

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

In Christ there is an abundant fullness which not only exhausts, but exceeds the superlatives of our language. When Christ is spoken of as God's gift to man, He is represented as the "unspeakable" gift. The riches of Christ are "unsearchable riches." We are to be filled with "unutterable" joy. God's "whatsoever" implies more than words can express. He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." The depth of the love of God, the riches of His grace, the fulness of the gospel blessings cannot be expressed. How great, how deep, how boundless, how fathomless, how infinite the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

The fulness of Christ is manifest in its adaptation to the wants and the happiness of man. A writer has well said: "How difficult it would be to name a noble figure, a sweet simile, a tender or attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo a reluctant sinner, or cheer a desponding saint! Am I wounded? He is balm. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I naked? He is clothing. Am I poor? He is wealth. Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in debt? He is surety. Am I in darkness? He is light. Have I a house to build? He is a rock. Must I face the black and gathering storm? He is an anchor, sure and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is sentence passed, and I am to be condemned? He is pardon." What an all-sufficiency, always, in all things! Is Jesus, in this fulness, your portion? Why should any complain of leanness when he has access to such riches? Reach out after them according to your wants, and be filled with "all the fulness of God."—Living Epistle.

Some ten months ago a Rev. Mr. Lloyd left the M. E. Church with banners unfurled, and went to the Reformed Dutch Church. He went to get rid of the itinerancy and find a settled pastorate. He was a man of such learning and parts that it was unnecessary for him to be moving about. Some of our religious journals desiring to save what there was left of the M. E. Church after Messrs. Lloyd and Haynes left, urged us to change our polity, lest we lose our men of talent and come to naught. We couldn't follow their advice right off, but of course intended to as soon as we could. We may hesitate a little now, for Mr. Lloyd hasn't had as good luck in the settled pastorate as he anticipated. His new flock which he was to feed till he got gray, and which was to mourn him as a father when he died, soon set a detective on his track, brought him to trial, and his Classis judged him unworthy to feed sheep at all. Some of his congregation, however thought otherwise, and still want him to put fodder in their rack. He has succeeded in less than a year in getting through with a settled pastorate, in dividing his church, and now has on hand the work of making one out of the fragment he took away with him. If Mr. Lloyd can do so much in ten months, what can he do in a longer time, say ten years? How it makes the old Methodist Church shiver in the storm when men of such ability leave her pulpits! It is Mr. Haynes' turn to report next. When a man leaves a church for conscience sake, all right. When he leaves for easier times, it is well to remember that it was said once upon a time, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."—Pittsburgh Advocate.

THE MOTHER'S SABBATH EVENING.

Tell me, mothers, how do you spend the evenings? I know the morning presents a busy scene, but the most overburdened, overtaxed, have some leisure in the afternoon. Then is the time for religious instruction of the children. The Sabbath-school and the church claim them in the morning, and the day-school through the week, but see to it that they are with you Sabbath evening, and be prepared for the occasion. Intimate Bible lessons, stories and hymns in conversation in such a pleasing variety as to interest them. If they want to laugh, roll on

the floor, or turn somersaults in the intervals, let them do it. Watch your opportunity and win them back again. They will be all the better prepared for the next lesson by the digression.

"Bar," says one, "that is my time to rest." I know it is pleasant to send the children up stairs, and shade the room and give one's self up to rest and solitude. But then the children—the dear children—are neglected. Again and again has God enjoined the religious instruction of the children. When can you find a more suitable season for attending to this duty? Who can care for their souls as you? A few short years and these opportunities shall be over—they will have passed out into the world, and you may not call them to your knee to impress God's truth on them. Then, when we see them immersed in worldliness, how we will wish that we had been more dutiful to them. We cannot leave this work to the pulpit altogether.

The fastidious taste of the age demands such learning in the pulpit as places the sermons above the children's comprehension. The mother's chair is the pulpit that is surest to reach them—the mother's loving conversations the sermons they will longest remember. And be sure and pray with them occasionally; commence the practice when they are young, and it will create no surprise as they get older. Be that as it may, pray with them, anyhow. Their souls are too precious, death too certain, eternity too solemn, to be trifled with. Do not forget the children on Sunday evening.—Central Baptist.

We find these significant items in the Canadian correspondence of the New York Methodist. They may be taken for what they are worth.

