If the hair of the Ancient of days, is represented to my mind's eye as "like the pure wool," why cannot that hair be thus represented to my sight, by the pencil of the artist!

I am at a loss to perceive the slightest reasonable imparity in the case.—Revolve the subject seriously in your own mind, dear Ada, and then tell me, can you see any foundation for the objection I have answered. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Would you believe, dear Ada, that so intelligent a young lady as Laurentia ——— would seriously ask the question, if the catholic church does not suppress the second commandment? Has she ever looked into our common catechism? Has she read our editions of the bible! If she would take the trouble to convince herself by referring to those books, she would find that we inculcate, with as much emphasis and zeal as she can desire, the commandment:

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or on the earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them, or serve them."

Is this suppressing the commandment in question, Ada, or can it be urged that we violate it, by having sacred pictures, statues, crucifixes, &c.? By no means; the force of the injunction does not lie in the terms: "thou shalt not make to thyself

the likeness of *any thing;* otherwise the painter would be subjected to the continual violation of it; for if we be solemnly forbidden to make the likeness of *any thing*, then it would be wrong to have the image of a parent, friend, or relation.

The meaning then, of the first part of the commandment, is modified and must be understood, by the conclusion: "thou shalt not adore them, or serve them."

Now, as Laurentia ——— does not adore or serve the beautiful picture of her aunt which is displayed in her parlour, so I do not adore or serve the image of a saint or of the Virgin Mary, which is presented to my observation in the churches.

It may not be irrelevant to remark here, Ada, that it is not to the crucifix, or any painting that may hang over the altar, that we bend our knees on entering the church; you are aware, that we believe there is something in our tabernacles infinitely more deserving of our veneration. Convinced of the real presence of Christ in the eucharist, we adore *him*—and certainly he is entitled to our adoration, whether he appears arrayed in the majesty of Thabor, or is hidden in the obscurity of the elements of the bread.

On this subject, I shall write hereafter—and incredible as the fact may seem to thousands, I am much mistaken if I cannot adduce the most solid arguments to support its truth.

For the present, I wish to convey a clear idea of the subject now under investigation. And I pray you, Ada, when next you meet your dear Laurentia, to assure her for me, that the second commandment remains untouched, and inviolable, in the catholic community. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

"There is something exceedingly disgusting, to say nothing of the absurdity of the practice, in kneeling down to the bones of dead men."

This is a sentence extracted from an essay written by a gentleman, whom the public esteem as a liberal and honourable scholar—the writer alludes, dear Ada, to a subject, concerning which he manifestly entertains but a confused and incorrect idea. He means to state, in other words, that the doctrine of the catholic church concerning the veneration of relics, is disgusting and absurd.

What is a relic?

Thou knowest, Ada—for thy mind
With graceful learning is refined:
It means a token left
By some dear friend, or saint, or sage,
Some patriot, hero, of his age,
Of whom the world is reft.

A lock of thy dark flowing hair
  When thou art mingling with the blest,
Bequeathed to him thou lovest here,
  Will be a relic, sacred to his breast.

The sword, which in the battle-hour
  The father of his country wore,
Fighting for liberty,
  Is now—when he is laid in dust,
Beheld with veneration just
  By all the good and free.
It is a relic, on the shrine
  Of patriotism, with sacred care
Preserved—and Freedom's flame divine
  Burns in their breasts who to that shrine repair.

Then, when before the martyr's tomb
  Within the ancient walls of Rome,
With reverence I kneel;
  Say, who can blame, my Ada fair,
Knowing whose bones are resting there,
  The sentiments I feel!
For there the hallowed relics lie
  Of the brave champions of our cause:
Heroes of Christianity—
  Defenders of religion, and her laws!

Perhaps there are many, in this wise age, who would smile, were they to be told, that I would venerate the handkerchief of St. Paul, were it possible to procure it.—But they should suspend their mirth, dear Ada, until they turn to the nineteenth chapter and twelfth verse of the Acts of the Apostles. What will they find there recorded?

Why, strange it is, they will find that the handkerchief of Paul, seemed to possess a miraculous virtue—certainly wonders were wrought by it—"And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul," writes the author of the Acts.

"So that (I quote the protestant translation) from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

Now, if these identic handkerchiefs and aprons could be exposed to public view in our churches, would they not claim a certain species of veneration from every christian? would not every believer feel it a pleasure and honour, to be allowed to touch them? and if he could obtain a particle of them, would he not delight in preserving the *relic*, of which such extraordinary powers are recorded in the scripture?

But as the essayist whom I quoted in the beginning of this letter, lays peculiar stress upon venerating the bones of the dead, I would advise him to peruse with attention, the thirteenth chapter, and twenty-first verse of the fourth book of Kings. He will read there of the prodigious effiacy attached to the *relics*—the bones—of the prophet Eliseus; that they, by their merely coming in contact with a dead body, effected the resuscitation to life of the deceased person thrown upon them.

"And it came to pass" (again I cite the pro-

testant version *second* Kings, chap. 13. v. 21) "as they were burying a man, that behold, they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood upon his feet."

I do not think there would have been any thing very disgusting or absurd, if the man, restored to life so miraculously by the *relics* of Elisha, had, in the fervour of his gratitude, knelt down to thank his God, for having conferred upon him so signal a favour, through the instrumentality of the *bones* of the deceased prophet—and oh! could he be deemed superstitious, had he procured a fragment of those relics, enshrined it in gold or silver, kept it by him, with due veneration, and exhibited to his friends, as the instrument under providence, of his restoration to life? How would you have acted in such a case, dear Ada? Reflect upon this, and,

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

I love to go back, dear Ada, to long-past ages, to consult the wisdom of antiquity, on the subjects which we are discussing. There is a voice speaking from the tombs—there is an echo sounding from the vaults of the dead. When I question that voice, when I ask, was it customary in times that have gone, to venerate relics, I am answered by a deep burst of testimony; it was!—and echo says—"was."

As I sit on the willow-shaded banks of a broad stream, over which the matin-zephyr is sporting, as he dips his aerial wings in the gently rippling waves—I love to consult the venerable and wise, who no longer exist save in their immortal works.

I turn over the far-famed pages of Eusebius, who is styled the father of ecclesiastical history, and I discover among his writings the following testimony:

"It is our practice to honour their (the martyrs) sepulchres, there to utter our prayers and our vows, and to venerate their blessed souls: and this we say is justly done."

Next I consult Saint Cyril of Jerusalem, and, in his eighteenth *Catechesis* on the Resurrection, he addresses me thus:

"From the fact of a dead man being raised to

life by touching the body of Eliseus, we learn, that when the soul is departed, a certain virtue remains in the bodies of saints, and that, on account of the merit of the souls that resided in them. Of this we cannot doubt, for if the handkerchiefs and aprons, mere external appendages, cured the sick that touched them; more efficacious, we conclude, would be the body of a prophet."

Saint Cyril, in his first discourse against Julian the apostate, condemns him for not respecting the relics of the saints:

"How is it," he says, "that thou payest no respect to those, who are honoured with festivals, and by whom devils have been expelled, and infirmities cured."

Saint Ambrose, in his eighty-fifth epistle on St. Gervase and Protase, expresses himself thus:

"Let these triumphant victims be lodged in the place, where Jesus Christ is our host: upon the altar, Him who has suffered for all: under the altar, them who have been redeemed by his death. I had intended this place for myself: for it is just that the priest should repose where the priest has so often offered sacrifice. But I yield my right to these sacred victims; it is due to martyrs."

Hear the eloquent saint Augustin, Ada, in his forty-second epistle:

"You see the illustrious chief of the greatest

of empires, appear as a suppliant at the tomb of the fisherman, and the head that bears the diadem humbly bowing before the remains of Peter."

And the sublime appeal of Saint Chrysostom in his thirty-second Homily on the Epistle to the Romans.

"For myself, I admire Rome and celebrate it, not for the splendour and abundance of its wealth, not for its magnificent edifices, but for those two columns of the church which it possesses. Oh! who will give me to embrace the body of Paul.... to cling to his sepulchre, to contemplate even the dust of his body....the dust, I say, of that mouth, by which Jesus Christ has spoken to us, and from which came forth a light more resplendent than the sun—yes I could wish to see the tomb which encloses those weapons of justice, and truth... This body with that of Peter, shall always be for Rome, a more secure defence than walls or towers."

"I honour, in the body of a martyr," exclaims St. Ambrose, "the scars received for the name of Christ. I honour the memory of him, who lives eternally by his virtue. I honour the ashes become sacred by confessing the Lord. I honour in these ashes the seeds of immortality."

Can you then refuse, dear Ada, to join with so illustrious a man, in honouring the remains of the

martyrs, the relics of the saints? I do not ask you to pay blind veneration to every thing offered you as a relic; the object must be authenticated, proved,—and such an object, such a relic, you would not refuse, with St. Ambrose, to honour in the proper acceptation of the term—Would you, Ada? Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

I have often been asked, what is the meaning of having so many lighted candles upon our altars! One of your most lovely friends, Ada, once remarked, that our altar reminded her of a baby-house. I am far from willing to defend the manner in which every catholic altar is adorned—but I can learn from the most authentic authority, that our christian forefathers were accustomed to burn a number of candles, and place very gorgeous ornaments upon the altars, near which were deposited the remains of the martyrs—I will cite a few lines of tolerably good latin poetry, by Saint Paulinus, descriptive of the shrine in which were laid the bones of Saint Felix.

> "Aurea nunc niveis orbantur limina velis:
> Clara coronantur densis altaria lychris,
> Limina ceratis adolentur odora papyris.

Nocte dieque micant: sic nox splendorque diei
Fulget, et ipsa dies cœleste illustris honre
Plus micat, innumeris lucem geminata lucernis."

You have studied some Latin, dear Ada, and with the aid of your dictionary, I have no doubt but you can make out the meaning. I will, however, attempt to translate them:

The snow-white curtain, from the golden shrine
Is now removed; upon the altar shine
Lamps thickly placed—and waxen tapers throw
Their mingled lights upon the shrine below,
There day and night they shed their glimmering ray,
Chasing the gloomy shades of night away,
And rendering still more bright the light of day.

Among the presents which the emperor Constantine made to the shrines of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, were gorgeous candlesticks, splendid lamps, and perpetual lights to burn before the relics.

When the remains of Saint Chrysostom were translated, they were carried in great pomp, preceded by innumerable lights. This fact is recorded by Theodoret.

It is extraordinary to hear objections raised against the propriety of venerating sacred relics, dear Ada, by those very persons whose classic enthusiasm glows before a fragment of Roman or Grecian antiquity. I have seen the sternest sceptics weep before the statue of a pagan lady, holding in her hands the urn containing the ashes

of him she loved. I have seen the most unbending enemies of our creed, musing, in deep veneration, among the tombs of Pompeii; touching with profound respect, the very marble, and entering with a hallowed sentiment, the ruinous temples of the gods.

May I not then be allowed, dear Ada, to kneel with religious respect before the tombs of the martyrs—to enter with sacred awe the dark chambers of the catecombs—to venerate the relics of the champions—the heroes—the sages, of christianity! I leave it to your candour to answer the question—I know what will be your reply. It is not only allowable, it is meet. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

You ask, dear Ada, whether any protestant authority can be cited, in support of the veneration of sacred images? Yes, my fair friend, and authority too of the most respectable character. Take for instance Molanus, the oracle of Lutheranism, in the last century, he writes thus:

"It is very certain that there is no virtue in images, and therefore that we cannot adore them nor pray before them, but in as much as they are

a visible means of exciting in us the remembrance of Christ and heavenly things. And if we would adore or invoke God before an image, we must put ourselves in the same disposition in which the Israelites were before the brazen serpent, beholding it with respect, but placing their faith not in the serpent but in God."

I agree, in every word, with the learned and candid writer. His sentiments, on this subject, are precisely mine; and those of every catholic. Are they not *yours*, dear Ada?

Among the ornaments of the episcopal church, no one will deny an exalted place to the illustrious Dr. Montague. And that immortal prelate declares in his "Appeal," chapter the twenty-first that sacred images have the virtue of producing emotions of piety, and awakening feelings of religion and devotion.

"The pictures of Christ," that I may cite his own words, "the blessed Virgin, and saints, may be made, had in houses, set up in churches. The protestants use them; they despise them not. Respect and honour may be given to them: the protestants do it, and use them for helps of piety, in rememoration, and more effectual representation, of the Prototype."

What, after this explicit acknowledgement, are we to think of those ungenerous writers of the present day, who represent it as idolatrous to have

and pay honour to religious memorials? Whose authority would have more weight with a thinking mind, no matter how prejudiced—that of a modern opponent to our creed, or that of the venerable Bishop of Chester.

Again, in the contents, he lays down this proposition:

"That images may affect the minds of religious men, by representing unto them the actions of Christ and his saints: in which regard, all reverence simply cannot be abstracted from them."

Is not this quite plain, quite satisfactory!

But there is still higher authority, dear Ada; higher, not on account of greater learning, but of a more elevated rank, in the church of England—the authority of archbishop Laud. In a speech, delivered in the star-chamber, on the fourteenth of June, 1637, he thus addresses the Lords of the Garter:

"I hope a poor priest may worship God with as lowly reverence, as you do, since you are bound by your oath and your order, according to a constitution of Henry V., to give due honour to the Lord your God, and to *his altar*; (*for there is reverence due to that, too*, though such as comes far short of divine worship) and this in the manner as ecclesiastical persons both worship and do him reverence."

According to this arch-prelate, then, my dear Ada, there is respect due to the very altar: if the altar deserves respect, certainly the image of Christ demands the same; a relic is entitled to as much, and consequently the controversy regarding this tenet which has grown so noisy, and so clamorous, as almost to drown the voice of vindication and truth, should, in the estimation of every unprejudiced understanding, be brought to a conclusion; all should agree, since I have quoted the authority of scripture, of the fathers, of the custom of antiquity, of the very protestants themselves, that to venerate images and relics, in a proper manner, is not only an excusable, but a praiseworthy and religious custom.

