

## THE FULLNESS OF CHRIST.

The Bible speaks of Christians being "filled with all the fullness of God"—"The fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Something of this fullness is suggested by an observation which Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., beautifully describes in the following manner. "I recall the wonder and delight with which I saw the ocean tide come up the Bay of Fundy and fill the empty river-beds. Through the hours of the ebb, the Nova Scotian rivers dwindled and shrank within their banks. Broad and Barren reaches of sand exposed themselves; ships listed heavily on their sides, deserted by the feeble stream trickling in mid-channel. Then came the tide up the Bay of Fundy, up from the abundance of the unfathomable sea. You could hear it coming with a distant sound of motion and life and unmeasured power. You could see it coming, with a pure white girdle of foam, that looked in sunlight like a zone of fire. You could smell it coming, with the smell of freshness, the breath of coolness, the waft of far-off scents from breeze-blown ocean leagues. You could almost feel it coming, for the heart stirred at the sight of it, and the pulse quickened at the rush of it, and the joy of strength arose in the soul. It came from the mighty fullness that could afford to give so grandly; it came from the opulence of an ocean that could spend itself without fear of poverty, that could pour itself out to fill a thousand rivers, yet be not diminished; it came, as Arnold said, with 'murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.' It entered the river-bed; it filled the empty channel as one fills a pitcher at the fountain; it covered the barren sands with motion and sparkling life; it lifted the heavy ships, gave back to them their rights of buoyancy, set them free upon the broad waterway of world-wide opportunity; it changed the very face of the land from sadness and apathy and dullness to animation and color and glittering activity. So Christ comes into empty human lives, and fills them with his fullness, which is the very fullness of God. So stops the ebb of power, entering with his flood of strength. The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood; the one is growing emptier, the other is growing fuller."

This beautiful description also recalls that hymn which begins:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea,

## IS IT ENTERTAINING?

The question was asked about a book that a friend was recommending. It reveals the passion of the hour. The summer resort has been chosen, not because it is healthy, not because of its beauty or quiet, but because a good time can be secured there at comparatively little expense. Those who have stayed at home, and who feel especially virtuous because they have done so, have visited during the summer every place of amusement within reach.

Amusement is right in its place; but when amusement alone becomes the passion of the life, it makes living one of the hollowest of mockeries. It is necessary to relieve the tense strain of the mind now and then, but the string that is constantly being released from its strain will soon give a false note. The craving for amusement has become characteristic of the present generation; and there is already noticeable a flabbiness of mental fibre that bodes ill for the men and women of the next generation.

Why should not even our amusement minister to our instruction? The brightness of life lies closer to nature's secrets than it does to the empty quip or to the practical joke, or to the revelation of the weakness and stupidity of others. Is it not possible to awaken more of the love of the beautiful in nature, and supplant the inordinate desire for the grotesque in human nature?

## THE OLD JOURNALISM.

The Springfield Republican, itself a fine example of the old fashioned school of sedate, accurate and alert journalism, pays this tribute to the head of its order, the London Times:

"Probably not a newspaper in the world, outside of China, failed to estimate Dr. Morrison's despatch as of great value. Even the 'yellow peril' in New York, which Mr. Hearst conducts, made it the chief blaze of the front page, with full credit to the London Times. Everywhere it was immediately recognized that information at last had been obtained from that smoking-blood-washed square in Peking. No greater triumph for the solid, the conservative, the sedate in journalism has been won than in the universal and undoubting acceptance which was at once given to the Times' special. The Morrison despatch came at an opportune time to save for journalism some of its old laurels as an accurate and swift gatherer of news. The world had been surfeited with ghastly sensations, wild rumors, and unbridled lies about the conditions in Peking. It was high time that the newspaper redeemed itself by letting in one clear ray of light upon the situation. That the Times should have been the paper to do it is to be regarded as fortunate, since its triumph must remind the world that solidity, alertness, and poise are more to be desired than flamboyancy and vulgar pretense."

The Citizen very properly remarks: "It is a pity that the Ontario and Quebec pharmaceutical (alias druggist) associations cannot agree upon reciprocity. Barriers of any kind raised by one province of the confederation against another are a disgrace to our patriotism." This is the very reason we could not regret the defeat of the Postmaster-general's amendment to the Postage Act, providing for a reduction of postage on newspapers within Provincial zones. The amendment was a mistake. The charge should be uniform all over the Dominion. Mr. Mulock is entitled to great praise for all the improvements made in his department since he took office; and we trust that next session he will again introduce his amendment, but without the objectionable features which caused the Senate to throw out the last one.

We have never known a family or household who kept the Sabbath, worshipped God at the family altar, that did not have a happy home and a harmonious household.

The Mid-summer Fiction number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly contains, as is the custom with the August issue, an unusually long share of stories, which are all of exceptional interest. They include stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Conan Doyle, F. Hopkinson Smith, Edgar Fawcett and "Josiah Allen's Wife." The first instalment of a new serial by Alix John, entitled "A Hazard of Hearts," promises well for the interest of the story. Frank Leslie Publishing House, New York.

The August issue of the Cosmopolitan follows an unwritten law, which says that the midsummer number shall contain more fiction than usual, and no one is likely to complain when the fiction is as good as that contained in the four stories given this month. A long article by Wm. T. Stead on the Paris Exposition will be of interest to all on account of its many and very suggestive illustrations. To those of us who cannot visit Paris this summer, an article of this kind seems in some sort a compensation. With Boer and Briton will be read by a large number, though many will object to the light in which the writer places Kruger. The Cosmopolitan, Irvington, New York.

The Ladies' Home Journal is another magazine which gives special prominence to fiction in its August number. Grandmother Winslow's Precious Plates, by Joseph Blethen. The Story of a Song, by Mrs. Hermann Kotzschmar, and Josiah and I go a-visiting, by "Josiah Allen's Wife," are all delightful reading; but Catherine of Arrogance, with its beautiful half-page illustration, is so quaint, and has so well the flavor of seventy-five years ago, that we must give it the first place; An article on College Girls' Larks and Pranks is most amusing, and that on the Haunted Houses of New England is interesting. The various departments are, as usual, full of helpful suggestions. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The awful suspense about the safety of the foreigners in China has been relieved. We know they are not dead. But we know little more. The decision of the ministers to remain at Peking till relief reaches them is ominous. They will not trust themselves beyond their entrenchments. They have had bitter experience of the perfidy of the Chinese official character, and know what value to place upon the promise of safe-conduct. Can they hold out till relief comes to them? They must be in sore straits now, and with the advance of the allies to Peking, will probably be subjected to greater pressure. For the time the authorities are apparently friendly; but beneath the cloak of friendship the knife may be concealed. The months between this and the new year will be full of anxiety to those who have friends among the little band shut up in the Chinese capital.