

RUBBERS

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.

ST. 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. E. Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, etc., 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.

In Bonds, or, Life's Limitations,

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday morning May 19th. 1889.

"Remember my bonds."—COL. IV.; 18.

The Apostle Paul is the author of no fewer than thirteen of the twenty-one New Testament epistles, namely:—one to Rome, two to Corinth, one to Galatia, one to Ephesus, one to Philippi, one to Colosse, two to Thessalonia, one to Philemon a christian slave-holder of Colosse, two to Timothy a young pastor, and one to Titus another pastor stationed on the island of Crete. The epistle to the Hebrews has also been very generally ascribed to his prolific pen, but without sufficient authority.

Of the thirteen epistles that bear his name, but one indeed seems to have been written out by himself, that to Galatia. The others were probably, in whole or in part, the work of an amanuensis, the apostle contenting himself with simply affixing his autograph as a proof of their genuineness. To at least two of them, the first epistle to Corinth, and that to Colosse, he not only affixed his signature, but also added a few striking words in his own hand-writing, words that of themselves, and apart altogether from the epistles to which they belong, are a story.

The words to the first epistle to Corinth, are these: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema; Maranatha"—words of awful import, striking, startling, and especially so in the postscript form in which they appear. And then to the epistle to Colosse they are the words I am choosing for my text to-day, words that are as tender as the others are terrible, words that reveal how tired and torn his heart and life are with all he is called upon to bear. It is not so much what is said here perhaps as what is left unsaid that appeals to our sympathy, taps the fountain of our tears: "Remember my bonds."

I. THE APOSTLE'S CIRCUMSTANCES

At the time the apostle is a prisoner for the truth's sake at Rome. He has been a prisoner there for some two years. He had appealed, had felt himself driven to appeal, to be tried before the emperor himself, and he is waiting till his case is reached. He is not in close confinement, not in "durance vile." He is simply under surveillance. He is chained by the wrist to a soldier, but he can go where he likes, live where he likes, see whom he likes, and do what he likes, within of course certain limits. He has his own hired house. There he receives his friends, and his intercourse with them goes far towards relieving the monotony and discomfort of his long imprisonment. He has opportunities of preaching the gospel, and he avails himself of these opportunities, and his labors are not without their fruits. And then he carries on a correspondence with the churches he has founded, and he takes an interest in all that is going on. He is not by any means idle, and some might not regard his imprisonment as much of an imprisonment.

Still, it is a very real thing, and the apostle feels it to be a very real thing. Imprisonment is imprisonment, no matter how wild it is, and no matter how much of freedom, or what looks like freedom, the prisoner enjoys, and we can easily understand how the freeborn eagle-spirit of the apostle groans and chafes under the restraint laid upon him. How galling to be chained to a rude soldier of the Pretorian guards; to be led about the streets, when he has occasion to go out, as a bear, or some dangerous wild-beast, is led about, with a chain on him. He cannot go anywhere, do anything, eat or sleep, see a friend, write a letter, preach or pray, without a soldier's forced presence. And not always a devout soldier, but so often one whose very presence it is a kind of torture to endure. And then he does not know how the trial is to issue, for bloody Nero wears the purple, and little does he care who suffers so long as himself can sing. You may understand, therefore, how much more is meant than is said in these three words: "Remember my bond."

Among those who visit him comes Epaphras, pastor of the christian church at Colosse, who brings him information as to the state of matters there, the hindrances and evils that stand in the way of the church's progress and prosperity. This leads the apostle to write that church a letter.

It is not a pleasant thing to hear of difficulties and dissensions and splits in churches, but such things are as old as the christian church. They were not wanting in apostolic times, and had it not been for them, humanly speaking, we would not have had some of Paul's most precious epistles. He was a prisoner because of them, and because he was a prisoner he had time to write letters. And then the troubles in the churches necessitated his writing, and suggested themes. And so we have such epistles

as the two to Cornith, the two to Thessalonia, the three pastoral epistles, the one to Galatia, and this one to Colosse, and some of the others indeed. Thus we see how evils then as now, church troubles, dissensions, splits and divisions among the members, persecutions, heresies, were over ruled for good, and served a purpose that could not have been served without them. They are to be deplored, and are certainly not to be sought for, but in their own harsh way they have done good service, and are doing good service for the church.