As for yourself, dear Ada, I am certain you will acquiesce in this conclusion. Truth has no obstacle to encounter in you: its rays, like those of an unclouded sun, will shine upon your convictions and irradiate your heart. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

At the foot of Mount Cenis, dear Ada, there stands a small rustic shrine, in honour of the Virgin Mary; a rude statue of the mother of the Redeemer, bearing her Son in her arms, salutes the stranger's eye, as he turns an abrupt ascent to the snowy mount. It seems to admonish the traveller, that the way is perilous and dreary; that there are snows everlasting piled upon the summits of Cenis, and the avalanches may fall!

As we turned the circuitous route, immediately as the shrine came in view, I observed the *Veturino*, rough and half ferocious though he seemed, making upon his forehead the sign of the cross.

"Did you observe the superstition of that Italian?" said an English traveller to me, "he crosses himself, to arm him, I suppose, against the dangers that await us: poor creature!"

"Perhaps," I replied, "the honest, though uncouth driver, acts from a much more laudable principle, than you are aware of."

"Principle!" exclaimed he, "the fool is blinded with the darkest, deepest shades of ignorance and stupid superstition."

Perceiving, from the tenor of his language, that it would be useless to reason with him, I said no more: but I thought much. I looked upon the

simple act of the *Veturino*, as sublime, and eminently religious: and I will give you, dear Ada, my reasons for entertaining this conviction.

In recurring to the works of the most ancient fathers, I find that it was a custom universal among the early christians, to sign themselves with the cross. And, I conclude therefore, that it is a *religious*, not a superstitious practice, observed at this day, by the catholic church.

"If a catechumen is asked," writes St. Augustin, in his Second Treatise on St. John—"do you believe in Christ? He replies yes; and instantly *makes the sign of the cross.* He describes it, and carries it on his forehead, and is not ashamed."

"Keep the door of your heart shut," thus advises St. Jerome, in his epistle to Demetrius—"frequently make on your forehead the sign of the cross, that the exterminator of Egypt may have no hold upon you."

"The sign of the cross," says St. Ambrose, "is on our foreheads, and in our hearts, on the foreheads to confess him always, in our hearts to love him—we ought, on waking, to give thanks to Christ, and to begin the labours of the day with the sign of our Saviour."

"Whenever we move," Tertullian observes in his Treatise on the Soldier's Crown, chapters third and fourth, "when we enter and go out: in

dressing: in washing: at table: when we retire to rest: during conversation—we impress on our foreheads the sign of the cross!"

Was not the Veturino authorised then, dear Ada, to make the sign of the cross, as he commenced his arduous journey up the fearful steep!

"Every where," exclaims the eloquent Chrysostom, "the cross is displayed; every where is it honoured. In the houses, in the public places, in the deserts, on the ways, on the mountains and hills, in the valleys, on the seas and vessels, on our habits, arms, vessels of gold and silver, on the paintings of our walls. We are far from being ashamed of the cross."

"Protect yourself," says saint Ephrem in his Treatise on the Spiritual Armour, "with the sign of the cross, as with a shield; and this not only with your hand, but with your mind. Employ it in your studies, in going out, in returning home, when retiring to rest, and on rising in the morning; bless the places where you walk by this sign, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Be not ashamed of the cross," Saint Cyril thus addresses his catechumens, "if any one conceal it, do you make it openly on your forehead—eating, drinking, entering or leaving your houses, or retiring to rest, when rising up, make with confidence the sign of the cross upon your forehead."

"At the hour of prayer," says Saint Justin, (Question 118,) "we turn towards the east, and immediately with our right hand, we sign ourselves in the name of Christ, with the sign which is so necessary for us."

Judge now, dear Ada, whether the Italian was as superstitious as the Englishman deemed him to be. Read over and over the passages I have cited from the primitive writers, and then see which of all the now existing churches has preserved the venerable custom of making the sign of the cross. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the journals of the day, I learn that the funeral ceremonies which engrossed the interest and attention of your capital, were grand and solemn. The tolling of bells, and beating of drums, and firing of cannons, were the awful heralds to the public of the departure from this scene of agitation, of the lamented Lafayette.

The pageant's o'er, my Ada—still
The deep tones of the solemn bell:
The dirge is sung—the exciting thrill
Of martial music hushed—the knell

Hath passed away upon the breeze;
The death-flag streaming on the seas
Is furled—thus every light shall set—
And sage and hero, follow Lafayette.—

A great writer has remarked, dear Ada, that at the hour of death, he would rather be an obscure and pious peasant, than a distinguished and impious philosopher. There is a fund of wisdom in the observation. The hero, whose death has just filled our whole continent with mourning, is less enviable in the last hour, than the unknown saint, who has lived in silence, and died in the arms of peace and religion.

I am lead by this train of meditation, to the consideration of purgatory. I may be pitied for associating this unpopular topic, with the idea of the obsequies of a philosopher; but Ada, perhaps after we shall have examined the grounds on which this tenet is situated, you, at least, will acknowledge, that even purgatory is not without *its* philosophy.

I am aware, that very popular writers have represented this doctrine, as the invention of the priesthood, for mercenary ends: as a perpetual source of wealth, extorted from the superstitions and fears of the credulous; and the most baseless and corrupt of all the errors of popery.—Suspend your judgment until you read my letters on the subject, Ada: meanwhile—Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Is it then true, as oft we hear,
That there is nought, my Ada fair,
More groundless, more unscriptural
Than purgatory; are we all
Who candidly believe we find
Authority of every kind
Supporting—proving it, still lost
In ignorance, from error tost
To error, from one foaming surge
Upon another! has the scourge
Of angry heaven deprived our reason
Of all its light—or is it treason
To adhere to past and saintly ages—
Or for ourselves to explain the pages
Of holy writ; (a right which they
Who blame us most, will hardly say
We are not like the rest of men
Entitled to.) Why hear we then
Such uproar, angry opposition
When we defend this proposition:
"There is a middle place"—we'll see
If solid argument there be
This tenet to substantiate
Which has been so much scorned of late.

Yes, we will enter upon this investigation, Ada, with the pure desire of ascertaining the character of the grounds on which it is based. We will convince ourselves of the truth or falsehood of the proposition, not by vituperating it, but by discussing the topic.

Is there, then, any scriptural authority for the doctrine of purgatory, and praying for the dead: I assert that there is:—Turn to the second Book of Macchabees, chapter the twelfth, verses 43, 44, and 46, and you will read the following texts:

"And making a gathering he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead—for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. It is therefore a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

If these books form an integral part of the inspired scriptures, then the controversy is for ever settled. For the language is as plain as it can possibly be: it is beyond the possibility of misconstruction or distortion.

The question, therefore, is resolved, dear Ada, to this point: are the books of Macchabees a portion of the divine scriptures—or are they apochryphal?

I contend, that they are as divinely inspired, as any other portion of the ancient Testament; or the Book of Genesis, or the Canticle of Canticles.

Protestants reject them as uncanonical: how, then, are we to decide whether or not they be the word of God? whether or not they be entitled to our veneration, as any other part of the scrip-

tures? Certainly not by appealing to modern criticism: for there are as many—to say the least—as learned, and grave, and religious, who claim these books as divine, as there are who reject them. We must recur, dear Ada, to the authority of the ancients; and if we find that the primitive fathers of the church admitted them, we certainly must not rashly assert that they are not authentic, that they are apochryphal.

The third council of Carthage says:

"These are the truths which our fathers taught us to read in the church, under the title of DIVINE and CANONICAL scriptures."

St. Augustin, in his treatise on the doctrine of Christ, chapter the eighth, places these books in the canon of the scriptures, and quotes them in writing against the heretics of his times.

They are ranked among the holy scriptures by Innocent I. in his reply to Exuperius, in 405: and by Gelasius, book first, On the Care of the Dead, in 494.

Of course I have sufficient authority on which to rest the authenticity of these books, and consequently no man has the least right to condemn me for believing the doctrine which they inculcate of praying for the dead.

At any rate, the authority of the books of Macchabees must be great, even with those who bind them up in the same volume with the Holy Scrip-

tures. In all the ancient editions of the Bible these books are to be found contained—merely entiled *apochryphal* :—that is to say not of divine authority.

But, as a history, who will question their respectability, and veracity? Now, they testify, that it was customary for the Jews, at that time the people of God, to pray for the dead. That Judas Macchabeus, a most valiant man, an enlightened follower of the customs of his religion and nation, was accustomed to pray for the dead; that he sent money to the temple for the purpose of having sacrifices offered for the dead: That it is a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, and consequently, that it was a tenet inspired by the Almighty himself—and therefore true; for what was once true, must continue true for ever; truth is unchangeable, and, therefore, if in the days of Judas it was a wholesome practice to pray for the dead, it must be so now—and, it follows, that the church which teaches this truth is the true one. The catholic church alone teaches it: Ada, draw your conclusion.

Josephus, in his "Wars of the Jews," chapter ninety-one, clearly indicates the ancient custom of his nation, when he states, that the Jews did not pray for those who had committed suicide. From

which we manifestly gather, that they prayed for those who did not. Let those who ridicule purgatory reflect on this, and, I am much mistaken, if they will not cease their pleasantry.—Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

It is a remarkable fact, dear Ada, that while our Saviour was in the habit of condemning the superstitions into which some of the Jews had fallen, we do not find the most distant allusion to their custom of praying for the dead. But if it was a custom not authorised by the scriptures, he undoubtedly would have expressed his disapprobation of it. And if the old adage "Silence gives consent" be true; it is certain that he consented to, and consequently approved of, the system which I am now defending.

Nay, there can be alleged texts, from which this doctrine naturally flows: for instance, the thirty-second verse of the the twelfth chapter of Saint Matthew, our Saviour expressly says:

"And whosoever speaketh against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world, nor in the world to come."

It follows, that, if that particular sin cannot be forgiven in this world or the world to come, other sins may be forgiven in the world to come. But there is no sin in heaven—and in hell there can be no forgiveness—consequently there must exist a middle place—a purgatory—I care not by what name it is designated—where sins may be forgiven.

Again, Saint Paul, who was divinely inspired, has left a text, in which this doctrine seems to be implied. Writing to the Corinthians, in his first epistle, chapter xv. verse 29, (I quote the protestant bible,) he expresses himself thus:

"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

Although this text be very obscure in its general import, still it elucidates the fact, that some ceremonies were performed for the dead, in reference to their happy resurrection: and, grounding my interpretation on the conjoint authority of the earliest fathers of the church, I have a right to deduce from it the doctrine of praying for the dead—of the existence of purgatory.

That I may not make an assertion without substantiating it, I will bring forward some passages from the primitive writers, in vindication of this point.

Saint Cyprian, in his ninth epistle, writes thus:

"Our predecessors prudently advised that no brother, departing this life, should nominate any churchman his executor, and should he do it, that no oblation should be made for him: no sacrifice offered for his repose."

Here is a specified case in which no sacrifice is to be offered: consequently in other cases, sacrifices might be offered for the repose of the departed.

Saint Chrysostom assures us, that this tenet was ordained by the apostles themselves. To quote his own words:

"It was ordained by the Apostles, that in celebrating the Sacred Mysteries, the dead should be remembered; for they well knew what advantage would be thence derived to them." This passage is taken from his sixty-ninth Homily to the people of Antioch.

Saint Augustin, in his 172d Sermon, has left the following eloquent passage:

"Funeral pomp, the crowds that follow, sumptuous expenditure in the structure of mausoleums, without being of the smallest service to the dead, may afford some consolation to the living. But it cannot be doubted, that, by the prayers of the Holy Church, and by the salutary sacrifice, and by alms which are given for the repose of their souls, the dead are helped, so that God may treat them more mercifully than their sins deserved.—This the whole Church observes, which it received

from the tradition of the fathers, to pray for those who died in the communion of the body and blood of Christ, when, in their turn, they are commemorated at the sacrifice, and it is announced that the sacrifice is offered for them."

Saint Isidore, in his book on divine offices, chapter fifteenth, writes thus:

"Since the oblation of sacrifice and prayer for the repose of the departed are made in the church throughout the world, we believe that the apostles left us this custom. For the church every where observes it; and it is certain, that if she did not believe that the faithful could obtain pardon for their sins, she would not give alms for the relief of their souls, and would not offer sacrifice to God for them."

Thus does it appear incontrovertible, dear Ada, that this custom was universal throughout the church in the primitive ages, at a time when according to the admission of our very opponents, religion was incorrupt and pure.

Am I, then, blinded by superstition, when I believe with the first christians! when I offer sacrifices and oblations, as they did, for the repose of the departed? *You* will decide, my fair friend, and your own wisdom and candour will direct you in the result. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

As I entered the cemetery near Bologna, dear Ada, called *La Certosa*, which, for the beauty of its situation, and splendour of its monuments, hardly yields to the famous *Pere la Chaise*, I perceived kneeling at the side of a superb mausoleum, a pious monk, who had come down from the monastery perched upon the top of the mountain, to offer his prayers for the repose of the deceased, whose remains lay there interred.

A stranger suddenly passed me, and taking me, from the language which he heard me speaking, to be an English protestant: "you perceive there," he said, pointing to the discalceate friar, "a specimen of the Romish church. That ignorant being thinks that his prayers will avail the departed." With this, he was called away by his companion, who seemed in a hurry to enter a subterraneous chapel, which was opened by a lay-brother of the order of St. Bruno—and left me to my own reflections, as I fixed my eye attentively on the humble suppliant.

