



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892

ON and after MONDAY, 19th October 1891, the trains of this Railway will run **ally** (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

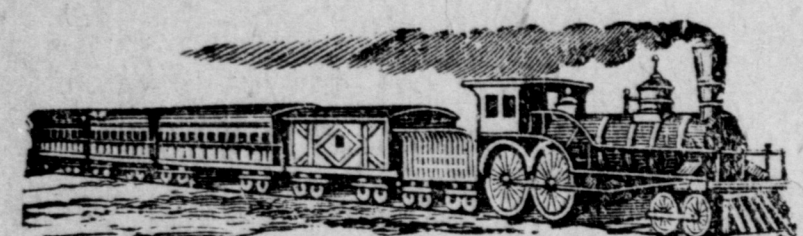
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.05
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.30
Fast Express for Halifax, 14.00
Express for Sussex, 16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.55
A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.05 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 o'clock and take sleeping cars at Moncton. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock, will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.55
Day Express from Halifax, 19.20
Fast Express from Halifax, 22.30
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 15th Oct., 1891.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Atlantic Division.

ALL RAIL LINE to BOSTON & THE SHORT LINE to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 30th, 1891.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points Vancorbore, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton Woodstock and points North
10.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East, Vancorbore, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
3.00 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.00, 10.00 A. M.; 4.30 P. M.
Fredericton Junction, 8.25 A. M.; 12.15, 6.25 P. M.

McAdam Junction, 10.50 A. M.; 2.50 P. M.
Vancorbore, 10.25 A. M.; 2.30 P. M.
St. Stephen, 9.00, 10.30 A. M.
St. Andrews, 8.00 A. M.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

9.35 A. M. 1.25, 7.20 P. M.

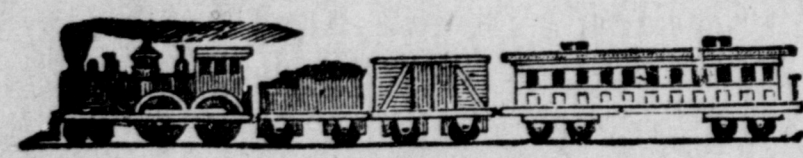
LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20, A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10, P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agent. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Montreal. St. John, N. B.



Canada Eastern Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect June 22nd, 1891.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time

An express will leave Fredericton daily, (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton

3.00 P. M.: Gibson, 3.05; Marysville, 3.15; Durham, 3.40; Cross Creek, 4.17; Boiestown, 5.20; Doaktown, 6.15; Upper Blackville, 6.52; Blackville, 7.25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8.05; Chatham Junction, 8.35; arrive at Chatham, 9.00.

Returning Leave Chatham

7.00 A. M.: Chatham Junction, 7.35; Upper Nelson Boom, 7.50; Blackville, 8.35; Upper Blackville, 9.00; Doaktown, 9.42; Boiestown, 10.25; Cross Creek, 11.35; Durham, 12.15; Marysville, 12.47; Gibson, 12.57; arriving at Fredericton 1.00 P. M.

A mixed train will also leave Fredericton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 6.00 A. M., standard time, for Chatham, returning every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction for all points on the Intercolonial Railway and Upper Provinces; at Fredericton with Canadian Pacific Railway for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and all Western points, and River Steamers for St. John and points on St. John River; at Gibson with Canadian Pacific Railway at Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle; at Cross Creek with stage for Stan'ey.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN
Superintendent

Our Pulpit.

DANIEL.

PLAIN TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

XI.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In Erskine Church, Montreal, Sabbath Evening, Dec. 13th, 1891

"And he said unto me, O Daniel, a man greatly beloved."—DAN. X. 11.

