

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... 11.15
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 HOBBEN
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 4th, 1889.

Intercolonial Steamship Co.

WINTER Arrangement

Four Trips a Week

FOR BOSTON,

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 7.25 standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.30 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer Charles Houghton, for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

John Haslin.

NEW PRINTS

NEW GINGHAMS;

NEW SHIRTINGS

SEASIDE SUITINGS;

WHITE COTTONS;

GREY COTTONS;

TRUNKS;

REMNANTS,

John Haslin.

Our Pulpit.

What Think Ye of the Christ?

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Morning, Dec. 22nd, 1889.

"What think ye of the Christ? Whose son is He?"—MAT. XXII. 42.

These questions our Lord put to the Pharisees at some gathering of theirs. They were the questions of the day, live questions, questions that, in some shape and in some connection, were everywhere coming up, and being discussed and wrangled over, and by all sorts of people, and of course widely different conclusions were being reached with regard to them.

And these same questions come up in every age, and must come up. They are being asked over again this season as all eyes turn towards Bethlehem, and as the old story of the angels and the shepherds and the wondrous birth in the cattle-shed yonder is told and re-told, and we have to think them out for ourselves, and find an answer to them for ourselves, the same as if they had never been asked and answered before. Here and now, as yonder and then, the Lord asks, and He waits for and wants an answer, our answer: "What think ye of the Christ? Whose son is He?"

Now, let us see what is implied in the first question we have here: "What think ye of the Christ?"

Were I to ask you, my hearer, what you think of Stanley, the eminent African explorer, about whom the world has so much to say today, you might say to me: "Well, the truth is, I have not troubled myself about him. I have been so busy discovering how to make ends meet, how to make six dollars a week feed and clothe six of a family, that I have not kept myself very well posted in regard to matters transpiring on the other side of the globe. Stanley? Stanley? the name sounds familiar. But who is he, pray?"

Or, I might ask you what you think of Browning the poet who died the other day, and your questions and answers about him might make it clear that you had never even heard of such a man, nor of his no less brilliant wife.

And who would blame you for not knowing about such people? After all one cannot know everything. Even the most learned of men, the walking Encyclopedias, who astonish you with the vastness of their information, and the thoroughness of their knowledge, have to confess, that there are some things they do not know, some important matters of knowledge they have not even heard of, some questions and subjects they have not studied up and so have no opinions to advance with regard to them. Ignorance of some things, yea of many things, is rather a virtue. It is bliss. At all events, it is no sin. But ignorance of some other things, the things we ought to know, the people with whom we have to do, those who love us and are devoted to our interests, the friends to whom we owe all we are and ever shall be, is culpable ignorance, base ingratitude, a want of knowledge that is fatal.

Now, my hearer, here is One you ought to know. Here is One whom not to know is culpable ignorance, base ingratitude, a want of knowledge that is fatal. Here is One whom not to know is not to know your best friend. Not to know Jesus is not to know, not only the One whose name is above every name, who has done more for the world than all the scholars and sages and statesmen together, but in whom your interests and success and happiness are bound up. Here is One who has explored the dark continent of your fallen humanity, One who has taught the world the song of the angels, One who has given His life to save yours, One who is, and ought to be, because of the interest He has taken in you, and the love He has for you, more to you than you are to yourself, the Blessed Christ of God, and He asks here what you think of Him. He is not putting to you a hard question. He is not taking advantage of your ignorance, nor exposing it. He is seeking rather to awaken your interest in Him, to draw you out and help you. He takes for granted that you know Him, that you have heard and read about Him, and that you have your mind made up with regard to Him, that you have, and ought to have, your own thoughts and ideas of Him. Something like that is implied in the question we have here: "What think ye of the Christ?"

Again: What you think of the Christ, the idea and opinion you have of Him, depends to some extent, very much indeed, upon the knowledge you have of Him.