Since I have commenced with you the calm investigation of these matters, I have often thought of the monk of the *Certosa*, and the remark of the stranger. I know not of what denomination the latter was, but certain I am, that the custom

which he identified with superstition, was considered as religious, by the father of the reformation, and some of the most learned writers of the protestant church. It is curious to find Luther expressing himself in the following terms:

"As for me, who believe strongly, I might even venture to say more, who know that purgatory exists, I can readily be persuaded that it is mentioned in the scriptures. All that I know of purgatory is, that souls are there in a state of suffering, and may be relieved by our works and prayers."

Calvin himself, while he opposes the catholic church with unsparing satire, acknowledges that it was "more than thirteen hundred years since it became the custom to pray for the dead." (Institut. book, 2. chap. 5.)

Molanus affirmed, as Bossuet testifies, that one portion of the Lutherans not only approves, but practises this kind of prayer. This we find in the posthumous works of the Bishop of Meaux, vol. first, page 90, "and this is a remnant," observes that immortal writer, "of those ancient sentiments which we honour in Lutheranism."

From the testimony of the Lutherans, I pass, dear Ada, to that of some of the lights of the Church of England. "What!" perhaps you may exclaim, "is it possible that any one belonging to the protestant church, can have written in favour

of a dogma, which all modern protestants seem determined to reject?"

Yes Ada, it is a fact, which deserves to be for ever remembered. Bishop Forbes was a strong advocate of this doctrine. He has composed a discourse on Purgatory, in which he has left the following passage:

"Let not the ancient practice of praying and making oblations for the dead, received throughout the universal church of Christ, almost from the very time of the Apostles, be any more rejected by protestants as unlawful or vain. Let them reverence the judgment of the primitive church, and admit a practice strengthened by the uninterrupted profession of so many ages: and let them, as well in public as in private, observe this rite, ... as lawful and likewise profitable, and as always approved by the universal church; that, by this means, at length, a peace so earnestly desired by all learned and honest men, may be restored to the christian world."

In another place he adds:

"So we may maintain the prayers of the church for the souls departed, to be beneficial, and not in vain: inasmuch as that practice of the church, of praying for the dead, is derived, as Chrysostom confesses, and is very probable, from the institution of the apostles."

Is not this satisfactory, my dear Ada? and

when we hear other theologians of the same church, condemning this dogma, as false and anti-scriptural, let us not forget Bishop Forbes.

There are others, who are not less explicit on this subject, whose authority I will cite in my next letter: meanwhile, reflect upon what I have adduced, and judge for yourself. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

With sacred awe, and solemn dread,
  I love to muse alone,
  To read the record on the stone,
And hold communion with the dead.
Oh! by the torch's glimmering light,
  My Ada, I remember well,
I strayed, at Rouen, in the silent night,
  Through the vast aisles, from cell to cell,
Where Rollo, and where William sleep,
In sculptured mausoleums, dark and deep.

Yes, there is to my taste, something most awfully interesting in the epitaphs recorded on the tombs of the departed. They seem their last legacy to the world—they are the eternal farewell to this transitory life, especially when those epitaphs were composed by the persons whose mortal remains lie buried under the stone.

In the course of my reading, I have discovered

two epitaphs of great importance; both of which were written for their own tombstones, by two enlightened protestant divines of the highest standing; and which bear testimony of their belief in the efficacy of prayer for the dead.

EPITAPH OF BISHOP BARROW.

"The remains of Isaac, Bishop of St. Asaph's, deposited in the hands of the Lord, in the hope of a joyful resurrection solely by the merits of Christ. O all ye that pass by into the house of the Lord, the house of prayer, pray for your fellow servant, that he may find mercy in the day of the Lord."

Who, after perusing this, dear Ada, will doubt of the convictions of Isaac Barrow, on the subject in question? He recommended his departed spirit to the prayers of all who should enter into the church in which he is buried.

EPITAPH OF THORNDIKE.

"Here lies the body of Herbert Thorndike, formerly a prebendary of this collegiate church, (Westminster,) who in his life time endeavoured by prayer and study, to discover the right method of reforming the church. Do thou, reader, implore for him rest and a happy resurrection in Christ."

Of course this eminent man was convinced that the prayers of the living would contribute to the object for which he requested them, viz. to obtain rest for his soul, and a happy resurrection for his body.

When, therefore, the catholic, seriously impressed with the sentiments recorded by the celebrated personages just cited, kneels in silent prayer before the grave of a departed friend, and while the tear of sorrow drops from his eye, his heart heaves forth its deepest supplications, you, my dearest Ada, will not condemn him, you will rather commend him for his pious remembrance, and with him, sigh: "may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace." Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Saint Augustin was a firm believer in the doctrine of purgatory. Ada, you have read in his confessions, the history of his conversion from manicheism to catholicity—and you have felt a lively sympathy, when he records the prayers and tears of his mother, Saint Monica. After her death, he relates how, at the altar, he remembered the soul of her, who had brought him forth to the world, and to the truth. Consult his confessions, book the ninth, chapter thirteenth.

If we have to render an account for every idle word, where is the man, who can hope to be perfectly innocent, when he appears before the tribunal of God? and yet this is an inspired fact: Saint Matthew distinctly states it, in his twelfth chapter, and sixth verse.

An idle word, unrepented for, defiles the soul, and consequently excludes it from the regions of purity. It is not, however, so grievous as to condemn its victim to eternal perdition; what then will become of the soul in such a condition? must it not be doomed, for a time, to a place of purgation, a middle state, in which it will remain until rendered worthy to be admitted into heaven.

It is not essential to know what is the character of punishments to be endured in purgatory; nor is it of material importance, by what name that middle place may be designated. I contend for *essentials* merely, not for questions which cannot be determined. Whether the soul in a temporary separation from heaven, will suffer the torture of fire; or whether the punishment will consist merely of being deprived of the presence of Him, for whom it will pant with inextinguishable ardour, is not decided: we are free to believe either position. The existence of a middle place must be admitted; indeed, Ada, after the arguments I have laid before you, it seems no longer controvertible. For, as you have seen, it is proved by Scripture: by the

testimony of the earliest writers; and by the acknowledgment of some of the ablest protestant Divines;—What more can we require?

Then, Ada, when some bosom friend,
  By death is torn away;
Go, over his lonely ashes bend,
  And for his spirit pray:
Yea, sigh thy fervent vows to heaven,
That every venial stain may be forgiven.

What, though the cold philosophy
  Of this most heartless earth,
Would seek to hush the bursting sigh,
  Or turn it into mirth;
Religion will approve thy prayers,
And consecrate thy monumental tears.

Ada, adieu.

LETTER XL.

One of the most difficult points of the catholic religion, dearest Ada, is the subject of confession. For here commences the practical part, here begins the warfare against nature; the struggle against pride, the victory over one's self.—To believe in the speculative articles of the creed, demands only the conviction of the mind. To carry that belief into effect, requires a triumphant exertion of the whole man, and hence, since confession of sins is

so totally repugnant to the nature of our being, we find every effort made to deny its necessity, and even question its utility.

To many, it would appear impossible that this topic could be defended. By thousands it is considered an invention of the dark ages, for the purpose of acquiring an unlimited influence on the part of the clergy over the people; and more especially yet, to procure money, from the deluded victims of their domination.

If this were the case, confession, dear Ada, would indeed be an abomination: and far from attempting to vindicate it, I, as an honourable American, would be obliged to condemn it. But instead of being an invention of the dark ages, it is a divine institution, descending from the days of the Apostles down to the era of our own existence.

How often have you not read, in works of a very popular character, that the catholic may purchase absolution, that, no matter what sins he may be guilty of, he need only run to the priest, with a handful of money, and he will immediately obtain absolution. Nay, he will be encouraged to return to the same, and even more enormous, sins, with the hope that he will soon return, with a larger sum of money, to purchase a second absolution.

I remember you once brought me an extract from a book with a very plausible title, "The Taxes

of the Roman Chancery," in which a certain specified amount is attached to every kind of sin, for murder, so much, for stealing, so much—and so on, with the whole catalogue of abominations. This specious work is quoted by Guthrie in his Geography, and by almost every scribbler from his day down to a certain "Watchman" of the present period.

You asked me whether this pretended work was authentic; and, you know well, dear Ada, what reply I made: you know, I asserted, and I did so not without the gravest authority, that this is a spurious composition—and that as often as it was republished in Germany and England, so often was it condemned at Rome. If therefore it has been scathed by the very lightnings of the Vatican, it manifestly is of no authority—it is a *triste bidental*,—and it is imposing upon the ignorance of the people, to palm it upon the public, as an authentic register of penitential statistics!

The genuine doctrine of our church is this: that the minister of penance, deriving his authority and power from God, can absolve the sinner, if he be truly penitent. But, if he have not the necessary dispositions—absolution would be of no avail—confession would be but a mockery.

The priest is of his own nature, like every other man—frail, peccable, and helpless: but, he is invested by the Omnipotent with a delegated power,

which he can and must exercise. But that power will ever be ineffectual, if the person over whom he exerts it, be not properly disposed to profit by it.—For, it is manifest, that the priest cannot forgive one whom the Almighty himself cannot pardon: for the Almighty cannot pardon a sinner, who feels no sorrow for his past iniquities, and who is determined to persist in the commission of sin for the future.

In order the more clearly to explain myself, and elucidate my subject, take two persons as examples, the one a protestant, the other a catholic. Suppose them to be of the same age, equally instructed, and educated. Both, in looking over their past career, see much for which they must repent: both have sinned, and we suppose, grievously, and both are sincerely desirous to reconcile themselves with their heavenly Father, whom they have offended. In the estimation of the protestant, what would the former have to do, what course would he be obliged to pursue, in order to obtain pardon?

First, he must necessarily repent, in the amaritude of his heart, for his transgressions. Secondly, he should resolve to avoid, as far as he can, the sins, and circumstances, which led him to the sins committed. Thirdly, he must have recourse by fervent and humble prayer to God, that he would be pleased, in his mercy, to wash out his

iniquities, and receive him back, as he did the prodigal, into his favour and his arms. With these dispositions, according to the universally admitted principles of all dissenting denominations, the young penitent is pardoned—his sins are forgiven.

Well, dearest Ada, in the catholic, precisely the same dispositions are indispensably necessary: and without them confession would be useless, void. The catholic must repent from the bottom of his heart: he must resolve to avoid the sins committed, and the circumstances which led to them. He must recommend himself, in the most humble and fervent manner to God:—and, of course, were he to do no more, he has as much right to pardon, as the protestant can claim. Were he to stop here, he would, according to the general belief, have done enough—his iniquities would be washed away. But, according to our church, he must go still further. To all these sincere and necessary dispositions, he must add the confession of his sins, and consequently he does more than the protestant—and therefore has another claim to pardon.

Without these preliminary dispositions, you must understand, dear Ada, confession, far from being beneficial, would be another sin; it would be a profanation. For, it cannot be seriously believed, that the catholic can dupe his own con-

science, and blind his own reason, so far as to rest satisfied with the mere enumeration to his confessor of a dark catalogue of sins; he cannot be so recklessly stupid as to flatter his passions that the priest can forgive, what the Almighty himself cannot pardon. You, my fair friend, are adorned with too lofty a mind, to entertain the smallest misgiving against your neighbour—because he is a catholic. Where will you find a purer heart, a more gentle spirit, a more brilliant pattern of the sweetest and loveliest virtues, than in the person of your bosom friend Aurelia? and Aurelia is a catholic.—Cultivate her friendship; converse freely on these subjects with her—ask her to pray for you, and request her not to forget *me*, when she kneels at her shrine. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Yes, Ada, by confessing, the catholic penitent evinces the most unequivocal testimonial of humility and sincerity. For, deem it not a matter of mere form: it is a serious thing, to rehearse to a fellow man, the sins, the frailties, the propensities of the inmost heart; and I am persuaded that were confession not *required* by the institution of Christ himself, no one could ever be induced to practise it.—

"What!" Mirandula exclaims,
"Can it be possibly required?
Show me, on what authority inspired,
The papist rest his claims.
Persuaded I can never be,
That man should humbly bend his knee
Before his fellow man.
And whisper to his anxious ear,
Each thought, each word, each wish, each fear,
Confess to God, who will and can
In silence wipe away each stain,
Confession to the priest is vain."

So sings Mirandula, in rather a strange lay: having little claim to pure poetry or sound reason. In brief prose, her objection is resolved to this. It cannot be *required* of man to reveal his sins to his fellow men: why? because it is too humiliating: this argument may be soothing to human nature, but it is destitute of logic, dear Ada.

The whole system of christian morality is in direct opposition to the nature of man: and the fact of a system so contrary to all our propensities being admitted, and practised by all nations, proves the divinity of its character—and I contend, that for the very aversion which we all feel to the practice of confession, which prostrates the pride of the heart to the dust, a strong argument is derived in favour of the divine origin of the institution.

"Would man forge fetters for himself to wear?"

Believe me, Ada, if there were not some positive command, issued by the Redeemer himself, and recorded in the holy scriptures, no christian would be so infatuated as to yield to the invention of fanaticism, no honourable man would submit to a scheme of degrading speculation on the part of an interested portion of the community. There *is* a positive command, and I will adduce it in its proper place. In the meanwhile, dearest Ada, farewell.

LETTER XLII.

The night is lovely on the banks of the ———. Over the fresh waters, glistening here and there in the beams, the silvery car of Diana ascends, while the Genius of the night, from his magic urn, sheds his dew, freshness, and fragrance upon the bosom of the river. The hour is beauteous—around me all is stillness, save where the whipo-will complains in darkly solitude, or the owl screeches in his kindred shades.

As I muse upon the spectacle, oh! how many soothing associations crowd upon my memory, take possession of all the sensibilities of my heart!