The division in the Church of England, or, as it is called in your country, the Episcopal Church, continues to be more and more extensive. The Reformed Episcopal church, which came out from the old Establishment, is taking quite a strong position in many of the principal cities in Canada. The ritualistic party of the English Church were carrying waters to such an extent in connection with their imitation of the Church of Rome that large numbers of the better thinking and more deeply pious hailed with delight the new organization, and have allied their fortunes with it. Dr. Cooper, formerly of Chicago, has come to this country, and is working with the spirit of an earnest man in an earnest work, while the Rev. W. J. Hunter, formerly of the Wesleyan Methodist Church here, has gone to Chicago, and has united with the Reformed Episcopal Church there. While we regret that our beloved Methodism should lose any of her strong men, we at the same time hope that the introduction of a little Methodist fire will be the means of doing the new church a great good. It is rumored that Mr. Hunter has the promise of the episcopal chair.

The question of union is not much talked of lately, and indeed the prospect is not a very bright one. As long as some of the old men are alive there will not likely be any such union again.

The Canada Methodist Church will probably be a great while in coming to a decision to adopt the Episcopal form of government, and the M. E. Church, with such a zealous, driving, working man as Bishop Carman in the episcopal office, will think a great many times before they consent to abandon the Episcopacy.

The lively manner in which some Protestants hate Roman Catholics is unexplainable on Scripture grounds. Only express some faint hope that there may be a Christian in the Catholic Church, or here and there a conscientious and useful priest, or a faithful Sister of Charity, and you are at once exposed to a broadside of anathema more bitter than any which any Pope ever pronounced against a heretic.

The Roman Catholic Church is not utterly corrupt. It has a history which even Protestants can not afford to have wiped out. It has harbored great wrongs and promulgated dreadful errors; but let the Protestant who is without ecclesiastical sin or free from spiritual blindness, cast the first stone. There is a rampant spitefulness in some Protestant quarters—dark quarters they are, too,—which is only satisfied with itself when it can utter curses upon Rome, or find hard names for those who are in the least degree tolerant of Catholics.

The hardest of the hard names in the Prophecies and in the Book of Revelation are seized with avidity, and by forced as often as reasonable interpretation, fixed as the appalling epithets to this and that agent of Rome. We should have patience with such spirit. It is itself the very intolerance which it denounces, only intensi-

fied and incoherent. The Gospel is the only remedy, either for the errors of Rome or the bitterness of Protestantism. And when its sweet spirit fills all souls, as Jesus prays the Father it may, then shall all these angry disputations cease. Protestants will never make Catholics any wiser, or better, or more lovely, by a course of persistent antagonism which savors more of malice than of charity.—American Methodist Recorder.

PALESTINE IN RUIN.

I spent ten days at Jerusalem, visiting the traditional localities of the greatest events which ever occurred or will occur, and attended the solemnities of the Latin and the Greek Easter with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. I looked upon the most sacred and most desecrated city from Mount Olivet, where our Saviour ascended to heaven. I visited the ruins of Bethany, and descended to what is said to be the tomb of Lazarus. I floated on the waters of the Dead Sea, in full view of the mountains of Moab, where Jehovah "kissed Moses to death," after showing him the beauties of the Land of Promise. I took a refreshing bath in the muddy, swift-flowing waters of the Jordan, at the traditional site of Christ's baptism. I spent a night at Jericho, and barely escaped "falling among thieves." I rested on a stony pillow at Bethel, dreaming the dream of Jacob and singing—

"Nearer my God to Thee."

I saw the ruins of Shiloh, which once sheltered the Ark of the Covenant. I sat on Jacob's well, where our Lord weary from travelling, offered to a poor woman the water of life, which has since quenched the thirst of innumerable souls. I read there with some friends the fourth chapter of St. John, and the thought of the touching allusion to this scene in the "Dies Irae."

Quaerens me sedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucein passus, Tantius labor non sit cassus."

I ascended the ruins of the temple of the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim, where the remnants of one hundred and forty members of this mongrel sect still make their annual sacrifice of paschal lambs; and I saw their ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch (the original as well as the copy.) I rode over the lovely fields and hills of Samaria, through which Jesus passed on his annual visit to Jerusalem. My eyes feated on the Plain of Esdraelon—the battle field of Israel—which was spread out like a green carpet of waving grain fields. I lunched at Nain, where our Lord raised a widow's son from death to life. I spent a memorable Sabbath in Nazareth, where the Saviour of the world lived thirty years in quiet waiting and preparation for his work, misunderstood by his own townsmen and kindred. I ascended Tabor, the traditional (though not probable) Mount of the Transfiguration, and the Riji of Palestine.

