

# GENTS' FINE KNEE BOOTS

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

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## A. Limerick & Co.

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## Gasfitting & Plumbing

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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.

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IN ALL THE

## Latest Styles

-STUDIO-

## 164 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Pictures copied and enlarged.

### Our Pulpit.

## Religion a Banquet.

SERMON PREACHED BY

### REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Morning Sept. 29nd, 1889.

*"I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride;*

*I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;*

*I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;*

*I have drunk my wine with my milk.*

*Eat, O friends;*

*Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."*—CANT. V. 1.

The sacred book from which I cull a text for today is a curious book. The blessed name of God is nowhere to be found in the book. It is a collection of love-songs composed by Solomon in his earlier years, gems it is admitted of poetic art, true to eastern tastes and habits, and all that; but no more worthy, according to certain critics, of a place alongside of the psalms of David, and the prophecies of Isaiah, and the gospel of love by John, and the grand letters of Paul, than the songs of Burns, or the Lays of the last Minstrel. They condemn the book out and out, and would rudely cut it out of the sacred canon of Scripture.

But it has not been cut out, and it is not likely to be cut out. To the most of us it is fragrant with the odors of paradise; it breathes the very spirit of the gospel; it tells the sweet story of a soul's spiritual experiences. Here the tenderest and truest of God's saints have fairly revelled in holy joy, luxuriated as in a garden of delights, found their way to the banqueting-hall of the King and feasted there with Himself, heard the angels sing and solaced their souls with love. The text is not a stanza from an old Hebrew drinking-song; it is the welcome of the King to His own table, the banquet of the gospel, the feast of salvation.

*I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride;*

*I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;*

*I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;*

*I have drunk my wine with my milk.*

*Eat, O friends;*

*Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

Now, learn first here, that this religion of ours, the Christian religion, is a banquet, a royal marriage-banquet.

You, my hearer, entertain perhaps a very different idea of the Christian religion. You look upon it as about the gloomiest sort of thing in creation, a funeral rather than a marriage-feast, a something to be dreaded and avoided as you would dread and avoid a sick room, a fever ward in a hospital, a grave, a calamity. Religion is associated in your mind with dying, old age, the world to come. To have to do with religion is like having to do with spectres of the night, dark mysteries, the shadows and gloom that hang on the confines of the nether regions, and so you try hard not to have to do with it till you cannot well help yourself. To embrace and profess religion is a dreadful thing, as you look at it. It is to be old before your time. It is to part with all that is joyous in life. It is to give up society. It is to break up your friendships. It is to sacrifice your prospects of success. It is to be grim and glum all the rest of your days. In a word, it is to dig one's grave, and then lie down in it, bury oneself.

Something like that is the idea some people have of religion, and can we wonder that they are not with us to-day? And perhaps Christians are themselves responsible for this horrible caricature of religion. We go about hanging our heads, our faces long and wan and troubled, the tears in our eyes, and looking too often as if hope had taken leave of us. Thus we lead the world to infer, and the world is not slow to do it, that we are sorry every day of our life that we ever had anything to do with religion; that it was an ill day for us the day we joined the church; that it has proved bad for us—bad for our family, bad for our business, bad for our health, bad for our happiness, bad for us in every way.

And indeed it must be admitted and confessed by not a few of us perhaps, that religion, so far as we are concerned, has not been a continual feast. It has been rather disappointing. We expected it to do more for us than it has done, and others expected it to do more for us than it has done. Looking at our religious experience, they do not find much to encourage them to be religious. We are thus more than we know a stumbling-block in the way of others. But the trouble is with us, not with our religion. We are content with the most meagre and unsatisfactory attainments in religious knowledge and experience, and our religion is blamed for it. We dwell down in the low plains of the spiritual life; we grope our slow way in a cloud-land region of doubt and fear and insecurity; we wander like God's people of old in a sort of wilderness. But there is nothing in religion necessitating our doing so. It is our privilege to come up

to the fullness of the blessing, to dwell in the Beulah-land of a sunny faith, to sing and shine in the light of God's reconciled countenance, to banquet with the King.