I thank you for the description of that delicious excursion which you made on the Hudson, in

company with a clergyman, with whom you had leisure to commune on subjects which are ever interesting; to contemplate the grandeur, beauty, and magnificence of the scenery, on that splendid river, and to blend your sympathetic impressions of the majesty of the Creator, and of the necessity of adoring and serving him, in the manner most acceptable to his attributes. I once wrote a sonnet on the Hudson, which you are welcome to.

Oh! seldom shone upon the Hudson's stream
  A more enchanting evening:—every beam
Of the most beauteous sun-set, meek and calm,
  Melted away in hyacinthine hues:
While from the bank, cool zephyr stole the balm
  Of every blooming thing;—pleased to diffuse
The spirit of perfume about the deck.
  Then hill on hill—on mountain mountain rose,
Till on the vision, Catskill seemed a speck,
  And the deep shades fell from the "nest of crows."
I gazed—when starting in majestic flight,
  Free as the winds he cleaved, an eagle soared,
And towering nobly o'er the mountain's height,
  Streamed like our own proud flag aloft—the desert's Lord.

You, perhaps, may call to your recollection an observation I made, when we once found ourselves hemmed round on the waters, by hills and rocks, without any visible aperture through which to proceed. "Ada," I said, "it is thus we are surrounded with dangers in this world; and we re-

quire a skilful pilot to steer our way in safety to the port of eternity."

"A confessor," you replied, "if discreet and wise, must be an excellent pilot to the soul, through the perils of temptation."

"True," I returned, "for he not only can prescribe the proper course, but can absolve you from past irregularities." A gentleman standing by, overhearing the remark, with much politeness of manner, but evident reluctance to suppress his emotion, begged me to inform him whether man can forgive sins?

"Of himself" I answered, "man cannot forgive sins, the nature of man is the same in every human being: in all it is frail, peccable, and depraved."

"But Sir," rejoined the stranger, begging to be excused for urging the subject, "do not the Roman catholics believe that their sins may be forgiven by their priests? In other words do they not believe that the priest can forgive sins?"

I explained the matter thus:

"The catholic believes that God has given the power to priests to absolve those who confess their sins with the necessary dispositions. The confessor is in a spiritual sense what the judge is in a political point of view—The latter is constituted of the same frail and human propensities as the former: he may, to-morrow, be guilty of the very crime against which, to-day, he pronounces

the sentence of the law: and yet, guilty as he is liable to become, and imperfect as he may be, his country has empowered him to adjudicate, decide, pronounce sentence, inflict punishment, or to release, acquit, absolve.

"The case is the same with regard to the former: he may, in the presence of an Omniscient Providence, be infinitely more guilty than the sinner who kneels at his tribunal, confesses, and implores pardon. And yet, there is conferred on him by the church, who derives it from God, the power of releasing and absolving; of loosing and binding."

The gentleman at first seemed a little silenced, on the subject, but, after a few moments of rumination, "the catholics," he remarked, "are the only denomination who admit that the power of forgiving sin, was ever given to man."

I observed that he was mistaken, "all those christians who admit the efficacy of baptism, must and do at the same time, admit in the minister the power to wash away original sin by the waters of regeneration." "Now," I argued, "if a minister, by the application of water, and the pronunciation of certain words, can efface original sin, why could not an equal power be conferred by Him who is omnipotent, by the pronunciation of a specified form of words, to efface the stain of actual sin? Certainly if God can make use of man as his agent and minister, in one in-

stance, he might do so in the other. The question is, has he done so? the catholic contends, that he has, and we insist that it is the conscientious duty of all who differ from us to examine the grounds on which our doctrine is established. For, if such power *has* been conferred on the priest, then the church which teaches this truth, contains within her pale, a tribunal, before which the seared heart may pour out its contrition and be healed—the lacerated conscience may find a balm, more soothing than that of Gideon—and the wounds of the soul may receive the oil of peace and health, more fragrant than that which streamed down the beard of Aaron."

My explanation appeared reasonable to the stranger—was it not satisfactory to you, dear Ada? you assured me that you would expect with impatient anxiety the proof, which I promised to send you, that the Redeemer did impart to the Apostles and their successors, the power of absolving—In the following letter, I will comply with that promise.—

It is nearly midnight—my light is dim—the breeze is rustling through the forest-trees, Ada, —Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

In order to obtain the pardon of his sins, Ada, the catholic believes that three conditions are necessary, when they can be had: but, that *one* is at all times, and under all circumstances, indispensable. In other words, he believes that penance is composed of three parts, viz. contrition, confession, satisfaction: contrition always necessary; confession and satisfaction when practicable.

With regard to the first, all christians agree. In this there is no difference of opinion, no matter how wide and deep the chasm that may separate them in other respects. We too, believe, that confession would be utterly useless, and that there can be no real satisfaction, where there is not contrition, or sorrow. The heart must undergo a thorough change, the will must be purified and all the faculties of the soul sublimated by repentance, and the love of God and hatred of sin. Without this, the Almighty could not forgive us, much less the priest.

The question, then, is concerning the second—confession, which we will now examine.

Let us first have recourse to scripture, Ada, and see if we can discover any texts, from which the necessity of confession can be proved. Refer to the twentieth chapter of Saint John, verses twenty

one, twenty-two, and twenty-three. I will cite the protestant translation.

"Then Jesus said to them again: peace be with you, as my Father hath sent me, even so I send you.

"And when he said this he breathed on them, and saith to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost:

"Whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained."

Here it evidently appears, that the apostles received the power to forgive sins. This is claimed not only by catholic divines, it is admitted by Chillingworth, in terms which should be engraven on brass: treating on this text he says:

"Can any man be so unreasonable as to imagine, that, when our Saviour, in so solemn a manner, having first breathed upon his disciples, thereby conveying and insinuating the Holy Ghost into their hearts, renewed unto them, or rather confirmed that glorious commission, &c. whereby he delegated to them an authority of binding and loosing sins upon earth, &c. can any one think, I say, so unworthily of our Saviour, as to esteem these words of his for no better than compliment?"

"Therefore, in obedience to his gracious will, and as I am warranted and enjoined by my holy mother the church of England, I beseech you, that, by your practice and uses you will not suffer that

commission which Christ hath given to his ministers, to be a vain form of words, without any sense under them. When you find yourselves charged and oppressed &c. have recourse to your spiritual physician, and fully disclose the nature and malignity of your disease, and come not to him only with such a mind as you would go to a learned man, as one that can speak comfortable things to you; but as to one *that hath authority* delegated to him from God himself, TO ABSOLVE and ACQUIT YOU OF YOUR SINS."

This passage is taken from his Seventh Sermon on Religion, pages 408 and 409.

It is very remarkable, dear Ada, that this acute writer meets the objection you have heard so often made; that the priest may counsel and direct the penitent but that he cannot absolve him. Chillingworth expressly asserts, that the minister of penance *hath authority* TO ABSOLVE, AND ACQUIT OF SINS.

Turn next to the gospel of St. Matthew, sixteenth chapter and eighteenth and nineteenth verses:

"And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Upon this text the Lutherans establish their doctrine, in common with our's, that absolution is a sacrament, and particular absolution is to be retained in confession. This appears from the Confession of Augsburgh, articles 11, 12, 13.

The same is contained in the eighteenth chaptar and eighteenth verse of the same gospel.

"Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

Again, the Acts of the Apostles inform us that the first christians declared their deeds; see the nineteenth chapter, and eighteenth verse:

"And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds."

St. James, in his Epistle, fifth chapter, and sixteenth verse, exhorts us to confess to one another. There certainly, then, can be no impropriety, on the contrary it is required, to confess to the ministers of religion.

"Confess your faults to one another," he writes, "and pray for one another, that ye may be healed."

Lastly, Saint John, in his first epistle, chapter first, verse the ninth, declares:

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Although it may be urged that these two last

cited texts do not unequivocally prove the necessity of auricular confession, still, no one can condemn me if, interpreting them according to the wisest and gravest commentators ancient and modern, I derive such necessity from them. Otherwise, the privilege, vindicated by all the eloquence of protestantism, perishes. I mean that of private interpretation.

I leave thee, then, to ponder o'er,
  Dear Ada, in thy solitude,
These sacred texts, which nc'er before,
  Perhaps, by thee were understood:
But candour dwells within thy heart;
  The love of truth illumes thy mind:
When truth her lustre will impart,
  Thou'lt leave dark prejudice behind.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

"It is ludicrous," I once heard a man of some repute for wisdom say, dear Ada,—"it is ludicrous in the extreme, to see the catholic running to confession, as if that practice were founded in scripture, or authorized by the primitive writers!"

You may conceive how little impression such language could make upon me, who had convinced myself from the closest investigation, that it is

an injunction emanating from the founder of christianity, and recorded in the earliest monuments of ecclesiastical history.

I have, within my reach, the authentic testimonies of the primitive fathers of the church, and I will quote some passages from them, which will convince *you*, my fair friend, that nothing is more venerable than the practice, so much decried by modern fanaticism, of auricular confession.

First then, Saint Athanasius, a Greek father, in the first volume of his works, page 990, writes thus:

"If your bonds are not broken, surrender yourselves to the disciples of Jesus Christ; they are ready to set you free by the power they have received from our Saviour . . . . . we all labour under our respective vices: we all stand in need of being healed by our Saviour, and *of the assistance of his ministers*, that we may be freed from the captivity of the Devil."

In this passage, the venerable author places the ministry of the clergy in conjunction with the power of Christ: and asserts, that by both united, the sinner will be pardoned, confession is certainly insinuated by "the assistance of the ministers!"

Saint Basil, another Greek father, is still more distinct:

"NECESSARILY," he writes, (*in Quæst. brev. Reg. page* 288) "our sins must be confessed to

those to whom has been committed the dispensation of the mysteries of God."

This quotation requires no comment—the NECESSITY of confession is distinctly urged.

Saint Chrysostom, likewise a Greek, in his twentieth Homily on Genesis, speaks in the following terms:

"If the sinner, as becomes him, would use the salutary aid of his conscience, and hasten to confess his crimes and disclose his ulcer to the physician, who may heal and not reproach, and receive remedies from him; if he would speak to him alone, without the privity of any one, and with care lay all before him, easily would he amend his failings—for the confession of sins, is the absolution of crimes."

In such strong and unequivocal language, did the oriental fathers insist on the efficacy and necessity of confession. What would the grave personage who accused us of acting ludicrously in this matter, have said, had this passage been placed under his consideration! what is *your* impression thus far, my dearest Ada?

But let us consult the Latin fathers, and compare their sentiments on this subject, with those of the Greek writers. Turn to saint Cyprian, in his work *on the Fallen*, page 134, and conclude for yourself:

"All, my brethren, must confess their faults,

while he that has offended enjoys life; while his confession can be received, and while *satisfaction and pardon imparted by the priests* are acceptable before God.

Saint Augustin, in his work on Visiting the Sick, addresses the sick person in this manner:

"Beg, therefore, the priest to come to you, and open to him your conscience. Be not seduced by the reveries of those superstitious ones, who would persuade you, that confession made to God, of which the priest knows nothing, will save you—undoubtedly we ought frequently to be acknowledging ourselves guilty before God: this we do not deny: but we tell you, and sound doctrine teaches you, that *you have need of the salutary sentence of the priest*, which is to intervene between you and your God."

Can there be any doubt, after this passage, and especially that marked in italics, of the conviction of Saint Augustin, on the subject of confession? Does he not speak as plainly as language can convey his ideas? Does he not express himself precisely in the terms of a modern catholic? and should not our adversaries, before they ridicule our custom, read attentively the original texts of this venerable, this saintly writer.—

Saint Jerome agrees perfectly with Augustin. One very short extract will suffice to convince you

of this, Ada. In his Commentary on the Sixteenth Chapter of St. Matthew, he writes as follows:

"The priest having heard, as his duty requires, the various qualities of sin, understands who should be bound, and who should be loosed."

It is then, according to Saint Jerome, the *duty* of the priest, to hear the various sins of the penitent—this can be done only by confession: consequently confession to the priest is a duty.—

Is not this correct reasoning, dear Ada?—and is it not beyond all question, that Saint Jerome believed in the necessity of confession—and, of course, was a catholic.

I have met with another passage from Saint Augustin, which I cannot refrain from copying: it is taken from his *Enarration* on the sixty-sixth Psalm:

"Be sorrowful, therefore," he writes, "before confession; after it be glad, for now thou shalt be healed. Thy conscience had collected matter: the imposthume had swelled: it pained thee: it allowed thee no rest. The physician applies the fermentation of advice: he has recourse, when the evil requires it, to the knife. Do thou embrace the hand—*confess*, and, in this confession may all that is foul be done away."

These quotations will suffice, dear Ada, to convince you of the fact, that confession, as practised at the present day in the catholic church, was in

use, and considered necessary, in those ages, when according to the concession of all, religion was in her original purity. I will next show from the most indisputable authority, that it was approved of, and deemed an Apostolic Institution, by many of the gravest writers of the church of England—nay, I will go farther—I will make it clear, that the original canons of that church, required under certain circumstances, that confession should be made. For the present, Ada, farewell.

LETTER XLV.

I have just got back from a ride, dear Ada, through a very beautiful country—and although I have been out no short time, it is yet very early, the sun just beginning to send forth from the clear horizon his first rays. What a healthful, and cheering mode of exercising! every breeze inhaled imparts new vigour to the lungs, fresh alacrity to the spirits, and an enlivening elasticity to the nerves.

When gloom enshrouds the drooping heart,
And languor loosens every nerve;
Knowest thou what will effectually impart
Fresh vigour, Ada? what preserve
Decaying health?

