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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.

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GREY COTTONS;

TRUNKS;

REMNANTS,

John Haslin.

Our Pulpit.

The Divine Suitor.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Morning
Dec. 8th, 1889.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh:
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,
saying:
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove,
my undefiled;
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.
I have put off my coat; how shall I
put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I
defile them?"

—SONGS OF SOL. V. 2, 3.

We have here the tender and thrilling love-story of the Lord's dealings with careless half-awakened souls, and the unkind and heartless way their carelessness leads them to act towards Him. If then, my hearer, I can interpret the passage to you, shewing that the picture so faithfully sketched here is that of yourself, and so true to what you are, it may help to awaken you to a new earnestness, and lead you to be His as you have not yet been His. That is what I want to do, if the Lord will help me, His spirit inspire me.

I am not sure that even the genius of Solomon, gifted and wise and brilliant as he was, grasped the full import of what he wrote when he wrote this Song of songs. But indeed so often men find that the Lord makes so much more of their poor weak words than they intended when they spoke or wrote them. Solomon sings away of his loves, voicing the music of his great soul in rhythmic words, but little does he know perhaps that the Spirit of God touches his lyre, and so we have here the honey and frankincense and spice and myrrh of the gospel, the thrilling story of how souls are won to God, and men are saved. We do not interpret the book aright, we do not get at its beauty and sweetness, if we do not spiritualize its themes. A greater than Solomon is here, and it is yours and mine to catch the inspiration of His Divine presence.

Now, in further illustrating the text, you will observe, we have here, in the first place, an expressive and suggestive description of the spiritual state, in which, it seems to me, so many among us are just now. It is described as that sort of sleep where the sleeper is more or less conscious of what is going on around, and yet not sufficiently awake to take hold and do. "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

There are different sorts of sleep. There is the sleep that hears nothing, sees nothing, fears nothing, is utterly unconscious of all that is going on, and cares not what happens. There is the sleep that all night long dreams happy dreams, and wakes only, if it wakes at all, to tell them, and when it has told them, shuts its eyes and dreams again. And then there is the sleep that we have here, the sleep that protests it is awake, and yet it is not awake enough to get up and go to work. "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

My young hearer, you know all about this sort of sleep. You are called in the morning in good time, but perhaps you have been up late, and you find yourself so overcome with sleep. You hear the call, the loud call of duty. It rings in your ears, and finds an echo in your heart. It is a call you know you should heed, and you mean to do it. And so with your eyes still shut, and from under the bed-clothes somewhere, you answer: "All right! I am awake; I will be up presently." But perhaps the one who calls is not so sure, and the calling continues louder and louder. You are annoyed, vexed, angry. You protest with harsh words that you are awake, that you hear, and that there is no need of so much calling. But you do not get up; you sleep on.

This is the sort of sleep that sleeps in church, and sees nothing out of place in doing so. You will see the sleepy christian, as the sermon drags its slow length along, put his head down on the book board, as if to pray; or stretch himself out, lying well back in his pew, as if to take it all in, hear all the better. But soon his eyes are seen to close, and his mouth to open; he is asleep. When however you come to rally him on his being asleep in church, and on the undignified appearance he presented, he will stoutly protest perhaps, that he was not asleep at all, that he heard every word the preacher said, that he only shut his eyes so that he might hear all the better, and that it is a virtue rather than otherwise to sleep as he slept. It was only his eyes that were asleep, asleep so far that they were closed to the things that were going on around him, and that would have, had he seen, distracted his thoughts and interfered with his worship, but his mind, his soul, his heart, his conscience, all that is best about him, were not asleep; they were wide awake and deeply interested. "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

But it is the spiritual state pictured out here that we have to do with specially. And this is not the sort of soul-sleep that hears nothing, sees nothing, feels nothing, fears nothing; the soul-sleep that no preaching can disturb, no warning words can wake up to concern. Nor is it the soul-sleep that dreams of Heaven, makes itself believe that all is well when all is not well, rejoices in a wretched self-security, and has so much to tell of how it feels, the peace it enjoys, the happiness it has that others have not. These are dangerous spiritual sleep-states to be in, and there is not much to hope for those who fall into them, yield themselves to their fatal influence. The spiritual sleep we have here, bad as it is, is far more hopeful than either the dead-asleep state or the dream-sleep state. It is half awake, and half-awake may soon be wide awake, if we will only keep at it. If however we let it alone, it may soon settle down to the dead asleep state, or, what is quite as bad, it may fall to dreaming and trifling.

