

RUBBERS

AND

Rubber Boots,

JUST RECEIVED AT

**LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE
Shoe Store.**

GENTS' RUBBERS in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (said to be the best manufactured) Heavy Plain Rubbers, Sandel Rubbers, Self Acting Rubbers, Argyle, Zepher and Oakland.

LADIES' RUBBERS, in imitation Sandels, Croquet and Heavy Plain.

LADIES FINE RUBBERS, in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (best quality manufactured) Climax, La France, Zepher, Doherty, Winthrop, Van Zandt and Terry (common sense). Also, a large variety in Boys', Youths, Misses and Children's sizes.

As usual a Fine Assortment of RUBBER BOOTS of Woonsocket and Canadian Manufacture for Gentlemen, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children.

A. LOTTIMER.

210 QUEEN STREET;

Fredericton, N. B., 20th.

A. Limerick & Co.

York Street, Fredericton.

Gasfitting & Plumbing

Attended to in all its branches.

Creamers, Milk Pans and Strainers.

CREAMERS AT 85 CTS.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

Desires to inform the public that he has a Large Stock of the above articles, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail, cheaper than ever offered in the market before. Remember these Goods are of our own manufacture, and are of the very best material. Parties wanting Creamers or Milk Pans would do well by calling and examining before purchasing elsewhere.

Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts.

CL. JOHN, N. B.

This hotel is situated in a most central position and has all the modern improvements

Telephone Connection, Electric Bells.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR

Office on Germain Street

PUBLIC NOTICE

MAILS CLOSING.

CITY TIME.

UNTIL further notice, Mails will close as follows:—

For St. John, St. Stephen, Woodstock, the United States and all points West at 6.00 a. m.

For Chatham and intermediate places via Northern & Western Railway at 7 a. m.

For St. John, Chatham, Newcastle, Nova Scotia, P. R. Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, etc., at 11.15 a. m.

ENGLISH MAIL

will close every Monday night via New York at 8.30, and every Wednesday via Rimouski at 11.00 a. m.

Hotel and Street Letter Boxes will be served at 10.30 a. m., and 10.30 p. m.

P. McPEAKE, P. M.

Post Office, Fredericton,
May 1, 1889.

Farm for Sale.

A finely situated Farm of about 20 Acres, on the Central Railway, in Kings Co. at Belleisle Creek, with buildings, out buildings, &c., for Sale.

The situation is one of the finest on the Central Railway, near a Station.

Further information and terms can be ascertained of
MISS MARY A. McLEOD,
Belleisle Creek, Kings Co.

Our Pulpit.

An Old-time Prayer-Meeting.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday evening May 12th. 1889.

"Where many were gathered together praying."—ACTS XII. 12.

I am to tell you tonight an old-time prayer-meeting story. And it is a true story, the incidents actual facts, the scenes real occurrences, everything about it so simple and natural and life-like, and no attempts to overdraw and exaggerate. And yet how touching and telling and tragic the story is, replete too with lessons, stimulating and strengthening to faith, and showing us so graphically what earnest believing persistent prayer can do for men when they are in great straits. The story is in keeping with the age to which it belongs, the first age of the christian era, the age of miracles and marvellous displays of the Divine interposition in behalf of His people. The practical minds of today, the men who have no faith in anything but facts and figures, find it hard to accept such a story as Dr. Luke tells us here just as he tells it. But ages change, and God's methods of dealing with men change with the changing ages, the world's growth and development. I do not find it hard to believe in the miracles of the first centuries, but I do find it hard to believe in the alleged miracles of today, although I am free to admit that there are facts, Divine interpositions, answers to prayer, that modern philosophy cannot explain the why and wherefore of.

But to our story. And perhaps the best way I can tell it is to present it before you in scenes, four scenes. It is in scenes we have it here.

FIRST SCENE—PETER IN PRISON

The scene is laid in Jerusalem, the Jerusalem of the long ago, the Jerusalem of the first century, about A. D. 44. The city is a gay grand city, overflowing with wealth and luxury and people. It is night, a lovely spring night. Near to one another, in the very heart of the sacred city, stand two famous buildings connected by broad stone steps, the temple and the castle of Antonia. In the castle is a dark prison, and here lies bound with chains for the faith he holds, the truth he preaches, the great fisherman Apostle, the leading spirit of the new religion.

