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Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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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.

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J. J. FOX,

West End Grocery, Fredericton.

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HARVEY

STUDIO,

164 QUEEN STREET, FTON

Our Pulpit.

Vessels of Honor And Dishonor.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Morning Nov. 24th, 1889.

"But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honor, and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work."—II Tim. 20, 21.

The Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy is of special interest, because it is the last he wrote. He was at the time a prisoner at Rome, and Timothy was pastor of the christian church at Ephesus. He writes to him with regard to his work as a pastor, telling him what sort of pastor he ought to be. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

He cautions him as a young man, putting him on his guard against dangerous teachers, men not sound in the faith, men who are given to babbling strange doctrines and novel and mischievous theories and opinions, and so deceiving and destroying both themselves and those who let themselves be influenced by them. He instances two men of the day, Hymenæus and Phileus, who had got astray on the doctrine of the resurrection, holding and teaching that it was past already. Their influence was most harmful, and it looked as if the church was going to be wrecked. But Paul showed that there was no danger of that. It was on a sure foundation. The Lord knew His own people, and would take care of them; but they must watch against the inroads of evil, and depart from iniquity.

And then he is led to make use of the beautiful and suggestive illustration of the text, we might call it, the parable of the vessels, showing how we are all different sorts of vessels, and how, according to the use we let ourselves be put to, we may be vessels of honor or dishonor. "Now in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some unto honor, and some unto dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work."

First: The Great House and its Different vessels. "Now in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth."

The great house referred to here may have been the temple at Jerusalem with its furniture, its vessels of gold and silver, and of wood and earth. The Apostle was well acquainted with the temple and its vessels of many different kinds, and purposes, and qualities. Or, as he was at Rome at the time, he may have had before his mind's eye, the palace of the Cæsars, or Nero's Golden House.

And we may understand him as referring to the church, or perhaps to the great Roman Empire, or indeed to both church and state. I like to think of the world, with its states and churches, its cities and temples and palaces, its kings and priests and peoples, as the great house with its many different kinds of vessels. Those high in authority in church and state, kings with crowns of gold on their heads, bishops with their loud assumptions, golden-mouthed orators and silver-tongued preachers, and so on, may be regarded as the vessels of gold and silver. Then ordinary people, in their many different positions of service and usefulness, are the vessels of wood and of earth.

Gold and silver cups have a place and purpose. They are made and kept to be brought out only on great occasions and exhibited and used, and every one admires and praises them for what they are, and the showy appearance they present. They are handled with very special care, and watched with a jealous eye, lest they may be stolen or injured, and soon they are put away, not to be seen again until another very special occasion.

And it is well to be, and have, men in authority. They cannot be dispensed with. They have their purpose. We admire them as they sit high up on their seats of honor and power and wealth, a gold crown on their head, a regal sceptre in their hand, and everything so fine and grand about them. They are very precious in their way, and it is only now and again, on splendid state occasions, they let themselves be seen, and then they withdraw within their strong palace walls.

Beautiful and costly as gold and silver vessels are, however, ordinary delf, plain wooden and earthen ware, are by far the most useful; and, although usefulness is wanting in attractiveness, it is more to the world than beauty and brilliance. Who would not rather be a tin-cup, or an earthen mug, with its unpretentious commonplaceness, out of which the hard-

