

seemed to assail her with their horrid thoughts; then a great light shone from above; the spirits fled, and Jesus talked with her. Catherine cried out, "Oh! Lord, where wert thou when I was so tormented?" He said, "In thy heart." "Thou art Eternal Truth, O Lord!" she answered, "and I bow before thy word; but how can I believe that thou wast in my heart when it was filled with horrid thoughts?" "Did those thoughts give thee pain or pleasure?" he replied. "Exceeding pain and sadness," answered she. Then the Lord said, "Thou wast in pain and sorrow because I was in the midst of thy heart; it was my presence there that made those thoughts unbearable. When the period of conflict had elapsed I sent forth my bright light, and the shadows fled away." Some such experience as that lies behind the words of the apostle: "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me." "Do you not know," he says elsewhere, "that Jesus Christ is in you, except, indeed, you cannot stand the test."

We may be sure that such a truth as this is more than mystical; it is practical. Christ does not live in us for nothing.

1. He is in us for cleansing. His presence means the expulsion of known sin. As he was in the temple with a whip of small cords in his hand with which he drove out those who made his Father's house a den of thieves, so he is in our lives to scourge out evil thoughts and base desires, which else would make his temples homes of malice, worldliness and sin.

2. Christ liveth in us for keeping. "He went up unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased." So it is still; his presence in us hushes the stormiest passion and keeps us safe amid most changeful circumstances.

He liveth in us for fruitfulness. The vine lives in the branch: Christ lives in us, and as the vine life utters itself in the rich purple clusters of the branch, so his life in us expresses itself in those clustered graces which are the fruit of the Spirit. No matter what your circumstances, if Christ liveth in you, you will bear much fruit. This year a vine that twines itself round the verandah of my house bore quite a large quantity of grapes. A London garden can scarcely be called a favorable spot for growing grapes, but the warm summer poured such floods of sunshine on the tree that its poor life grew strong and rich within it, and it bore much fruit. So will it be with you. However unfavorable your surroundings seem to be, however poor in power your life the life of Christ within you and the sunshine of God upon you will enable you to bear much fruit.

The question arises, "How may we realize that Christ liveth in us?"

1. By opening our life to him. We realize the light by opening our eyes; music by opening our ears; we realize Christ by opening our life to him. That is to say, by fixing our thoughts on him, by meditating on his word; by contemplation of his character. The soul can see as well as the eye, it can hear as truly as the bodily ear. Opening the life to Christ means "looking unto Jesus," sitting like Mary, at his feet, listening to him. "If any one open the door," he said, "I will come in."

2. By surrendering our life to him. We must crucify the self life before we can enthroned the Christ life. "No longer I, but Christ," Paul exclaimed. Those are the two sides of one act—the act of self-surrender. Let Christ rule in you; put him upon the throne and fling yourself at his feet, and you will know of a truth that he liveth in you.

3. This realization becomes part and parcel of our life when we live by faith. The results of faith are as authentic as those supplied by the microscope to the eye or by reason to the mind. You will never find Christ living in you till you believe that he is there. Dare to believe that he has made you one of his palaces, and from within the glory of the Lord will shine on you.

4. Times of quiet and communion with God are necessary for this realization. We can carry it from the secret place into the public place, and from the quiet into the bustle and noise; but the certitude is found only in silence and in solitude. There Elijah found it, and the still, small voice spoke to his heart; there the Redeemer found it in the radiant cloud from which the Father spoke: "This is my beloved Son."

Christ living in us means that we live out Christ. It was the man who said "Christ liveth in me" who went on to say, "For me to live is Christ." Christ in the heart means Christ in the conduct. That is one of our great needs to-day. The world will accept Christ as its king when it sees that he is ours. The convincing power of Christian conduct is beyond all calculation. It is not by sermons, but by lives in which Christ lives, that the nations will be converted unto God. "The earnest expectation of the creation, waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

When Jesus said to the centurion, "I will come and heal your servant," he replied, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof." We are not worthy that he should live his life in us; yet he does so, and that he does so gives us the assurance that we do not live in vain.—London Christian Endeavour.

Contentment and Thoroughness.

