

folded in the cloud he was looking upon God's face. Sorrow's heavy cloud hides the sun and wraps the wondering one in thick darkness, but in the darkness Christ himself unveils the splendor and glory of his face. There are many, rejoicing now in daily communion with Christ, who never saw the beauty of his face, never knew him in the intimacy of personal friendship, until they saw him and learned to talk with him as one talketh with a friend in the hour of sorrow's darkness. When the lamps of earth went out Christ revealed the glory of his face.

But Christ is not a friend for sorrow alone. We do not have to wait till trial comes to enjoy his love and be blessed with his indwelling. Perhaps we err in thinking of our religion too much as a blessing for times of trial, a lamp for dark nights, a comfort for trouble, a solace for weariness. It is just as much a religion for the bright as for the cloudy days, for joy as for sorrow. It is not without significance that our Lord's first miracle was at a wedding feast and was wrought to add to the gladness of the festivities. Christ in us pours heavenly radiance over all our life, making all brightness brighter, all gladness gladder, all beauty lovelier.

There is still another blessing that comes from the indwelling of Christ; it transfigures our own dull, earthly lives. An apostolic exhortation bids us to be transformed by the renewing of our mind. The word "transformed" is the same which describes Christ's transfiguration. This was the shining out of the indwelling deity through the garments of flesh he wore. A transfigured Christian is, therefore, one through whose life the light of the indwelling Christ shines. If we have Christ within us we should have an ever-increasing measure the loving spirit of Christ in our disposition. Christ cannot be hidden in a heart. If he dwells there his life will work through the crust and manifest itself. There will be a gradual transformation of our outer life into the divine likeness. As he lived we will live. As he ministered to others we will minister. As he was holy we will become holy. As he was patient, thoughtful, unselfish and kind, so will we be.

It is this that the world needs to-day—not more churches and preachers and services, but more of the Christ-life in those who represent the Master. If all believers would but let the Christ in them

fill all their life and pervade all their being, making them transfigured Christians, the world would soon be won for the Saviour.
—*Phil. Pres.*

MR. MOODY ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Mr. D. L. Moody is very fond of talking to the boys of the schools near his home, sometimes on Bible subjects and sometimes on other topics. Addressing a class once on public speaking he made the following points:

1. Don't talk too much.
2. Don't talk unless you are posted [prepared].
3. Give the best you have.
4. Don't talk when people are asleep. Wake some one man and you will hold the rest.
5. Don't try to show off your learning.
6. Get hold of the most stupid man and you'll hold the rest.
7. Don't try, but don't be afraid, to make people laugh. Milk that slops one way will the other.
8. Be natural; don't try to be some one else.
9. Avoid cant and pulpit tones.
10. Don't talk too long. A man in London, who preached until the people all left, said he thought it was a pity to stop when there was anybody to hear.
11. Don't hesitate to repeat what God uses.
12. Don't keep on talking just because you are holding the audience. Send them away hungry.
13. While people are gathering use the time with song.
14. Shoot where people stand. As the old Quaker said to the burglar: "Friend, I am going to shoot where thee stands. Thee had better get out of the way."
15. Don't gesture and move about too much, and don't talk with your hands in your pockets.

Thoughtful young men and women almost invariably purpose to lead lives of large heroic proportions. In their zeal to be great geniuses, reformers, or saints, they sometimes forget to cultivate the minor virtues of courtesy, neatness, punctuality, and the like. Yet tithes are paid to God in the mint, anise and cummin of little daily deeds, as well as in the greater tribute of heroism and self-sacrifice.—*Youth's Companion.*