Herod Agrippa is the king of the day, a grandson of Herod the great, a gay, dissolute, time-serving, glory-seeking, frivolous prince, a man without one redeeming feature in his character, giving way to unbridled licentiousness. Some time before this, he had, through his brutal soldiery, struck off the head of James, and finding how pleasing that was to his petulant Jewish subjects, he proceeded to take Peter. It was pass-over week, and Peter was shut up in the prison attached to the castle of Antonia, awaiting the close of the festival, when he was to be dragged forth to be sacrificed on the altar of popular fury and priestly bigotry.

Poor Peter! Yonder he lies bound between two soldiers, his right arm bound to the left of one of the soldiers, and his left to the right of the other. Two other soldiers armed guard the door outside. Every six hours the soldiers are changed, so that it takes sixteen soldiers every day to guard one poor weak apostle. He is thus well guarded. Not much hope of his escape. But he had been here before, and had somehow got out, and so extraordinary precautions are now being had recourse to to prevent a like occurrence.

Peter's last night has come. On the morning he is to die for the crime of being a christian and a christian minister. You pity him—do you? You think it hard. You expect him to be wakeful, anxious, troubled. But nothing of the kind. He sleeps. No doubt he has had his own anxious thoughts. He had a wife to think of, and perhaps a family. He had the cause of the gospel, the infant christian church to think of. He had young converts to think of. He had himself to think of. But he has looked at it all, and committed all to the care and kindness of Him whose he is, and whose the church is, and now he sleeps.

Strange bed to sleep on his, a hard bed; still he sleeps. And when God gives His beloved sleep, and that is the promise He makes His own, they can sleep, sleep anywhere. And moreover, what can wakefulness do for such as Peter! His keeping awake cannot help him. Let him sleep.

Blessed sleep! But still more blessed the trust that gives sleep. If Peter had had no trust in Jesus, how could he have slept that night in the dark prison? Oh what a sweet thing is trust! It saves many a tear, spares many an anxious hour. It fringes with golden light the darkest cloud. It rears the bow of promise on the winniest sky. It finds a star of hope in the murkiest midnight. It makes a little calm in the stormiest sea. O ye tossed and tempted ones, trust in God! A great sweet calm will

your child than let it have what it asked, settle down on your waves of trouble, and a large blessed peace will fill your tossed and troubled souls, and the sleep of God's beloved will be your sleep. Look here at Peter sleeping so sweetly in his chains, and learn the blessedness of trust in God!

SECOND SCENE—THE PRAYER-MEETING

The prayer-meeting was what we would call a cottage prayer-meeting, and it was held at the house of Mary, sister of Barnabas, and mother of John Mark, Mark who wrote the second gospel.

The christians were of course greatly troubled about Peter's imprisonment and the doom hanging over him and them. Peter and James and John were the pillars of the christian church, and James was gone, and now Peter, the middle Pillar, was about to be taken, and what would the church do? It would go down, men said; it could not survive so great a loss.

But Peter must not be taken. The time has not yet come when he can be spared. Accordingly the few christians in Jerusalem set to work to see what they could do for Peter's deliverance. But what can they do? They cannot go to the authorities of church and state with a humble petition asking to have him set free. They cannot break into the prison, and rescue him by force. But there is one thing they can do—they can pray, they can petition Heaven. Have they not in their hands a key that can open those iron gates, and let Peter out, if they only know how to use it? Has not prayer so often helped them in their straits, and saved them when there seemed to be no help? So they will try again what it can do. They arrange therefore a series of cottage prayer-meetings, going around from house to house.

What a blessed privilege is prayer! It has opened the windows of Heaven when they were shut up, as if never to be opened again. It has shut the mouths of lions. It has marshalled the hosts of Heaven to fight the battles of God's people. It has healed the sick, and raised the dead. It has calmed the storm, stilled the waves, and brought hope back to those who had ceased to hope.