The words that are used about contentment too often serve to make us discontented. The generalities, the vague commonplaces that are uttered about the duty of being contented with the condition of things in which you happen to find yourself, of being indifferent to whatever may come, disguise a Pagan spirit under a Christian mask. The Arab is contented, but it is the content of

fatalism, the peace of moral and intellectual suicide. There is, then, an ignoble content just as there is a divine discontent. The base content that folds its hands in sloth, across whose stagnant life a ripple of ambition never runs, is fatal to all high endeavors and noble living. Yet there is a content of a far different kind.

"I have learned," says the great apostle, "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be contented." And again, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." What is the secret of this noble content? It is found not in the accidents of life, but in the spirit with which they are met. It is the fruit of the trust in God. It does not fret and chafe against its appointed limitations; rather, does it accept them as a part of the divine life-plan. Once the inevitable has happened, and a time of difficulty or of ill-health, or of poverty seems to be the divine will, it does not cry out against God, nor complain fretfully of the disturbance and disappointment experienced. It is content with God's ordering of life. Yet this does not preclude a noble discontent. As a thoughtful writer remarks:

"Because the good soldier is now on outpost duty by his commander's orders, it does not follow that he expects to live and die there; although he would be willing for that, if that were his commander's direction. The soldier's hope is of other service by-and-by and elsewhere; better service for him for then, but not better for now. So with the faithful follower of Christ. His place, at this moment is, to him, the centre of the universe for this moment. But another moment all may be different. He lives but a moment at a time, accepting his assignments of place and duty, and his apportionment of supplies, as his Master shall direct, for each moment."

The writer who could say that he knew what it was to be abased and to abound, to be filled and to be hungry, and that he was content with either experience, tell us in the same epistle that he was discontented with his past and that he pressed on to something higher and better. The one state of mind qualifies for the other. It is content of the genuine kind that contributes that inner calm of nature wherein alone lofty aspiration and strenuous endeavor take their rise.

One of the great evils of our time is the tendency in every walk of life to scamp work. The school boy scamps his lesson, the mason scamps his job in brick and mortar, the doctor scamps his diagnosis, the professor scamps his lecture, the preacher scamps his sermon and palms off upon his hearers his latest reading of the newspaper or the magazine. Everywhere there is the reign of unreality. Now the note of the Christian character is its intense reality, its profound truthfulness. But truth may be embodied in the building of a house, the writing of an essay, or the running of a railway train; and he whose duty it is to do one or the other of these, must do it to the best of his ability, or he acts a lie, even though he may not speak it.

A Greek sculptor being engaged on the figure of a Pagan divinity, and being asked by a spectator why he took as much pains with the back which could not be seen as with the front which was meant for public view, made reply that "the gods saw all round." Our God sees into the heart of character, and judges its motives, and hates the sloth, or slovenly habit of soul that makes scamped work possible. He sees that the root of the evil is a lack of discipline, or self-conquest. His word is: "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Many reasons urge us to obedience. Who can tell how his work may affect the happiness or the destiny of others? Nay, is not an example of thoroughness, of devotion to present duty, however distasteful, the most effective rebuke to all the tribe of sluggards, and the truest inspiration to all that are serious in the work of life?

Do we not feel it to be a high compliment to a man to say that he is conscientious, that he makes his task or his business a matter of conscience? And is it not, perhaps the only way by which we can commend Christ to some of our fellows, in thus carrying a spirit of reality, of serious purpose, of self-sacrificing efficiency into the details of the store or the study? Finally, does not this virtue assume a fresh meaning and power when it recalls the words of the Master which teach us that its effects tell upon our eternal future; "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."—Samuel McComb in New York Observer.

Dr. Storrs' Panacea for the Pulpit.

Dr. Storrs offers no new panacea for the reduced strength and influence of the pulpit, and we are glad that he does not. What he has to offer reduces itself to the essential fact that to exercise a vitalizing influence the pulpit must first believe its message, and then present its message as if it believed it; that when it represents "profound irrepresible belief, the sermon cannot fail of permanent power." Because the preacher deals with the most tremendous of all themes, themes with which everybody is interested, he cannot fail of audience and influence if he has, and also shows he has, serious, solemn truth to tell, and which he wants to tell.