working poor man drinks a healthful draught from the bubbling spring, and his happy child sips its breakfast of bread and milk, than be a gold or silver goblet glittering uselessly, or very nearly so, in the rich man's cabinet of jewels? Some of you might say, I grant: "If I had my choice, I would be the gold cup. But then alas! I have not much of a choice in the matter, and so I am but a little bit of a tea-cup, that, for some purpose or other, find myself at use about every hour in the day, now ministering healing and comfort to fevered lips, now refreshing the weary and hungry, now gossiping with simple garrulous neighbors, now cheering and solacing the aged and infirm; or, I happen to be only a plain everyday kettle, sitting patiently in heat and smoke, and singing my simple roundelay at the poor man's fireside; or, I am only an uninteresting wash-tub perhaps, where, with bare arms, and earnest effort and purpose, the humble washer-woman toils for bread for her fatherless children." And yet, if there is any truth in the homely adage, that, "Handsome is that handsome does," and if usefulness is more to the world than glitter; then, let not the vessels of wood and earth and iron despise themselves, for they are more to the Lord, because more to the world, than the vessels of gold and silver. But indeed, there is no room for jealousy. The gold and silver vessels are needed, and the wooden and earthen are still more needed; and so, what the former lack in general worldfulness, is made up to them in some measure in brilliance, and what the latter lack in brilliance, is made up to them, and more than made up to them, in general usefulness, and therefore both stand on about an equal footing, and neither can boast over the other.

Let us, my hearer, be glad, that at least we can be a vessel of some sort in the palace of the King. We may not presume to be a gold goblet to be carried to His lips, or even a silver cup to be on His table. But we may be a plain earthen cup for His servants and people to sup out of and serve with, and so, in being of use to them, we are of use to Him, and He will not forget us when the rewards come to be distributed. Even the wash-tub and scrubbing-brush, the broom and dust-pan, out in the scullery, unpretentious as they are in appearance and purpose, may do as much, in their own simple way, for the palace, and the King's comfort and glory—may indeed make themselves quite as necessary and useful, as the vessels of gold and silver near His sacred person. We can all understand that, and so the wooden and earthen vessels have a place in the King's service; and, in so far as they serve Him, they are worthy of honor, and will receive honor at His hands.

Again: Vessels of Dishonor. "And some to dishonor."

It has been too much the idea in the world, that to be a gold or silver vessel is to be a vessel of honor, and, on the other hand, to be a wooden and earthen vessel is to be a vessel of dishonor. In other words, natural endowments, talents, circumstances, positions, birth-rights and the like, make us, apart from the life we live, and the use we put ourselves to.

But that is not the case. There is something, I grant, in the stuff we are made of, in our birthright, and so forth. Clay can never be equal to gold, nor can wood be ever put alongside of silver in value. You and I may have high ideas of ourselves, our worth, the superiority of the material out of which we have been created, our genius and ability and so on. We may lift our heads above others, and ape the great of the earth. But it is not for common clay to assume to be gold, nor is it for the wood we are to aspire to be silver. We would make but indifferent kings, the most of us, and cut a sorry figure indeed on a throne and in a palace. Where we are, and as we are, we can be something, yea we may come to be much, if not vessels of gold and silver, at least as good as gold, as bright as silver. We may be wanting in brilliance, but we may not be wanting in usefulness, and our usefulness may be as much to the King as another's brilliance and glory.

Let us not say then, that because we are not a king on a throne, or a minister in a pulpit, or an orator on a public platform, we are not a vessel of gold and glory; let us not say, that because we are only plain, unimportant, uninteresting, uninfluential sort of people, vessels of wood and earth, it is no use for us to try to be anything, and we cannot but be vessels of dishonor. A lowly position is not necessarily a position of dishonor, any more than a high position is one of honor. To serve well anywhere is honorable; to serve ill anywhere is dishonorable, especially on a throne, or behind the sacred desk, or in the place of influence and power.

What I want to teach here is this, that you and I, my hearer, are a wondrous vessel for the King of Heaven's service, and yet we may be a vessel of dishonor to Him, a vessel that He can only use, or let be used, for an unworthy world-purpose. This body and soul of ours, is a curious piece of Divine handiwork, and of most marvellous design.

Look at yourself, study yourself, and that your Maker intends you for a high and holy purpose must be clear to you. It is only by a cruel distortion of our being that we can turn out to be so bad; but it is done, and so easily done too.

The chalk-artist, the other night, in the City Hall, showed us how that, by a few simple and seemingly careless chalk-touches on canvass, so much of promise could be quickly blighted, demoralized, demonized. And so with real life. Let me tell you how.