The Bible is a splendid photographic album. The pictures here are taken by a Divine artist, and they are true to life. It opens with a gem of art, a lovely happy pair beginning life together in the garden of Eden. On the next page we find a sweet-faced martyr, and right alongside his murderer. Then comes a group of hoary antediluvian patriarchs. Near by is a picture of Noah and his family and the huge ark-ship. Then comes another interesting group, the ancestry of Abraham. This is followed of course by a full-length portrait of the great-faithed patriarch himself, and the beautiful Sarah. Farther on we have most interesting pictures of Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel. Then we come to the pious Joseph and little Benjamin. Then we have a magnificent view illustrating the exodus of Israel from Egypt to Canaan. This is followed by splendid life-like photographs of the church's oldtime heroes—Caleb and Joshua, Gideon and Jephthah, Barak and Samson, Eli and Samuel. Then come the Jewish kings, some of them good and noble, others of them base and bad—Saul and David and Solomon, Ahab and Ahaz, Hezekiah and Josiah. Then we have the prophets, Elijah and Elisha, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. Then turn over to the New Testament, and there we have the four Evangelists and the twelve apostles—the loving John, Luke the beloved physician, Matthew the tax-gatherer, Judas the betrayer, the impetuous Peter, the mighty Paul, and the great Lord Himself. Thus the Bible is a sort of photographic album, a picture-book both of feature and character, but especially of character.

I. DANIEL'S PHOTOGRAPH.—I want to shew you that to-night. We have it here in the text. Look at it. Study it. You see, it is not an elaborate pen-picture of him, a character-sketch, a full life-size portrait, the master-piece of some great artist. No. It is rather a photograph, the instantaneous pencilling of a ray of glory, the caught shadow of Daniel's noble character as seen when the Divine camera looked upon it.

A good photograph is in some respects better than a painting. A photograph is the shadow of a man's self, while a painting is at best but an artist's idea of a man, and so often is there more of the artist in a painting than of the man he paints.

Now, this picture of Daniel is a kind of Divine photograph of his character. It is not the florid description of some foolish panegyrist who knows not when he has said enough of the hero he worships. Nor is it the cheap newspaper puff of some flippant penny-a-liner, who can praise most fulsomely or traduce most villainously, and that too, with the utmost composure. The way the press of the day handles the public men who happen to be on the other side of politics, the free and easy way titles of opprobrium are bandied about, is a feature of the age that is no credit to it. Speaking evil of dignities is said to be a striking characteristic of the last times, and if so, we are not far from being there—are we? But this that is said here of the great captive is no partisan newspaper puff; it is what the God of truth says of him, and it lets us see just what he is, for a man is what God thinks of him: "And he said unto me, O Daniel, a man greatly beloved."

We have two or three photographs of Daniel taken at different times and circumstances. We have a very fine one of him when he was a boy in his teens just blossoming into manhood. How fair-skinned, rosy-cheeked, noble-browed, lithe-limbed, tall, princely in his bearing! There was not his like in all Babylon for good looks, and he was as good as he looked. "Handsome is," the old adage says, "that handsome does," and in works as well as looks Daniel carried off the palm in his student days. His fair character was not blotched with foul excesses and irregularities. And then for scholarly attainments, scientific knowledge, great wisdom and prudence, a deep acquaintance with Divine things, and a remarkable far-sightedness with regard to the affairs of nations, as well as for pureness of heart, nobleness of character, strength of principle, and holiness of life, he was without an equal. If you want to see what a young man should be, and what too, with the blessing of God, a young man may be, then look at this picture of Daniel as a young man.

It is indeed true, and a blessed cheering truth it is, that out of a wild, harum-scarum, prodigal youth, have been developed, by the grace of God, a noble christian manhood and a happy hallowed old age. But still, such a thing occurs but rarely. It is quite exceptional. There is enough of it to encourage the hope of returning prodigals, but there is not enough of it to warrant any young man to run the risk of it. The rule is, that a good boy and a pious youth make a good man, while a bad boy and a reckless youth make a bad man. Such men as Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Jeremiah, Daniel, and many others, the heroes of faith, the pillars of the church, the honor-names on God's roll of worthies, the men of might who have left their mark on the ages for good, the strong and true and holy to whom we are accustomed to look for an example and influence and inspiration;—these men were pious from their youth up. Young men, take this picture of Daniel's youth, and hang it up where you will see it every day, and let its inspiration thrill you.

