

pastors, have been on frivolous pretences declared illegitimate. Bible lectures and prayer meetings on Sunday afternoons have been ordered to be discontinued; the Vaudo's have been declared incapable of holding any office of rank civil or military; they are excluded from the exercise of the legal and medical professions out of the valleys; forbidden to work on Roman Catholic holidays, compelled to render external homage to what they consider idolatrous observances, and subjected to all the vexations and mortifying distinctions imposed on persons of an inferior caste in society.

This is the degraded and unfortunate condition of a number of Protestants, living in the centre of Europe at the present moment, a condition to which they have been reduced and in which they are still doomed to languish, not for any crime which they have committed, for their hostility to the existing government, or their turbulent and refractory disposition—but solely and entirely for their firm and steadfast attachment to the pure and spiritual doctrines of the Gospel—because they retain the right and the duty of private judgment in the matters of religion, and the free use of the Sacred Scriptures among their people.

Now it is to arouse the compassion and sympathy of the Protestant world, that the article in the *Quarterly Review*, to which we allude, has been prepared and published. And the arguments which the writer advances in support of the claims of this poor degraded and persecuted people, are certainly strong and powerful, and well fitted to attract the attention of the monarchs of Europe, and more especially of the sovereign and people of Great Britain.—*Halifax Guardian*.

THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR FOR SEAMEN, IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—The consecration of this novel, beautiful and interesting edifice, *The Floating Church of our Saviour for Seamen*, built by the Young Men's Church Missionary Society, of the city of New York, took place on Tuesday, the 20th of February, under the most gratifying circumstances. The day was fair and the air was mild and balmy, to an uncommon degree, for the season. This edifice has probably no prototype in the world. It is a beautiful Gothic Church, erected on a wide deck covering two boats of 80 tons each, 10 feet wide, 70 feet long, attached strongly by large timbers to each other, placed 10 feet apart, for a broad fountain to prevent careering, when the congregation might happen to be equally distributed on each side. The guards and railing extend 3 feet beyond the building all round it. The apex of the roof is 28 feet high; the walls, at the eaves, 11 feet; and the interior consists of an area sufficient to seat 500 persons. The two rows of open seats are separated on each side, by only a middle aisle, 5 feet wide,—there are 42 of them, and they will contain, with those round the altar, the above number. One hundred persons also can find accommodations in the end gallery, in the absence of an organ. None has as yet been obtained, but it is hoped some benevolent individual will, by and by, be induced to present one to the mission, that the seamen may have the full benefit of our beautiful and devotional services, performed as the Church intended they should be.

The form of the interior of the roof is that of a crushed arch, which, together with the side walls, are ceiled with matched express-boards so closely put together as when painted to seem like plastering. The outside is tinned and painted, and the building is enclosed with cedar boards, matched togeth, painted of a dark stone-color, and sanded before the paint was dry. The interior has been painted in *distemper*, by the father and son, H. & O. Ficht, two modest, ingenious artists, until now, from their unobtrusive habits, unworthily buried in comparative obscurity in this city, but whose talents, from this specimen of their skill, can no longer be unknown, or unemployed hereafter, nor unprofitably so, by the vestries and building Committees of our Churches. Their imitations of a grained ceiling and Gothic mouldings, and of recesses, which their skill in perspective has sunk many feet deep into the walls, actually deceive the most practised eyes; many spectators have indeed insisted that they were not looking on a plane surface; and most miscalculate the true length of the

building, in consequence of the success of the deception. Probably the city of New York does not present more admirable specimens of the success of the art in this way.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

THE BIBLE CAUSE IN CINCINNATI.—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.—The following collections in aid of the Bible cause have recently been made in our city:—At Wesleyan Chapel, \$141 82c.; second Presbyterian Church, \$236 66c.; Christ's Church, \$298 76c. In taking up one of these collections, the Rev. E. W. Selon, as he was eloquently setting forth the claims of the cause, gave two incidents. The first was on an appeal in England for the Bible cause: An old man came up to the stand and began deliberately to count out guinea after guinea, when, after some time was spent, he remarked that he was then eighty years of age,—that he had given to many other causes, but none to this; and there were eighty guineas, he said, one for each year of his life.—The other was an incident in the life of one of the missionaries for the spread of the Bible, who lived among the rude tribes on the Western coast of Africa. A meeting was held to hear him preach of the new God and the curious Bible Bible; a great number of the high and low were present, seated about him on the ground.—The missionary preached from the Bible, and after the sermon, an old woman, with a child in her arms, came up and begged for the Bible. The missionary replied, "that he could not give it, as he had but two, and if he gave one, all would want, and he could not supply them."—When she retired, the king of the tribe came up and remarked, that he "had heard his answer to the woman, but as he had not a book for each, to give them just a leaf." Though startled with the thought of tearing up his Bibles, he concluded the appeal was one not to be resisted, and he began and tore out leaf after leaf, until all was gone: When the distribution was made, many came and begged, as they could not read, to have their fingers placed on the word Jesus, that they might know where it was. With such incidents, the reverend agent increased the interest in his appeal, and the sum received, from a small congregation in attendance, shows his power.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