I rode on the banks and sailed on the waters of the Lake of Geneserath, which is as beautiful as a Swiss lake, with a better climate and greater fertility, but now fearfully neglected and desolate; only half a dozen poor fish-boats of Tiberias can be seen, and the very site of the once populous cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin are still matters of dispute among archaeologists. I had to make my way through a jungle of thistles and briars to the ruins of Tel Hum, where the broken columns of a synagogue lie about about in confusion. I camped at Bannias, the ancient Caesarea Philippi, where Peter confessed the divinity of Christ, and Christ spoke to him those remarkable words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

And, after all, what have I seen? Ruins! ruins! ruins! Yet these ruins are the witnesses of the greatest deeds of God to men. These ruins are the strong arguments for the truth of the prophecies of the Scripture. They prove the literal fulfilment of the words of Christ when he wept over ungrateful Jerusalem. What Israel has rejected has become the life of the world.—Dr. Schaff.

A Chilean meteorologist predicts great atmospheric disturbance all over the globe from the 16th to the 28th of March, on the 25th and 28th of August, and again on the 24th and 26th of September. He also prophesies a snow storm in August.

OBITUARY.

MEMOIR OF MR. EDWARD JOST.

A pious ancestry if duly appreciated cannot fail to prove a lasting blessing to such as are thus favored—the subject of this memoir, was one who had enjoyed this blessing. His now sainted parents, were numbered among the first Methodists in Halifax under the care of the ever to be remembered Rev. William Black. This class of Methodists, furnish most pleasing reminiscences to those they have left behind. O for a continued reproduction of such humble, self-denying and faithful souls. Edward Jost was the son of John and Catherine Jost, and was early in life the subject of deep religious impressions. Well instructed in the great doctrines of our holy religion, he well knew and felt the need of a new heart and a right spirit—Under the preaching of the late Rev. Robert Young, Edward with his brother, now one of our honored ministers, and many others, were led to the enjoyment of conscious acceptance with God. He immediately connected himself with the Methodist Church, of which he continued a devoted member up to the time of his death. With a laudable desire to become a useful citizen, he placed himself under the instruction of Mr. John Shaffer, Sen., to learn the business of baking. After serving his time with credit to himself, and the perfect satisfaction of his master, with due consideration he eventually, with but a small capital commenced business. After continuing a short time in Windsor, not deeming the prospect encouraging, he returned to Halifax, and soon purchased an establishment in Water street, nearly opposite the Cunard buildings. Here he realized the fulfilment of a promise ever dear to himself since his conversion to God; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." His continued success in his lawful employment, was marvellously best. With increasing fidelity both in spiritual and temporal things he in a few years accumulated a competency to retire with his small family from his ordinary occupation. But although he had thus discontinued the active duties of life, he was by no means neglectful of Christian and philanthropic enterprises. The church of his choice in all her departments of Christian work, engaged his attention and continued support. Our Home Missions now a blessing to thousands was I think inaugurated at the suggestion of Hon. S. L. Shannon and himself. To the time of his death, this noble auxiliary of our church, lay near his heart, and was aided by his offerings. From early life Bro. Jost was a devoted and much attached friend to the temperance cause. But few men present a more favourable record of fidelity to this great moral reform. The great work of temperance reform, in all its organisations ever found in him a faithful friend and supporter.

Some few years ago his mind was much impressed with the misery and degradation of some parts of his native city. What is now called South Brunswick street, was a location calling loudly for the interposition of sanctified philanthropy; to this great need, Mr. Jost responded. He purchased land in that location and erected a noble edifice for the worship of God, costing thousands of pounds, which he cheerfully expended. Although Bro. Jost was intelligently attached to the Methodist church, yet he was so far removed from sectarian bigotry, that he was deeply anxious to render this church free from denominational prejudices, that it might be the dispensary of the glorious gospel of Christ to all classes; especially to the poor and destitute. His wish was to have it a free church, patronized by all evangelical denominations in Halifax. Its dedication was of a most pleasing character both ministers and laymen of the different denominations took part in the service, and all were willing to sustain its interests. A suitable missionary was employed, and for a length of time, the city mission was a success. But eventually as the several denominations felt it wise to organize city missions, connected with their respective churches, the care and expenses of the mission in Brunswick street south, devolved chiefly upon Mr. Jost and a few friends. It is true that for a time that noble organization, the Young Men's Christian Association gave countenance and support to the mission church, but when their own noble institute was completed of course such support could not be expected as a permanency, under all these circumstances, Mr. Jost felt his position, in reference to the church in the future, to be perplexing. As long as his life was spared he did to the utmost of his ability, sustain the mission, but with him the question was, who would care for and carry out his wishes when he had gone. From the first, the writer had advised him to put it in trust in connexion with such religious denomination, as he should deem best. To this he for a long time demurred, as from

