

At the sight swells my heart with sublimest emotion ;
 These rocks ! what a proof of God's power they afford !
 Let me stir up my soul to more ardent devotion,
 As I gaze on these wonderful works of the Lord.

Cape Trinity ! name how sublime and suggestive !
 Why doubt the great power that could elevate thee ?
 Let me never again be distrustful or restive,
 But hide in the rock that was smitten for me.

Let me lean on the power, mighty rock, that could raise thee,
 In all thy wild grandeur, aloft to the sky.
 O God, while I live, let my soul love to praise thee,
 And cling to the rock that is higher than I.

Cape Eternity ! higher, but not so impressive,
 Less sheer thy great cliffs lift their heads to the skies ;
 Thy outline is fairer, but not so aggressive,
 Projecting and broken, thy lofty rocks rise.

Great Saguenay ! wild and mysterious river,
 Whose waters in deepness a thousand feet roll ;
 Wherever I wander, forget thee I'll never,
 Nor the lofty emotions which rose in my soul.—

As I sailed on thy bosom, alone amidst laughter,
 And music and talking and youth's merry glee ;
 But nought could distract me, or lessen the rapture
 Which I felt, as I gazed, mighty river, on thee.—W. B. C.

THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Changes in literature are now as rapid as changes in political situation or commercial progress. There was a time when the books of half a century could be classified together, and distinguished by some one appropriate name ; now people are not satisfied, unless every year at least displays a literary novelty. There is a limit to solid dishes in literature as well as in food for the body ; the variety consists simply in some three or four ways in which the truth that God has given for inward digestion is presented before the mind. But light dishes are innumerable ; for the whole spicery of imagination, caricature, and falsehood, is at hand, to so flavour and disguise an infinitesimal and small-stored element of truth, that thousands who partake never know that it is there. Each time they partake they fondly imagine that their present portion is something new and good. Sabbath-school literature has so changed its character that its originators would fail to recognize the features of their nursling, and start in horror from the monster they have been the innocent means of throwing on the world. A universal cry among serious people, who have the true interests of the young at heart, is rising against the Sabbath-school books of the day. The General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church took the matter of providing an antidote for the wide-spread poison into its consideration, and pressed action in connection with it upon its Board of Publication. An article by the Rev. Sandford H. Cobb, in the last number of the *Princeton Review*, deals with the subject in an able manner. A single extract will suffice to show the stand taken by him as a representative