And prayer is today as much a privilege, and as much a power as ever, to those who know how to pray. We do not expect the sun and moon to stand still today. We do not go yonder, and kneel down where the dead lie sleeping in their graves, and pray that they may come back to life again. We do not expect miracles of healing to be wrought. But without working any stupendous miracle, the Prayer-Hearer can so wondrously do for us in our need, and answer our prayers. Oh let us more and more learn how to pray! So often we go wanting, suffering, sorrowing, weak, and useless, because we know not how to pray. Men are in prison, and there is no deliverance for them, because we do not know how to pray. And the good work of God languishes in our churches, and the gospel is not a power, and the name of Jesus is not mighty, to save, because we have not wrestled with God in prayer for the blessing.

But to go back to Peter's praying christian friends, we find them meeting night after night during the pass-over week. They have something to pray for, a special object that they can all agree upon, the deliverance of Peter. It commends itself to them, and with tears and strong crying they besiege the mercy-seat. But night after night they meet, and pray, and part, and there is nothing—no voice from heaven, no word from Peter, nothing to inspire hope, to assure success. But they pray on, and their earnestness grows and glows. They have the promise of God to plead, and they will keep at it, and they do keep at it.

But the night before Peter's execution has come. On the morning another great champion for the truth is to fall. On the morning, Jerusalem, bloody Jerusalem, the prophet-killer, is to crown another with the martyr's crown, and add another great crime to the already long black catalogue. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, when wilt thou be sated with martyrs' blood? When wilt thou have gorged thy blood-passion to the full? When wilt thou cast away from thee the sword of persecution, and receive with open arms thy glorious King and His peace-bringing messengers? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that kildest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would Jesus have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, but ye would not, and therefore thy judgment cometh, and desolation and woe.

On the night before Peter is to be put to death, the prayer-meeting is at Mary's house, one of the three Marys who attended Christ at His crucifixion. How sad and discouraged they all are. For a whole week they have been on their knees praying for Peter's deliverance, and Peter is still in prison, and the enemy triumphant. It begins to look to them as if it is not the Lord's will to give them Peter. However they will pray on, and they will pray as they have never prayed. They weep many tears and pray many prayers as they draw

near God. Their hearts are well nigh breaking, but they will not let God go till He gives them back Peter.

Perhaps they read and speak about Jacob wrestling with the angel till day-break, and like him they will wrestle with the mighty Prayer-Hearer. They feel it is their last opportunity. It is do or die with them, and they are aglow with earnestness. They feel as if they must succeed, and will succeed. They will lay hold upon the promises of God, and they will plead them mightily. Did not Elijah's prayers shut up the windows of heaven so that it did not rain for three years and six months? And then he prayed again, prayed seven times as they are doing, and the rain came, a great rain gladdening all the land, and saving the nation? Did not Daniel's prayers deliver him from the lions? And God will hear their prayers. He has said it, and He will do it. So they go to the mercy-seat, and tell God what they want in their own weak words. I hear them voicing their needs in some such words as these: "O God, help us, for we are in sore straits! Thy servant Peter is in the lions' den, and the lions are roaring against him, and whetting their teeth to devour him. Our hope is in Thy mercy, O Jehovah-Jesus, and we look up to Thee for Thy saving strength. Stretch forth Thine Almighty arm, and save us. Snatch the lamb from the lion's jaws. Look upon our tears, and hear our cries. Oh hasten to help us, for we are ready to be overwhelmed and destroyed! O Jesus, in Thy own way come to our salvation, and all the glory shall be Thine forevermore."

Thus they would pray and weep at the footstool, now one, and now another, leading the meeting.

THIRD SCENE—PETER'S DELIVERANCE

Let us go back to the prison again. It is perhaps nine o'clock or later. Peter is still sleeping between the two soldiers, and they are asleep as well as he. Look! there is a flash of light. The angel of the Lord has come. Gently touching Peter on his side he awakes him from sleep, and helps him to his feet, and his chains fall off. Bidding him gird himself, and bind on his sandals, and wrap around him his cloak, and telling him to follow, the angel leads him through the prison wards, and the iron-gate opening into the city, and along one street, and then he leaves him to find his own way. The apostle hardly knows what has happened. It seems all a dream to him. For a moment he is bewildered, but after a little he comes to himself, he wakes up to understand the situation. He is free. The chains are off his limbs. No prison walls are around him. He is on the street. He looks up and sees the stars shining. And now he knows where he is, and what it means. He is saved. The Lord has sent His angel and delivered him from Herod and the Jews.