I HELD my first born in my arms, and looked on its features with new emotions; hope and fear, delight and trembling, all strangely mingled. A new and holy fountain of love and happiness opened in my heart, and waters of pleasure gushed forth, purer and sweeter than I had tasted before. Heartfelt thanksgivings for this rich gift from Heaven, ascended to my heavenly Father, and, with them, earnest, prayer for strength to discharge my new duties in his fear. The weeks rolled away—how swiftly every mother knows—and my daughter grew in interest each day. The world seemed new to me; every duty was lighter; each pleasure was increased. My babe knew me, and the first intelligent glance of her eye filled me with delight. She walked. How my heart throbbed as she ran, for the first time, into my arms! She lisped my name. No ear but mine could have distinguished the word, yet the sound was sweet music to my ear.

Time still rolled on, and now, I was never at home. My daughter was always with me, and babe though she was, she became my friend. If I was sick, she whispered softly lest I should be disturbed. If I was joyful, she shared my mirth. If I sang, she mingled her sweet notes in the strains. Long hours she sat by my side, dressed her doll, and prattled words of love and happiness. Her most simple, childish words, were eloquent to me. Sometimes her young mind seemed perplexed, and then she asked strange questions about this world, all new and bright to her. I told her of heaven, of the Saviour and his angels, and she never wearied while I talked of their glories. I taught her to pray, and strange, though sweetly solemn, were the petitions she uttered to her Father in heaven.

My darling sickened. For a week, I called her illness slight. I could not bear that she, who clung to me with so strong a love, could leave me for a cold grave. At last I was told she must die. My own heart told me so, and it was full of bursting. I could not look at her when convulsions rent her frame, and every nerve

seemed quivering with anguish. I fear my heart rebelled against God's will. I forgot that He, the Giver of my treasure, would deal with it gently and in mercy.

She left me. The casket lay before me more beautiful then ever, but the gem I loved was gone! O, how little which I valued seemed left on earth! All things around me whispered of my loss. The books I had read while she sat by my side, spoke of her. Her playthings lay neglected around me. Her crib and chair, the clothes she wore but yesterday, all were empty—all like my heart, desolate. I went to God. I prayed for submission to his will: He heard my prayer. My thoughts were turned from my empty home to the bright world where my child now dwelt. I thought no longer of my loss, but I remembered only the eternal gain of her whose happiness had so long been my care. A voice like that of my babe whispered—

"Let not a tear ungratefully be given,
Bid not a murmur linger where she trod;
The child of earth is now the child of heaven;
The loved one, mother, is the loved of God!"

And still forget not; but when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the west,
Think of thy child; yet U, not pale and dying,
But living, smiling, radiant 'mid the blest!"
Mother's Assistant.

EXCELLENCE OF WATER.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON defines water, when pure, to be a very fluid salt, volatile, and void of all savour or taste; and it seems to consist of small, hard porous spherical particles of equal diameter, and of equal specific gravities, as Dr. Clynne observes: and also, that there are between them spaces so large, and ranged in such a manner, as to be pervious on all sides. Their smoothness accounts for their sliding easily over one another's surfaces; their sphericity keeps them also from touching one another in more points than one; and by both these their friction in sliding over one another is rendered the least possible. Their hardness accounts for the incompressibility of water, when it is free from the intermixture of air. The porosity of water is so very great, that there is at least forty times as much space as matter in it; for water is nineteen times specifically lighter than gold, and, consequently, rarer in the same proportion.—*LIMA RO.*

Water is the universal vehicle by which are conveyed the particles, sustenance and growth, by which thirst is quenched and all the wants of life and nature are supplied.—*Dr. JOHNSON*.

Water was the primitive, original beverage, as it is the only simple fluid for diluting, moistening, and cooling; serving all the ends of drink appointed by nature. And happy had it been for the race of mankind, if other mixed and artificial liquors had never been invented.—It has been an agreeable appearance to me to observe with what freshness and vigor those who, though eating freely of flesh meat, yet drink nothing but this element, have lived in health and cheerfulness to a great age.—*Dr. CHEYNE*.

In the midst of a society, where wine and spirits are considered of little more value than water, I have lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water, except when I have found it convenient to obtain milk; not an hour's illness; not a headache for an hour; not the smallest ailment; not a restless night; not a drowsy morning, have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me—I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by; while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness.—*COBBETT*.

AFTER Bunyan was delivered from Bedford jail he became very popular as a preacher.—In London, multitudes thronged to hear him when it was known that he preached. Among his hearers and admirers was the great Dr. Owen, who, when King Charles expressed his surprise at the circumstance, said—

"Had I the tinker's abilities, please your most gracious majesty, I would most gladly relinquish my learning."

If there is any man who may eat his bread at peace with man and God, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is canted by no fraud, it is wet by no tears, it is stained by no blood.