

OUT OF EGYPT, by Dr. Pentecost.—Funk & Wagnalls, New York. A handy little volume of fresh, pointed, and eminently practical reading from the Book of Exodus. No attempt at exposition, but full of applications of home truths to every day life.

THE CENTURY for April seems to us to be a number of unusual interest. Its article on the domestic life of the late Henry W. Longfellow opens up fresh views in that life; his works can be read with greater pleasure as we know the man. The vivid descriptions and illustrations of the cruises and last battle of the Confederate cruiser, Alabama, enlist interest as they instruct; while a suggestive article by Dr. Washington Gladden on Christianity and Popular Education discusses a subject of vital importance to ourselves. Is the entire secularization of our public school system wise? It is sadly suggestive of a negative answer that in Massachusetts, the state in which education has been the longest established and schools most munificently endowed, that with the secularization of education comes an increase in crime. In 1850 there was one native criminal to every 1267 native citizens; in 1880, one to every 615. There are difficulties no doubt, in the way of practically teaching morality with religion, yet the neglect to afford the instruction is fraught with terrible danger. "Religion is the inspiration of all highest morality," without it a nation is doomed.

FOR some weeks past the most astonishing reports have been in circulation in regard to the effects produced in Cincinnati by the labors of the Rev. Sam Jones. It has been stated that his meetings were attended by 9,000 people, that 4,000 persons had joined the churches as the result of his labours, that the Sabbath theatres were closed, that the concert halls and saloons were also closed on Sabbath, and, in short, that a great moral and spiritual revolution had taken place in Cincinnati. Would that all these things were so! The *Herald and Presbyterian*, a friendly though thoroughly reliable authority on such matters, shows that they were not so. The hall referred to—galleries included—has chairs for just 4,254 people, and if 9,000 were in it the stage and the aisles must have held nearly 5,000—a most unlikely thing, to put the matter mildly. The Churches have not received one tenth of 4,000 members, the additions in many of them, our contemporary states, being smaller than for the corresponding period last year. The saloons unfortunately are not closed on Sabbath and never were. The theatres were closed but are open again. Mr. Jones made no direct assault on Sabbath desecration, and the Sabbath theatres were closed for a time through the exertion of the Law and Order League. The League intends to proceed against the Sabbath concert halls soon, and may also attack the saloons. As we might naturally expect, the *Herald and Presbyterian* regrets being compelled to make these corrections, but feels that the truth should be told. When will people learn that the cause of God is not helped, but mightily hindered by such exaggeration? What must any candid, unconverted citizen of Cincinnati think when he reads that the saloons of the city have been closed on Sunday by a revival movement, and then looks at hundreds of them in full blast? Better that no report at all should be given of any religious movement than a report which people on the ground know to be without foundation in fact. There

is too much reason to fear that many similar reports are as foundationless as those that originated in Cincinnati. If there is anything in this world about which men should be careful in speaking sure it is God's cause.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

## Poetry.

### THE BONNY LAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

"O weel ken I the bonny land.  
Beside the Tweed it lies;—  
I ken the very nook o' the sky  
'Neath which its pearls and gowans lie,  
And where its mountains rise!  
Wi' Bemerside and Cowdenknows,  
Frae Newark Peel to the Loch o' the Lowes,  
Where laverocks sing and heather grows,—  
O that's the bonny land!

"O that may be, and yet to me  
There lies my 'bonny land'!  
Where summer streamlets glint and glide,  
Through Carse o' Gowrie, fair and wide,—  
And gray auld castles stand.  
Where Tay, past mony a rock and scaur,  
Flows saft as peace that follows war,  
And Hieland hills look down from far,—  
O that's the bonny land!

"I ken, I ken the bonny land—  
For I was cradled there!  
'Tis not by Tweed, nor yet by Forth,  
'Tis not on Tay, but in the North,  
Where beauty fills the air!  
Where mountains beckon to the skies,  
And lochs are clear as maidens' eyes,  
And glory on Glen Conan lies—  
O that's the bonny land!"

Up spak our wee wee gowdie-lane,  
The youngest o' them a':

"The bonny land I weel can tell,  
Is where my mither's gane to dwell,  
In yon sweet Far-awa!  
The darksome night is never there,  
The morning light's aye rosy, fair,—  
And weeping een can weep nae mair,  
Within that bonny land!

"The weary heart shall win the balm  
That gars it sing for glee;  
And, saft as breath o' evening psalm,  
'The storm shall sink into a calm,  
Upon that Summer-sea!  
And holy hearts shall harbor there,  
Aneath the smile o' angels fair,—  
For He wha maks this warld His care,  
Maks that the BONNY LAND!"

Newmarket, Ont.

*Bonny*, lovely; *ken*, know; *gowans*, wild daisies; *laverocks*, larks; *glint*, sparkle; *carse*, a broad, open valley; *scaur*, a precipitous bank; *lochs*, lakes, (ch, guttural); *gowdie-lane*, a child able to walk: *gars*, compels.