But to return to the point in hand Epaphras has evidently come to consult the apostle with regard to troubles that are coming in and threatening the Colossian church's peace, and so we have the epistle to Colosse, and perhaps also the glorious one to Ephesus. Epaphras volunteers his services as an amanuensis. He carefully writes down the precious words as the inspired apostle dictates them to him. After it is finished the apostle takes the pen. He is not much of a penman. Few great men are. Defective eyesight seems to have been against him. And then not likely his taste lies in that direction. To write is drudgery work to him, work that he is very willing to hand over to others to do for him, and they do it as he cannot do it. With some of us the scratching of a pen is helpful, stimulating, to thought; but with others, and Paul may have been one of them, it is far otherwise, it is very much in the way, a drawback, a hindrance.

I see the apostle, now old and blind, and not so much with years as with the toils and tears of a busy burdened life, take the pen from the hand of Epaphras, and with his assistance, and with no little of an effort, set himself to authenticate the document in his own peculiar way. The chain on his wrist hinders him. The soldier, too, is in the way. He is there to see and hear all that passes. The apostle has to be careful what he writes. An unguarded word may cost him his head. And he does not want to die just yet. Sweet as Heaven's rest would be to his jaded soul, it is necessary for him still to live, and he must not precipitate a crisis that may come soon enough. So in clumsy Greek letters that slowly take shape at his hands he writes these innocent words, but back of them lie unwritten and unspoken so much of sorrow and woe that we can only guess at:—"Remember my bonds."

He feels his need of sympathy, the help of others' tears, the comfort of their presence, the inspiration of their hopefulness. He has companionship of a sort. He is not alone. But it is not the sort of companionship his soul hungers for, the fellowship of kindred spirits. So much does he himself think of others in their need, so often does he mingle his tears with theirs in any and every grief that comes to them, and so interested is he in all that is of interest to them, that when they forget him in his need, he feels it with a keenness corresponding to the high idea he himself has of what christian brethren owe to one another. He cannot easily overlook or forget any slight or neglect on their part. Their neglect is worse to him, more cruel, harder to bear, than the hottest persecutions of others. And alas! he is forgotten and forsaken of too many who once professed to be his warm friends. He did not forget them in days gone by. He sought them out in their need, in their sins, in their bonds and abandonment, and they owe whatever they are or will be to his faithfulness and devotion, his loving interest, his patience and prayers; and yet, when it comes to be persecution with the apostle, bonds, imprisonment, abandonment, then they turn their back on him, and straightway forget all he did for them.

Now it is in circumstances such as these the words of the text were originally written, and if we would see their aptness and force, we must read and interpret them in the light of the apostle's circumstances. Think of him in the sere and yellow leaf, old and forsaken, no longer the hero of a glorious cause, but lost sight of amid the gayety and grandeur of a great world-city, and as we thus think of him, who can, I ask, keep back his tears, when he reads here, in his own lame handwriting these touching words:—"Remember my bonds."

II. OUR BONDS

I have spoken at some length of the Apostle's bonds, the hard trying circumstances he was placed in. But have we no bonds? It is true perhaps we are not in chains as he is, not now and never have been in prison, and in that sense we are not in bonds. But there is another sense, and a sense of no little importance it is, in which we are all more or less in bonds. There are other chains upon us than those whose links are made of iron or brass, chains that may be seen by all eyes and yet are not always known to be chains, and others that are unseen and cannot be seen and yet are terribly real and strong and binding. With almost, if not altogether, equal feeling and force, I may say, and you, my hearer, may say, as Paul used to say: "Remember my bonds."

Our physical necessities are often bonds. We have a body, and that body of the earth, and has wants and weak-

nesses, and because of it we cannot always be all we would like to be. Our body is sometimes very seriously in the way of our work, our usefulness, our happiness, our success in the highest sense; at all events, we are disposed to think so. And it may be so; but it need not be.

You have sometimes seen an animal, fleet of foot or wing, tethered to a block of wood or stone, and slowly and laboriously dragging it about after it, and unable to run or fly as it would were it free, and you have pitied it. And yet that block has its uses. Without it perhaps the noble animal would be lost to every really grand and useful purpose. It would get itself and owner into trouble. It would run and fly wherever its own impulse led it, and that might not be best for it. And therefore, for its own good, for the working out of a higher and happier destiny for it, it is in bonds.