Then we have a photograph of Daniel when he was in the height of his glory. Look at him! He is in the full dress of a Babylonian magnate. A massive gold chain is about his neck. He is seated on a throne. A gold crown is on his head studded thick with gems. The potentates and powers of the empire are on their knees before him doing him honor, and attending to his commands. The wisdom and might of great Babylon acknowledge his superiority. It is a proud moment for the Jewish captive. It is a great triumph for him. Coming from Jerusalem to Babylon with nothing but his faith in God, in a few years he rises to the highest place within his reach. He prostrates all Babylon at his feet, and does it, not with the bloody sword of a tyrant, but with the magic wand of truth and virtue. His triumph is that of goodness over greatness. Before such a triumph as that, the grandest victories of Nebuchadnezzar himself, and Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, sink into insignificance. Without shedding a drop of blood, or wronging a creature in all the wide empire of Babylon; without telling any lies or doing a single dishonorable act, Daniel vaults to the highest position it was possible for him to attain, the place next to the throne, and he holds and honors it for some forty years. I say such a triumph as that is worthy of a Daniel.

Now, look at that picture of him hanging in the picture gallery of illustrious men. How grandly he looks! What nobility in his face, what a light in his eye, what majesty of form, what a sweetly commanding look, what humility! "That is the picture of him," I hear you say, "I like best. That is the picture I will take home with me, and I will have it framed in gold, and I will hang it in the most conspicuous place in my drawing-room, and everyday I will try to be like that."

But, beautiful as the picture of Daniel's youth is, and grand as the picture of his manhood, the picture we have here in the text of him, the picture of his old age, is the best of them all. So often have we seen beautiful pictures of men's youth sadly blurred and blotched with the wrongdoing of their manhood. They faded in the bloom. Their beauty was the beauty of decay. They blossomed out so full of promise, but alas! so soon they perished. The withering influences of the world were too much for them, and they went to ruin. And then have we not seen the grand pictures of men's manhood sadly disfigured with the villainies of their old age? But with Daniel, you will observe, it is good, better, best. What was beautiful in youth is grand in manhood, and what was grand in manhood is glorious in old age. He is now "a man greatly beloved."

II. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES.—Some men excel in one thing, and are far behind in something else just as important, perhaps more important. Some are almost perfect as models for portrait-painters and photographic artists, but then they make very poor men and women. To look at their photographs in an album, you say: "What fine-looking fellows! What eyes! What a nose and mouth! What hair! What a mustache!" But when you come to know the living originals, you find perhaps they are very commonplace sort of people in a great many respects. They have the hair of an Absalom, but they have the heart of an Absalom too. They have the kingly proportions of a Saul, his towering height; but then, along with that they have his troublesome evil spirit to spoil all the rest. Many a beautiful face is marred by a vile tongue and an ill temper. You say sometimes: "Here at last is a face I can trust! It is so sweet and beautiful. Those lovely features cannot be twisted up into frowns. Those soft liquid eyes cannot gleam with the lighting of anger. Those mellifluous tones cannot shriek like the gale, roar like the thunder, hiss like the serpent. What a loving heart behind so lovely a face!"

But not always so. The outward appearance is cruelly deceptive. What was thought to be an angel of light turns out to be sometimes a devil of darkness. Do not fall in love with and marry a photograph.

There is this about Daniel, however, that he was all lovely—lovely in feature and form, lovely in heart and life. Men admired his outward appearance, God admired his heart. He is one of the very very few whose characters are all but perfect. Throughout the whole of his long public life not a wrong thing is said about him. The Lord had some fault to find with Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, Noah, Job, but only good is said of Daniel. Again and again he is spoken of as a man greatly beloved. With him all the graces that go to make up a full-rounded christian character were in sweet harmony.