And an empty vessel, a vessel not in use, is one of dishonor. You know, my hearer, as well as I can tell you, how soon even a pure gold and silver vessel grows dim, loses all its brilliance, and fills up with dust, when it is allowed to stand empty, unused, idle.

Now so with this wondrous manhood and womanhood of ours. Let them be idle, unused; let your brilliant talents, your splendid natural endowments, your noble powers, lie dormant; let your manhood hang about the street-corners, and your womanhood dawdle up and down the gay promenades, and you will go to the bad fast enough and far enough. The Lord wants to have nothing to do with an idle vessel, even though it is made of gold. Such a vessel is one of dishonor.

Then we may be vessels of dishonor by letting ourselves get into bad company. Put even a gold and silver vessel among worthless crockery and the raff of a lumber-room, and its worth is lost sight of, unknown, and it may come to be put to a use in rude hands utterly foreign to its purpose. A gold sovereign, carried in a man's pocket among cents, and scraps of tobacco, and such other things as gather there, after a while may lose its identity, and go for a cent, and rather a doubtful one at that.

My father has for many years kept the cent collections of the Harvey Church, not a very responsible position, and he finds it necessary to be very careful when he comes to count them, for the most disreputable coins find their way into the collection plates. One day he found what looked like a cent, but he was not sure of it, so begrimed and disgraced did it look. So he examined it with more than ordinary care, rubbing and cleaning it to find out its real character, and to his surprise and the church's advantage, it proved to be a five-dollar gold piece. The simple truth was, that gold coin had got into bad company; it had fraternized so long with cents and cheap rubbish, that it had lost its character and worth, and so had been going about for years perhaps as only a very hard-looking cent.

Now, so with men and women, the vessels of the Lord's own making. Once perhaps they were in the best society, high in church and state, educated and refined and noble; but they got down, step by step, and now they are the rubbish of the streets. I am told, that in Boston and New York and San Francisco, you will find doing the most menial work—street-scavengers, stablemen, and so on—some who were once professors, judges, members of parliament, doctors of divinity, men of genius and power. Drink and lust dragged them down, and now they herd and root with the hogs and dogs of society.

You open your mouth, my hearer, and you let go down your throat the poison of asps, and so let yourself become venomous. You cannot walk upright; you creep, you wriggle along, you are filthy. You think your mouth is your own, and you see nothing wrong in letting into it the wine of inebriation. But I want to ask you, if you would like to see the vessels of the sanctuary, the beautiful silver communion-service, used for unhallowed drinking purposes.

You have often read and heard the thrilling story of how a wicked king of Babylon, the dissolute Belshazzar, at a drunken banquet, dared send for the sacred vessels of the temple at Jerusalem, and attempted to use them for vile drinking purposes. It was a daring thing to do, awful sacrilege on his part, and we do not wonder that his madness was rebuked, and that he died.

But here is a vessel this wondrous manhood of yours, a vessel more curious in design, and more sacred in its purpose, than the cup that holds the wine of the sanctuary, and you carry it down the street to some disreputable drinking-den, or to some great public banquet, and you fill it with beastly intoxication. Now I ask, Is there no sacrilege in that? Are you not making the vessel of the Lord's House a vessel of dishonor?

You may say, "I am not a vessel of the sanctuary; I am not a member of the church; the Lord has nothing to say to me."

Ah! who made you what you are? Who gave you your mouth? Who has done all that has been done for you? I tell you solemnly, my hearer, it is an awful distortion of your manhood to pervert it into a sort of demijohn; it is sacrilege of the worst sort, and the wonder is that Heaven does not write and strike. And Heaven does write and strike. After a while appears the handwriting on the wall in the shape of degradation, the tyranny of drink, the serpent-bite of inebriation. "And some to dishonor."

(Continued on third page)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

89 Winter Arrangement '90

On and after MONDAY, 18th 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.

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, Picou & 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.

A 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'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.