Rise, as the morning streaks the east,
  With its first tints of orient light;
Mount the sleek steed, the mountain breezes breast;
Upon the verdure feast thy sight,
  And catch by stealth,

The passing fragrance of the field,
  Where on the grass and clover sweet,
The dew-drops glistening all their freshness yield:
There wilt thou bracing vigour meet
  Dearer than wealth.

Refreshed after my morning exercise, I sit down, full of the subject of my correspondence, dear Ada, and joyfully continue the theme, which at once elevates the mind to the highest speculations, and recalls the image of truth in all its fairest delineaments, before my fancy's eye.

Have I not satisfied you with regard to the testimonies adduced from the primitive Fathers, on the subject of confession? From the authorities which I mean to quote below, it will as evidently appear, that the founders of the church of England, admitted the importance of this ancient dogma, and sought to enforce the practice of it, at least on certain occasions.

The following passage is familiar to all Episcopalians, dear Ada, at least the language is imprinted on their memories, though its meaning perhaps, has never been seriously analyzed by many.

"And because it is requisite that no man should

come to the holy communion, but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience; therefore, if there be any of you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me," (says the minister,) "or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's holy word, he may receive the benefit of *absolution*, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness."

There is a manifest stress laid upon *absolution*, which is contradistinguished from "ghostly counsel and advice." The minister is stated to have the power to impart that blessing, and it is declared to be the duty of all such as experience the least disquietude or scruple of conscience, to have recourse to his ministry, and profit by his power.

The principle is then admitted by the ancient protestant, as well as the catholic church. We only extend the duty further than our separated brethren, and instead of binding those whose consciences cannot be perfectly calmed by their own devotion and faith, we command all, at least once in the year, to approach to the tribunal of confession.

In the visitation of the sick, the obligation is made almost indispensable on the part of the

infirm penitent, to confess: for the minister is enjoined to exhort him

"To make a SPECIAL CONFESSION OF HIS SINS, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter."

Now, where is to be found the person, who, as the shades of death are gathering about his pillow, when the delusion of life is fading away, and fashion, and dissipation, and mirth are hushed into the anticipated silence of the grave—where, I ask, is the person, under these circumstances, when examining his conscience with the awe of God's judgment before his mind, when surveying the past, from the dawn of reason to the day of his decline, but will feel his conscience troubled? and therefore, where is the christian, who will not be bound to make "a special confession of his sins?"

After his confession, the priest shall absolve him—the protestant ritual directs in these words:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences: and by his authority COMMITTED TO ME, I ABSOLVE THEE from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

This is, in substance, the very form of absolution used in the catholic church, dear Ada. And yet, when the poor servant-girl asks permission of

her protestant mistress to go to confession, she is laughed at, deemed priest-ridden and silly.—"Do you go to the priest for absolution?" she exclaims, —"who can forgive sins but God alone?"

Little does she reflect upon the requisitions of her own church, or understand the spirit of its primitive institutions. As for yourself, dear Ada, you have ever respected this dogma, and, after reading what I have to adduce on the subject, peradventure you may feel it a duty to practise what you respect. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

In order to leave no doubt whatever on your mind, dear Ada, touching the spirit and meaning of the general rubric of the church of England, I will, in this letter, bring before your consideration several passages from the works of the most eminent authors. I have before, on several occasions, quoted Dr. Montague, I again refer you to his "Appeal," chapter thirty-second:

"*Private* confession to a priest," (he there writes) "is of very ancient practice in the church, of excellent use and benefit; being discreetly handled. We refuse it to none, if men require it, if need be to have it: we urge and persuade it *in*

extremis: we REQUIRE IT in the case of perplexitie for quieting of men disturbed, and their consciences."

The church of England, then, has the right, according to this distinguished prelate of that communion, to *require* the confession of sins. The catholic church claims the same right: and the only difference is, that instead of requiring it merely under certain circumstances, she requires it once a year, at least, and especially *in extremis.*

What ground, then, has the modern protestant to inveigh, with so much emphasis and artful allusion, against this practice, which is manifestly grounded upon scriptural authority and vindicated by such a man as the bishop of Chester.

But think not Ada, that he stands alone in his opinion: no, there are others of no less eminence in the same church, who confirm his doctrine, and assert the claims for which I now contend.

Bishop Andrews, his contemporary, not merely admits the expediency of private confession, but goes still further, and contends for its *necessity.* In his *court sermon,* preached before James I., discussing the twenty-third verse of the twenty-second chapter of St. John, he expresses himself thus:

"We are not, the ordinance of God thus standing, to rend off one part of the sentence: There

are here expressed, three persons: 1. The person of the sinner, in *whose*, 2, of God, in *are forgiven.* 3, of the priest in you *shall forgive.* Three are expressed; and where three are expressed, three are required: and where three are required, two are not enough."

Is not this the genuine doctrine of the catholic church, dearest Ada? and do I, in defending the institution of confession, do any thing more, than was done, so clearly and ably, by the renowned protestant prelate whose language I have cited?

When friend and foe unite together
  To vindicate a fact,
I ask you, fairest Ada, whether
Reason could more desire,
Philosophy require,
Or incredulity exact?

Certainly not; every ingenuous mind must admit that, since confession is advised by one denomination, and required by another, it does not deserve the sarcasms which the hollow wit of certain superficial writers would fain cast upon it.

The authority of bishop Andrews will preponderate over all the sophistry of our prejudiced adversaries; and what will be the power of argument, when to his name is added that of Augustin, whom he quotes to support his position:

"It is," he continues in the above-cited sermon,

"Saint Augustin that thus speaketh of the ecclesiastical act in his time."

After which he makes the following solid observation:

"God ordinarily proceedeth in remitting sin, by the church's act. And hence they have their part in this work, and cannot be excluded; no more in this than in other acts and parts of their function, and to exclude them, is (after a sort) to wring the keys out of their hands, to whom Christ hath given them; is to cancel and make void this clause of *you shall forgive*, as if it were no part of the sentence; to account of all this solemn sending and inspiring, as if it were an idle and fruitless ceremony."

In enforcing the necessity of auricular confession, therefore, Ada, I merely insist upon carrying into effect the commission given by the Redeemer; a practice common to all divines, during past ages; and a requisition acknowledged and approved by the most learned divines of the protestant denomination. Luther himself, though in most points, avowedly hostile to the usages of the catholic church, far from condemning this doctrine, affirms that he believes it to be of infinite utility—in his own language:

"Man," he writes, "ought to confess to God all his sins, even those he knows not of; and to his director those only he knows and feels

in his conscience." This is all that we require—In these words of the arch-reformer are contained the meaning and spirit of the injunction of our religion regarding sacramental confession. But, unfortunately, dearest Ada, the system even of that far-famed champion in the cause of the reformation has long since changed in this particular and every other one adopted upon similar grounds, depending upon the mobility of the human mind, the caprice of the human intellect, must be subject to perpetual changes.

> "————Tanquam
> Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
> Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema
> Permutet Dominos—"

No, Ada, there is nothing unchangeable but the institutions of that true religion which stands established, supported, and secured, on the promises of its divine founder. His word has been given; and, though heaven and earth may pass away, his word shall not pass away.

Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

May I be allowed, dear Ada, to quote one of the most beautiful, though, unfortunately, one of the most dangerous, writers of France? Perhaps the topic which I am now discussing could not derive in its support a more popular argument than that founded on the authority, based upon the dispassionate observation, of a philosopher. I am not certain that you have ever read the *Emile* of Rosseau, a work fraught with talent, beauty, sentiment, science, truth, and extraordinary inconsistency.

The greatest writer now living in France, I do not except even Chateaubriand, has in a very powerful and elegant essay, styled "L'Essai sur L'indifference" clearly detected the strange incoherencies and refuted the singular sophistry of that splendid writer. I have the honour to be personally acquainted with the author of that essay.

Yet, we must admit, that no man is better able to take a dispassionate view of the effects and nature of things, than a philosopher! and the more opposed he may be to christianity, the more potent and satisfactory should be his testimony in favour of any particular dogma of religion. Rosseau then, my dearest Ada, in observing the salutary consequences of confession, could not restrain his admiration, but broke forth into the following ex-

clamation, which I treasure up as worth more than all the declamation of certain professors in certain theological seminaries, or the sickly productions of certain "Watchmen" who smell strongly of the lamp:

"What works of mercy are the works of the gospel!" exclaims Jean Jacques—"What reparations and restitutions does not confession cause to be made among the catholics! Among all, what effect has the approach of the period for communion in producing reconciliation and alms-deeds!" *Emile, Tom.* III.

Fair Ada, well mayest thou
Judge of the nature of confession now:
Thou now canst see
How very easy it may be
To ridicule, to sneer at, and
Condemn, what we least understand.
But when we calmly view the grounds
On which the church her doctrine founds:
The practice of the great and good
The scripture rightly understood;
The fathers of the earliest times
The Liturgies of east and west;
The custom of all climes—
The authority of all the best
And wisest of the reformation
With Martin Luther at their head:
The brightest prelates of the English nation,
Whose works survive, though they are dead:
Viewing these grounds, my Ada, it were vain
Against this doctrine ever to complain.

Oh! were we truly penetrated with sorrow for sin—were we thoroughly acquainted with the nature of sin! did we solemnly reflect upon what it has cost the Redeemer, the punishment consequent upon it in this and the future world, did we consider how the angels fell from their bright spheres pursued by thunder into the abyss of eternal wo—how our first parents were banished from the calm and blissful shades of Eden; what scourges have devastated the guilty world; the wars, famine, pestilence, that have swept away its inhabitants—we should be more ready to submit to any humiliating condition which the Almighty might have thought proper to require, in order that sin may be pardoned. He has been offended: it rests with him, not with ourselves, to prescribe the conditions of pardon. Those conditions, no matter how repugnant to our nature, it is manifest we must submit to, if we desire to obtain mercy and reconciliation. But from every side, from all possible authority, I have derived the necessary condition of confession: from the scripture, from the primitive fathers, from the universal practice, from the testimony of the most eminent protestant divines, and what more remains, dearest Ada, but to leave you to your own considerations, to your own calm conclusions, and sacred convictions.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

"Whatever may be alleged in favour of confession" said a learned jurisconcult to a venerable clergyman in your presence, Ada, "Indulgences can have no foundation to rest on." This is, indeed, a very positive assertion; it is a sweeping sentence, which, if true, lays low the entire edifice of catholicism. If no authority, of the most indubitable character, could be adduced to support the divine origin, and proper administration of indulgences, certainly the church which maintains them, would not possess the attribute of truth, in all her doctrines. It will require but a few words to convince you, my fair friend, that however learned the gentleman may be in the law, he certainly evinces no little ignorance with regard to the original institutions of christianity.

I am fully aware, in entering on this subject, that no other article of the catholic creed has been animadverted upon with more keen severity, and bitter satire, than this. I do not forget that it was this that shook the foundations of christendom, in the beginning of the sixteenth century—that was "the spring

of woes unnumbered."

and that even now constitutes the theme of the modern controvertist, and the taunt of the modern infidel.

But it is necessary, in order to form a correct idea of the tenet, that you should receive a real definition of it. I am ready to avow, that were the doctrine such as it is mis-stated to be, no one would stand forward too promptly or too energetically to condemn, refute, repudiate it. The adversaries of the catholic church would not be able to wield against such a system a more unrelenting weapon than myself.

But, Ada, you will soon be convinced of the injustice which is done us—of the temerity, not to use a harsher term, of our opponents, in framing for us a doctrine, as senseless as it is impious; as absurd as irreligious.

They state, and you find it in the most popular, as well as the most prosing effusions, that an indulgence is the permission to commit sin, and an unconditional pardon for the past, present, and the future.

Now, I put the question, in all the simplicity which language admits of, and I ask: what is an indulgence?

I answer first, negatively: it is *not* a license to commit sin, it is *not* an encouragement of sin, it is *not* a pardon of sin, either in this world or that to come.

You remember—no, not *you*, my dearest Ada, for you never conceived of our doctrine the opinions propagated by its adversaries: yet I am sure you

feel a sentiment of astonishment how, after every enlightened writer on these subjects protests so unequivocally and solemnly against the manner in which they are mis-represented, the mis-statement is believed, and little or no attention is paid to the plain and genuine doctrine concerning indulgences.

There is one, however, who will turn an attentive ear to the voice of candour and truth: and she is Ada.

Having given a negative definition of an indulgence, I will now state the positive definition of it.

An indulgence is the release from temporal punishment due to sin, after the sin has been forgiven.

You will observe, then, that it has nothing to do with the remission of sin: it pre-supposes that the sin is forgiven. It merely affects the punishment which often is inflicted upon the sinner, after he has repented for his iniquities.

You will not ask, as Florentine,
With satire playing in her smile—
(Such is the calm, pure ray of thine,
It could not be bedimmed by guile)
"What! does the punishment remain
After repentance has effaced the stain!
This is a dream of popery!
It cannot, no, it cannot be!"

You know, though Adam was forgiven,
The woes which from his sin have flowed:
With Eve, his fickle consort driven,
From their once innocent abode:

Sent by the seraph's burning sword,
Exiles, before the vengeance of the Lord!
Condemned, alas! with their own sweat,
The bread of bitterness to eat!

And David, though his lyre had oft
Been watered with contrition's tears:
And sorrow's minstrelsy, so soft
And deeply plaintive wailed his prayers;
And though the holy seer of Heaven
Assured him that his sin had been forgiven;
Still was he doomed, at the same time,
To lose the offspring of his crime.

You have only to consult, dear Ada, the second book of Kings, chapter the twelfth, verse the fourteenth, to make yourself acquainted with, or rather to bring back to your memory, all the particulars of this fact.

Florentine, then, need not lay such a significant stress upon her interrogatory, for, nothing is more certain than that certain punishment does remain to be inflicted after the sin itself has been forgiven.

