



Joseph Jefferson.

"THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" IN 1890—JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—NOVELS BY FRANK R. STOCKTON, AMELIA E. BARR, AND OTHERS—A CAPITAL PROGRAMME.

During 1890 The Century Magazine (whose recent successes have included the famous "War Papers" the Lincoln History and George Kennan's series on "Siberia and the Exile System") will publish the long looked-for Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, whose "Rip van Winkle" has made his name a household word. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the public. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth in a generation of actors, and, with his children and grandchildren, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. His story of the early days of the American stage, when, as a boy, traveling in his father's company, they would settle down for a season in a Western town, playing in their own extemporized theatre,—the particulars of the creation of his "Rip van Winkle" how he acted "Ticket-of-Leave Man" before an audience of that class in Australia, etc.—all this, enriched with illustrations and portraits of contemporary actors and actresses, and with anecdotes, will form one of the most delightful serials The Century has ever printed.

Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, and many other well-known writers will furnish the fiction for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including several novels, illustrated novelets, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick Telescope at San Francisco (the largest telescope in the world) and the latest explorations relating to prehistoric America (including the famous Serpent Mound, of Ohio) are to be chronicled in The Century.

Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale University is to write a series on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which will attract every Bible student. Bishop Potter of New York will be one of several prominent writers who are to contribute a series of "Present-day Papers" on living topics, and there will be art papers, timely articles, etc., etc., and the choicest pictures that the greatest artists and engravers can produce.

Every bookseller, postmaster, and subscription agent takes subscriptions to The Century (\$4.00 a year), or remittance may be made directly to the publishers, THE CENTURY CO., of New York. Begin new subscriptions with November (the first issue of the volume) and get Mark Twain's story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in that number.

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Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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Our Pulpit.

That Young Man!

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening Dec. 15th, 1889.

"Run, speak to this young man."—ZECH. II. 4.

It is a time of thrilling interest yonder around Jerusalem, a time of blessed awakening for the people of God. The long captivity in Babylon is over, and the captives are back home to rebuild their ruined country. They are few in number, and feel themselves weak, and the work to be done is great, stupendous. But the Lord is with them, and in His strength they will succeed. It is not by their own might they are to do this great work, but by the Spirit of the Lord. Angels are near with their sweet presence and help. Oh what the eye of faith can see that to other eyes is unseen!

The prophet Zechariah paints the scene, as he saw it, in his own telling graphic words. You say perhaps: "It is in parable he speaks to us here, in metaphoric and symbolic language; not in sober reality, hard fact." "And I lifted up my eyes and saw, and behold, a man, and in his hand a measuring-line. And I said, Whither goest thou? And he said to me, to measure Jerusalem, to see what is its breadth and what its length. And behold the angel that talked with me came forth, and another angel went forth to meet him, and said to him, Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall lie as open country for the multitude of men and cattle in the midst of her."

The scene is about like this. Jerusalem is lying in ruins, a mountain of rubbish. The youthful prophet gazes upon the ruins of the city, and it does not seem as if it is possible that the city can be restored. His faith is staggered, and he does not feel that he can speak very hopeful and encouraging words to the people, and so much depends upon him as the Lord's prophet. But while he stands there, an angel comes to him, and in his hand is a measuring-line, and he tells the prophet that he is to measure the city with a view to its being rebuilt. And he goes away to do his part of the work. The prophet's eyes follow him, and his interest grows. Then the angel that had been talking with the prophet and explaining things to him, goes forth also; but he does not go far till he is met by a third angel, who charges him to run and speak to the young prophet, telling him the good news how that Jerusalem is to be rebuilt, and on a grander scale than ever.

Now, all this may be a parable, a sort of word picture. But, for my part, I like to think of it as a real scene. This is not the angelic and miracle age. This is the age when man, led and ennobled by the great Son of man, is the chief actor on the world's stage, in the tragic life-scenes. Man today builds the walls of the new Jerusalem. Man today works the miracles that are wrought, the creations of his genius, the wonders of his inventive skill. Man today reconstructs out of the ruins and debris of the past the glorious triumphs of the age. In a word, man does today for the world what angels once did, and only angels thought of doing. Angels keep today in the background, out of sight, and let men come to the front, and do what they used to do.

But angels are, just as much as men are, and they have still a hand in human affairs, more of a hand than they get credit for. We cannot see them with our earthly eyes, nor hear the rustle of their wings with our earthly ears, nor touch them with our rude hands. But then that is so with many things, and yet they are. We cannot see the air we breathe, the life we live. We cannot see mind, thought, feeling, desire. We cannot see force. But though we can not see these things, yet we know they are, and we put as much faith in them as we do in things we see.