Most christians are angular, uneven. They have corners and excrecences about their characters. They have some lovely features about them, but along with these they have usually some uncouthness, deformities, that greatly disfigure their general appearance. But Daniel's character seems to have been singularly free from all the jaggedness and harshness which stick out and mar the most of christian characters.

His distinguishing feature was spiritual loveliness. Just as Abraham was distinguished for faith, Moses for meekness, Job for patience, Solomon for wisdom, Samson for strength, and Elijah for fiery zeal; so Daniel was distinguished for the loveliness of his character. Love shone so sweetly in his face. Love looked out of his eyes. Love was in every breath he breathed and in every word he spoke. Love was in the touch of his hands and in the tread of his feet. You could see love in everything about Daniel. His whole life was a love-life. He loved every one, everything, for his constitution was love, his nature love, his heart a bubbling spring of love, and so he could not but love. Hence, he was greatly beloved. Everybody loved Daniel. Of course he had his enemies, but they were those who hated love, and so they hated without a cause.

Another thing too about Daniel's character which is not very common in the lovelier characters was this, that his loveliness was both deep and pure. A great many of the lovely-dispositioned are not characterized for the depth of their love, nor the purity of their love. They love all and sundries. There is not much principle about their love. They are good friends with everybody, and true friends to nobody. Their love wants backbone. It lacks strength and substance. They are too gentle and loving to say to all wrong—no! They cannot bear to offend anybody. But there was this about Daniel's loveliness, that he was more loved by God than he was by man. The best of his character was where only God could see and appreciate it. It was in his heart. The loveliness of his heart was Daniel's chief loveliness, and, to a very great extent, that is lost on the world. The world looks on a man's outward appearance. It can appreciate the lovely on the outside of a man—a lovely face, a lovely look, a lovely voice, a lovely manner, a lovely dress. But as to a lovely heart, it does not know anything about that, and it does not care anything about that. But God looks at the heart, and if the heart is not lovely according to His ideas of what loveliness is, then all the loveliness of an inside appearance is of no account at all.

When Daniel sat on the throne of power, with his gorgeous official robes on, with a crown of gold on his head, and a chain of gold around his neck, then the world came crowding to him and shouted: "Hallelujah for Daniel!" Men can appreciate the loveliness of a gold ring, a gold chain, a gold crown. But when the gold is all off from Daniel; when the gold crown is on some one else's head; when the gold ring is on some one else's finger; when the gold chain of distinction is around some one else's neck; when the royal official robes are on some one else's shoulders; when all the courtiers and flatterers have gone somewhere else with their obsequious service and fulsome flatteries; when Daniel is old and poor; when all the beauty of youth is faded out of his cheek and all the glory of manhood is gone from him; then away goes the world too to worship some new rising star, and cast his honor at the feet of some king of men. The great Daniel is forgotten. All his loveliness of character, all his wisdom and knowledge and learning, all his fame and glory, all his influence and power, all the good he did—all this is remembered no more. But it is to Daniel, old and poor, forsaken and forgotten of the world, crownless and nameless, that God comes, and by his angel says: "O Daniel a man greatly beloved."

Thus, O hearer, if you want a photograph of Daniel that is likest himself, that lets you see the man as he is, that reveals his heart as well as face and form, that brings him before you stripped of all his worldly trappings and honors, and that gives you to see him in all the full ripeness of his spiritual character; then take this one, and put it where his loveliness will inspire you, and his spiritual attractiveness draw you.

III. LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.—Daniel's photograph may teach us. Our friends, when we are gone, will want to have our photograph framed, and hung up in their best room, and they will want to say with a pardonable pride, at all events without a blush mantling their cheek: "This is, my dear father. This

is my precious mother. This is my noble boy. This is another Daniel, one that was greatly beloved. They were honored of men, and loved by God. They lived useful lives. They served their generation well. They were pious and God-fearing. They died happy and now they are in glory."