If you do not know Him at all, if you have never heard of Him, if you have never read the story of His love and life as we have it told here; then, of course, it is no use to ask you what you think of

Him, for He is to you as though He were not.

And there are those who have not as yet heard of Him, in whose hands there is as yet no Bible, to whose ears there has as yet come no note of the angel's song, no gospel music, no thrilling story of redeeming love; and they do not know Him, and so have no thoughts of Him. His love over-arches them; all around them is His care; speaking to them with ten-thousand tongues, if they had ears to hear and hearts to understand, is His voice; and all their good is out of His full hand; and yet they do not know Him. They have never so much as heard that there is any Christ. Thus it is with millions of benighted heathen, and we are to blame for their sad ignorance. They do not know, but we know, and it is ours who know to tell to those who do not know; and if we do not, we will be held responsible for their ignorance, and the consequences of their ignorance.

But indeed there are people living in this christian country, brought up in this gospel-favored land, who are as ignorant of Christ as the heathen. I have heard of a poor woman in Nova Scotia, and women are not usually as ignorant of Christ as men are, who said, when spoken to by a home missionary about Jesus, in words to this effect: "Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ? I have heard the name somewhere. And you say he is dead. Why, how very sad! What did He die of? The missionary soon found that he had to begin away back at the very beginning of the gospel-story with that poor woman, to teach her the A B C of salvation, if he was to do anything for her.

And New Brunswick is not far, if any at all, behind such simplicity and ignorance. A minister of our own presbytery had an experience like this: He was preaching the gospel to a little gathering of people out in the backwoods, and when he had concluded the service, he was taken aback, and felt as if he had been suddenly transported to the dark continent, when one of the audience got up, and deliberately moved a vote of thanks to the speaker for his entertaining address.

Now, ask such people what they think of Christ, and they do not know what to think, for they do not know anything about Him. I suppose, if I were to take the audience that stately gather here, and one by one put this question to them, their answers, in more cases than we have any idea of, would reveal a grossness of ignorance, a want of thought and a want of knowledge, worthy of people living in the heart of Africa, and this audience, for intelligence, will compare favorably with any in the land. Oh if we do not know Christ, how can we have the thought and idea and opinion of Him we ought to have, and that is alike worthy of Him and of us!

Again: The more you know of Christ, the more you will think of Him, the better opinion you will have of Him. If men have a poor opinion of Christ, if they despise and dishonor Him, if they curse and crucify Him, it is, in part, at least, because they do not know Him. That is the way He Himself accounts for their cruel conduct towards Him, as is clear from His prayer on the cross for His murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The more you know of some men the more you think of them, and the more you know of some other men the less you think of them. There are men you have come to know from what you have heard and read about them. Their praises have been sung in your ears by their friends and admirers. Their virtues have been extolled, their brilliance and power portrayed in the most glorious coloring, their gifts and graces set before you in word-pictures so striking and graphic and vivid that they seemed to live and move before you, and you felt as if you knew them so well and loved and admired them so much. But sometimes it has fallen to your lot to see those great and good men with your own eyes, to hear their eloquence with your own ears, and to bask in the sunshine of their brilliance, for a season, and you have been almost sorry, for you thought more of them, you had a better opinion of their ability and worth, before you saw and heard them, than after you saw and heard them.

And then, on the other hand, has it not sometimes happened, that you have conceived a sort of prejudice against a public man, a dislike that was hard to get over, because of what you have heard others say about him? You have been accustomed to hear him described as utterly devoid of principle, as wanting of every virtue. You have grown up with the idea that he was about as bad as he could be, as ugly in looks as he was in life, an infamous character. But perhaps when you came to know him for yourself, to be thrown into his society, to have to do with him as a public man, you found you had to modify your opinion of him; you found him a gentleman; you found him upright, straight-forward; in fact, a very superior sort of man.

Thus what others say is not always found to be perfectly reliable. They may be prejudiced in favor or against. They may over-state or under-state.