By faith, then, or by a sort of glorified second-sight, the prophet saw the unseen, and he puts it into words here for us, so that we may see what he saw, and hear what he heard, and thus be helped to do our work as he was to do his. And is it not, I ask, a grand thought, one calculated to give us higher ideas of what we are, and the work it is ours to do, that the bright ones of the unseen world have so much of interest in us? It is one angel that says to another angel, one bright seraph from amidst the awful glory around the eternal Throne that says to another bright seraph: "Run, speak to this young man."

Now, in further addressing you from the text, I want, first of all, to impress this upon the young before me, and especially young men, that the angels, the bright and blessed intelligences of the heavenly world, are concerned about them, interested in them, near to help them.

There is, my young friends, more than we can see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, a world unseen. And that unseen world above and beyond us is peopled with bright beings who are interested in us. They seem to know all about us, and have to do with us, and want to see us do well. When we wander from the path of duty, yield ourselves to influences that are not good, they are sad as angels are sad. And when we do right, when we fling from us a temptation that comes to us, when we suppress an uprising evil thought and desire, when we repent of sins we have fallen into and turn back to God, then they are glad, and Heaven is happy with their joy. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

So often we live away, as if all the life there is for us to live, and indeed for any one to live, is the life that is bounded by our five senses, the life that eats and drinks and sleeps, the life that swills down the liquor and has no interest in anything beyond this wretched now, the life that toils and frets, worries and works, grovels and grasps, grows old and dies, and that is all there is of it. We live away, and we care not much how we live, so long as we live, and have what we call a good time. We live away, and we do not always try to do the best we can. We do not feel out with our eager hands to find, if we can, what the future has in store for us; and what of life there is, if any, beyond this now of ours. We do not look up into the awful sublimities and possibilities overarching us with their mystery and grandeur, and wonder and ask what there is there of interest to us. We live away, and we are in danger of forgetting that we are anything or to be anything, and that we are of interest or concern to anyone. We ask sometimes in our reckless way: "Who knows about me? Who cares for me? Who lies awake at night thinking of me, worrying, weeping, praying? I had a mother once, and her love was sweet; but I have none now, and no one now loves me, or cares what becomes of me."

Ah! young man, stop that reckless scepticism of yours, that dangerous doubt, and look up with your simple faith, the simple faith your christian mother had and taught you, as you knelt at her knee, when a child, to hush your evening prayer;—look up, I say, and see what the young prophet of old saw, and what so many others have seen, and so have been cheered, helped, inspired, nerved to do and dare, saved, glorified.

You see him yonder, the youthful Zechariah. He stands with dejected looks surveying the ruins of Jerusalem, the ruins of its temple, the ruins of its palaces and homes, the ruins of his country, and a sort of despair darkens down upon him, and hope goes out. He feels as if it is no use to try to be anything or do anything. He cannot go and speak to others to have faith, when he has none himself. But his eyes are opened to see the unseen, and he tells us what he saw. He saw angels, and they were intent upon the very enterprise that he himself was in despair with regard to. Here was an angel with a measuring line proceeding to lay out a great city where lay the ruins of the past. Then here are angels that are interested and concerned about himself. One, it would seem, has been all the while close beside himself, but he was unaware seemingly of his presence. But now he sees, and, young man, it is of interest to you as well as him, what he sees and hears. And this is it. The angel beside him goes forth to meet another that is seen coming. That glorious one seems to have authority. So with earnest urgent words He directs the prophet's angel to run back to where he stands, and speak to him, assuring him that the ruins of Jerusalem are to be converted into a grand and glorious city: "Run and speak to this young man."

Now, if our eyes were opened as the young prophet's were, we would see something too, something quite as interesting and grand and inspiring. And we may see it, our faith may see it. That angel that comes and has authority among angels, that angel that says, "Run and speak to that young man," still comes as of old. He is the Lord of angels and men, and He is coming with help for us. That old scene is being reproduced right here. Oh that we had faith to see it! All around lie the ruins of Jerusalem, the ruins of hopes and homes, the ruins of fair promises and strong resolutions, the ruins of lives that might have come to be so much but are in danger of coming to be nothing, and some of us, as we gaze upon all this ruin, feel as if nothing can be done. Our energy is paralyzed. Our faith is weak. We are overwhelmed at the stupendousness of the undertaking that would rebuild all this utter spiritual ruin. But angels are near. And better still, the Lord of angels is near. He comes, and with earnest urgent words He says to me, and to every one who has any interest in young men: "Run and speak to this young man."

