

The Soul's Answer.

The door is open: I will begin
To put the place in order; sweep away
The dust that her has gathered day by day.
Come in.

Nay, wait upon the threshold, wondrous
Guest!
Wait yet a moment; wait, until I make
The room more fit for such as thou to take
Thy rest!

The fire is out; my breath has lost the
power
To kindle up the embers; go thy way;
If thou shouldst enter, Lord, thou couldst
not stay

One hour.

Still dost thou linger? Thou, the King
divine,
The Lord of angels! Many a noble room
Is at thy service, wilt thou seek the gloom
Of mine?

What dost thou answer? "Where I enter,
there
The fire will burn again; the stains will fade
From off the walls: so shall the house be
made

Most fair."

O Saviour! must the labor all be thine?
Must thou make ready, thou provide the
feast?
Yet can I bid thee welcome; that at least
Is mine.

Thou wilt not enter if thou canst not win
My heart's approval: O most patient Lord!
Too long hast thou been waiting for my
word.

Come in!

Daft Jake.

BY MARY L. BLANCHARD, in the
Independent.

The pastor of the First Church of
L— was exceedingly disturbed.
He had been preoccupied and flushed
at the tea table, had walked his
study floor until a late hour at night,
had slept poorly, and now at break-
fast gave unmistakable signs of that
which, with him, always followed
mental disturbance—a headache.

The minister's wife held her peace
as she had learned to do in the ten
years of her married life. She won-
dered in her gentle way—the min-
ister's wife was very gentle—if
Deacon Jones had been complaining
again because her husband's sermons
were beyond the comprehension of
the unlearned; or if the minister
had again been taken to task for
failing to visit the uneducated of his
parish as frequently as he did the
cultured and learned. But she said
nothing, knowing that whatever
the trouble might be, it would prob-
ably come out under the benign
influences of a lovely morning, a
dainty breakfast, steaming coffee,
and a pretty wife in a charming
white morning gown. And she was
not mistaken. As the minister
passed his cup a second time he re-
marked:

"I wish there were some method
of controlling these people who make
it their business to go about the
country creating religious excite-
ment."

Mrs. Tremain looked up inquir-
ingly, but she made no reply.

"I am thinking," continued her
husband, of the revival now going
on at Bethany Church. It seemed
to me yesterday that half the people
I met were positively crazy with
excitement. They are holding
meetings at all hours of the day and
night, and claim to have had more
than ninety conversions already.
Such things should be prohibited
by law if they can be controlled in
no other way."

"But do not think some are helped
in this way?" asked his wife, gently.

"Helped? No. It does not help a
man simply to excite his emotional
nature. These people weep and
pray and sing; and when the meet-
ings are over and they have time to
cool down a little they will go back
to their old habits, and, if anything,
be worse than they were before."

"The conversions over which they
are rejoicing are almost wholly
among those who are weak either
of will or of intellect. Last evening
as I passed the church, while walk-
ing with Mr. Rossiter, the door was
open, and we stopped for a moment
and listened to the preacher. He
was exhorting them at the top of
his voice—a fine voice he had too—
to 'find Jesus, who alone could save
them.'"

"Surely, my dear, you acknowl-
edge that that is just what they
need to do?" Mrs. Tremain's voice
had just a shadow of surprise in it.

"Of course," the minister's tone
was almost petulant—"of course;
but these people are not led to a
settled conviction of their need.
They are only excited. Their emo-
tions are easily swayed, as is the
case with all weak people, and the
preacher leads them whithersoever
he will. As we stood there I notic-
ed on one of the rear seats poor
Mrs. Brian's son, Daft Jake, as they
call him. You know what his
wits are worth! Well, there he
sat, the tears rolling over his cheeks,
mouth wide open, and eyes staring
at the speaker. It was positively
drowning, the picture of a fool
wrought to a high pitch of folly by
one who ought to have soothed in-
stead of exciting him. It is just

such as he that they count among
their converted; and his poor mother
slaves at the washtub to supply him
with the necessities of life. Only a
couple of hours before I had seen
him—man grown that he is—at the
head of a perfect mob of boys chas-
ing a miserable, blind dog. He is
always putting the boys up to mis-
chiefs, for telling their wicked stories
and swearing for their amusement.
I do not doubt that most of them
have heard more oaths from his lips
than altogether in their lives else-
where; and he will go on in the same
way teaching them evil and letting
his widowed mother support him;
and then he is counted as one of their
ninety conversions. Do you
wonder that I am disgusted?"

Mrs. Tremain looked troubled.
She admired her scholarly husband,
and she loved him with all her heart.
But she couldn't quite sympathize
with him in this; for had not her
own dearly loved brother found the
Saviour in a revival meeting, and
did not she feel, oh, often and often,
the need of a revival in her own
religious life?

So she said nothing, but waited
for her husband to go on, for she
knew from his face that he had not
yet told her all.

"When I saw what I did at the
meeting," he resumed presently, "I
felt confirmed in my resolution of
the afternoon to have nothing to do
with the meetings."

