

an interesting city it must be, built upon ninety islands, which are united by some three hundred and fifty bridges; offering striking contrasts to the eye, and inviting you to visit the finest picture gallery in Holland. From Amsterdam you may go to Utrecht, the city where the alliance of the Netherland provinces against Philip II. was completed; where the treaty was signed which gave restored peace to Europe after the formidable wars of the Spanish succession; where memories of St. Boniface are still alive and speaking, and also those of Adrian IV., Charles V., and Louis XIV.; a city whose deserted squares, silent streets, wide canals, speak of a departed glory. Here Cornelius Jansen, born in 1585 at Leerdam, was educated, and here many of his followers are still to be found.

Tempting themes are suggested by the art of Holland, the relation existing between Church and State, and the varieties of manners and customs to be found in different parts of the country. But these and other features of life in Holland must be passed over. To the curious reader, who desires a fuller acquaintance with the country, I may commend the following works: "The Heart of Holland," by Henry Harvard, of which the Harper Brothers have published a cheap edition; "Pictures from Holland," by Richard Lovett, M.A., a handsome volume, published by the Religious Tract Society; and the work for which I am especially indebted for the subject-matter of this article: "Holland and Its People," by Edmondo de Amicis.

VIA CRUCIS.

"SAY, tollman, the name of the road I see stretching so cheerless, lone,
and wild?"

"'Tis the Via Crucis that beckons thee. Amen! Then take it boldly
child,

For the road must be trod by the sons of men in tears and silence, soon or
late."

With a sob the little one now and then looked back as he passed through
the well-worn gate.

O Via Crucis! thy stones are wet with the tears of travellers young and old,
And thy landmarks are white grave-stones set over smiles forgotten and
hearts grown cold.

But thou bringest peace when sighs are past, and after a little thy gorse
grows fair;

Though feet bleed sorely, we learn at last to bless thee, thou foot of
heaven's stair!