They may not know as much as they think they know, or they may have some interest in coloring their statements. Or, perhaps it may be your knowledge that is at fault. You may be judging hastily. When you come to know more, you may find that their opinion and yours are, in the main, at one.

Let us not forget that no two can see alike. We see through eyes that are green or grey, blue or red, and those we see are to us, not as they are, but as we see them. You say, I flatter, falsify, in the descriptions I give; and I think, you minimize, disguise, in your descriptions; but the truth is we cannot see with one another's eyes, and so the difference of opinion is as much in the seeing as in the object seen.

And then we see and judge very much as we happen to feel. You say to me, as you meet me down the street, and in your face is enough of sunshine for two faces: "A lovely morning! Oh a glorious day!" But to me perhaps who feel rather Mondayish after preaching two poor sermons the day before, the day is wretched, chilly; the sky leaden; no sunshine, no brightness. Ah! it is very much as we see things, and feel for the time about things and people, that they are to us as they are.

Now, in much the same way, we know and think of the Christ. The knowledge and impression we have of Him we have derived from others. Some of us know Him and think of Him in connection with a dear christian mother. We know and think of Him as our mother's Friend and Saviour, and so we have the highest reverence for Him. She dwelt at His footstool, drank in of His Spirit, fed her soul upon His Word, and seemed to live in daily communion with the unseen Jesus, and we felt how good and pure and lovely and wonderful He must be, since she was so good and pure and lovely. As far back as our memory can carry us, she talked to us about Jesus, told us the sweet story of His birth, till we seemed to see Him lying on His straw pallet, and till we seemed to hear the angels sing, and we loved Him. She told us, with tears in her eyes, and with tremulous tones of voice, the sad story of the denial and the betrayal, the cross and the tomb; how he lived and died to save us from our sins, and how much He sacrificed and suffered for us. And then she taught us to kneel down by her knee, and say after her a little prayer to Him, and to repeat some of his own precious sayings, the sweet words of promise and invitation and love that fell from His sacred lips. And so we grew up, and to us there is none like Jesus, and as through the years we come to know Him for ourselves, know Him as we find Him revealed to us in His word, know Him as we learn of Him in our own spiritual experience, we find that our dear sainted mother was not mistaken about Him, but that rather the half was not told us of the glory of His excellences, the loveliness of His life, and the might of His name.

With others, however, it has been so different. The first words they can remember were words spoken in derision of Christ, curses, blasphemies. They knew of Him only from hearing their parents and others curse Him, swear by His name, scoff at His servants, sneer at His church and people. He was the song of the drunkard, the butt of the vile tongued scoffer, the taunt of the loose-living libertine. Do you wonder, then, that young people grown up in an atmosphere of blasphemy, taught to regard Christ as a wicked imposter, and His people as fanatics and hypocrites, and His word even as a Book not fit to be put into the hands of youth because of the immorality with which it is saturated from Genesis to Revelation;—Do you wonder, I ask, that such people have not much of an opinion of Christ?

I have listened with shuddering at the free way some young people have spoken to me of the Bible and its inspired writers. They spoke of it as a book that had seen its best days, as away behind the time, as out of harmony with the spirit of the age, as condoning crimes, as countenancing immorality, and, upon the whole, as a very human and doubtful sort of book. And the Christ of the gospels to them was an impossible sort of story-hero, a man that never was and never could be, that never said what it is said He said, that never did what He is said to have done.

And so they go on. But it is because of a stupid prejudice, or what is even worse, a wicked ignorance, that they speak as they do. They think they know, but they do not know. They think they have read the Bible, but they have only skimmed over its mystery-pages, its truth filled leaves. They think they know Christ, but they do not know Him, and it is because they do not know Him, that they have such a low and erroneous opinion about Him.

They look at Christ through eyes of distorted vision. They think Him bad, because they see Him badly. He is to them, not as he is, but as they see Him, and they have grown to see Him as they see Him, and every day they see Him worse and worse. But the trouble is in them, in their seeing, in their knowledge of Him, in their bad heart, not in Him. If they could see

Him, as He is; if the scales would fall from their eyes as from Saul's, they would have a very different opinion respecting Him from the one they have.