The troubled look deepened on
Mrs. Tremain's face, and she asked:
"Has anything more been said to
you about joining them?"

"Yes; Mr. Lane, with a deputation
from our own church, waited on me
yesterday, and urged that we join
with Bethany Church in the meet-
ings."

"Who represented our church?"
"Deacon Jones, Deacon Myers,
Mr. Dunlap and Professor Van
Alatine. They wished to give up
our regular services to-night and
Sunday, and then I presume they
would have used our church as it is
larger. It would seem to me like
positive desecration."

What did they say when you re-
fused?

They seemed much disappointed;
but I told them plainly the methods
used in such meetings seemed to me
unwise, that I had no faith in their
power to accomplish good, and that
I could not conscientiously join
them.

The Rev. Mr. Tremain's mind
was relieved, and his coffee cup
empty. He arose from the table,
without hearing the hardly audible
sigh of the little woman opposite,
and sought his study.

It was Thursday, the day which
the minister always devoted to his
sermon. He drew from the drawer
of his study table some slips con-
taining his notes on the Book of
Hosea, preparatory to a learned dis-
course. He sat looking them over
for a few minutes, then slowly re-
turned them to the drawer and,
taking some fresh sheets of paper,
began the writing of a sermon from
the text: In quietness and in con-
fidence shall be your strength, in
which he meant to show forth the
harmful effects of religious excite-
ment, and to teach that the up-
building of the Church and of the
Kingdom in the world must be by
the quiet, earnest effort of its mem-
bers.

He wrote rapidly and eagerly;
several pages were finished when
there came a low knock at the study
door.

The minister was annoyed. What
could Alice be thinking of to let any
one disturb him on Thursday morn-
ing? With a frown on his face he
arose and opened the door. With-
out waiting for an invitation to
enter a man walked into the room.
At least it seemed a man's figure,
tho the face was that of a boy—a
tall, awkward, shambling figure, a
small head crowned with light,
shocky hair, big nervous hands, that
twirled a battered hat, light gray
eyes, a wide mouth, and upon the
face, despite a certain eager look,
the unmistakable signs of a clouded
intellect.

It was Daft Jake, the foolish son
of a widowed mother. A lazy, shift-
less, good-for-nothing fellow, whose
every other word was an oath, and
whose favorite occupation was in-
citing small boys to mischief, or
tormenting them. To-day there
had been an unusual attempt at
cleanliness, plainly discernible in
the garments as well as the face of
the youth, for the clothing had been
brushed, the vest was pinned to-
gether where buttons were missing,
and the face was—to the casual ob-
server, at least—clean.

The minister was exceedingly an-
noyed as Jake pushed hastily into
the room. Nor was his annoyance
lessened when the boy spoke, for
as Jake's eyes met the minister's
he exclaimed, in an eager, excited
tone, while the tears started to his
eyes:

"I want to see Jesus!"

Mr. Tremain was startled, more
than that he was angry. But he
was a humane man, and his anger
was eked out against the poor
fool, as he mentally called him, who

stood there, but against the evan-
gelist who knew no better than to so
agitate and excite a feeble-minded
creature like this.

His first impulse was to send the
fellow away on some errand which
would distract his attention; but
there was something in the man's
face as he stood there waiting that
made the minister hesitate. He
glanced at the unfinished sermon on
the table and then at the eager face
before him.

I must try to quiet him, he
thought, or there is no telling to
what extremes this excitement may
carry him.

So he gave Daft Jake a chair sat
down himself, and began, with all
the tact he could command—and he
was not wanting in that line—to
quiet the excited man.

Jake's face grew troubled as the
minister talked; but all he said in
the pauses were the words, uttered
almost in the pleading accents of a
child,

"I want to see Jesus!"

Gradually the minister grew the
more excited of the two. What did
the boy mean? Would he sit here
all the morning reiterating that one
sentence?

Presently, seeing that he was
making no progress, Mr. Tremain
changed his tactics, and began to
ask questions instead of talking.

Tell me, he said, and his voice
was gentle, why you want to see
Jesus, and why you came to me?

Daft Jake's eyes were fixed on
the minister's face. Why, the man
said—at the meeting—that only
Jesus could help me. I'm so bad, I
ain't never done good, I ain't good
to Mother, nor the boys, nor nobody.
I ailers thought I didn't know
enough to be; but the man said
Jesus'd forgive anybody, an' make
anybody happy and good—and—
and—I want to see Jesus!

There was a pause. The minister's
face was a study; but the poor lad
before him could not study faces, he
only knew that this man was a min-
ister.

There were so many folks there,
he went on, I couldn't get a chance
to speak to him—the preacher yer
know—nor Mr. Lane neither, so I
went home an' come here the fast
thing this mornin', 'cause I thought
you'd know where Jesus is. Can't
yer tell me, sir?

(Concluded next week.)

His Best Friend.

When Paley first went to Cam-
bridge he fell into the society of
young men far richer than himself,
to whom his talents and conviviality
made him an acceptable companion,
and he was in a fair way of being
ruined.

