

appears as the chief object of worship. I will not apply the words of a French Romanist, "Et Dieu vient apres, quand il y a place pour Dieu." But when we are told it is impossible for us "Protestants" to understand the nature of the worship offered to the Virgin, or how much it differs from that offered to God, we must, here at least admit this impossibility. On Sunday last, when the statue on the summit of the spire was unveiled, amidst the firing of cannon, and the rejoicings of a vast multitude, or when it was illuminated at night by coloured lights, one might not be able to draw any very definite conclusion from these demonstrations; but when one enters the church and sees what it contains, and how its contents are arranged, and watches the kneeling men or women, with eyes fixed on the Virgin, and outstretched imploring hands, what can one say but that there is a church built, consecrated, fitted for and devoted to MARIOLATRY? *Correspondence of N. Y. Ch. Journal.*

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A mournful episode of the war comes from Pressnitz. A farmer, living in a hamlet near that town, had a wife and two children, and such was the woman's terror of the Prussians, when she heard they were coming, that her husband, to satisfy her placed her in an underground cellar, with their two little ones, and built up the doorway, leaving some food inside. The Prussians entered the place, and, among others, obliged the poor man to accompany them, with his horse and cart, for a day's journey, as they said. But the man was brought on from place to place, and, at last, when he was suffered to return, and reached his own house, several days had elapsed. On the way back he began to calculate how little food had been left with his wife and children, and, horror-stricken at the dreadful thought their cries might not be heard, his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real. He tore down the masonry, searched for those so dear to him, but only found three lifeless bodies, half devoured by rats. Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in the hospital, a lunatic. Another horrible story has been related by an officer high on the Austrian staff. A poor peasant couple, in Austrian Poland, had three sons, fine young men. One of them was taken by the conscription. As the parents were poor, the two younger brothers determined to follow the fortunes of the eldest for a while, and accompanied him voluntarily to the army. At the battle of Scalitz, the general commanding saw from an eminence that the brigade Scholtz was suffering dreadfully from the enemy's artillery fire, and one of the staff-captains was ordered to send an orderly with instructions to the officer at the head of the brigade to retire. The trooper nearest to him was a soldier of the Green Lancers, by name Skarbowsky, and one of the three brothers just referred to. He was given the despatch to deliver, and rode on gallantly through the rain of bullets. But, as he galloped forward, his horse made a stumble over a dead charger, and thus, bringing the man to a halt, enabled him to see a lancer lying on the ground, with his leg torn off by a ball, and raising his hands to him in a supplicating manner. He alighted to give him a moment's assistance, and coming near, was horror stricken to recognize his brother. He searched everywhere for water, but could find none, and, with a mind as agonized as was his poor brother in body, he began to think whether he should remain with him or deliver the despatch, which he knew to be an order to the brigade to retire, and which might save hundreds of lives. He kissed his brother, and said, with tears, "I can do nothing for you, and I am on a duty I must perform;" and he mount-