I desire you particularly to bear in mind, dear Ada, that the guilt of sin is not in any manner, remissible by the application of an indulgence. Forgiveness of sin requires the deep sorrow of the heart, a detestation of the iniquity, a resolution to avoid it: without these conditions, no indulgence, no absolution, nothing can confer pardon. When, therefore, it is asserted, that by purchasing an indulgence, the catholic may obtain a general license

to commit sin, you will know how to treat so baseless, and calumnious statement; you will remember what I love to insist upon, as it is the real doctrine of my church, that unless there be sorrow and repentance, all the indulgences ever granted from the earliest ages down to the present day, would be idle, useless, and inapplicable.

Inform Florentine of this, Ada, and assure her that I *am* a catholic. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

"I have brought you, my dear uncle," said Theodore, running to me with an eye beaming with sentiment, "one of my prettiest flowers, it is a wild moss rose, smell it, how fragrant! keep it, as long as it retains its freshness—" and he placed it upon my breast.

I thought, when I viewed that lovely flower, how evanescent is life! and I said to myself, this flower so fresh and beautiful reminds me to continue the correspondence we have been carrying on, and I retired to my study with that intention.

Hardly had I sat down at my desk, before the servant knocked at my door, to inform me that a stranger wished to see me. He was a professor in a

neighbouring theological seminary, and "not unknown to fame." In the classics, and polite literature, he was an accomplished scholar; on the subject of the catholic religion, as ignorant as a child.

He introduced himself to me, of whom, he said, he had often heard; and peremptorily declared that his object in troubling me, on this occasion, was to converse on the subject of indulgences.

"How can an educated man defend the abuses," he observed, "growing out of the system of indulgences?"

"The abuses, sir," I replied, "no sensible catholic would pretend to vindicate; on the contrary, it is the duty of every one to deprecate them most candidly."

"Of course, then, the whole system must fall."

"How do you arrive at such a conclusion?" I returned.

"Because what is liable to be so egregiously abused, cannot be the work of God," he urged.

"This is very illogical reasoning, sir; christianity itself has been abused in every possible manner; the deist argues against it, on the same ground which you assume, against this particular tenet. I care not how many vessels may have been freighted with indulgences for South America—I have nothing to do with them; all I contend for, is the pure original doctrine as it was established, and is believed by the church."

The conversation continued for a considerable time, the substance of which, as it is precisely on the topic which I have been treating, I will make the subject of my next letter. The professor's ideas seemed to undergo a serious change, before we separated; and, I am confident, that you, my fair friend, will agree with me, that the doctrines of the catholic church need but be examined, to be admired; perhaps, I might add, when there is question of one so sincere and ingenuous as yourself to be admitted. Adieu.

LETTER L.

The substance of my conversation with the professor, dear Ada, was as follows: I stated, that an indulgence, in its original acceptation, was nothing more than a dispensation from the whole or a part of the punishment required by the canons of the church, for sufficient motives of which the chief pastor was the judge. For instance, certain sins were visited with certain rigid penalties. The man guilty of a public crime, was condemned to undergo a public penance. If, then, it appeared that such a person had the dispositions of sorrow which the modern protestant would require, he might, by contributing a certain sum of money for

the relief of the sick in the hospitals; or for the orphan in asylums; or for the propagation of the christian religion among infidels, or for the building of churches, be relieved from the shame and rigour of the penalty, which the canons demanded. In one word, Ada, an indulgence was merely an exemption, for good reasons, and granted by proper authority, from the canonical punishment: not a remission of the sin.

The professor asked me, if there was any text in scripture from which the propriety of such indulgence could be derived? I referred him, as I now do you, dear Ada, to the example of St. Paul, who certainly exercised the power claimed by the pastors of the church, when after excommunicating the Corinthian, he restored him, upon being convinced of his sorrow, to the privileges and communion of the faithful.

Turn to the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter fifth, and you will read these verses:

"It is reported commonly," this is the protestant version, "that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles, that one should have his father's wife.

And ye are puffed up, and have not rather mourned that he that hath done this deed might not be taken from among you.

For I verily, as absent in body, but present in

spirit, have judged already as though I were present, concerning him that hath done this deed.

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ,

To deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

In these texts, it is very certain, St. Paul excommunicates, to make use of the proper, though not the most popular term, the sinful Corinthian.

I will show you, from another passage, that, perceiving in him extraordinary signs of repentance, the apostle did away the punishment to which he had originally doomed him; granted him, if I may use the term, a plenary indulgence.

Take the trouble, Ada, to turn to the second Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter the second, verses tenth and eleventh.

" To whom ye forgive any thing I forgive also, for if I forgave any thing, to whom I forgave it, for your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ.

Lest Satan should get advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices."

That this refers to the same individual whom he delivered over to Satan, all the ancient commentators agree. St. Paul restored him to the communion from which he had been ejected: he dispensed with the long and rigid penalties which

under ordinary circumstances, he would have been compelled to undergo. In one word, the apostle granted an indulgence, which indulgence had no reference to the sin committed, but merely, as indulgences are granted by the church, to the punishment due to that sin.

But, I have seen it objected, Ada, that the collectors of the moneys derived from the application of indulgences, proclaimed that *they* had the efficacy to do away both punishment and *guilt*.

I have merely to answer, in the language of the Council of Vienna, held in the year 1311, under Clement V. (a very dark period no doubt!)

"We, desirous of abolishing such *abuses*, which degrade ecclesiastical censures, and bring contempt upon the keys, FORBID MOST STRICTLY the commission in future, of any and all such unworthy practices—."

This I deem a sufficient reply to all the particulars, collected and exaggerated and published, and re-published, by "professors," "Watchmen," and "essayists."

Then from *their* pages turn,
My friend to *ours*:
Tell me, if thou wouldest learn
The nature, tenets, powers,
Of an association,
Would it be proper, wise
Or fair to read

What its worst enemies
  In hate against it spread !
Wouldst thou not rather seek
  In their own works,
In which their learned speak,
  Than in those books where lurks
    Fierce indignation !
  Believe not, then, our pure religion's foes,
  The catholic best his own religion knows.

And the more you will become acquainted with it, the more, or I am egregiously mistaken, you will admire it. Adieu.

LETTER LI.

You have read, dear Ada, the beautiful lines of Cowper, to the Cricket. There are few pieces that congenialise, if I may be allowed to form a new verb, more sympathetically with my feelings, than that simple, impromptu-effusion of one of the most pleasing writers, as I believe him to be, in our language.

Well, the household song of the cricket is now chirruping in my ear, and I pause, and with the tenderest reminiscences breaking on my memory, I think of long since departed days, when I was a child, Ada; when I nodded, half asleep, at this hour, upon my mother's lap, the solitary cricket kept his vigils on the hearth, singing I know not what ditty, plaintive, feeling, and home-born!

Home! Home! oh sacred name!
Where is it?—where we played
In child-hood—where the hallowed flame
Of young affection was first lit:
Oh, is there aught, fair maid,
As life advances, to compare with it!

One as devoted to home, as you are, dear Ada, will feel, as I do, that, travel where we may, form whatever new friendships we may, there is nothing to compare with the sweet scenes, the sacred associations, the tender reminiscences of our domestic hearth. I have wandered much. Four times has the ocean borne me upon his perilous waters, I have passed the beauteous realms of France, I have seen the romantic valleys of Savoy, I have crossed the tremendous Alps, I have travelled through Italy, and have enjoyed the classic scenes of that most beauteous country, and yet "sweet, home!"

I think I very much need an *indulgence* for digressing so often from the subject before us, do I not, Ada?

Gregory the Seventh, in the year 1057, some four hundred, and more years, before Luther arose to preach against the practice, granted indulgences to the bishop of Lincoln, "on condition," to use the Pope's own language, "that applying yourself to good works, and bewailing your past sins, you make of your body a pure temple of God."

Gelasius II. in the year 1118, asserts, that "each

one receives the value of indulgences, in proportion to his penance (or repentance) and good works."

Innocent IV. in 1243 writes: "Indulgences are generally granted to labour, perils, and devout exercises; some, nevertheless, derive more benefit from them than others, according as *they dispose themselves for them with greater devotion.*"

Urban VIII., proclaiming the customary jubilee, in 1300, thus addresses the archbishops and bishops:

"Instruct your people that in vain will they expect to derive any benefit from the sacred treasure of indulgences, if they do not prepare themselves by a contrite and humble heart, and do not exercise themselves in works of christian piety."

Does this look like a full pardon for sin past and future, Ada! Do not these pontiffs, who flourished amid the reputed darkness and ignorance of the middle ages, agree perfectly with the doctrine which I have laid down, and the church inculcates, in the nineteenth century! In the name of honour, therefore, and justice, and religion, give no credence whatever to the fabrications of men who *invent* to suit the taste of prejudice, or falsify to pander to their own interest and speculations.

But, Ada, how surprising will it appear to the modern protestant to learn, that even the church of England was in the habit of conceding indulgences, granting commutations! and that there

were certain officers appointed by the ecclesiastical courts, *to collect the moneys*, paid for such commutations.

There are authentic documents substantiating this fact: and, for your satisfaction, Ada, and the instruction of your friends who may peruse this letter, I will cite the original canon, which refers to them:

"That no chancellor or commissary, or official shall have power to commute any penance, in whole or in part, but either together with the bishop, &c. that he shall give a full and just account of such commutations to the bishop, who shall see that all such moneys shall be disposed of for charitable and public uses, according to law—saving always to ecclesiastical officers their *due and accustomable fees.*" *Canon fourteenth*, Sparrow, page 368.

Is it not undeniable, therefore, dear Ada, that indulgences were granted by the canon law, as well as approved and regulated by the civil law, in England. Did not the framers of the constitution of the English church understand its spirit and bearing better than the professors of the same creed do, at the present era, in this country? If your protestant friends ridicule the idea of indulgences in the catholic church, do not fail to point their attention to the canon above quoted, and they will there perceive their inconsistency. For yourself, dear Ada. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

Thus, have I brought the present series to a close, dear Ada. Never was a more grateful task undertaken, than that I have performed. With a correspondent so amiable, intellectual, and sincere, it is a pleasure, seldom enjoyed, to commune. The summer is now verging towards its close: the country has lost many of its comforts and beauties, and the approaching autumn, which will soon lay bare the luxuriance of the forest foliage, and chill the lengthening evenings, warns me to return to the city, and to resume my wonted occupations.

Fair seat of my ancestors, adieu! spirit of summer, that didst scatter thy fragrance and loveliness around me; cool zephyr whose aerial wings, wet with morning-dew and stored with health; were wont to fan me in my matin ramblings; pure stream, whose crystal mirror gave back, in pellucid reflection, the calm azure of the vesper firmament; and ye blythe warblers of the grove, farewell. The dull monotony, the rigid realities of my professional avocations await me, amid the business, and selfishness of the city's noisy vortex.

How empty, Ada, all that may be there acquired! how vain every thing, save that eternal treasure, which truth, religion, and heart-felt piety, can alone bestow:

Oh! is not all that glares and smiles
In wealth's deep mines, in beauty's glow—
Oh! is not all for which man toils,
And labour wastes itself below,
Vain fleeting, false!—and genius, too,
With all its lustre beaming bright,
And fancy, with each varied hue,
Sparkling, like rainbow tints, with light;

And fashion, with her gaudy train,
Decked with her flowers, adorned with gems,
And grandeur towering by, are vain,
And vain the monarch's diadems.
Pleasure, with wanton tresses fair,
Tripping luxuriant o'er the mead,
With scented chaplets on her hair
And roses springing where she treads,

Is but a phantom gliding through
The fragrant moon-lit bower at night;
Scarce has it charmed the incautious view
Than flits it from the wondering sight!
Oh spirit of immortal man!
Wouldst thou enjoy true bliss and rest?
Extend thy hopes beyond life's span;
In heaven thou mayest be ever blest!

Yes, Ada, as I remarked, in the beginning of this correspondence, religion, and the truths intimately connected with religion, are infinitely more important than any other study that could occupy the human mind, or interest the human heart. I have attempted to direct your attention to this study. I have endeavoured to show you how

ignorant some of the wisest men are of our tenets, ceremonies, and customs.

But the subject is not yet exhausted: much still remains to be expounded and defended: while the storms of winter rage about us, and the snow whitens the fields but lately so lovely and verdant; while the crackling flame usurps the hearth, which the fragrant flowers of summer so recently adorned, I will pursue my investigation, and continue my correspondence.

For the present, adieu.—Peace attend you in all your ways; may happiness be your companion, religion shine upon your mind, and charity warm all the affections of your heart. Again, adieu.

THE END.

VALUABLE WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS,

NEW-YORK.

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. Complete in 4 vols. 8vo. Maps, &c.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE; with a View of the Progress of Society, from the Rise of the Modern Kingdoms to the Peace of Paris, in 1763. By WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D.: and a Continuation of the History to the Present Time, by WILLIAM JONES, Esq. With Annotations by an American. In 3 vols. 8vo. Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With an Account of his Life and Writings. To which are added, Questions for the Examination of Students. By JOHN FROST, A.M. In 1 vol. 8vo. With a Portrait and Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. With a View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. To which are added, Questions for the Examination of Students. By JOHN FROST, A.M. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his Accession to the Crown of England. With a Review of the Scottish History previous to that period. To which is affixed

AN HISTORICAL DISQUISITION CONCERNING THE KNOWLEDGE THE ANCIENTS HAD OF INDIA; and the Progress of Trade with that Country prior to the Discovery of the Passage to it by the Cape of Good Hope. With an Appendix, containing Observations on the Civil Policy, the Laws and Judicial Proceedings, the Arts, the Sciences, and Religious Institutions of the Indians. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. In 3 vols. 18mo. With Maps and Engravings.

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 18mo. With an Engraving.