the first, he desired it to be a free church. After much prayerful consideration, he made such disposition of the church, as under the circumstances, was best calculated to carry out his original design. It is to be hoped that the great object of the donor will be effected in its becoming the spiritual birth place of many souls. In addition to his munificent offering in the erection of the mission church, Mr. Jost purchased the grounds on which the Charles St. Church has been erected. Also some eight years ago Mr. Jost made his will, in which, after caring for his family, he left large sums of money to various religious and benevolent enterprises. His religious experience was one of calm trust, and uniform devotedness to God. His death was sudden, although he had been complaining of occasional indisposition, he continued to perform his ordinary duties. On the Tuesday previous to his death, he took his usual walk, but on the evening of that day was indisposed. He was not however considered dangerous by his family until Thursday, when it became painfully evident that he was rapidly passing away. But his mind was calmly resting upon the merits of his Redeemer. His suffering from great prostration of body prevented his giving expression to his feelings. But his attempts to unite in praying, the words—"going home to die no more," and other familiar words, fully indicated conscious assurance that he was near his heavenly home. His beloved pastor, and his kind friend Mr. Grierson having committed his departing spirit to the God who gave it, surrounded by his beloved family and sympathizing friends, he entered into the joy of his Lord, on the 19th of Oct. in the 67th year of his age. His funeral was attended by one of the largest processions ever witnessed in Halifax.

Mr. Jost's beloved wife did not long survive him. She was truly a woman of God. Mrs. Lydia Jost was the daughter of Mr. Nathan Tupper, of Liverpool, N. S. Early in life she was made the partaker of the converting grace of God, and up to the time of her death she continued invariably to illustrate the characteristics of the devoted wife, the true Christian, and affectionate mother. Her lamented death was truly unexpected, only nine weeks after the death of her husband, she was violently seized with disease, depriving her in a great measure of consciousness. But her truly Christian life, was a most satisfactory assurance to her relatives and friends, that death to her was gain. Her kind pastor, Rev. S. F. Huestis having commended her departing spirit to her Redeemer, just in the conclusion of prayer she slept in God, on the 22nd of December, 1877, in the 69th year of her age.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

February, 1878.

On the 23rd of Feby., Mrs. Elisha Atwood of Barrington, exchanged mortality for life. At the age of seventeen years she was truly converted to God. When nineteen she united with the Methodist Church of which she continued a consistent member for seventeen years. Those who have known her the most intimately, say they never knew her to deviate from her profession or to withhold her testimony for Christ, when there was an opportunity to give it. For a few weeks before her death, she did not take much notice of what was transpiring around her, but if the name of Jesus was mentioned, her eye would brighten and her tongue be loosed to speak of the wonderful love of God displayed in a long and eventful life. Twelve years ago, the partner of her joys and sorrows for half a century, was called to his reward. He was converted through her agency and with many others whom she led to Christ, has doubtless welcomed her to the joys of Heaven.

Mr. Josiah Pinkham, another of the old members of our church in this place died on Tuesday, March 5th, at 78 years of age. He was brought to a knowledge of the love of God through the ministry of Father McMurray and baptized and received into the Church by him when stationed on this Circuit. He has been a great sufferer at times during the last few years but never lost his trust in Christ. Within a month or two God greatly blessed him and enabled him to rejoice, even amid severe pain. Almost the last utterance, understood by those about him, was "Jesus can make a dying bed Soft as downy pillows are"

He has found a home where there is no more pain. His widow over eighty years of age greatly missed the companion of fifty years but calmly waits for the reunion where loved ones are never separated. F. H. W. PICKLES.

A very plain-spoken address has been issued by the Ministers of the United Methodist Free Churches resident in London, to the local preachers, stewards, and office-bearers of their various Churches in the Metropolis. It declares very distinctly the languishing state of the denomination, and puts some of the causes in clear light. Let us hope good will be the result.