

At Thy Command.

'Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net.'

'Go, work for Me,' the Master says: 'But, Lord, the cause seems lost; I have not anything to show For all the pain and cost; The world has not been won for Thee, Its sins do not decrease; The clash of arms is in the air, What signs are there of peace?'

I thought Thy Kingdom must prevail, Love could do anything, And sure of triumph in Thy name I could both pray and sing; But love no harvest wealth has gained, Hearts ache, and have no rest. Why should my work and I remain? We cannot bear the test.

I can do nothing for the world, No cause have I to win, Though once I saw through prayer and hope Its sorrow and its sin. I spread my empty nets around, Although I toiled all night; I will lie down and take my rest, Defeated in the fight.

And yet I cannot sleep! A voice Comes o'er the silent sea, 'Launch out; let down the nets again!' Can the call be to me? Chilled and faint-hearted, have I hope, A failure, left behind? Nevertheless I hear Thy word, O Master great and kind.

I will launch out into the deep And cast the nets again, For I can see Thee on the shore, And hope and faith remain. Master, forgive my lack of trust, My indolence of will, Joy floods the world with light and love Since I may serve Thee still.

MABIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Back to Pentecost.

REV. JOHN GRAY, D. D.

The Church of God is in a state of expectancy. Hope is whispering its joyous message on every side. Christians are praying and longing for some mysterious power which will upheave and uplift Christendom.

Some answer these longings by the cry, "Back to Christ." No objection can be made to this cry in itself, and many are urging this, by means of the pulpit and the press, as the great present need of the Church. Although "Back to Christ" is the dream of some for ushering in the golden age of Christianity, it is not what is needed for this fruitful season of thought and action. We believe that the only cry which can effectually meet the crisis from one century to another, is "Back to Pentecost."

From every quarter of the Christian world is heard the complaint that the ecclesiastical machinery is sufficient for a great work for the Lord, but that the life is lacking to permeate its every fibre. And from many a heart and home, as well as from many a pulpit, there issues forth the agonizing cry, "Oh, for power from on high."

We happened to worship in Gould Street church, (now St. James' Square) when the late Principal King preached his first sermon as its newly-inducted minister. He took for his text the words, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and emphasized, with great earnestness, the need of entire dependence on the Holy Spirit for any success in his ministerial work. Beginning his ministry in Toronto in this spirit, it need not excite any surprise that the small band so grew and prospered that it became in a few years one of the prominent Presbyterian churches. His leading principle was "Back to Pentecost," and marvelous was his success. He honored the Spirit and the Spirit endowed him with power in his pulpit and pastoral work. And, if we expect the century to close with a revival, unprecedented in its power and results, and universal in its extent, we must plant ourselves beside the Church of 120 in Jerusalem, and identify ourselves with its outburst of prayer and supplication, which ushered in the day of Pentecost.

"From Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and wherever any band of true Christians may be found throughout the earth, let there ascend to the throne of God stream after stream of true prayer, until it swells into a broad river of supplication from the Church universal.

How close was the connection between the church prayer meeting, and the glorious out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. They seem related, as if they were cause and effect. The order is prayer, then the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and power against error and evil, which was irresistible.

History teaches the important truth that the progress of the Church has been by means of revivals. The cloven tongues as of fire, symbolizing the Holy Spirit, lighted up a fire which spread over the whole Roman Empire, and ceased not its onward march, until Paganism and Imperial Rome were destroyed in the general conflagration, and Christianity enthroned amid their smoking ruins.

And what was the motive power that constituted the glory of the Reformation, under Luther? Was it not a pentecostal awakening and special out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, which spread like wild-fire over Europe, and brought untold blessings to the nations which experienced its power? And who can estimate aright the force and grandeur of that wonderful manifestation of the Holy Spirit, which, under Whitfield and the Wesleys, flashed like the lightning across the British Isles, passed over the ocean to the wilds of this continent, and brought untold blessings on nearly every part of our globe. And, as many believe, is this century to end and the new one to begin with an awakening so extensive and so powerful that it shall shake the whole of Christendom to its very centre, and constrain the heathen nations to cast their idols to the moles and to the bats.

Borne aloft to a higher spiritual platform, by the might of the Divine Spirit, the churches will look down, with a mixture of wonder and sorrow, on the lofty denominational walls that have separated the people of God, and from their exalted position, will fraternize with a love and sincerity formerly almost unknown.

Such a spirit of brotherly love will burst forth as will settle under high Christian principles the social questions and the commercial difficulties that now embitter society. Such a spirit of liberality will be evoked as will fill the coffers of the treasury of the Lord to overflowing, and provide abundance of means for the spread of the Gospel, at home and abroad.

Volunteers for Christian work will be so numerous that the home and the foreign fields will overflow with soldiers of the Cross, who, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, go everywhere proclaiming the everlasting Gospel.

So mighty and pervading will be the influence of the Holy Spirit on the hearts and lives of the people of God, that every Christian will be a living epistle of Christ, known and read of a man, and they will in all places, by their holy deportment, invite and attract sinners to Christ, and be exalted into heavenly messengers of Jesus, silently yet surely commending the Saviour to young and old with overpowering force.

