

GENTS' FINE KNEE BOOTS

An Excellent lot just opened of Gents' French Calf, Hand-sewed Knee Boots.

Come and see Them!

A. LOTTIMER.

210 QUEEN STREET.

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.

Cheap for Cash.

WEST END GROCERY STORE.

I have now in stock a large supply of fresh GROCERIES which I am selling CHEAP FOR CASH.

This is the place for the laboring class, and Mechanics and Farmers to trade and save money.

Tea, Sugar, Oil and all staple Groceries.

Special Grades of Tea, all at lowest Prices.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for Groceries.

J. J. FOX,

West End Grocery, Fredericton.

PORTRAITS

FROM

Cabinet to Life Size

BY

HARVEY

STUDIO,

164 QUEEN STREET, - FTON.

Our Pulpit.

THE ARK.

SERMON PREACHED BY
REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening
Nov. 10th, 1889.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GENESIS VII. 1.

A terrific storm is about to come on, the greatest rain-storm ever heard of, a forty-day's down pour, an ocean hurled from the clouds upon a doomed world.

This storm had been predicted years and years before. The Great Enoch predicted it in his day. He could see with prophetic eye the lowering of the heavens, he could hear afar off the rush of the waters, and with a mighty eloquence he preached to men of the coming judgment till God took him.

After Enoch's translation, nothing very special seems to have been heard of the flood till Noah came. Noah was to be the church's hope and consolation, the saviour of the race, God's instrument alike for the world's woe and weal. He was an eminently pious man, one who feared God above many, a preacher of righteousness and a doer of righteousness. Only of Enoch and Noah is it said that they walked with God, and only to them did God reveal the secret of His purpose of mercy and judgment.

One hundred and twenty years before the flood, the Lord came to Noah and told him to build an immense ark or ship, which was to be the means of salvation. This Noah did. How long he was building the ark we have no means of knowing, but I suppose he would be the greater part of the one hundred and twenty years, for it was a gigantic work for that age, or any age.

The building of the ark was a most practical way of preaching judgment and mercy. It shewed the people that Noah was in earnest—that he believed what he said. To him the flood was no fancy-fear, but a terrible reality, and he was doing what he could to provide a way of escape for himself and all who would go with him. Enoch talked, but Noah worked. The one was mighty in words, the other in deeds, and yet the godless people of their day heard neither the man of words nor the man of deeds. Enoch's eloquence and Noah's earnestness were alike unheeded. The reckless antediluvians went on with their wickedness.

By and bye the great ark is built, and the cup of the age's iniquity full to the brim and running over. The long predicted storm is close at hand. The black clouds are gathering, and the distant thunder of God's wrath is rumbling nearer and nearer. A week before the storm is to come on, the Lord startles Noah with this Message, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He obeys without delay, and a wondrous instinct causes the animals to join him. The Lord then shuts them in, and the storm of the world's doom comes on. Oh how it rains! Millions of waterspouts burst, and buried rivers boil up everywhere. The wicked are swept away, but the faithful Noah and his family are safe—safe in the ark.

Now, I hear the Lord saying to us to-day with a startling earnestness, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

But first, what is there to fear and flee from that we should come into the ark? There is not going to be another deluge, is there? Yes, there is a deluge now. The dark waters of doom are surging over the world's hill-tops today and splashing their foam clear over the Alps and Himalayas. Men are being swept away by the ten thousand. You can hear their groans and shrieks as they go down never to rise again. That deluge is sin and death.

There has been much arguing among the wise as to whether the deluge was local or universal. But this is very clear, that whether local or universal, it was as universal as there was any need for—as universal as the race. Its wrathful surges swept wherever a sinner could be found—far and wide over the then habitable globe, and clear over the tops of the highest mountains. None escaped its destruction but those eight in the ark.

And the sin-deluge of our day is as universal as the race. Its waves roll right across two continents. It swells and surges up and down the streets of the great cities. It follows the pioneer as he plunges into the remote wilderness to hew out for himself a happy homestead. It goes with the emigrant to distant shores. Men sometimes say, in their vain efforts to get away from sin and its sad consequences, from the hollow-heartedness of the world and the shams of society: "I will go to the desert where no man dwells, and there shall I find rest for my soul." But even there sin finds him out. He carries the deadly poison with him, and he may go down alone in the dark waters of woe, as well as interlocked with the ten thousand arms of vice-laden judgment-swept society. Oh the universality of the sin-deluge! None too low for it to get down to, and none too high for it to reach up to, and none too far away for

it to get at! It swells and surges and foams and rages all around the great round world, its long waves reaching from pole to pole, and rolling onward forever without finding an unsubmerged rock or iron-bound coast to break against.

