THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

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July 22, 1857. THOS. B. TREMAIN.

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

I met a child, his feet were bare,
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit with care;
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not where to lay my head;
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a Friend on high
For you his precious soul has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—
"There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon?"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," says I, "weep not!"
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven.

I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed
An infant, seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's shelt'ring breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up—
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven."

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down thy grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There is an Arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners! look above!
What though the thunders echo loud—
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud!
Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven."

From the Home and Foreign Record.

BOGOTA—NEW GRANADA.

HOLY WEEK.

The following communication from Mr. Pratt, under date of 8th of May, 1857, giving an account of the ceremonies of "Holy Week" in the capital of New Granada, will be perused with painful interest by many of our readers. The Roman Catholic Church in South America, without doubt, has far outstripped the mother church in almost every species of folly and superstition; and if the deep degradation and misery of the pagan nations of the earth are such as to excite our commiseration, surely these miserable devotees of papal superstition ought not to excite less pity. Is it not time that the light of true evangelical religion should be imparted to them? Should not the prayers of God's people be sent up in behalf of the first effort made by our Church to spread the knowledge of the gospel among these poor deluded people? Ought not the heart of our brother, standing alone as he does in that great metropolis of papal superstition, to be encouraged by the prayers and sympathies of God's people in this more favoured land!

SPANISH DEVOTION TO ROME, AND HER REWARD.

I did not design that so much time should have elapsed, without giving you some notices respecting the performances of "Holy Week." It may be well to say at the outset, that in all these holy shows Spain and Spanish America stand pre-eminent. There are French here, who profess to be Roman Catholics, who yet ridicule the religious farces which abound in this city. They say that in France they have their images too, but that they do not disturb the public by going abroad in their church clothes. I have asked, too, of gentlemen who have lived in Rome, whether such things are practised there. I received for answer, that while they have their processions, and bear aloft on banners the pictures of their saints, yet they do not at all go to the extravagant lengths which the more fervent superstition of Spain has found necessary in order to give free scope to her demented pietism. Poor Spain! She has served the Pope with all her might. She has made greater sacrifices, shed more blood, and practised more diabolical cruelties to maintain the pretended cause of God—given more missionaries for its propagation, and furnished more saints and spiritual heroes for its calendar, than perhaps all the nations of Europe united—and what has been the result? The seal of Heaven's malediction is visibly impressed upon her brow: her land is impoverished, her treasures exhausted, her possessions cut off, her religious sense stultified, her princes tyrants and shameless profligates, her people beggared and unhappy, her rich proud and overbearing, her poor ignorant, vicious and enslaved, and she herself (once the mistress of the world) "the hindermost of the nations." How is the mighty fallen! Surely her poor people might at last reflect that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and that the religion to which they have sacrificed themselves cannot be that "godliness which is profitable for all things, having the promise *of this world* as well as that which is to come."

IMAGES EXCHANGING VISITS.

The expression "religious farces," used above, was not used with regard to the shows of "Holy Week," but with reference to other demonstrations not of unfrequent occurrence here, which leave the beholder puzzled to decide who are the most stupid, the priests who execute, or the people who submit to such farces. Let me allude to one or two before I proceed. The saints, it seems, or at least their images, are social creatures, and enjoy a good airing, and the intercourse of friends. So there are visiting days when the saints make up and return calls. The visit San Francisco pays to Santo Domingo is peculiarly ridiculous. They each have their churches and convents attached. San Francisco leaving his sanctuary, is borne along the principal street till he approaches the church of San Domingo. The Inquisitor General comes out to welcome him, they bow graciously the one to the other, entering the church of which Domingo is proprietor, the brethren are allowed to spend a day or two in social converse, condoling probably the one with the other, the distressing changes which mother church has suffered since the sunny days of the 13th century. St. Francis then bids Dominic adieu, and returns home, waiting his turn to extend to his brother the rites of hospitality.

NOVEL SCENE—"BURNING OF THE DEVIL."