Now, so with our bodies. In the present state our bodies are necessary. They root us to the earth, and it is necessary for us to have them, and perhaps it will always be necessary for us to have bodies. We have within us an eagle spirit, a soaring soul, and we want to be away desporting ourselves among the stars, shining with them, shooting with them. But we have an earth-chain bound around us, and we cannot. We have to creep instead of run, walk instead of fly, lie on our back sometimes instead of soar. And we do not like it. As the apostle puts it in another place: "We groan." We want to run so fast and jump so high, but how can we run fast or jump high with two hundred pounds of earth tied on us? We want to attempt the impossible, but we cannot. We have to settle down to the commonplace. We have to do what we can and as we can, not what and as we would. We have to dig, plough, sow. And yet, in this bound state of ours there are triumphs.

It is here where our true usefulness is to be wrought out. It is here where character is to be shaped, life and destiny to be fashioned. Our bodies, our physical conditions and necessities, our hard circumstances, are bonds, chains, yokes, with which to harness us to our duty, our life-work, and so make us useful, and put us into a position of coming to be something. It is here where we are to learn humility, obedience, patience, endurance, self control, reliance, hopefulness. It is here where we have our battles to fight, temptation to withstand, our victories to win, our good to do. In a word, it is here where we are to know Christ and all that knowing Him is. He stooped to be where and as we are, that He might open up for us a way, and inspire us, to be where and as He is.

Still alas! so often our bodies come to be, and are found to be, a very real clog to our spiritual and higher usefulness, not a help but a hindrance to our goodness. They stand in our way. They chain effort. They keep us back in the race of life. We grow all to body sometimes, not to soul; downwards and earthwards, not upwards, heavenwards. That is our danger, our temptation, and so we have to watch against it, and keep our body under, lest we live only to eat and drink and dress, lest we grow worldly, earthly-minded, base and bad. Let the wings of our soul grow. Let our thoughts and desires soar heavenwards.

Again, our appetites and passions are our bonds. I have spoken of our physical necessities as bonds. We cannot help some things. Speaking after the manner of men in our poor ignorant, short-sighted way, it does appear to us sometimes that the body we have with its various functions is against our success, our usefulness and happiness, our progress in every direction, our being indeed anything here or hereafter. We have a weak body perhaps, a body subject to attacks of illness, one that needs the greatest care if we would enjoy any measure of health. We have to be careful as to what we eat and drink, particularly to over exert ourselves in any way, and watchful lest we expose ourselves to damps and draughts. We have to dress just so, go to bed and get up just so, do whatever we do just so. We are thus under restraint, in bonds, all the time, and it is not very pleasant. But we cannot always help it. These are our conditions of life, our physical necessities, and we must submit to them and make the best of them.

But there are bonds we have that we need not have. We forge our own chains link after link, and clamp them on heart and limb. I see a young man, the embodiment of physical perfection, drinking his first glass. It is not much, you would say, and only a stickler for propriety would make a remark about it. But it is one link in the chain. I see him whiff his first cigar. I hear him utter his first oath. I see him yield and yield to the influence of degrading companionships. It may take him years and years to forge the chain that is to bind him. But at last the work is done and when it is almost too late, perhaps altogether, he wakes up to find that he is in bonds. And now what desperate efforts he puts forth to be free! How he tugs at his chain to break it from off him! But its links are stronger than

Continued on third page.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

88 Winter Arrangement '89

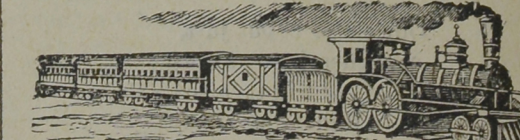
On and after MONDAY, Nov. 26th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.
Day Express.....7.30 a. m.
Accommodation.....11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex.....1.35 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



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.

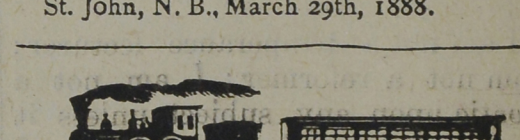
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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; Maurer's 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 Welson 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. Edgcombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 23th, 1888.

Exhausted Vitality.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of age on Manhood, Nervous Physical Debility, Perma-Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 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 young and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. BARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 23 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulting confidentially. Speciality Diseases Man. Box No. 4 Bulfinch Street.