The spiritual sleeper described here is more or less conscious that he is not what he ought to be, and that is a hopeful sign. He is awake enough to know and feel he ought to be wide awake, and not only wide awake, but also up and doing. He hears the call of duty, and it makes him so uncomfortable to hear it. He turns over, rubs his sleepy eyes, makes as though he would get up, means to some time, but he does not always. Before he knows where he is he is back to sleep again, and sometimes the grand opportunity is lost to him.

O my hearer, you are that sleeper. Let me tell you what makes me think so. You hear, and you are more or less interested, and sometimes no little troubled. You are rather sensitive to what is said. The call of the gospel ringing in your ear day by day is disturbing, annoying. It vexes you sometimes. You feel like getting away out of the reach of it. Ah! thank God, that your conscience is not yet seared, that your heart is not yet dead to the nobler and better impulses of what is good and right.

But then, you want to believe yourself, and you want others to believe, that you are not so bad after all, not so careless and unconcerned, not so asleep as you seem to be. You have your own serious thoughts, your own anxious times, your own hours of earnest wakefulness, your own misgivings and perplexities, your own tears and troubles. You admit you are not what you ought to be, not as earnest and anxious as you ought to be, not as awake as you ought to be. You admit you are asleep, more or less asleep, too much asleep; but then you want us to know that you are not so asleep as some think you are, not so asleep that you care not how it is with you nor what becomes of you, not so asleep that your heart has ceased to beat. Your eyes sleep, but your heart keeps awake, and so there are life and hope for you. "I sleep but my heart waketh."

Again: Christ at the door, knocking, calling, urgent. "It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

The picture here is that of a lover who comes to visit his intended bride somewhat later than he is wont, and he finds her retired and asleep. He knocks, and calls gently, addressing her in the most endearing terms, and trying to tell her how uncomfortable he is out in the chilly dewy night-air. He wants her to get up and receive him, even though it is somewhat late. But while she is not so asleep as not to hear at all, she is too much asleep to appreciate the warmth and devotion of his love, and so she lets him knock and call and urge in vain. He even tries the door, so urgent is he. But at last the knocking and calling cease. He goes away. And then she wakes up in great concern, and attires herself, and even ventures out into the dark streets to seek him.

But the love of Christ for our souls is more wonderful still. It is that story, my hearer, so thrilling and romantic, that we have told us here in these tender human words. Oh I think when the whole story comes to be told of how the Beloved Son of God won us to be His; how He found us living our careless sinful worldly life, sleeping the sleep that is hard to wake up to anything that is good, indulging in an ease that is slow to put itself to any trouble for any purpose that is in the direction of our own salvation or that of others; and how with infinite patience and devotion He kept at us, knocking at the door of our heart, calling us with the sweet love-tones of the gospel, and at last persuading us to yield ourselves to be His, it will be found to be a romance of love the like and equal of which has never been put into human words! What beloved is like thy beloved, O my soul! None can be compared to Him. He is the chief among ten-thousand. He cannot be equalled nor surpassed for the glory of His perfections, the splendor of His virtues, the excellencies of His character, the riches of His grace, the wealth of His love. He has no equal

He stands alone, unrivalled, unsurpassed. He is perfect in loveliness. He is so lovely that He is altogether lovely.

But, to keep the picture we have here of Him, you see, my hearer, a loving one, a prince of most noble bearing, standing knocking at a humble door, and not only knocking, but calling, urging, pleading. It is night, and the cold night-dews chill and wet Him. Still he knocks on, and in words that ought to win for His love a warm reception, He pleads, and calls, and urges His suit: "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, my locks with the drops of the night."