Another scene, if possibly more painfully ridiculous, was represented here Sunday, December 8, the day of the immaculate conception; a representation annually made, or even oftener, and popularly called "Burning the Devil." A rope was stretched from one of the towers of the cathedral across the main plaza of the city, and near the uppermost extremity. Near enough the tower to be easily set on fire, the prince of darkness was extended at full length, personated by something like an alligator, filled with crackers, rockets, and other explosive combustibles. At a given signal the match was applied, and but for some mismanagement the dragon, crackling and consuming, was to have descended along the gradually declining rope, amid the shouts and buzzas of the immense multitude. Poor souls! How little do they think that he at whose burning they rejoice is their god; that their system is the master device of the devil, and their boasted church his peculiar inheritance. I pass from these religious farces to the subject I have already proposed, with the remark, that nothing can be more efficacious than they to debase the lower orders, and make thinking men infidels.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PROCESSIONS OF HOLY WEEK.

The processions peculiar to Holy Week began on Sunday, and were to have been every afternoon of the week, but were several days interrupted by the bad weather. The first that I witnessed was on Monday afternoon. The balconies and streets as far as could be seen, were crowded with people, who appeared to regard the whole as a real frolic. Since I took no notes of the order of things, nor of the variations that were made in the exhibitions on different days, I shall speak only generally and with little regard to the order and time; the details, as has been intimated to you in former letters will be found in Professor Holton's recent work on New Granada. All the representations were borne on platforms, some of which required twelve or fifteen men to carry them; each carrier was dressed like a pilgrim in black, and had his head covered in a sort of black sash, with two small holes cut in it for him to see through. They each carried in the hand a staff, with an iron crotch at the extremity, on which at short intervals they were obliged to support the ponderous machine and rest themselves. The disguise which the carriers adopt strikes the new beholder as singular and unmeaning, since the dirty bare heels and the coarse cotton trowsers which are discovered beneath the long monkish frock, betokens that they belong to the lowest class of people. In answer to inquiries on this subject, the answer universally is, that time was when the most respectable and wealthy men of the city used to discharge this service, the priests proscribing this as penance for their sins, and for their concealment this disguise came into use. it is said that even now a whiter foot and trousers of a finer texture are occasionally seen, which indicate that the old penitential system is not yet fallen into disuse. No doubt the priests think it very hard that *irreligion* so fearfully prevails in these degenerate days, that they are even obliged to pay the "peons" that serve them. Many of these, however, are sent from the confessional to "expiate" their sins by this edifying penance. For gentlemen, certainly, this proscription must have been reputed a penance vastly more meritorious than the repeating of "five *pater nosters* and seven *ave Marias*;" for even the peons, in the short and slow stages they make, puff and sweat at no comfortable rate. One of these disguised personages is occasionally seen (I saw but one) moving along in his black frock between the heavy platform, with a black and pointed "fool's-cap" full three feet high—an easier penance, certainly, in which hard labour has been exchanged for the more agreeable task of making a fool of himself.

PRE-EMINENCE OF THE VIRGIN IMAGE.

The platforms are some of them open, and some pavilioned and set about with artificial flowers. On them are fixed in different positions the full sized images of the persons represented. In former times there seems to have been a large display of finery, but at present almost everything betokens neglect and decay, except the royal magnificence of the "Queen of Heaven." This "divine person," as she is called on posted handbills, will shine in more than royal state, when every thing else is gone to ruin. In every procession a large cross precede all the different representations, followed, at intervals of about one hundred yards, accompanied by bands of music, boys and men carrying large waxen candles, and the standards or banners of the different convents; and Mary invariably brought up the rear, with winged cherubims attending her, holding candles or bearing her train. The scenes represented were taken from the last week of our Saviour's life preceding his death. On one stage was represented our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, seated on an ass. Want of space did not allow many of his attendants to follow him; yet place was found for a small tree, in whose topmost branches a large doll was clumsily fixed. In this figure, Zaccheus, I suppose, would not have imagined that he was personated, or if he did, would have been greatly enraged that they should thus make a mockery of his smallness of stature. Another frame carried the images of our Lord and his twelve apostles partaking of his last supper. All the apostles were represented as having received the tonsure in true priestly style. The natural baldness of age in some of them did not save them from the infliction of this monastic rite; for the ruthless razor desolated where the hand of time had stayed. Truly they were sadly at a loss to find a decent apology for their heathenish monasticism, if they would make the apostles friars all.