Then the sin-deluge is as thorough and disastrous in its effects as it is universal. It is not known, and cannot be known now, what effect the flood may have had upon the earth—its conformation and contour, its coast-line, its geology, its climatic character, its fauna and flora, its healthiness or unhealthiness, and so on; but it is generally believed that its effects must have been very great. The one fact that human life shortened at once from about a thousand years to a hundred or so, must go to show that the flood's effects upon the physical character of the earth were great and disastrous. This however is abundantly clear, that the effects of the great sin-deluge that has overwhelmed the race, are as thorough and disastrous as they can well be. There is not a part of man's wondrous being that sin has not affected injuriously, not a thought or feeling it has not marred, not a relationship in which he stands that it has not poisoned, nothing that he has to do with that it has not cursed. It comes into the world with him. It lives with him. It follows him down into the deep grave, and would haunt him forever—alas! does so, in very many cases.

O my hearers, the great sin-deluge is upon you, and within you, and all around you. Its disastrous tides are sweeping up and down the streets of our towns and cities, and far and wide and deep throughout our broad land. That flood is flooding our places of business, flinging its spray clear over the tops of our highest church steeples, and invading our homes with its curse. It is bringing sickness, sorrow, disaster, disease, death, doom, right home to us, and there is no help for it—no help in ourselves. Oh! Why is it that ten-thousand voices are not crying to Heaven for salvation from the sin-deluge? Awake! awake! O dying souls and plead for mercy. Hark! I hear a voice. It comes soft and low, like a voice afar off, down the long corridors of the ages. It is the voice of God's mercy. It has the glad silvery ring of the gospel in its tones. It shews that the danger is real, imminent, awful; and it shews, that however men may feel about it or care about it, God at least does not want men to perish, and they need not perish. The voice is this: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Then we have next here the way of escape from the imminent, awful danger. The way of escape. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Now, I am not going to take up and discuss the many difficulties that would be wise men have raised here. If we would hunt down every one who chooses to have a fling at the truth, we would never be done, and it would be a most unprofitable business. Modern ship-builders have criticized the build of Noah's great ship. They have doubted its capacity. The door was not in the right place, nor the window; and the idea of first, second, and third storeys—how preposterous! Indeed there is not a plank or pin about the ark that infidels haven't had a fling at. But, where is the use of minding what they say? They laughed at Noah's ark and Moses' emancipation-scheme; they denounced christianity as a huge imposture upon the world's credulity; and today they rave against the preaching of the gospel as the absurdest folly. But let them rave away. They have always done so, and I suppose they always will do so, and there will always be fools enough to believe them. The truth however still stands, and will stand, and the cause of Christ goes marching on to the consummation of world-good.

There is this about the ark, whether it was just up to the mark or not of modern sea-going craft, it served the purpose intended quite as well as the great Easterns of the day, perhaps better. I don't know whether all the species of animals got in or not. I think likely some of the huge mastodons were not wanted in, and didn't get in. And that curious creature the infidel—there was no room for him in the ark. And a good many other creatures perhaps were left out. This however we do know, that nothing that was necessary, or worth anything, to the equipment of a new world for a grander destiny than that of the old, was left out. You see yonder yon strange cumbersome overloaded vessel floating hither and thither over the deep shoreless antediluvian sea! Well, all that was really any good in the old world, all that would be of any service to the ages to come, all that was necessary to promote God's glory and work out the destiny of man, is aboard that ship. The church is there. The hope of the world is there. The seed of the race is there. The record of the world's genesis is there. Oh so much is there! We may say all is there. What a precious freight does the ark carry! And men tell us she is utterly wanting of all sea-going qualities. Oh! if anything should happen; if a hurricane should come on; if the ark should spring a leak; if she should go down,

all would be lost, the world's hope would be wrecked! But no sea nor storm can wreck the ark-ship, for God's word of promise has been given, and all in the ark are as safe as the throne of the eternal.

Now, the gospel-ark is the only way of salvation today from the disastrous sin-deluge that is sweeping over the world. Men saw Jesus, and heard Him preach, and they said, "That man! What can he do? Trust in Him, eh? Embark in His scheme of world good! Go to a cross with a dying man of doubtful character nailed to it for life and hope and Heaven! How preposterous!"

