

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, led 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.

MARIANNE 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. Chris-
tians 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 agoniz-
ing 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 de-
pendence on the Holy Spirit for any
success in his ministerial work. Be-
ginning his ministry in Toronto in
this spirit, it need not excite any sur-
prise that the small band so grew and
prospered that it became in a few
years one of the prominent Presby-
terian churches. His leading principle
was "Back to Pentecost," and mar-
vellous 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 out-
burst 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 applica-
tion from the Church universal.

How close was the connection be-
tween 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, sym-
bolizing 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 Reforma-
tion, 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 manifesta-
tion 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 exten-
sive 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 frater-
nize 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 ques-
tions 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 sol-
diers 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, be-
coming 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. R. 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 tell-
ing 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 pro-
foundly 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 un-
skilled 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 be-
comes glorious fact in the life of
every one who truly believes on Jesus
Christ. Pathetic as may be his fail-
ure to realize in himself the beauty of
his heavenly vision, the Master re-
cognizes 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 what-
ever 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.

Will each subscriber renew-
ing try to send, also, a new
subscriber? \$2.50 will pay for
both one year. Try it.

Her "Pleasure Book."

A great many school children keep
a pleasure book, in the form of a
volume of "memorabilia." Here are
favours, sprigs of flowers, programmes
of entertainments, bits of writing, and
sometimes photographs, each one re-
presenting 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 counte-
enance was unmarred by lines of care
or irritation. So placidly happy was
she, that a woman given to fretfulness,
and almost annoyed by the unassail-
able 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 ex-
perience, 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 senti-
ment, 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 re-
ceived. Send it, if at all
possible.

How to Backslide.

A writer in the Evangel gives cer-
tain inflexible rules for backsliding.
He says that just listening to preach-
ers, and scarcely bowing the head
when others pray, will no more nour-
ish 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 com-
mandment.—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 chap-
ter 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 some-
thing here" (laying his hand on his
breast), "and it's 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 in-
heritance. (Ac. 20: 32.)

Able to keep what you have com-
mitted. (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 pre-
sent 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. Ly-
man 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 thou-
sands of our young women. Chris-
tians 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. Gordon, 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, know-
ing 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 our-
selves to believe the best always of
people and of actions, and find some
beauty in everything.—J. R. Miller,
D. D.

DON'T RUN CHANCES by taking
whisky or brandy to settle the stom-
ach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer in hot
water sweetened will do you more good.
Avoid substitutes, there's but one
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will refund the money. All ma-
chines sold at once as we want the
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How do you know that?
"Why my name is in it," said the
Hottentot.

Business
Men's Backs.

Too much run-
business, work and worry in
the lot of the average
business man. Kidney
can't stand it; they fail to
filter the poisons from the
blood properly. Urinary
trouble, general languor and
pain in the back are the
natural results. A man
can't attend to business
properly if his back aches
—no use trying.

DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS.

Take a hint from business men who have
used them:

"I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which
I procured at the Medical Hall here, for
rheumatism and pains in the small of my
back, with which I have been afflicted for
the past six years. They did me so much
good that I heartily recommend them as
an excellent medicine for rheumatic trouble
and backache." CHARLES C. PILLEY, dealer
in agricultural implements, Orillia, Ont.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lam-
or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes,
dropsy, gravel, sediment in the urine, fre-
quent risings at night, rheumatism, and
weakness of the kidneys in children and
old people. Remember the name, Doan's,
and refuse all others. The Doan Kidney
Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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