

His own souls. Oh! Lord Jesus, hasten that day when we who are all one in Jesus Christ in this tent shall be caught up together in the clouds, and meet the Lord in the air. So shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words.

The last excerpt is the only saddening one, for it points to that rock on which have been wrecked so many who, like this bright, happy evangelist, began in the Spirit and ran well for a season.

The Holy Spirit is almighty, and, therefore, cannot be fettered by our notions of what must be the outcome of His work when He guides us into all truth. To be certain that such guidance would result in any preconceived peculiarity in *dress, devotions, Bible study*, or manifested Holy Ghost *power*, is to limit the Holy One and secure, sooner or later, barrenness of soul. The law of cause and effect must result in such sad calamity. Hence, no matter how bright the present experience, or how great the evidences of success, this limiting law, as in the past, so at the present and all future time, does and will account for revival *waves*, and hence for the *subsidence* of any religious experience however deep or any revival work however intense.

THE SOUL'S REPOSE.

BY MADAME GUYON.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea,
Where'er they dwell, 'hey dwell in Thee.

To me remains no place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be safe and free from care
On any shore, if God is there.

While place we seek and place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with the Lord to guide our way
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could we be placed where Thou art not,
It were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Thou art my country, Lord, alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My joy, my love, life's only sweet.

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppressed by pride,
I feel the good, feel nought beside.

No wrath of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days can rise for them.

Oh, then, to His embrace repair!
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love Divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

CREEDS and ceremonies are like dew-drops on a spider-web. There is no support in them in the hour of trial.

It would be an easier matter for an individual to cease partaking of the food which sustains life than it would be for a consecrated Christian to cease praying and communing with his God.

MANY of the saints in heaven would never have gotten there had not God put them in the school of adversity in this world. Temptation and adversity make known to us how weak we are.

A CHRISTIAN who lives hourly with a clear conscience before God would learn more of the deep spiritual things of God in one week than a half-hearted Christian would learn in a lifetime.

THE same clouds that grow thick and dark to prevent the sun from shining clothe themselves with suppleness and transparency when the sun has forced them to make way for him.—*Boux*.

If every person in the world obeyed the Spirit, He, the Spirit would, as the universal guide, secure the best possible for everyone, separately and collectively, so the world would be in the best possible state. But till then everyone who obeys Him secures the best possible for himself and others, which, under the circumstances, can be secured. This includes his possible suffering for those who do not as yet obey the Spirit. This vicarious suffering must go on till all walk in the Spirit.