So they mock and pass on, just as it was in the days of Noah. God's method of salvation has always seemed to the wise men of the world as a most foolish and preposterous scheme. They have no faith in anything that God says of does for the world's good, and they either despise and neglect His way or salvation, or they go to work to work out some way of their own. I would not wonder, if some of the antediluvians tried to build an ark of their own. I have never heard that they really did so, but I would not wonder if they did. It is not unlike what proud men of the world sometimes do. When the flood came on, you would have seen perhaps some of those daring scoffers trying the dangerous deep in some ark of their own making. But if they did, they were all wrecked. Not one but Noah and his house arrived safe on Mount Ararat. This we do know, however, that many today have schemes of their own for the world's good and their own salvation. They have a repentance of their own, a righteousness of their own, a system of religion all their own, ideas of their own about God and duty and Heaven and Hell, and they have great faith in this salvation scheme of theirs. But before they get through with life, its difficulties and struggles and temptations, and before they get past death and the judgment, they are wrecked and ruined utterly. Their ark has gone to the bottom, and only the soul that accepts God's way of escape, the gospel-ark, comes safely through—arrives at last in the blessed Heaven-heaven, God's rest for His children.

The gospel ark—what do I mean by that, you ask? Do I mean the church? And if the church, which church? for there are so many, and they all claim to be the church. Or, do I mean the ordinances of religion, the sacraments, the doctrines of the reformed faith? Or, do I mean, that faith in the Lord Jesus, apart from all the churches, and all the creeds, and the sacraments, and all the ordinances and duties of religion, is sufficient?

One man says to me, "I don't go to church. I don't believe in any of the churches. They are all wrong, more or less. Tell me of a church that is all right, and I will go to that church, and unite myself with the membership. But there is no such church, and so I will stay at home and read my Bible, and hope for salvation apart from the churches—any of them, all of them." Another tells me that faith in Jesus is all that is essential. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Church-going is not essential. Baptism is not essential. Church-membership is not essential. The Lord's Supper is not essential. Adherence to a creed is not essential. Only this is essential, faith in Jesus. He is the only ark of eternal safety from the sin-flood, and all the evils of life and the woe to come.

Now, there are two extremes here that men are in danger of falling into. One extreme is to make too much of the church, the other to make too little of the church. The churchman boasts of his church-attendance and church-membership. He has great faith in what his baptism can do for him, and the sacrament of the supper, and the ordinances. Perhaps he lives loosely, has not much of the Spirit of Jesus about him, and has low ideas of the practical duties of life, but he hopes the church will get him through all right when the great crisis comes. So he holds on to the church.

Then, on the other hand, another man thinks he can be a good enough christian without going to church at all, or being a member of the church, or attending to any of the duties and requirements and ordinances of religion. He tells us he believes in the Lord Jesus and that is enough for him.

Now, I have no hesitation in saying that both are wrong. To trust to the church—our church-going, our church-membership, our baptism, our creed, is to trust to a hope that will disappoint and fail us at last. Ham was in the ark, and though saved from one curse, he fell into another just as ruinous. And while the church can do much for us, it cannot do any more for us than the ark did for Ham. We must have a deep inner hold by faith upon the gracious promise of God. We must be born again, not by water only, but by water and the Spirit. We must be in Christ. And we may be in the ark with Noah, and in the church with Peter and Paul, and yet not be in Christ; and without Christ, in or out of the ark, in or out of

(Continued on third page)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

89 Summer Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.15
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on express trains, leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal, leave St. John at 10.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

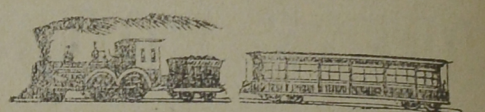
Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton	20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Malgrave	23.30

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

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B. 8th June, 1889.



Northern and Western 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 a.m.

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.

New Crockery,
CHEAP

First quality English Coloured Tea Sets 44 pieces \$2.62. Fancy Coloured Dinner Sets \$6.60. Elegant New English, French and German China Tea and Breakfast Sets at

J. G. McNALLY.

DO YOU

wish to save money on Carpets Curtains and Table Linen then call at

McNALLY'S.

GAINED THE DAY.

Our Parlour Suits take the lead. We cannot produce them fast enough to meet the wants of our Customers. Leave your orders early and get best value in Canada.

J. G. McNALLY.

CABINET MAKING

—AND—

UNDERTAKING.

THE CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, heretofore carried on by the late Jackson Adams, will be continued by the Subscribers, (the sons) at the

OLD STAND,

Court House Square, - Fredericton, with same Attention and Promptness (as under the former management.)

Caskets of Finest Quality, Coffins and all Funeral Necessities always on hand.

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

JAMES ADAMS,
JOHN G. ADAMS