VARIOUS REPRESENTATIONS OF THE SAVIOUR.

Other scenes represented our Lord arraigned before Pilate, stripped and tied to a whipping-post, while Roman soldiers scourged him; bearing and falling under his cross; crucified, and taken down again from his cross On the detail of these scenes I cannot dwell; they were too horrible. He was shown as wounded, bruised, and cut in every part of his body; and his back, shoulders, and neck but one great swelling bruise, completely blood-shot; and his flowing hair matted with his blood upon his back. I turned away in horror from the revolting spectacle; I could not look upon it. I have no doubt but that these scenes of blood have but one effect—that of hardening the sensibilities. For the world I would not from infancy have been taught to witness them. I looked on the crowd, to see what effect it seemed to produce on them; and had I been allowed to regard them as a part of the representation, I should have said they were the rabble that shouted, "Crucify him! Away with him!" Nor is it to be wondered at. Are not butchers excluded from the jury in criminal cases? If the constant sight of blood hardens the natural feelings, what effect must not these exaggerated and horrible scenes produce on the *religious* sensibilities of an ignorant and vicious herd, who have looked on them since the day of their birth!

INFLUENCE OF THESE SCENES UPON THE MORAL FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Allow me in this connection to make a few comments on the irresistible tendency of Romish devotion to unnatural exaggeration, a sole and extravagant regard to the exterior and the sensible. This is seen not only in their worship, but in all their representations of the passion of our Lord. I have never been able to find in any of their books of devotion, a word about the wrath of God which he suffered. This, in the comparison of which all his outward torment and distress, even when most extravagantly represented, was but as a drop in the bucket, or the fine dust of the balance; yea, as nothing. This is altogether left out of view; and all seem to regard it—He expiated sin beneath the blows of men. For this cause every outward circumstance of his passion and death is exaggerated to the utmost possible degree. Resorting to the imagination to supply the want of genuine religious sensibility, they have, as is the case with all unnatural stimulants, been obliged to increase, from time to time, the extravagance of their representations, until they have reached the utmost limits; and when this lost its virtue, they have had recourse to invention and spurious revelations. In further substantiation of this truth, let me cite you some passages from a very popular little book of devotion, called "Daily Exercise," which circulates with the highest ecclesiastical approbation, where the Gospel (without notes) is forbidden under pain of excommunication. This of course does not need notes:

EXTRACTS FROM THEIR PRINTED TRACTS.

"*Compendium of the Passion of Christ.*" "Jesus himself revealed many times to the blessed St. Matilda, St. Isabel, and St. Bridget, his most loving servants, all the following: 1. They raised me from the ground by a cord, and by my hair, twenty-three times. 2. I was distressed and tormented one hundred and seventy times. 3. They gave me six thousand six hundred and sixty-six lashes, tied to a column. 4. I fell to he earth, from the garden of Olives to the house of Annas, seven times. 5. I fell to the earth in the road to Calvary, five times. 6. They gave me one hundred and six buffets. 7. I shed one hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and twenty-five drops of blood 8. They struck me with their fists twenty times in the face. 9. I was wounded thirty-two times in my legs. 10. I received nineteen mortal wounds. 11. I was wounded in the breast and head twenty-eight times. 12. I received seventy-two wounds greater than the rest. 13. I had one thousand pricks of the thorns in my head, for having fallen down; I put on the crown again many times. 14. They drove me with kickings one hundred and forty times. 15 I sighed one hundred and nine times. 18. Being stretched upon the cross, they spit upon me seventy-three times. 19. Armed soldiers came against me one hundred and eighteen times. 20. Those of the people who followed me were two hundred and thirty. 21. I had a thousand one hundred and ninety-nine livid wounds. 23. I was seized and dragged along by my beard seventy-eight times."