HISTORY OF CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 18mo. With Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN AFRICA. From the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. With Illustrations of its Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor JAMESON, and JAMES WILSON and HUGH MURRAY, Esqrs. 18mo. Map and Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE POLAR SEAS AND REGIONS. With Illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History, and an Account of the Whale Fishery. By Professors LESLIE and JAMESON, and HUGH MURRAY, Esq. 18mo. Maps, &c.

PALESTINE, OR THE HOLY LAND. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

A VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT. With an Outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

HISTORY OF POLAND. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By JAMES FLETCHER, Esq. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. 18mo. With a Portrait of Kosciusko.

FESTIVALS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS. Ancient and Modern. By HORATIO SMITH, Esq. 18mo. With Additions, by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq., of New-York.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map of Palestine.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF BRITISH INDIA; from the most Remote Period to the Present Time. Including a Narrative of the early Portuguese and English Voyages, the Revolutions in the Mogul Empire, and the Origin, Progress, and Establishment of the British Power; with Illustrations of the Zoology, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineralogy. By HUGH MURRAY, Esq., JAMES WILSON, Esq., R. K. GREVILLE, LL.D., WHITELAW AINSLIE, M.D., WM. RHIND, Esq., Prof. JAMESON, Prof. WALLACE, and Captain CLARENCE DALRYMPLE. In 3 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD, as displayed in the Creation and subsequent Events to the Deluge. Attempted to be philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son. By SHARON TURNER, F.S.A. 18mo.

HISTORY OF IRELAND. From the Anglo-Norman Invasion till the Union of the Country with Great Britain. By W. C. TAYLOR, Esq. With Additions. By WILLIAM SAMPSON, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By P. F. TYTLER, Esq. With Descriptive Sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions. By Professor WILSON. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE. To which is prefixed an Introduction, comprising the History of France from the Earliest Period to the Birth of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

SKETCHES FROM VENETIAN HISTORY. By the Rev. E. Smedley, M.A. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

NUBIA AND ABYSSINIA. Comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE SOVEREIGNS. By Mrs. Jameson. In 2 vols. 18mo.

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Henry Glassford Bell, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By John S. Memes, LL.D. 18mo. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By J. G. Lockhart, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By Robert Southey, LL.D. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE OF FREDERIC THE SECOND, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE AND ACTIONS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Rev. J. Williams. 18mo. With a Map.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH. With Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons of the last Fifty Years. By Rev. George Croly. 18mo.

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. B., LL. D., F.R.S. 18mo. Engravings.

THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq. In 5 vols. 18mo. With Portraits.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON. By J. GALT, Esq. 18mo.

THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED TRAVELLERS. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. 18mo.

LECTURES ON GENERAL LITERATURE, POETRY, &c. Delivered at the Royal Institute in 1830 and 1831. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. 18mo.

THE HISTORY OF ARABIA. Ancient and Modern. Containing a Description of the Country—An Account of its Inhabitants, Antiquities, Political Condition, and Early Commerce—The Life and Religion of Mohammed—The Conquests, Arts, and Literature of the Saracens—The Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Africa, and Spain—The Civil Government and Religious Ceremonies of the Modern Arabs—Origin and Suppression of the Wahabees—The Institutions, Character, Manners, and Customs of the Bedouins; and a Comprehensive View of its Natural History. By ANDREW CRICHTON. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY, APPLIED TO THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH, AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EDUCATION. By ANDREW COMBE, M.D. 18mo.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT. By JOHN BARROW, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS. With numerous Engravings. 18mo.

A POPULAR GUIDE TO THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE; or, Hints of Inducement to the Study of Natural Productions and Appearances, in their Connexions and Relations. By ROBERT MUDIE. 18mo. With Engravings.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF PERSIA, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time: with a Detailed View of its Resources, Government, Population, Natural History, and the Character of its Inhabitants, particularly of the Wandering Tribes: including a Description of Afghanistan and Beloochistan. By JAMES B. FRASER, Esq. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

COURT AND CAMP OF BONAPARTE. With a Portrait of Talleyrand. 18mo.

FULL ANNALS OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, 1830. To which is added, a Particular Account of the Celebration of said Revolution in the City of New-York, on the 25th November, 1830. By MYER MOSES. 12mo.

LIFE MOHAMMED; Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens. By Rev. G. BUSH, A.M. 18mo. With an Engraving.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY; or, an Historical Account of those Indians who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and Other Remarkable Characters. By B. B. THATCHER, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT; being a condensed Narrative of his Journeys in the Equinoctial Regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia: together with Analyses of his more important Investigations. By W. MACGILLIVRAY, A.M. 18mo. With Engravings.

LIVES AND VOYAGES OF DRAKE, CAVENDISH, AND DAMPIER; including an Introductory View of the earlier Discoveries in the South Sea, and the History of the Bucaniers. 18mo. With Portraits.

A DESCRIPTION OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS. With an Authentic Account of the Mutiny of the Ship Bounty, and of the subsequent Fortunes of the Mutineers. By J. BARROW, Esq. 18mo With Engravings.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE COURSE AND TERMINATION OF THE NIGER. With a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination. By RICHARD and JOHN LANDER. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Portraits, Maps, &c.

LETTERS OF EULER ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Addressed to a German Princess. Translated by HUNTER. With Notes and a Life of Euler, by Sir DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D.; and additional Notes, by JOHN GRISCOM, LL.D. With a Glossary of Scientific Terms. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY BY THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. By THOMAS DICK, LL.D. 18mo. With Engravings.

INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS, AND THE INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D., F.R.S. 18mo. [Questions.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D., F.R.S. 18mo. [With Questions.]

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. Addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir D. BREWSTER, K.H., LL.D. 18mo. With Engravings.

A NARRATIVE OF FOUR VOYAGES, TO THE SOUTH SEA, NORTH AND SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, CHINESE SEA, ETHIOPIC AND SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN, INDIAN OCEAN, AND ANTARCTIC OCEAN. From the year 1822 to 1831. Comprising Critical Surveys of Coasts and Islands, with Sailing Directions. And an Account of some new and valuable Discoveries, including the Massacre Islands, where thirteen of the Author's Crew were massacred and eaten by Cannibals. To which is prefixed, a Brief Sketch of the Author's early Life. By Capt. BENJAMIN MORRELL, Jun. 8vo. With a Portrait.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. ROBT. HALL, A.M. With a brief Memoir of his Life, by Dr. GREGORY, and Observations on his Character as a Preacher, by Rev. JOHN FOSTER. Edited by OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. In 3 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, from the Earliest Ages to the Reformation. By the Rev. GEORGE WADDINGTON, M.A. 8vo.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF WM. LIVINGSTON; Member of Congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776; Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the State of New-Jersey from 1776 to 1790. With Extracts from his Correspondence, and Notices of Various Members of his Family. By THEODORE SEDGWICK, Jun. 8vo. With a Portrait.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI TO ITASCA LAKE, the actual Source of this River; embracing an Explanatory Trip through the St. Croix and Burntwood (or Broule) Rivers, in 1832; under the direction of HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. In 1 vol. 8vo. With Maps.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY, AND ON THE PRIVATE AND POLITICAL RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MANKIND. By JONATHAN DYMOND. With a Preface, by the Rev. GEORGE BUSH, M.A. In 1 vol. 8vo.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON; with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

A DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND RESPECTING REAL PROPERTY. By WILLIAM CRUISE, Esq. With Notes, &c., by THOMAS HUNTINGTON, Esq. A New Edition. In 3 vols. 8vo.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA: a Comparison of the Social and Political State of both Nations. In 1 vol. 8vo.

LIFE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL. By OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. &c. 8vo. With a Portrait. (Embraced in the third volume of Hall's complete works.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN JAY: with selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his Son WILLIAM JAY. In 2 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND '32. By an American. 8vo. With numerous Engravings.

A DICTIONARY OF THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing an Historical Account of the Persons; a Geographical and Historical Account of Places; a Literal, Critical, and Systematical Description of other Objects, whether Natural, Artificial, Civil, Religious, or Military; and an Explanation of the Appellative Terms mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN BROWN, of Haddington. With a Life of the Author, and an Essay on the Evidence of Christianity. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

THE BOOK OF NATURE. By JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S. To which is now prefixed, a Sketch of the Author's Life. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

ENGLISH SYNONYMES, with Copious Illustrations and Explanations, drawn from the best Writers. A New Edition. By G. CRABB. 8vo.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. HANNAH MORE. By WILLIAM ROBERTS, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo. With a Portrait, from the picture by Opie.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE. With Plates. Handsome Edition. 8vo.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN CAFFRARIA: describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that portion of Southern Africa. By Rev. STEPHEN KAY. 12mo. With Maps and Plates.

POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES during a Residence of nearly Eight Years in the Society and Sandwich Islands. By WILLIAM ELLIS. In 4 vols. 12mo. Engravings.

THE COMFORTER; or, Extracts selected for the Consolation of Mourners, under the Bereavement of Friends and Relations. By a Village Pastor. 12mo.

XENOPHON (Anabasis, translated by EDWARD SPELMAN, Esq., and Cyropædia, by the Hon. MAURICE A. COOPER). In 2 vols. 18mo. Portrait.

THE ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES. Translated by THOMAS LELAND, D.D. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

SALLUST. Translated by WILLIAM ROSE, M.A. With Improvements and Notes. In 1 vol. 18mo. Portrait.

CÆSAR. Translated by WILLIAM DUNCAN. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

VIRGIL. The Eclogues translated by WRANGHAM, the Georgics by SOTHEBY, and the Æneid by DRYDEN. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

CICERO. The Orations translated by DUNCAN, the Offices by COCKMAN, and the Cato and Lælius by MELMOTH. In 3 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

ÆSCHYLUS. Translated by the Rev. R. POTTER, M.A. In 1 vol. 18mo.

SOPHOCLES. Translated by THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D.D. 18mo. With a Portrait.

EURIPIDES. Translated by the Rev. R. POTTER, M.A. In 3 vols. 18mo. Portrait.

HORACE AND PHÆDRUS. In 2 vols. 18mo. In which are introduced Translations of different parts of Horace by Dryden, Pope, Swift, Porson, Bentley, Milton, Cowper, Cowley, Johnson, Chatterton, Addison, Lord Byron, Croly, Barry Cornwall, Ralph Bernal, A. Wrangham, C. A. Wheelwright, H. Hall Joy, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, R. Montgomery, J. Merivale, Rev. J. Mitford, Leigh Hunt, &c. &c. With a Portrait of Horace.

LIVES OF THE APOSTLES AND EARLY MARTYRS OF THE CHURCH. By the author of "The Trial of Skill." 18mo.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON; or, Adventures of a Father and Mother and Four Sons on a Desert Island. The Progress of the Story forming a clear Illustration of the first Principles of Natural History, and many Branches of Science which most immediately apply to the Business of Life. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

THE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED. By Mrs. HUGHS. 18mo. Engravings.

SUNDAY EVENINGS, or, an easy Introduction to the Reading of the Bible. [Designed for Sunday Reading and Sunday-School Libraries.] 3 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

THE SON OF A GENIUS. A Tale, for the Use of Youth. By Mrs. HOFLAND. 18mo. Engravings.

NATURAL HISTORY; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about Tools and Trades among the Inferior Animals. 18mo. With numerous Engravings.

INDIAN TRAITS; BEING SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN NATIVES. By B. B. THATCHER, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With numerous Engravings.

TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY. By the Author of "American Popular Lessons." In 3 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Truth of the Christian Religion. 18mo. With Engravings.

THE YOUNG CRUSOE; or, the Shipwrecked Boy. Containing an Account of his Shipwreck, and Residence for Several Months alone upon an Uninhabited Island. By Mrs. HOFLAND. 18mo. Engravings.

PERILS OF THE SEA; being Authentic Narratives of Remarkable and Affecting Disasters upon the Deep. With Illustrations of the Power and Goodness of God in wonderful Preservations. 18mo. Engravings.

THE AMERICAN FOREST; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Trees of America. 18mo. With Engravings.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES. Written for Girls, with a view to their Mental and Moral Improvement. By an American Lady. 18mo. With a Portrait, &c.

CAROLINE WESTERLEY; or, the Young Traveller from Ohio. 18mo. With Engravings.

THE CLERGYMAN'S ORPHAN, and Other Tales. By a Clergyman. For the Use of Youth. 18mo. Engravings.

UNCLE PHILIP'S CONVERSATIONS with the Children about Virginia. 18mo. With Engravings.

UNCLE PHILIP'S CONVERSATIONS with the Children about New-York. 18mo. With Plates.

LUTHER AND THE LUTHERAN REFORMATION. By JOHN SCOTT, A.M. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP CRANMER. By CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, A.M. In 2 vols. 18mo. Portrait.

THE LIFE OF WICLIF. By CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, A.M. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE CONSISTENCY OF THE WHOLE SCHEME OF REVELATION, with Itself, and with Human Reason. By PHILIP NICHOLAS SHUTTLEWORTH, D.D. 18mo.

FRANCE, Social, Literary, Political. By H. L. BULWER, M.P. In 2 vols. 12mo.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMED RELIGION IN FRANCE. By Rev. EDWARD SMEDLEY. In 3 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

PRESENT STATE OF CHRISTIANITY, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World. Edited by FREDERIC SHOBERL. 12mo.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 18mo.

SERMONS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. By Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M. Containing a Number of Sermons never before published in this Country. In 3 vols. 8vo.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS, in 1829–1831. By ABBY JANE MORRELL, who accompanied her husband, Capt. Benjamin Morrell, Jun., of the Schooner Antarctic. 12mo. Portrait.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH. 12mo.

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, derived from the literal Fulfilment of Prophecy. By the Rev. ALEXANDER KEITH. 12mo.