There are many today in the world who do not believe in prayer. They will tell you in their wise way that God carries on His world—arrangements according to certain fixed laws, and He is not going to upset these world arrangements and change His laws to suit the convenience of you or me. You and your interests are too paltry, too insignificant, to be taken notice of by the world's Creator and Ruler. What presumption in christians, and how ridiculous in them, to think, that in answer to their prayers, natural laws are to be set aside and trifled with.

Now, my hearer, it would be presumption to pray, if God had not given His people the privilege to pray. But He has done that. Yea, He has commanded them to pray, and encouraged them to pray. Look into God's Book, the great Directory, telling us what He wants us to believe, and what He wants us to do, and it is full of injunctions and encouragements to pray. Prayer is one of the arrangements of His Providence, a law of the world. It has as much to do in the world's management and making as men's works have to do. Men's works are parts of God's plans. This beautiful city and all this noble valley would be a tangled wilderness, but for human enterprise, and where would our churches be were it not for prayer?

But it is not true, that in prayer, we dictate to God, and ask Him to break up His wise arrangements, and overthrow the good order of His laws. If we pray that way, we pray in a wrong way. While earnestly praying to God for what we feel we need so much, and while we may be and ought to be bold in asking, yet let us never presume to dictate. God is a sovereign, and it is His to give or withhold, and we should not forget that in praying to Him. And then we should always remember this, that however desirable the thing for which we are praying may seem to us, and however much we may seem to need it, God is the best judge whether it is or not, and we should cheerfully yield to His wiser judgment. You would not give your child everything it would ask even though it was within your power to do it. There are many things it might like to have, and want so much to have, and cry with many tears to have, and yet you would not give them; because your wiser and riper judgment told you that you could not do a worse thing for

Continued on third page.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 26th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express 7.30 a. m.
Accommodation 11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex 16.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec 18.00 p. m.

A sleeping car runs daily on the 18.10 train Halifax.

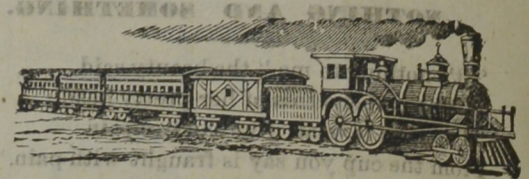
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec 7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex 8.35 a. m.
Accommodation 13.30 p. m.
Day Express 19.20 p. m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. Nov. 20th 1888.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE

Arrangement of Trains

IN EFFECT APRIL 29th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.
11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.
3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.10, 8.55 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 7.40 a. m.; 1.05, 6.25 p. m.
McAdam Junction, 11.35 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.
Vanceboro, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.
St. Stephen, 9.20, 11.40 a. m.
St. Andrews, 6.30 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

8.55 a. m.; 2.15, 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00, A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM,
General Manager,

A. J. HEATH,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.



Northern and Western Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect November 28th, 1888.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Passenger and Freight Train will leave Fredericton every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton

7:10 a. m.; Gibson 7:15; Marysville 7:35; Manzer'siding 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 9:05; Boiestown, 10:30; Doaktown 11:30; Upper Blackville 12:45 p. m.; Blackville, 1:20; Upper Nelson Boom 2:20; Chatham Junction, 2:40; arriving at Chatham, 3:30.

Returning Leave Chatham

8:00 a. m. Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:55; Blackville, 9:50; Upper Blackville 10:25; Doaktown, 11:35; Boiestown 12:35, p. m.; Cross Creek 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 3:30; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

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 all Western points and 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. 28th, 1888.

Exhausted Vitality.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.
The great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous System, Physical Debility, Permanent Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 940 pages 3 vols. 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative samples free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address: P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. C. BARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College 25 years' practicing Physician who has been consulting confidentially. Specialties Diseases of Men, rice No. 4 Bulfinch Street,