Then follows an enumeration of "the three *greatest sorrows* which Jesus Christ suffered: 1st. The little fruit he was to have of his blood. 2d. The grief of his most holy mother, who was present. 3d. The sufferings of his whole body when they stretched him with cords by his hands and feet, because all the joints of that most holy body were dislocated.

Thus, my dear sir, you see what is the real character of popish devotion. To those who delight in such sickly and jejune peurilities, and spurious revelations as the above, the simple gospel narrative must be as light as chaff, and as insipid as the white of an egg. It has not horrors enough to satisfy this morbid spiritual appetite for scenes of cruelty and blood. To read that our Lord was buffeted and spit upon, smitten with the palms of their hands, scourged, and crucified, is not enough. They must have a new revelation, to speak unheard-of cruelties. Ah, had they known that "*it pleased the Lord to bruise him,*" they might have been silent, and laid the hand upon their mouth. "The unknown sufferings of Christ" to them are nothing, though in reality they swallow up and devour all the rest.

RENDING OF THE VEIL—TRYING POSITION.

But I must return from this too long digression. On Thursday night some of the churches were very beautifully and tastefully furnished with representations of the passion of our Lord; but the night was very rainy, and I visited few of them. On Friday, in the cathedral, was represented what is called "the rending of the veil." I waited two hours to see it, while they chanted masses, or novenas. The great altar, which rises nearly thirty feet high, in a central part of the cathedral, with an image of Mary towering above those of Christ and all saints, was concealed by a great black veil, so disposed as that it could be parted in twain. When I supposed that the archbishop and some thirty more of his clergy, who stood on a high stage before the great altar, must nearly have done their loud, coarse chanting, with putting off and on of surplices, robes, caps, mitre, and other nameless articles, they suddenly came down, formed a procession, and marched round the noble building, bearing a crimson canopy, with smoking censers, and carrying probably the host. I did not at first observe their movements, until of a sudden I found myself hopelessly caught. In every part of the building, as the host (I suppose) passed near them, the standing multitude kneeled down. The foreigners here conform to the usages of the people; and a gentleman who stood with me intimated that it was time to get down. I told him I could not in conscience do so; and as it was too late to escape, I begged him to stand with me. He protested that it would give great offence to the people; yet at my declaration that I would stand alone, he consented. They passed quite near us; and as we were in the most public part of the building, and everybody followed the procession round with their eyes, and everybody around us kneeled, we were indeed painfully conspicuous, for every eye was on us. Yet nothing was said, nor have I since heard any remarks on the subject. I was very sorry to give offence to any one, and before another prostration was required we moved out of the way. Yet the fact showed that the bigotry of the people has of late greatly declined; for but a few years ago they would have compelled people to kneel in the streets, when but a priest carried the host for the dying.

After the procession had completed its circuit, they ascended the stage again; and uncovering a good large cross, after a great many mummeries, they laid it on the floor, and then, three and three, the archbishop first, the internuncio next, they came to the edge of the stage; they approached the cross, kneeling three times on the way, and then getting down on "all fours," kissed the cross as it lay on the ground. When the principal ecclesiastical personages had thus performed their devotions, the new president and his cabinet, and the principal personages of the city, took up the ridiculous ceremony, going three and three, and afterwards two and two, kneeling thrice, kissing the cross, and retiring as they came, kneeling as they retired. Each, however, cast a goodly piece of money into a large waiter or dish which was put beside the cross. It looked simple indeed to see grown men and public men getting down on their hands and knees, before a multitude of people, and kissing a cross on the floor! Truly they kneeled often, but it was possibly by way of covering all omissions; for it is more than likely that the large proportion of those who kneeled seven times in public, and gave a piece of money to kiss the cross, seldom or never obey the injunction, "Enter into thy closet, and shut the door, and pray to thy Father who heareth in secret."

Becoming tired, I went out; and when I returned, I found the building empty, and a large cross with an image of the Saviour suspended on it. Near by stood what is called "the coffin," which I examined. It was a superb open box, lined with crimson, and wrought on the exterior with silver and tortoise-shell. In another part was Mary seated on her throne, with Mary Magdalene on one hand, on the other St. John the Apostle. When carried in procession, I heard him mistaken for Mary Magdalene, and the Magdalene for "the other Mary." Nor without reason; for there was nothing in his face, dress, or long, black, curling hair, to distinguish him from a very beautiful woman.

