

arms. The agitation of five and twenty years had every where left a boiling surf, which it was thought necessary to watch with suspicion till the elements should gradually settle into peace, lest all Europe should again be exposed to shipwreck. One great object was to cripple those powers which had the most zealously abetted the common enemy, in order to prevent a recurrence of the evil.

Amongst these arrangements, the King of Saxony was constrained to give up part of his dominions to Prussia: Genoa was awarded to the King of Sardinia; the north of Italy to Austria, and a large slice of Poland to Russia; Norway was cut off from Denmark, and given to Sweden; and, to complete all, with a view to raise a powerful barrier against France, the Netherlands were severed from that country, and tacked on to the United Provinces, and made a kingdom under the Prince of Orange, by the title of King of the Netherlands.

Many of these arrangements, as was anticipated, were highly unpopular among the parties whose condition was thus allotted without their consent, nay, against their urgent remonstrances. Other discontents also soon began to arise in various places, from the non-fulfilment of promises which had been made, as was the case in the German states, to afford constitutional governments and liberal institutions to the people. Hence, as we before remarked, all Europe has been for fifteen years, one vast volcano, which has exploded occasionally in various places, but with only partial effect, and has been, for the time, apparently extinguished. In particular, in Spain, in Naples, and in Portugal, the people rose, and obtained by force, a charter or bill of rights; more democratical certainly, than we Britons think desirable, though less so than our children in America have adopted; but whether good or bad, at least susceptible of improvement, and incomparably better than the blind and cruel despotism of a Ferdinand or a Miguel, or the yoke of the house of Austria. But in all these cases, the armed police of Europe interfered, and, at the point of the bayonet, restored the old despots, and scattered the constitutional charters to the winds. The insurgent nations were conquered, and others were intimidated by their fate; but in the mean time the elements of dissatisfaction have only been spreading more widely and deeply; and, at this very moment, trains are laid all over Europe, which seem to require only such a signal as the late successful revolution in France, to cause the whole magazine of combustible elements to explode. And who shall say, after such an explosion, when the elements may again return to peace?

The particular case of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which at present excites peculiar attention, stands as follows: Belgium and Holland were united, not at the wish of the parties concerned, but by a confederacy of foreigners, who paired these two states, to make one sufficiently powerful to interpose an obstacle to the hostile loco-motion of France; for which purpose, a strong line of fortresses were to be kept up along the whole frontier. This forced political matrimony has not however proved altogether acceptable to either of the parties on whom it was imposed, especially to Belgium. No two nations could be less fitted to be wedded together: their institutions, their habits, their religion, their language, were and are complete antipathies. The inhabitants of the Netherlands, or Belgium, are somewhat Gallic in their temperament: the inhabitants of the United Provinces, or Holland, are the antipode—Dutch: the former are Catholic, the latter Protestant; the former are a manufacturing, the latter a commercial people; the former are accustomed to foreign domination, the latter have for ages been proud of their independence; the former prefer France, the latter England: and their very languages differ, so that the books, and laws, and proclamations, which are vernacular to the one, are unintelligible to the other. The only reason for uniting them was not the wish of the parties, but to maintain the conservative policy of Europe. In order, however, to conciliate both nations, it was determined by the allies that the King should reside alternately at Brussels and at the Hague; and that both should be represented in one common legislative body. But no cordial union has ever existed; and the late events in France, having removed from Belgium somewhat of the extraneous pressure which secured her coherence with Holland, she has broken out into rebellion, and openly seeks, besides the redress of some alleged grievances, a dissolution of the alliance."

J. H. S.

These letters, in gilt, in a conspicuous part of the new church in your city, have called my attention, Mr. Editor, to the following facts. It was the custom, in early days in England, to embroider these letters on the velvet hangings of the pulpits. The practise prevailed after the Reformation. They are the initials of the name of the adorable Saviour, being written in latin, in which language they stand for the words *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. Such a memorial would seem to be liable to no particular abuse. But so it is. Nothing is so harmless or so hallowed by antiquity as not to be railed at by religious prejudice and bigotry. Even the sign of the cross in baptism, the trace of a sprinkling of water, in the form of the holy symbol, is turned into a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. This use of the above letters was called Jesuitical, because the Jesuits adopted the practice. And the same kind of spirit pulled down the crosses from the church towers, and demolished the historical designs in the windows of the stained glass. These were retained in some of the churches, although no pains were taken to replace or repair those that had been ruined. The Genevese *did* retain the initials of the Saviour's Name, though it would be difficult to find a better reason than that which induced other reformed churches to retain the sign of the cross in Baptism, or to elevate it, in wood or stone, to the tops of their churches. Ancient Geneva was a pagan city. It was consecrated to Apollo. Of course the image of the sun was held in high veneration. But when that city was Christianized, and the Sun of Righteousness, instead of Apollo, shone upon them, they retained their national banner, only they inserted into its circle the above golden letters. And ever since the Reformation, the Genevese have used this for the ecclesiastical badge, with this inscription around it, "*Jesus, Sol, et Scutum meum*," i.e. *Jesus my Sun and my shield*—and underneath, the words: "*Ecclesiæ Genevensis Sigillum*," the *Seal of the Church of Geneva*. And a copy of the same is always affixed to the attestations of their ministers.—*Fp. Watch*. PISCICULUS.

CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SNOW.

Yesterday there was a great fall of snow. It was driving along before the fierce wind, so that I could scarcely see abroad, or hear any sound beside the pelting of the storm. I thought of the poor traveller wandering far from home, benumbed with cold, and blinded with the drift—and of the sailor, tossed by the storm upon the rocks, without a star to direct him on his way—and my heart was filled with sorrow. I thought again, and remembered that God sees the houseless traveller, and rules the raging sea; and I was comforted for I knew that he would direct all things for good.

To-day the sun is shining brightly, and the wind has ceased, and the snow is lying in heaps of every beautiful form and curve, more white and pure than any thing the mind can fancy. Everything seems to have new life, and to rejoice in the delightful change. Flocks of little birds are skimming to and fro, and half burying themselves in the light fringes of the snow-drifts. The dogs are sporting and gamboling in the soft bed. Even the horses prance and caper before the sleds which they can hardly draw through the high banks of snow, as if they received joy from the merry tinkling of their bells.

This life may have troubles, like the storm of yesterday: but the God who takes care of the traveller and the sailor, will help through the storm of life all those who believe in him. After those storms a morning shall come to those who have died in Christ, far brighter and more glorious even than the sunshine which now beams on the driven snow.—*Children's Magazine*.

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REMEMBER THE ACCOUNT.

Dear Children,

Most of you have been told by your parents or teachers that very many of the inhabitants of this earth are at this day living in ignorance. Yes, children, there are millions of beings like yourselves, possessed of immortal souls, who know nothing of God, who made and governs the world and all it contains, but who worship idols of wood and stone, the work of their own hands. There are millions who never heard the name of that Saviour, who came to redeem them, but who try to gain the favour of God by inflicting sufferings on themselves, or by offering their children in sacrifice. The chil-