Look at the picture we have here in the text of religion, religion not indeed as it is, but as it should be, and what can be more desirable, and who would be without it? A sumptuous table is spread in a garden. Around on every hand the loveliest flowers in full bloom, fruit-trees of all kinds laden with fruit, groves resonant with song and alive with beauty and joy, gentle zephyrs fanning the cheek and regaling the senses with the odors of paradise, skies full of sunshine. On the table too is everything that can tempt the appetite and feed the soul. It is not all sweetness. The bitter myrrh is there as well as the aromatic spice and the sweet honey dropping from the honeycomb. Religion has its tears as well as its joys. We are to rejoice with trembling. The myrrh and spice, the bitter and sweet, are close together, and no banquet can be complete without both.

You see it is no ordinary banquet we have here. It is a King's banquet, a royal marriage-banquet. The King is the son of God, His bride is the church of the redeemed. How glorious the King! how fair His bride! And you and I are the invited guests, the friends of the Bridegroom and bride, rejoicing in their espousals.

I hear the voice of the King in His garden. He is coming to the feast. The guests and friends are crowding in fast: Who is wanting on such a day of gladness? The angel waiters in brightness and blessedness hover near. What a day of feasting! The King speaks, and there is a reverent hush as the guests listen to His words of congratulation and welcome:

*"I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride;*

*I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;*

*I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;*

*I have drunk my wine with my milk.*

*Eat, O friends;*

*Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."*

And there is the shout of applause, the hum of glad voices, the clatter of the feast, the hungry eating, the drinking of healths, the bursting forth of song, the unrestrained overflow of spiritual joy, the rapture, the holy revelry.

You tell me, my hearer, you do not like religion. It is such a long-faced joyless sort of thing. It is grim and ghastly. It is made up of Thou-shalt-nots, crosses and confessionals, penances and privations. It is hunger and nakedness a pilgrimage through a waste howling wilderness, years of sunlessness, and the grave at last. And so you keep it as far away from your life as you can. And who would blame you?

But that is not the religion the son of God came to teach men. His religion is a royal marriage-banquet. If you were invited to the marriage-banquet of a King's son, would you not go? Would you not be glad to go? I am sure you would. You would consider yourself honored to be invited, and you would make haste to accept the invitation. Ah! it is because you do not know what religion is, the good it is, the glory it is, the blessed reality it is, if you are not here among us to-day, feasting with us, happy with us.

But you think still perhaps, that I am pressing the figurative language of the text too far, and that it is not quite true that religion is a banquet. Now, to make it clear to you that the idea of a banquet is not at all foreign to religion as our Lord teaches it to us, observe to what an extent He Himself employs the figure.

In the parable of the Great Supper He shows us how men make light of the gospel, and one goes away to his merchandizing, another to his farm, a third to his home-joys, and the banquet of His grace is in some danger of going without guests, till His love finds out a way of compelling them, hunting up the poor and wretched, and blind, and lame, and bringing them almost whether they will or not to the feast.

When again the prodigal son comes to himself in the far country, and remembers his father's house, and starts out to return, he is welcomed home with a banquet. The fatted calf is killed, and there are music and dancing in the old home. And do we wonder, for the lost is found, and the dead alive again?

Jesus again touchingly describes Himself as at our door knocking knocking, entreating us to take him in out of the cold and darkness, and promising if we do so. He on His part will make a feast for us, and share it with us. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

Poor Lazarus starves to death at the rich man's gate, and is carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. That just means that Heaven is a banquet, and Lazarus is welcomed to an honored place there. But Hell is utter want. Not even a drop of water to cool the rich man's burning tongue.

And then again, when Jesus wants His people to remember His love for them, the blood He shed, the death He

died; it is not a fast, with ashes and sackcloth, tears and tasks, He lays upon them, but it is a feast He spreads for them. His word to them is: "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

Thus religion is indeed a banquet, a marriage-banquet. Let the joy go round. Let the light come into your faces. This is not a fast; this is a feast. "How can the children of the bride-chamber fast, when the Bridegroom is with them?" And the Bridegroom is with us to-day. This is a day of happy holy espousals. We are being married to Him we love. He takes us in His arms, calls us His friends, His beloved. Come, then, to the King's banquet. Let religion be to you what He wants it to be, a continual feast.