One morning one of these com-
rades came into his room before he
was up, and he, as usual, thought it
was to propose some plan of pleasure
for the day. His friend, however,
said:

"Paley, I have not slept a wink
this night for thinking of you. I
am, as you know, heir to a large
fortune, and whether I ever look
into a book at Cambridge does not
signify a farthing. But this is not
the case with you; you have only
your abilities to look to; and no
man has better, if you but make the
proper use of them. But if you go
on in this way you are ruined; and
from this time forward I am deter-
mined not to associate with you, for
your own sake. You know I like
your company, and it is a great sac-
rifice to give it up; but give it up I
will as a matter of conscience."

Paley lay in bed the whole day
ruminating upon this. In the even-
ing he rose and took his tea, ordered
his bedmaker to call him at five in
the morning, and from that day for-
ward he rose always at that hour.
He left Cambridge First Wrangler,
and became the man he was through
his industry and application.

Girls and Beaus.

A girl fifteen years old writes to
a certain eastern paper that she has
a charming young fellow for a beau,
who she says wishes to visit her
frequently. She says she loves him
"very much," and asks the editor
what she shall do about receiving
his company. The following is the
somewhat abrupt but pointed
reply:

"Where's your mother, Nellie?
If you have one, for goodness' sake,
what is she thinking about? If
you were my daughter I'd give you
a sound spanking and send you to
your trundle bed. What on earth
use have you for a beau? You
ought to be devoting your time to
the Fifth Reader and your geography
lessons. That fluttering heart of
yours is altogether too young to
know anything about beaus, and
that 'love him very much' you
mentioned is simply ridiculous.
Don't let him come to see you at
all, unless it is on Saturday after-
noons with other little boys and
girls, to make mud pies and slide on
your cellar door. Now, Nellie, cut
this out and save it until you are
twenty and have a good laugh over
how silly you were when you were
a little girl."

Jesus in The Home.

A little girl went on an errand to
an elegant house. The lady was
proud of her home, and she showed
Jennie the carpets, pictures, orna-
ments, and flowers, and asked,
"Don't you think these things are
lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie.
What a beautiful home for Jesus to
visit! Does He ever come here?

Why, no, said the lady.
Don't you ever ask Him? asked
Jennie. We have only a room and
a bedroom, and we have no carpets
or pretty things, but Jesus comes
and makes us very happy.

The lady told her husband what
Jennie had said, and he replied, I
have often thought that we ought
to thank God for His goodness and
ask Him to come and live with us.

They became Christians, and
Jesus came to live with them and
made them happy. Jesus blesses
every home to which He comes.—
Little Learner's Paper.

Faults To Avoid.

If one of your pet sins is to sulk
I will tell you what to do. As
pleasantly as you can, ask your
mother to excuse you for a little
while; then go to your own room
and sit in front of your looking glass.
Watch your face and see how ugly
it grows when you yield to this sin.
I am sure that in a very little while
you will be down on your knees,
asking God to help you, and making
to Him a promise to do all that you
can to help yourself.

Another ugly fault, and one which
is of manner, consists in finding
nothing to your liking. Of course,
you display this fault at the home
table most prominently; but when
you are visiting you make your
hostess feel uncomfortable, although
you don't say a word by refusing
everything on the table except bread
and butter and tea. Now, my dear
unless you learn to avoid this sin of
manner, you should eat by yourself
at home and not be permitted to go
visiting.

Last Hours of Archbishop
Whately.

His (the Archbishop's) last illness
showed his principles; then he spoke
plainly. To one who observed his
sufferings and asked him if he suf-
fered much pain, he said, Some time
ago I should have thought it great
pain, but now I am enabled to bear
it. His intellect was unclouded by
illness. He could think and speak.
Some one said to him, You are dying
as you have lived, great to the last.
The reply was, I am dying as I lived,
in the faith of Jesus. Another said,
What a blessing that your glorious
intellect is unimpaired. He an-
swered, Do not call intellect glorious;
there is nothing glorious out of
Christ! Another said, The great
fortitude of your character supports
you. No, it is not the fortitude
of my character supports me, but my
faith in Christ. With such a wit-
ness on his lips and in his acts,
Archbishop Whately passed away.

A Wise Answer.

Dr. Breckenridge, a well-known
American clergyman, and his two
brothers, also of the same profession,
one day paid a visit to their mother.
Do you not think mother, said he,
that you ruled us with too rigid a
rod in our boyhood? It would have
been better, I think, had you used
gentler methods. The old lady
straightened up, and said, "Well,
William, when you have raised up
three as good preachers as I have,
then you can talk!"

Word comes from all quarters that
the neatest and most satisfactory dye
for coloring the beard a brown or black
is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Fortune has rarely condescended
to be the companion of genius.

UNABLE TO WORK.

GENTS.—I was troubled with Liver
Complaint so much that I was unable
to work because of the pain and sick-
ness it caused. The pain under my
shoulders and in my sides was very
severe. I am glad to say that one
bottle of Barcod Blood Bitters com-
pletely cured me and I am now in per-
fect health.

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