

clared to be possible with God than it is possible and actual to him that believeth. And if we thus *abide* in Him, and His words abide in us, we may ask what we will, Christ says, and it shall be done unto us. Our wills, while we are in this state, are in perfect unison with God's; for the Triune God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, dwells in us and makes His abode with us, prompting and inspiring us in all our thoughts, words and deeds. If, therefore, God may err, so may those *whom He leads*, and who, thus fully and unreservedly yielded up to His unerring guidance, do not fail to make everything a matter of special, believing prayer, and who are also, *as to all things*, through Divine grace, fully prepared to cheerfully acquiesce to the Divine ordering.

Yours, etc.,

E. STEPHENS.

ETHEL, June, 1884.

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

BY MARIE BARCLAY.

Oh ! the glory and the fulness,
Of the blessed, heavenly Dove ;
Oh ! the joy of my Beloved
And the ecstasy of love.

Oh ! the filling of the Spirit
More than words can ever say,
Is the deep delight I'm drinking
Every hour of every day.

For around me and within me
Falls a shower of heavenly light,
Filling depths before unconscious,
Thrilling all my soul to-night.

Loving arms are folded round me,
And I tremble in their clasp,
As if all of earth had vanished,
As if heaven were mine at last.

All the loveliest tones of music,
All delicious fragrance sweet,
All the beauties of the senses,
In the One Perfection meet.

Oh ! the wonders of redemption,
Oh ! the marvel of His grace,
Oh ! the looking through the Spirit
To the one and only Face.

Can I speak of things so precious ?
O'er my soul their pleasures roll ;
Can I tell of my Beloved ?
He the rapture of my soul.

Words are faint and tears are rising
To supply their feeble part ;
He who is my soul's Beloved,
He alone can read the heart.

Dear brethren, it is now that God promises to keep you. In the grave there will be no enemies to attack, and nothing to be kept from.