For the response will be ready when the preacher, out

of his full faith in God, appeals to the faith innate in every human soul. There may have been a period a hundred years ago when men thought they did not believe in God. When David Hume was sitting at a dinner of eighteen at the home of Baron d'Holbach, who had invited the chief philosophers and scholars of France to meet him, he expressed to his host the doubt whether any one could be found who would dogmatically declare himself an atheist, and he received the reply, "You are now sitting at the table with seventeen such persons." But that was a passing madness, a revulsion from the incredible demands of the only Christianity with which they were familiar. No such angry denial of faith can now be found anywhere, and never could be found in England or America. From the beginning of human existence on the planet men have somehow always and everywhere believed in a Superior Being, a Being Supreme, as far as they could compass supremacy. They have also believed in a life after death, whether of shades, or ghosts, or souls. They have also believed that the character of life here determines the character of life beyond. This triple faith in God, immortality and retribution is imbedded in the soul of every person who sits under the pulpit, and it assures a permanent power to those whose business it is, if they will only exercise it, to preach God and a world to come. But they must be suffused themselves with this faith, and the faith must control their life. The priesthood in Cuba and Porto Rico has lost its power over the people simply because the people have lost faith in the priesthood. They have not discovered in it any real faith, such as would control the life in those whose business it was to lead them to God.

So Dr. Storrs has nothing really new to suggest; he can only enforce the old lesson. Were his panacea new it would not be true. There is only one true panacea for any or all the ills and wrongs and ignorances of men, and that is instruction, the earnest teaching of men who can teach. It is a slow process but the only vital one. What is put deep in the soul develops the character; laws and prisons will not do it. The teacher, in the schoolhouse or the pulpit, is the force which regenerates and develops the race of man; the judge and the sheriff are the incidental and subsidiary broom which collects for the fire the dust heaps of humanity.

Of course the pulpit will lose its strength if it has not truth to tell, no matter how much faith it may put in the untruths which it preaches. It is the only one who has truth to tell that will have the power of true teaching. The man who contradicts the growing knowledge of his generation will lag superfluous behind; and that is right. The people may be more intelligent than the pulpit; and when the pulpit tries to beat back the advance of new truth it becomes something else than the power of God. The preacher, to have a growing influence, must prove himself in large sympathy with all fresh truth learned by the students of nature or of history, and must bring this truth, in his own thinking, into relation with his deepest faith in the God of nature and the providence of history. But of supreme importance is his own vital identification with the truth he preaches; and next to it is the thunder of his earnest and positive utterance of that truth which he believes with all his heart and lives with all his life, and which is in the heart of his every hearer, dormant though it may be, and which can be made to control those hearers' lives only by the impact of his own faith.—The Independent.

The Greatest Queen in the World.

Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819. Her birthday this month gives timeliness to a tribute from her favorite novelist, Marie Corelli, in the Saturday Evening Post. She writes:

"The Englishman is ever quick to sneer at woman's advancement, in art, in literature, in scholarship and general intellectual ability, yet all the while 'tis a woman who rules him, and to a woman alone he is compelled to draw the knee! Off goes his hat at sight of the Queen! cheers break from his throat at the proclaimed words, 'the Queen!' 'knights and earls, and knaves and churls' bow their heads to 'the Queen!' And with all peoples and in all countries there seems to be only one Queen to whom the article 'the' can be applied without further modification. Other Queens are qualified in their estate by the land over which they rule—as, for example, Queen of Italy, Queen of Greece, Empress of Germany, Empress of Russia; but when the 'Queen' is said every one means England's Victoria. Of all queens the greatest, she is of all women the simplest, and herein gives matchless example to her sex. Above the splendors of her position and enthronement, she is pre-eminently woman in the sweetest and most womanly sense of the word—one who is gifted with quick, fine sympathies, and who has the supreme and exquisite tact which is, or should be, inherit in every true and unselfish feminine nature, combined with perfect self-command, flawless purity and a strong, personal potency for good. Throned and crowned and sceptred in the fierce light of the whole world's constant observation, she yet remains as unaffected and sincere of soul as the most unsophisticated of her subjects and is in very truth one with them in the ordinary round of their daily existence.

"Are we bereaved of our best-beloved? So is the Queen. Have we suffered from evil-speaking and misjudgment? So has the Queen. And in our joys is she not equally one with us there?"

"In all quiet, natural and innocent pleasures the Queen is one with her subjects; it is only in social vices and folly that she takes no part."