DOMESTIC DUTIES; or, Instructions to Young Married Ladies, on the Management of their Households, and the Regulation of their Conduct in the various Relations and Duties of Married Life. By Mrs. W. PARKES. With Improvements adapted to the American Reader. 12mo.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. By JOHN BROWN, of Haddington. 32mo.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States of America. By WM. COBBETT, M.P. 18mo. With a Portrait.

MRS. JAMESON'S VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD. With Tales and Miscellanies, and a new and improved edition of "The Diary of an Ennuyée." In 2 vols. 12mo.

SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE OF HIS SHIPWRECK, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Carribbean Sea: with a Detail of many Extraordinary and highly Interesting Events in his Life. Edited by Miss JANE PORTER. In 3 vols. 12mo.

THE PLAYS OF PHILIP MASSINGER. Adapted to Family Reading, and the use of Young Persons. In 3 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN FORD: with Notes Critical and Explanatory. In 2 vols. 18mo.

THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL, a Melodrama.—AUCHINDRANE; or, the Ayrshire Tragedy. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 12mo.

DRAMATIC SCENES FROM REAL LIFE. By Lady MORGAN. 12mo.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES. Revised Edition. To which is added, a Valuable Collection of American Anecdotes, original and selected. Illustrated with Portraits. 8vo.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By the ETTRICK SHEPHERD. With a Life of the Author. By S. DEWITT BLOODGOOD, Esq. 12mo.

THE LIFE OF BARON CUVIER. By MRS. LEE. 12mo.

LETTERS OF J. DOWNING, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade, to his Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the New-York Daily Advertiser. With Engravings. 18mo

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT. 12mo.

THE TOURIST, or Pocket Manual for Travellers on the Hudson River, the Western Canal and Stage Road to Niagara Falls down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. Comprising also the Routes to Lebanon, Ballston, and Saratoga Springs. Third Edition, enlarged and improved. 18mo.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH. By E. L. BULWER. In two vols. 12mo.

SOCIAL EVILS, AND THEIR REMEDY. No. I. THE MECHANIC. By Rev. C. B. TAYLER. 18mo.

A SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH: descriptive of Scenes in Various Parts of the United States, Canada, &c. during the Summer and Autumn of 1832. By Lieut. E. T. COKE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

A WINTER IN THE WEST. By a Citizen of New-York. In 2 vols. 12mo.

MY IMPRISONMENTS: MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO DA SALUZZO. By THOMAS ROSCOE. 12mo.

VOYAGE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE POTOMAC, Under the Command of Commodore John Downes, during the Circumnavigation of the Globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834; Including a particular Account of the Engagement at Quallah Battoo, on the East of Sumatra; with all the official Documents relating to the same. By J. N. Reynolds. With Engravings. 8vo.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR. By Mrs. Sherwood. New Edition. In 4 vols. 12mo.

THE LIFE AND DEATH of LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By Thomas Moore. In 2 vols. 12mo. With a Portrait.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE. By the late John Taylor, Esq. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS in all Parts of the World. By C. Macfarlane, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE HISTORY of THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By William Dunlap. 8vo.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS of EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE. By Rev. Daniel Otter, A.M. 8vo.

ANNALS OF TRYON COUNTY; or, the Border Warfare of New-York, during the Revolution. By Wm. W. Campbell. 8vo.

THE CONDITION OF GREECE in 1827 and 1828. By Col. J. P. Miller, of Vermont. With a Map.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S WORKS. Uniform Edition, with Plates. 12mo.

THE LETTERS of THE BRITISH SPY. By Wm. Wirt, Esq. To which is prefixed, a Biographical Sketch of the Author. With a Portrait. 12mo.

GIBSON'S SURVEYING. New and Improved Edition. By J. RYAN. 8vo.

ELEMENTS OF DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY, with their Application to Spherical Trigonometry, Spherical Projections, and Warped Surfaces. By Professor CHARLES DAVIES. Plates. 8vo.

A TABLE OF LOGARITHMS, of Logarithmic Sines, and a Traverse Table. 12mo.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. In 2 vols. 12mo. (In press.)

A TREATISE ON SHADES AND SHADOWS, AND LINEAR PERSPECTIVE. By C. DAVIES. 8vo.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY. Translated from the French of A. M. LEGENDRE. By D. BREWSTER, LL. D. Revised by C. DAVIES. 8vo. New and improved Edition.

INITIA LATINA, or the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, illustrated by Progressive Exercises. By CHARLES H. LYON. 12mo.

LIVES OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. 12mo.

COBB'S SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS. Comprising a complete Spelling, Reading, and Arithmetical course of instruction—viz. A First Book, Spelling-Book, Expositor, School Dictionary; Juvenile Reader Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Sequel to the Juvenile Reader; Arithmetical Rules and Tables, Explanatory Arithmetick Nos. 1 and 2.

ELEMENTS OF SURVEYING. With the necessary Tables. By Professor C. Davies. 18mo.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL. By J. ORVILLE TAYLOR. 12mo.

MIDWIFERY ILLUSTRATED, by J. P. MAYGRIER, M.D. Translated from the French, with Notes, by A. SIDNEY DOANE, A.M., M.D. 8vo. With Eighty-two Plates. New Edition.

TALES OF THE REVOLUTION: being rare and remarkable Passages of the History of the War of 1776. 18mo.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL DISCOURSES. By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. 12mo.

FRANCE, IN 1829, '30. By Lady MORGAN. In 2 vols. 12mo.

AFFECTING SCENES; being Passages from the Diary of a late Physician. In 2 vols. 18mo.

THE TALBA, or, the Moor of Portugal. A Romance. By Mrs. BRAY. In 2 vols. 12mo.

A TREATISE ON THE MILLENNIUM; in which the prevailing Theories on that Subject are carefully examined: and the true Scripture Doctrine attempted to be elicited and established. By GEORGE BUSH, A.M. 12mo.

The TALES, NOVELS, &c. OF MARIA EDGEWORTH. New and Complete Edition. Illustrated with Elegant Engravings on Steel, in a series of Ten Volumes, 12mo. Either of which may be had separately.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE CLUB-BOOK. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Contents—Bertrand de la Croix, by G. P. R. JAMES; Hadad ben Ahad, The Fatal Whisper, The Painter, The Unguarded Hour, The Book of Life, by JOHN GALT; The Gipsy of the Abruzzo, by TYRONE POWER; Esienbach, The Deer-Stalkers of Glenskiach, The Three Kearneys, by ANDREW PICKEN; The Sleepless Woman, by WILLIAM JERDAN; Dramatic Scenes, by Lord F. L. GOWER; Gowden Gibbie, by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM; The Bridal of Borthwick, by D. M. MOIR; The Laidlaws and the Scotts, The Bogle o' the Brae, by THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD; The Cheaterie Packman, by LEITCH RITCHIE.

By E. L. Bulwer, M.P. PELHAM: or, the Adventu es of a Gentleman. In 2 vols. 12mo.
THE DISOWNED. In 2 vols. 12mo.
DEVEREUX. In 2 vols. 12mo.
PAUL CLIFFORD. In 2 vols. 12mo.
EUGENE ARAM. In 2 vols. 12mo.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. In 2 vols. 12mo.
CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH: with Other Pieces. 12mo.
FALKLAND. 12mo.
THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE. 12mo.
THE SIAMESE TWINS. A Poem. 12mo.
O'NEILL. A Poem. 12mo.

By G. P. R. James, Esq. RICHELIEU. A Tale of France. In 2 vols. 12mo.
DARNLEY. A Novel. In 2 vols. 12mo.
DE L'ORME. 2 vols. 12mo.
PHILIP AUGUSTUS; or, the Brothers in Arms. In 2 vols. 12mo.
HENRY MASTERTON; or, the Adventures of a Young Cavalier. In 2 vols. 12mo.
MARY OF BURGUNDY; or, the Revolt of Ghent. In 2 vols. 12mo.
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN MARSTON HALL. In 2 vols. 12mo.
STRING OF PEARLS. In 1 vol. 12mo.

THE YOUNG DUKE. By Benjamin D'Israeli, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.
CONTARINI FLEMING. A Psychological Auto-biography. By B. D'Israeli, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE SMUGGLER. By J. Banim, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.
THE DENOUNCED. By J. Banim, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.
CLOUDESLEY. By William Godwin, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND. By THOMAS C. GRATTAN, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE HEIRESS OF BRUGES. By THOMAS C. GRATTAN, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL. By THOMAS C. GRATTAN, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TALES OF THE EARLY AGES. By HORACE SMITH, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

WALTER COLYTON. By HORACE SMITH, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE NEW FOREST. By HORACE SMITH, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

WAVERLEY; or, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. In 2 vols. 12mo. Revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Author.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD. Fourth Series. Comprising Castle Dangerous and Robert of Paris. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. In 3 vols. 12mo.

HENRI QUATRE; or, The Days of the League. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA. By Mrs. F. TROLLOPE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE ABBESS. By Mrs. F. TROLLOPE. 2 vols. 12mo.

ANASTASIUS; or, Memoirs of a Greek. By T. HOPE, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE YOUTH AND MANHOOD OF CYRIL THORNTON. By HAMILTON, Author of "Peninsular Campaigns." In 2 vols. 12mo.

EVELINA; or, The History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World. By Miss BURNEY (Madame D'Arblay). In 2 vols. 12mo.

DE VERE. By R. P. WARD, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE INCOGNITO; or, SINS AND PECCADILLOES. By Don T. De Trueba. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ROMANCE of HISTORY: SPAIN. By Don T. De Trueba. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY: FRANCE. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY: ITALY. By C. Macfarlane. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ROXOBEL. By Mrs. Sherwood. In 3 vols. 18mo.

MAXWELL. By Theodore Hook. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. By E. Trelawney, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHAPERON. Edited by Lady Dacre. In 2 vols. 12mo.

VILLAGE BELLES. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ROMANCE and REALITY. By Miss Landon. In 2 vols. 12mo.

HUNGARIAN TALES. By Mrs. Gore. 2 vols. 12mo

BEATRICE; a Tale founded on Facts. By Mrs. Hofland. In 2 vols. 12mo.

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. Hall. 12mo.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB-BOOK: being Sketches in Verse and Prose, by Various Authors. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN NEW-YORK: or, the Adventures of Three Southerns. By a Virginian. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE YOUNG MUSCOVITE: or, the Poles in Russia. In 2 vols. 12mo.

LAWRIE TODD; or, the Settlers in the Woods. By J. GALT, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

SOUTHENNAN. By J. GALT, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ZOHRAB THE HOSTAGE. By J. MORIER. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE OXONIANS; a Glance at Society. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town. 12mo.

THE RIVALS. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE COUNTRY CURATE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ALMACK'S REVISITED; or Herbert Milton. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE FALSE STEP; AND THE SISTERS. In 2 vols. 12mo.

MISERRIMUS. A Story. 18mo.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TALES OF THE WEST. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME. In 2 vols. 12mo.

RYBRENT DE CRUCE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

WALDEGRAVE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

PEACE CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET. 2 vols. 12mo.

ECARTE; or, the Salons of Paris. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FASHION. By Mrs. GORE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS. An Historical Romance. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE SCHOOL OF FASHION. A Novel. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TWO OLD MEN'S TALES. The "Deformed," and the "Admiral's Daughter." In 2 vols. 12mo.

SPECULATION. A Novel. By the Author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal." In 2 vols. 12mo.

FRANK ORBY. By One of the Eleven. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE HEIRESS. In 2 vols. 12mo.

STORIES OF A BRIDE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

STRATTON HILL. A Tale of the Civil Wars. 12mo.

THE FROLICS OF PUCK. In 2 vols. 12mo.

PRIVATE LIFE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE SEPARATION. A Novel. In 2 vols. 12mo.

TALES OF GLAUBER SPA. In 2 vols. 12mo.
Contents—Le Bossu, by Miss SEDGWICK; Childe Roeliffe's Pilgrimage, and Selim, by J. K. PAULDING, Esq.; The Skeleton's Cave, and Medfield, by W. C. BRYANT, Esq; The Block-House, by WILLIAM LEGGETT, Esq.: The Introduction, Mr. Green, and Boyuca, by the late R. C. SANDS, Esq.

By JAMES K. PAULDING, Esq. THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

WESTWARD HO! In 2 vols. 12mo.

SALMAGUNDI; or, the Whim-whams and Opinions of LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq. and Others. New Edition. Revised and corrected by the Authors. In 2 vols. 12mo.

KONINGSMARKE; or Old Times in the New World. In 2 vols. 12mo.

The Publishers have in press a New Edition of Mr. Paulding's Works; of which the above will form a part.

THE SPY. By J. F. Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

DREAMS AND REVERIES OF A QUIET MAN. By T. S. Fay, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

BLACKBEARD; a Page in the Colonial History of Philadelphia. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA. In 2 vols. 12mo.

GUY RIVERS. A Tale of Georgia. By the Author of "Martin Faber." Second Edition. In 2 vols. 12mo.

ALLEN PRESCOTT; or, the Fortunes of a New-England Boy. In 2 vols. 12mo.

HAVERHILL. By J. A. Jones, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

MARTIN FABER: the Story of a Criminal. By W. G. Simms, Esq. 18mo.

TALES and SKETCHES. By Wm. Leggett, Esq. 12mo.

TALES and SKETCHES, such as they are. By W. L. Stone, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

THE WHIGS OF SCOTLAND: or, the Last of the Stuarts. An Historical Romance of the Scottish Persecution. In 2 vols. 12mo.

NOVELLETTES OF A TRAVELLER; or Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity. Edited by H. J. Nott. 2 vols. 12mo.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO. An Historical Novel of the Eighth Century. From the Spanish of Don Jorge Montgomery. 12mo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER. By Mrs. Packard. 18mo.

1151