But alas! that is not so of all. I remember going to visit a good christian mother after the death of her only son, and a very thoughtless son he was, a wild dissipated fellow, but he was dear to her notwithstanding. He had taken typhoid fever, and his drinking was very much against him, and very soon he succumbed to the disease. His poor mother was inconsolable. She remembered what was good in him, and she dwelt on that. She went and got his likeness to let me see it, half apologizing for the uncouth attitude he was in when he had it taken. Here he was with his silk hat set over on the back of his head, and his whole demeanor indicative of the wild good-for-nothing youth he was. I suppose he had been half-drunk when he had it taken. As I looked at it with a sad interest, I could see nothing about it but four great letters—F, O, L; and from my heart I pitied the mother who had no better likeness of a son to look at when he was dead and gone than that one.

O young man, if you should die young, and you may die young, then leave behind you a likeness of yourself that your christian mother will not need to apologize for as she shews it to her friends, and that will not make her heart bleed afresh every time she looks at it. But better still leave behind you a memory so fragrant with sweetness and loveliness and piety; leave behind you a life so pure and noble, that men remembering what you were, the good you did, the christian life you lived, will thank God for you and try and to be what you were. Abel was young when he died; and he died so suddenly that he left no death-bed saying to remember him by; and yet he still speaks down through the ages, and his life-words are still a help to earnest lives.

Learn this also from Daniel's photograph, that the best beauty is the beauty of a loving heart. The bloom of youth will fade. The flush of health will pale. The lustre of the eye will dim. The litheness of form and the limberness of limb will perish. Your straightness and strength will soon droop. Old age and disease will wrinkle the smoothest face, cloud the sunniest life, bow down the straightest and strongest back, stiffen the supple limbs, strip off the gaudiest robes, and humble the proudest and greatest of men. Those gay companions who seem so happy in your smile today, rejoice in your joy, and do honor to your beauty or worth, will soon weary of you when you are old and poor and sick. The world that fawns at your feet and licks your hand today, and seems happy only when you notice it, will forsake and forget you. But if you have Daniel's beauty, the beauty of a loving heart, the beauty that God admires, then your beauty will never fade and die, but it will go on growing more and more beautiful every day you live, until it blooms out into the eternal glory of the world to come. And there will always be One at least to admire and honor you, the God who admired and honored Daniel.

This beauty we may all have in some measure. Many of us cannot have the beauty of a fair face and a lithesome form. Nor can we have the beauty of youth now. We cannot have a chain of gold about our neck like Daniel, nor a crown on our head. We cannot have the honors of the world lavished upon us, nor hear the shouts of the applauding people. But by the grace of God we can have the beauty of a new heart, the beauty of a blood-washed soul, and there is no beauty this side of Heaven so beautiful as that. Oh let it be said of us then, as it was said of Daniel, not perhaps in its richness and fulness, but at least in its realness: "A man greatly beloved."

I clipped this out of a newspaper, describing the splendid funeral of a mighty millionaire. I suppress names, but I may say this, that it occurred some years ago, and it was in the city of San Francisco. It is as follows:—

"Last Wednesday a costly and imposing funeral cortege passed my office. First came a squad of policemen. Then a military escort. Then a band of music. Then a long line of empty carriages for the pall-bearers to ride in when outside of the city. Then a magnificent hearse drawn by four black horses heavily caparisoned. Beside the hearse walked four and twenty pall-bearers with immense black scarfs that floated in the breeze. Then came the society of California pioneers. Then the members of the academy of science. Then a few citizens, hardly a score in all. And thus was borne to his burial the millionaire. Not a mourner followed his mortal remains. Not a tear was shed. Nobody loved him. The city, that he gave his wealth to adorn, honored him, but did not mourn for him. His riches had not made him happy while he lived, for he was morose and petulant, scolding and cursing his attendants on his dying bed. His riches failed to secure for him one true friend, and there is little ground to hope that his disposition of them was such as to lay up treasure for him in

(Continued on third page.)