O my soul, thou art that half-asleep half-awake one the Prince of Glory has come to woo and win with His love. It is in very humble circumstances He finds thee, and thou art not worthy of Him. Still He loves thee, for there is no accounting for love, and because He loves thee, He seeks thee where thou art, and calls thee by so many sweet love-names, and counts thee so precious. For love of thee, O soul, He has turned His back upon Heaven's glory, uncrowned His radiant brow, exiled Himself; and, so poor, so emptied of all He was, He wanders far forth into this waste-land world, exposing Himself to hardships and dangers, the misunderstandings of friends and the bitter cruelties of enemies, the crushing burdens of the poor and the despair and death of the cross, and He comes as a suitor, a suppliant, to thy door, seeking to enjoy thy confidence and love.

But how is He received? Ah! He finds thy door locked against Him, and the one He loves with so much of love, and for whom He has given up so much to seek and find, to woo and win, retired, and asleep, and indifferent. He is worthy of a very different reception. Why is it, O soul, that thou art not waiting, watching, with open door, and open arms, to receive thy beloved? That is the reception due Him from thee. That is the reception He has a right to expect. He had sent thee word that He was coming, and to wait for Him. But instead of waiting His coming, thou puttest out thy light, and lockest thy door, and retirest to sleep, and when He comes, weary and wet, He finds He is not wanted, and nothing goes to the heart of love like that. Not wanted! not wanted!

But He does not at once turn away from thee. He pities thee, pities thy indifference. He wants thee to know His love, the good He can do thee, the help He can bring thee. He is sure it is because thou knowest not who He is, and what He can do for thee, and the love He has for thee, that thou art so cold and indifferent towards Him. So He comes to thy door, and He stands there and knocks. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

He is surprised at Himself, surprised that He should be where He is, surprised that He should ever have to suffer such indignities for love's sake. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" But love can do what nothing else can do, and bear what nothing else can bear, and so He stands at the door that should be open to receive Him, and where He should be welcome, and He knocks, and knocks.

And not satisfied with knocking, He calls, urges, pleads. He makes use of the most endearing terms. "Open to me, my sister, my love, my undefiled." He tries to awaken the soul from its lethargy and heartless indifference. He would interest it in Him, stir up its sympathies, touch its pity, tap the fountain of its tears, if it has any tears to weep for Him, any heart to feel for Him. "My head is filled with dew; my locks with the drops of the night."

O my soul, is this the way thou conductest thyself towards thy Redeemer? Is it thus thou rewardest His love and self-sacrifice and devotion? O awake to a true sense of thy cruel ingratitude, and make haste to cast thyself at His feet, for He is infinitely worthier of thee than thou art of Him.

Again: Empty excuses. "I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?"

We saw, my hearer, the soul, yours and mine, in a sort of half-asleep half-awake state, a common enough state alas! for souls to be in. We saw the fair one—she thought she was fair—shut and bolt her door when she knew her Divine Suitor was coming to visit her, and how He had to stand out in the chill night-air, and knock, and call, and plead. We saw how she had retired to be out of the way, and was more or less asleep, or perhaps she feigned sleep. We saw how she heard the knocking, and the calling, and the urgent pleading, but she did not want to wake up. She lay still, and seemed as though she heard not. And yet she was not uninterested in what she heard. She had some compunctions of conscience. She began to feel she was acting an unworthy part; she was trifling with and ill-using a love that she could ill afford to trifle with and ill-use. And so she began to relent somewhat, and to muse thus: "I sleep, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh."

But then she had her excuses, such as

(Continued on third page.)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

89 Winter Arrangement '90

On and after MONDAY, 15th 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.....	11.10
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, 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. 15th Nov., 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

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 HO BEN
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'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.

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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 Funerals Necessaries always on hand.** Dated the 24th day of August A. D., 1889.