TAKING DOWN THE BODY OF CHRIST.

In the afternoon of Friday another procession was had, carrying the body—which they took down from the cross, and laid in the coffin—to a little church in another part of the city, to remain there until Sabbath morning. St. John, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus, accompanied him, and came back in funeral procession, without the body. The appearance of Mary in these processions is remarkable in a high degree, to any one who does not acknowledge her "divinity." She sits on a throne, carrying in her hands the crown of thorns. Robed in black velvet, spangled with silver stars, she is surrounded by flowers and cherubim, some of whom hold up her velvet train. Over her is a double aureola, emblematic of glory; the one, supported by two columns, rises far over her person, the other crowns her head as a symbol of celestial glory. Looking upon this favourite idol, it seemed to me that but one thing was wanting—for but one idea was suggested by all this—and that was to inscribe above her head in glaring capitals the shout of the mob of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" To doubt that divine (pagan) honors are ascribed to that "divine person," who in the little book already cited is adored as "Daughter of God the Father," "Mother of God the Son," "Spouse of the Holy Spirit," "Crown of Angels and Men," "Mother of Sinners," "Only Consolation of the Afflicted," "Mother of Mercy and Compassion," "Our Lady," "Our Pious Queen," "Our Afflicted Mother," and "Most glorious Queen of Heaven," is like doubting if the sun shines at noon-day.

THE BODY OF THE SAVIOUR RESTORED.

On Sunday morning the body was brought back to the cathedral, sitting upright in his coffin, to show that he is risen again. From Thursday till Saturday or Sunday no bells are allowed to ring in the city, no rockets fired, &c., and the hours of the day and of religious services are noted by a rattling box which they have for the purpose. During the time the body is supposed to be in the sepulchre nobody is allowed to go through the streets on horseback—for as the common people say, nobody knows where the Saviour is buried, and they might be riding over the body of the Lord. O that they had as much fear themselves of treading under foot the Son of God, and counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing; when on Sunday morning the body is brought back—the bells peal the joyful news, and the city is filled with shouting.

From Van Dyke's Letters to the Philadelphia Presbyterian.

PARIS.

Early on the 4th of July we are awakened from our dreams of home by the sound of a bugle. We listen for a moment, expecting to hear Hail Columbia, with the popping of fire-crackers for variations. But we are soon reminded that the music comes from a company of those turbaned broad-breeched fellows, who are constantly marching through Paris, as energetically as if they were storming Sebastopol. How shall we celebrate the day! Ask the Israelites how they shall sing the songs of Jerusalem by the waters of Babylon. We hang our republican harps on the willows, and determine to forget the day amid the imperial splendours of Versailles. The road thither, twelve miles long, is hard and smooth as a floor. Avenues of trees, stretching in double rows on either hand for miles, and trimmed with the similitude of a Gothic aisle, lead us to the gates of those magnificent pleasure grounds. We are assured, on entering, that we have come on a most auspicious day; and we are soon convinced that something extraordinary is about to occur. But do not be alarmed. There is no new revolution in the wind. All this preparation and glorification means that the Empress is coming from St. Cloud, to ride through these grounds and lunch in rural style at one of the cottages. In honour of this event, the furniture in the two villas called the Great and Little Trianon, as well as in the palace of Versailles, is all uncovered; the floors are re-polished, and every thing put in its very best array. With a little persuasion, backed by the all-powerful *franking privilege*, we are permitted to enter, and pass hastily through the rooms of the villas. The garrulous guide goes before and tells of the illustrious persons who have reclined upon the beds, or sat upon the chairs, or gambled at the billiard tables, or heard mass in the chapel. When we come to the bed-chamber where the first Napoleon slept, and the cabinet where he worked out his magnificent schemes of ambition, we cannot resist a feeling of awe. Genius compels respect, and in whatever service it may be employed consecrates the scenes of its labour. From the villas we pass out to wander through the grounds. We are lost in a wilderness of beauty. The air is loaded with mingled perfumes from groves of orange trees and beds of flowers. Swans float gracefully on artificial lakes; and marble grottoes, paved with mosaic, peep out from groves of rare old trees. For a while we give ourselves up to the enchantment of the place, and think of the garden which God planted eastward in Eden. But we cannot forget altogether how, and for whom many of these rural splendours were prepared; and when we reflect that kings caused them to be made for the gratification of harlots, and paid for them with treasures wrung out of the sweating brows and bleeding hearts of millions, it seems as though the slime of the old serpent and the curse of God is on all these forms of Paradise. God forbid that our country should ever boast such artistic splendours, if they must be purchased at such a cost. Rather let the forest trees stand untrimmed upon the rugged hill-sides, and the broad prairies be adorned only with their native wild flowers. Nor is our remembrance of the crimes of past dynasties made more agreeable when we come to behold the more decent but no less costly pomp and circumstance of the present. Approaching the cottage where the Empress is to take her rural lunch, we pause to observe the signs of preparation. Here comes an omnibus load of waiters, who are to do service at this country repast; then a company of fire-men, dragging an engine, to be in readiness in case the old building should be fired by the blaze of royalty; then a band of about fifty musicians; and then three vehicles, resembling Yankee peddlers' wagons, each drawn by four splendid horses, containing the provender for this imperial luncheon.

