

terribly afraid of Archbishop Lynch are on very friendly terms with Dean Alcohol.

If there is one spectacle in Ontario that sickens decent people, and makes one doubt whether Canadians are fit to govern themselves, it is that of a whiskey-soaked sot jabbering about the "whole Bible," while his speech is "thick," and his breath smells like an open sewer.—*Knoxonian, in the Canada Presbyterian.*

It is estimated, says the *New York Evangelist*, that as many as 1,500 Jews leave the synagogue for the Christian Church every year, here and in Europe. In Vienna alone, during 1885, 260 Jews became Christians. Here in New York, the Rev. Jacob Freshman is zealously pushing the same work. The movement is not among the lower classes of Jews, regarded as a whole, either. The learned Professor Delitzsch, of Leipsic, is said to be inspiring Christian effort among the Jewish students of no less than eight or nine of the German universities, and with encouraging success—more than 300 of these promising young men having avowed their interest in the truths inculcated.

THE Glasgow *Christian Leader* cannot, by its worst enemy, be accused of unduly favouring Romanism. In its exposure of Romish errors it is outspoken and unflinching. There is no political "No Popery" cry at present in Great Britain, but this is how it deals with bigoted intolerance: The secretary of a Protestant workingmen's league somewhere was far left to himself or to the evil one when he objected to the subscription made for Father Damien and his poor lepers in the island of Molokai. When a young priest goes to live in a community of lepers, cutting himself off from the world, and exposing himself to frightful suffering of body and mind, every person who makes profession of Christianity should thank God for such wonderful heroism, and go about his own task with a new heat of devotion. When the priest himself becomes a leper, and some friends raise a little money for him and his flock, one would imagine that even the sturdiest Protestant might subscribe. Is it credible that anybody, not insane, could speak of Father Damien as a child of hell whose devotion is utterly unworthy of praise or even of respect—because he is "an idolatrous priest of an abominable system"? From such devilish Protestantism as this, good Lord deliver us! It is as abominable as the cynical atheism of Paul Bert, or the stupid *betises* of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. And on the whole it does more harm. According to this wonderful "Protestant," it is "unscriptural" to have any sympathy with the heroism of a Roman Catholic. Does he know that if there is one thing more unscriptural, more unchristian than another, it is the mercilessness of phariseism?

TWO PSALMS.

PSALM CXXVII.

Only as God builds the house strong and deep,
Their labours are bless'd who are building and
toiling;
Only as God the city doth keep,
Safety and peace o'er the portals are smiling:

Vain to rise up, midnight to keep,
Vain to eat bread of labour and sorrow;
For so His beloved He giveth His sleep,
A calm brooding night, and a blessed to-morrow!

Sons of the righteous, and children of grace,
A heritage blest to the godly forever;
These stand in the battle, with sin face to face,
Like a warrior stern with a well-filled quiver.

Happy the man with such weapon in hand—
A righteous seed, in his footsteps pursuing—
Honoured and blest among men shall he stand,
Enemies never shall work his undoing!

PSALM CXXXIII.

How good, and how happy, and pleasant it is,
For brethren to dwell united together!
Like ointment all precious, the blessing is his,
Who dwells in the fragrance that peace brings with
her.

Like ointment all holy, that fragrantly fell,
The priest and his raiment to bless and to hallow;
Like the dew, with a blessing, all silent and still,
On Hermon descending, o'er fields parched and
yellow.

Thus love among brethren; 'tis pure as the dew,
The mountains of Zion in beauty restoring—
All lovely and blest for Jehovah to view;
For ever and ever His blessing outpouring.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

(FROM ENGLAND)—NO. 3.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been fully occupied since I wrote you last; I am still in the North, and if I visit all the places that are now opening, I will be here for another month or two, but at this rate, I will only see a small part of the country. I have two or three appointments every Sunday, and four or five during the week are all I can overtake. There is the densest ignorance generally, almost universally, respecting the Colonies, and especially Canada. In some places they have never heard of the society. It is the rarest thing in these parts to find a congregation where there has been a depuration for many years, or even from the parent society. This is not the way the London Missionary Society or the Home Mission has been