

advancing with rapid strides. It has been stated on the authority of the "Economiste Français" that cases of insanity have been multiplying during the last fifteen years at the rate of 15 per cent., and that cases of alcoholic madness have been simply doubled during that period. Indeed, it is too well known that ever since the Franco-German war the French, often held up to ourselves as models of sobriety, have as a nation, especially in the large towns, become very much addicted to excess in the use of stimulants, and that drunkenness is gaining a fearful hold on the population. Such, then, are the facts of the case as they appear too plainly in the statistics lately published in reliable French Protestant journals, or in other organs equally worthy of credit. Doubtless various causes, physical, social, and religious, have combined to produce these most lamentable effects. We would not, of course, attribute them directly to the secular teaching in the schools, nor would we in the least undervalue the good

accomplished in many ways by the spread of knowledge and mental culture. What we do observe and would insist upon is this: that the education imparted in the State Schools has signally failed to counteract and diminish these evils, as it would to a great extent have done if it had been of a higher type and grounded on Christian principles. Pure practical religion ever acts as did the tree cast by Moses into the brackish pools of Marah, and tends to sweeten and purify the world's corruption. There is no necessary connection between intellectual and moral development in either individuals or nations. Knowledge is power for evil as well as for good. We may furnish the minds of the young with any amount of useful information, and sharpen their faculties to the highest point, but, unless we train them in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," their education will be unworthy of the name, nor will the best results for time or eternity be secured.—*The School Guardian*.

THE HOLY LAND.

TO look upon a corner gray wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and moaning camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys, coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd in every kind of picturesque and strange costume; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push

your way, a little tired by your journey, a little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little, or more than a little, awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts and anticipations of it, you have attained—and then to step out suddenly without warning and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller.

If it were not a hotel but some hospice or religious house, such as are still to be found, the effect would