THE PALACE.

As it will be some hours before the Empress arrives, we may pass on to the great Palace of Versailles. All that we have read about this palace and its magnificent pleasure grounds has given us an imperfect idea of the reality. We are told that Louis XIV. spent two hundred million dollars in its erection, and that succeeding monarchs have lavished fabulous sums in its preservation and adornment. It is said that its galleries of painting and sculpture, if arranged in a straight line, would extend six miles. These galleries contain a perfect history of France, inscribed upon canvass and in marble. Of course, we cannot in a few hours even glance at all these wonders of art. So far as we have gone, we are struck with the fact that nearly every picture represents a battle or a Popish ceremony. The warrior and the priest have gone hand in hand through ages of intrigue and blood. There is scarce one memorial of the arts of peace, or of the people whose hard toil gathered the treasures scattered abroad on these fields of carnage. Much has been said about the horrors of the first and great revolution; but to my mind there is far more of the horrible in the crimes and follies of the ruling classes, which made that revolution a social and political necessity.

EUGENIE THE BEAUTIFUL.

But the Empress is coming, and we must cease these reflections. Her approach is announced by the playing of the fountains, the most wonderful in the world. Every exhibition of them costs about twelve thousand dollars, a very considerable item, by the way, in this rural lunch. The royal cortege consists of six four horse barouches with outriders and postillions. These portly ladies, of a doubtful age, in the first two carriages are waiting maids. They would have to wait a long while before I should be captivated with their beauty. These exquisitely dressed gentlemen, with enormous moustaches and an air of dignity that would not disgrace an alderman, are ushers and equeries of the royal household. There is no mistaking the Empress. The engravings visible in the print-shops are not flattered in the least. We stand near her carriage-wheel when it pauses in front of the great fountain, and as she returns our respectful salutation with a bow and a smile, all thought of her royal estate is lost for the moment in admiration for a face which God made so beautiful. Nor is the effect of that bright blue eye and classic face diminished by the shade of melancholy so visible in the expression. O royalty, how fair is thy outside, but how ill at ease is thy heart! There is many an American wife, who is happier in a narrow household, in the embrace of a faithful husband and the assurance of the Saviour's love, than the Empress of France, for whose rural lunch an empire is taxed by thousands of dollars.

THE CHURCHES—THE SABBATH—DR. KIRK.

Of the churches in Paris I shall attempt no description. If you love a pure and chaste classic style, visit the Madelaine. It will fill your eye and heart with a sense of the beautiful. Or go to the Pantheon, and as you look up at its enormous dome, you cannot fail to be overawed with a feeling of the sublime. If you admire the