Again: Religion is eminently social, friendly, "Eat, O friends."

It is not a banquet where there is but one guest, a hermit's unsocial repast. Far otherwise. Religion loves society. It is most at home, and seen to best advantage, in a crowded guest-chamber, where there are many to share its joy and good. Elijah sitting lonely by the brook, and waited on by the birds of ill-omen; and John the Baptist out in the wilderness dressed in his rough camel-hair coat, and eating locusts and wild honey, are not the best types of religion. It is religion in its widowhood, religion driven into exile, religion persecuted, they represent. Our Lord is the best representative of religion, and He was—speaking reverently—a society-man. He opened His ministry by going to a marriage. We hear of Him so often at parties of one kind and another, dining with this man, supping with that man, lurching with Simon the Pharisee, banqueting at Bethany, feted and honored with a public demonstration—the people shouting hosannas, waving palms, strewing flowers and leaves, carpeting His way with their garments, the children singing hymns to His praise, and the world at His heels with their rude applause, their loud welcome. Our Lord had His friends and followers too, and these He took with Him everywhere. Where He was, there they were. Those who invited Him, had to invite His friends along with Him.

Thus His way by no means a lonely friendless life. Of course there were lonely wildernesses in it and all through it, lone mountain-tops, regions of unhabited darkness, the forsakenness of the garden and the cross, the uninhabited darkness of the tomb. As a whole, however, our Lord's life was a social life, eminently so, a life of sacred friendships and holy gatherings.

Now, you do not like religion, some of you, because you think it will necessitate your withdrawing from society, breaking up your friendships, turning your back on your companionships, forsaking the world, and going into a sort of voluntary exile. But by no means so. There is a society, of course, that we cannot abide in and be religious, the society of wicked men, and there is a companionship we must make haste to break with, if we would be true to the Lord, the companionship of fools. But such a society we should never have had anything to do with, and such a companionship it is against every interest we have to continue. Whether religious or otherwise we should keep clear of what is bad. But instead of religion interfering with a man's going into society, and hurting him as a society-man, in the best sense, it really fits him for the best society. It promotes the social in him. It gives him a new interest in others. It makes him unselfish, sympathetic, kind-hearted, happy, faithful, true, loving. He has a good word for everybody, a hand ready to help in every good work. He takes a hearty interest in all that is going on in the community around him. He is a friend of the people, a useful citizen, a kind-hearted neighbor, a patriot. Men gather round him as one they can look up to with respect, and one whose wisdom they can trust, and whose friendship they want to enjoy. Such was Christ, and such also will be the true christian.

One said, you remember, and he voices the mistaken sentiments of many today, that he had married a wife, and therefore he could not come to the great supper. But he did not know what a friendly social sort of thing the religion of Christ is, else he would not have spoken as he did. It does not come in between husband and wife. Let the husband bring his wife with him to the banquet of the gospel, and it will be all the more so. Nor does religion divide homes, and rend friendships asunder, and break up fellowships, and demolish brotherhoods. No; it promotes them, loves them, makes them what they never could be without it. What religion has done for the home! What it has done for modern society! What it is doing for friendship, for there is no friend like Jesus! Instead therefore of religion unfitting you for society, and for the fellowship of others, it is one of its missions to promote brotherhood, to purify society, and it does this by requiring its friends to go into society with their christian joy and happy influence, and so make it the power for good in the world it is capable of being.

(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, 11.10  
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 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex, 8.30  
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10.00  
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50  
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20.10  
Express from Halifax, Pictou & 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. 8th June, 1889.



### Northern and Western Railway

### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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

### Leave Fredericton

3:00 p. m.; Gibson 3:05; Marysville 3:15; Mazer's riding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville 6:45; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

### Returning Leave Chatham

5:00 a. m. Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30, arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

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. E. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HO BEN  
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 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'S.

## 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.