

The Christian Life.

WAIT.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

"Be still before the Lord" and "wait" His will;
 Eye hath not seen nor ever ear hath heard
 The things prepared of Him for those who wait.
 If on this earth He paint for us such skies,
 And gilds with liquid gold the crested waves;
 If here such music sweet salutes our ears;
 Such perfumes rise about us—silent falls
 The pen before the thought of what for us
 He keeps in that Far Land. Well may we "wait."
 Yes, "wait" for Him, although the hue of night
 Fall o'er the golden waves; though skies be thick
 With darkling clouds above us, though for us
 The music of this world be stilled for aye;
 The perfume of His love yet breathes on us,
 And for its full fruition we can "wait."

TORONTO.

THE NECESSITY OF HOLINESS.

We affirm, then, that holiness gives power. A comparison of two men in the ministry, will strengthen this conclusion. One is a man of shining talents, of genteel address, or popular eloquence; the other, ordinary in all these respects—in all natural qualities the inferior of his brother. But he is a man of God—a man of faith. His soul is filled with love—"perfect love that casteth out fear." He moves among the people like a spirit from eternity. His rebukes of sin fall with dreadful force upon the hearts of the wicked. His sermons, his prayers, his expostulations, his tears, all indicate the presence of an extraordinary power, and thousands are converted, sanctified, and saved through his instrumentality. But the other man sees no such fruits of his labour. Souls may be converted, but he feels that it is in spite of him rather than through his instrumentality. He wonders at the difference. He increases his exertions—elaborates his sermon with more learning and research—improves the rhetoric and oratory, but all to little purpose. He may increase the admiration of his hearers, but he cannot subdue their hearts, bring them weeping to the foot of the cross, and present them with joy as the trophies of the Redeemer. But let him seek and obtain the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let fire from God's altar touch