Again: The urgency of the message the Leader and Lord of angels sends to

young men. "Run and speak to that young man."

But why the urgency? why the hot haste? Why so much hurry? He is urgent, I suppose, he is in a hurry, because it is good news, and it is good news the young man needs.

How men rush and run, how the telegraph clicks, how the telephone rings, how the printing-press rushes through the latest editions, how fast the tongue wants to talk, when the news is good news;—news of battles fought and victories won, news of great discoveries made, news of deliverances wrought out, news of good done, news of a grand success, and so on!

And so too in the world above, the world unseen. When the captivity is over, when Jerusalem is to be rebuilt, when the Lord of angels is born in the lowly cattle-shed of Jerusalem, when the young man Saul is on his knees praying for mercy, when great Babylon topples to ruin, when good of any kind is being done, how the angels run, how they flash and fly on their swift wings, to tell the news!

And have we not good news to tell young men tonight, news that ought to make our feet run so fast, and our tongues talk so fast, and all in and about us so earnest and urgent, so that we might get the good news to them as soon as possible? We can tell, how that the young man Christ died on the cross for young men, died to save them from their sins, died to help them to be true and good, died to crown their lives with grace and glory. We can tell the good news of victories won for them, of deliverances wrought for them, of a way opened up for them to all the blessedness and glory of Heaven.

Young men like to hear of a chance to rise, to be useful and happy and great. Well, here is a chance, the like of which, if earnestly laid hold of, the world cannot offer, and which means the grandest success. Far be it for me to say, it is all right with a young man when he is at the feet of Christ. I rejoice to see him there. The angels rejoice to see him there. But young men have been there, and then have turned away to die—turned away because the cross was heavy, the way of salvation too strait. It seems to me we may make too much of young men because they have come to Christ, and so give them to feel that it is all right with them when it may not be all right, that all is done when only the merest beginning has been made, that they are the special favorites of Heaven, whereas an awful struggle lies before them, if they would succeed, overcome. But this I would say, and it is good news from Heaven, news that angels fly swiftly to tell, that at the feet of Christ is a chance for a young man, a chance of goodness and greatness, a chance to work out for himself a future bright and blessed, that is to be had nowhere else. Yea, there is more than a chance, a mere peradventure that may be lost after all; there is a blessed security, a perseverance that will not turn back to the wretched world.

And then we are to run, we are to be urgent, not only because the news is good, but because the young man needs the message. He is suffering for want of it. He is ready to go astray for want of it, his usefulness to be lost to the church and the world, his soul to be lost, all he is fitted to be, and may be, lost. It is a critical time with that young man, a time of earnest enquiry. He stands at the turning-point of his destiny, the angle where the two ways of life and death open up before him, and he knows not which to take. Run! opportunities do not wait. Run! other influences may come, and before you get to him it may be too late. Run! his heart is tender, his soul stirred; he will hear you now as he will not later. Run fast! he will not be a young man forever; you can do for him tonight what you cannot to-morrow, next year, ten years hence. Be urgent then! Run as fast as you can run, and speak the very best word you can speak, for he is a young man. "Run and speak to that young man!"

Again: The importance of getting hold of young men for Christ. To get hold of them for Christ is their own making, in the best sense, and their making is our making, the church's making, society's making, the nation's making, the world's making.

That young man!—Who is he, you ask, and you ask it with a sneer perhaps, as you mark his plain clothes, his utter want of polish, and his overgrown size? But angels are not ashamed of him. They run to him. They speak to him. They thus honor him, almost reverence him. There are great kings they would not run to, nor be seen in their company. They keep far away from them, because they are loathsome. Under their scarlet and gold they have a heart that is the abode of every unclean thing. But it is otherwise with that young man you turn up your nose at. The Lord of angels says to one of the brightest in His glorious host: "Run and speak to this young man."

That young man! He was Zechariah, one of the returned captives. He had been born and brought up a slave far

(Continued on third page.)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

89 Winter Arrangement '90

On and after MONDAY, 18th Nov., 1889 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.15
Fast Express for Halifax, 14.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.20
Express for Sussex, 16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on express trains, leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal, leave St. John at 16.20 and take sleeping car at Moncton. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 19.25
Express from Halifax, Picton & Mulgrave, 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.



Northern and eastern Railway

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect November 4th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton 7.10 a. m.

Returning Leave Chatham 8.10

Train will arrive at Chatham at 3.30 p. m. from Fredericton. The train from Chatham will arrive at Fredericton at 3.45 p. m.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 4th, 1889.

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Dated the 24th day of August A. D., 1889.