The rulers of the earth will be honest, upright and God-fearing, and will stand up boldly on behalf of what is true, and good, and excellent, becoming a terror to evil doers, and a praise and protection to those that do well.

The Church will stand forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, and will march onward triumphant under Messiah the Prince, from one conquest to another. Who is willing to aid in bringing about the glorious results? May "Back to Pentecost" be our battle cry!—Pres. Review.

Christ In You.

BY REV. J. E. MILLER, D. D.

It is an especial privilege of the Christians of to-day to interpret Christ to men. Never before has he been so well understood as he is now; it is ours, therefore, in a peculiar way, to show Christ to others, to make him known in all his beauty and grace as he appears to us. We should do this in words, telling every one we meet of the wonderful love of God. But words are not the best interpreters; at least, while we tell men what God is, we should also be able to show them in our own life, disposition and character, something of his beauty and grace. There is little use in our telling men of God's love for them, of his patience, his gentleness, his desire to help them, unless they see something of this divine love in us. 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' said Jesus, and we must be able to say, in humility, each one in his little measure, "He that sees me, sees Jesus Christ."

Every true Christian is, in a very real sense, a new incarnation of Christ. The teaching of the New Testament is that Christ lives in every believer. One of the legends of the later days of Greece, when faith in the gods was decaying, relates that a prize was offered for the best statue of a certain deity. In the quiet country, near a marble quarry, lived a lad who profoundly believed in this particular god. This lad heard of the offering of the prize and desired to make the statue. He chose a block of marble, and with a heart full of love began his work. He wrought manfully. He had in his mind a noble conception of the grace and majesty of the deity he so honored. But he lacked the artist's skill. So when he had finished his statue it was very crude indeed, and altogether failed to embody the beauty of his ideal.

The legend says that when the day of decision came, and the experts were laughing at the rude figure which unskilled hands had chiselled, this deity,

seeing the boy's earnest endeavor and recognizing the true love that inspired it, himself entered into the crude statue. Instantly the harsh lines flowed into perfect symmetry, the head was lifted into majestic dignity, and the boy's pathetic failure wore the grace of noble life.

This is only a heathen legend but its strange fancy illustrates what becomes glorious fact in the life of every one who truly believes on Jesus Christ. Pathetic as may be his failure to realize in himself the beauty of his heavenly vision, the Master recognizes the sincerity and earnestness of the endeavor and the love for him that is in it, and actually enters into the poor, imperfect life, and animates it with his own divine grace. That is the true Christmas—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." Every one who fully yields himself to Christ, becomes thus a new incarnation.

This is the high calling of every Christian. Thus alone can fitly honor the name we bear. We are Christ's interpreters. Once he was here in his own body, and then the people saw the grace and love of God in him, as he went about ministering to human needs. He is no more here in his own personal humanity. But we are now the "body of Christ," and whatever the world sees in him it must see in us.—It has no other way of learning about Christ. We can be faithful to our sacred calling only by letting Christ himself in our life of failure, transfiguring it, so that in every feature divine beauty shall shine. Chris. Observer.

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Her "Pleasure Book."

A great many school children keep a pleasure book, in the form of a volume of "memorabilia." Here are favors, sprigs of flowers, programmes of entertainments, bits of writing, and sometimes photographs, each one representing some happy hour that has been passed. But it is to be feared, says "The Classmate" that such a book is sometimes the index of empty pleasures rather than real happiness, and it may become a regret rather than remain a satisfaction.

A far better book was that kept to the end of her life, by a lovely old lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance was unmarred by lines of care or irritation. So placidly happy was she, that a woman given to fretfulness, and almost annoyed by the unassailable peace that shone from the other's face, once asked her the secret of her content.

"My dear," said the elder woman, "I keep a pleasure book."

"What?" "Yes, a pleasure book. Ever since I was a girl at school, I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me. I have put down only the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible. In my whole experience, I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness.

"The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a new thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from my family—everything that gave me joy at the time. So if ever I am inclined to be despondent, I sit down and read a few pages in my book, and find out how much I have to be grateful for."

"May I see your book?" "Certainly."

Slowly the peevish friend turned the leaves. How insignificant the entries seemed! How much they meant! "Saw a beautiful lily in a window." "Talked to a bright, happy girl." "Received a kind letter from a dear friend." "Enjoyed a beautiful sunset." "Husband brought some roses home to me." "My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup."

"Have you found a pleasure for every day?" inquired the fretful woman, wistfully. "Yes, for every day, even the sad ones." The answer came in a low tone. "I wish I were more like you," said the discontented woman, with a sigh. Then she looked up at her aged friend, and a beautiful reverence grew in her face. "I don't think," she said, as her eyes filled, "that you need to write them down any more on paper. Your pleasure book is written in your face."—Forward.

Your renewal this week will be thankfully received. Send it, if at all possible.

How to Backslide.