And let us not forget, my hearer, that we cannot as yet see the Christ as He is. We see through a glass darkly, we know only in part. We look at Him as we have been trained to look at Him. It has been our misfortune and loss, that those of His people we have known and come in contact with, were people of no character, hypocrites, worldlings under the guise of christians, loud professors but sadly deficient of principle, and it was natural for us to judge of Christ by His people. We had no other way of judging of Him.

And then we look at Him through the more or less colored eye-glasses of our church, our creed, our system of doctrine. With us Christ was a Presbyterian, and all His followers Presbyterians, except Judas. With others He was a Baptist; with others, a Methodist, and so on. And so Christ is a little different to us from what He is to others. But the difference is in our seeing, not in Him.

We thus think of Him, my hearer, as we see and know Him. And we do not as yet see Him face to face in the clear light of Heaven. We do not as yet know Him as He knows us. We know but in part. We cannot now therefore think of Him as he is worthy to be thought of, and as we will come to think of Him when we come to know Him better.

Again; The opportunities we have of knowing the Christ, and so of forming a sound opinion of Him. And we are indeed favorably circumstanced in this respect. We are in a position that is specially good to say what we think of Him, to give a good and intelligent answer to the questions asked here.

You think perhaps, my hearer, that if you had lived some two thousand years ago, lived when He was born, lived when He lived, lived when He did His work, you would have been in a much better position than you are in now to take up these questions, and discuss them, and decide about them; settle for yourself the problems that come up in connection with His birth and life and death, His character and work and worth. But that is a mistake. A mountain is not seen to best advantage at its foot, under its overhanging and towering cliffs. You must go away off, if you would see and take in its massive cloud-piercing grandeur. And so it is with great men as with great mountains. Their cotemporaries did not appreciate such men as Abraham and Moses, the grandeur of their character, the sublimity of their lives, and the importance of their work. And so too with the Christ. We see Him now as those who lived with Him could not see Him. They saw Himself, looked into His eyes, heard His words as they fell from His lips, and came into contact with His personality. And there was something in that, but not as much perhaps as we think. There was nothing so very striking about him as men saw Him day by day on the street. But what we lose in that, is more than made up to us in the advantage we enjoy of having a wider view of the working out of His life and doctrines.

It is well to find out, if we can, what His cotemporaries said of the Christ, what His friends thought of Him, what His enemies thought of Him. And we are not in the dark here. We have authentic records about Him that claim to have been written by His friends and cotemporaries, by men who have heard with their own ears what He said, and saw with their own eyes what He did. We have four lives of the Christ, the four gospels. We have twenty-three other books that more or less refer to His life and work. These books were written by nine different authors, and in the main they agree. They exhibit peculiarities of style; they go into details; they relate incidents; they report speeches and sermons and talks, and so on.

I know infidels will tell us they are forgeries, that no such man as the Christ ever lived, that He never said what He is said to have said, that He never did what He is said to have done. But somebody must have told those wonderful parables, preached those wonderful sermons. And the man who did so must have been no ordinary man, a genius indeed. If they are forgeries, we would like to know their author, so that we might kiss His feet, for He must have been a man of extraordinary brilliance. But the truth is, it is a good deal easier to believe the truth, as Matthew and Mark and Luke and John give it to us, than the lie the infidels would make us believe.

And then we have the extant writings of many who lived from the apostolic age till some two or three hundred years afterwards, and those writings are full of Christ, full of extracts from the gospels, full of references to the words and works of Christ. Are all these writings forgeries? Some of these writers lived near enough the time of Christ to know some who had seen Him, and learned the truth at His feet. Ah! those infidel writers who today would throw discredit on the gospel narratives, and who would undertake to prove the historic Christ a myth, find they have more on their hands

(Continued on third page.)