A writer in the Evangel gives certain inflexible rules for backsliding. He says that just listening to preachers, and scarcely bowing the head when others pray, will no more nourish the soul than watching a train speed by will carry one across the country. If you want to backslide, he says, follow these rules:

- 1. Be careless in prayer. 2. Hear the sermon, but do not live it. 3. Aimlessly read the Bible. 4. Seek much amusement. 5. Neglect the means of grace. 6. Be too busy to take time to be holy. 7. Have no noble purpose and aim. 8. Yield to selfishness. 9. Criticise the sermon and the service. 10. Stand idle in God's vineyard. 11. Have loose views about sin. 12. Do not keep the fourth commandment.—Selected.

Speak to your neighbour about the INTELLIGENCER, and ask him to subscribe.

"As a Little Child."

A little boy was once sitting by the roadside in the country, reading the story of Nicodemus in the third chapter of John's Gospel. He had just come to the verse: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," when some one came up beside him.

"What does it mean to be born again?" asked the stranger.

"It means a great change," answered the lad.

"Then tell me," said the other, "what do you understand by the 'kingdom of God?'"

Then the little fellow answered very tenderly and sweetly: "It is something here" (laying his hand on his breast), "and it is something up there."

God is Able.

Able to give. (2 Ch. 25: 6)

Able to deliver. (Da. 6: 11.)

Able to keep you. (Da. 3: 17.)

Able to preserve. (1 Co. 10: 13.)

Able to build up and give an inheritance. (Ac. 20: 32.)

Able to keep what you have committed. (2 Ti. 1: 12.)

Able to make you wise through the Scriptures. (2 Ti. 3: 15.)

Able to save to the uttermost. (Heb. 7: 25.)

Able to keep from falling and prevent faultless. (Jude 24.)

Able to do exceeding abundantly. (Eph. 3: 20.)

Able to do all he has promised. (Rom. 4: 11.)

Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Jer. 32: 17-27.)—Wm. G. Carr.

The Theatre.

In 1834, when preaching to a large congregation of young men, Dr. Lyman Beecher said: "If any man can invent a more speedy way for sinners to go to hell than the theatre, he ought to have a patent right for his infernal ingenuity." That was a good many years ago, but since then the theatre has not improved. Some of its friends have tried to purify it, but have signally failed. To-day the plays which pander to the vile and appeal to all that is base and sensual in man are the plays that are the most popular and pay the largest dividends. The theatre of the present day is ruining the morals of almost countless thousands of our young women. Christians who love God, and who wish to be used in the Lord's service, will leave the cursed institution alone. It is of the devil. Give it a wide berth.

Making It Hard For Christ.

As the devil of old came into the presence of God accusing Job, so now the devil, in a sense, enters the courts of heaven accusing us before the Father. Here is some poor, trembling, faltering sinner who walks unworthy of the vocation whereunto he is called. The devil comes before God and says, "Ah, yes; that is one of yours, who promised to serve you and be faithful, and yet see how he is living."

Christ's reply is: "Well, he has confessed Me before men, and I promised to confess him before My Father. Yet; he is one of Mine, and I am hoping that this and that will remove every trace of evil." It is a hard thing for Christ to confess us in the face of our many inconsistencies, but He is faithful to His promise.—A. J. Grrdon, D. D.

It is For Me.

A Dutch farmer at the Cape, seeing a poor Hottentot reading the Bible, scornfully remarked: "That book is not for such as you."

"Indeed it is," was the reply.

"How do you know that?"

"Why my name is in it," said the Hottentot.

"Your name! Where!" "Here," said the man, reading, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—sinners—that's my name, and the book is for me."

Quiet Usefulness.

An empty wagon makes more noise than one that carries a heavy fruitage of good. The most quiet lives are often the most useful. Dr. John Hall once said: "The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us."

A minister of the Gospel was one day visiting a very pious, aged woman, who was in a poor house. While in conversation with her on the comforts, prospects and rewards of the religion of Christ, the minister saw an unusual luster beaming from her countenance, and the calmness of Christian triumph glistening in her eyes. Addressing her by name, he said: "Will you tell me what thought it was that passed through your mind which was the cause of appearing so joyful?" The reply of the old disciple was: "Oh sir, I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor house to heaven!"—Museum.

A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction: "My son, remember that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man."

Too often we look upon the blurred side of actions—yes, of people too. We do not see the loveliness that there is on the other side. We are all continually misinterpreting others. There is a flower side in many an act which we condemn because we see only the blurred side. Let us train ourselves to believe the best always of people and of actions, and find some beauty in everything.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

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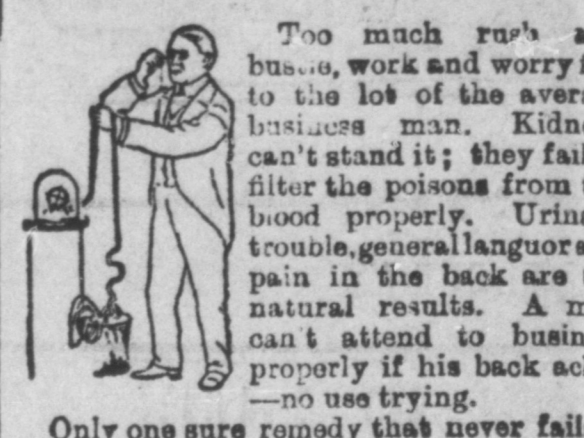
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