



## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

ON and after MONDAY, 16th March, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (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 & 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 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 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

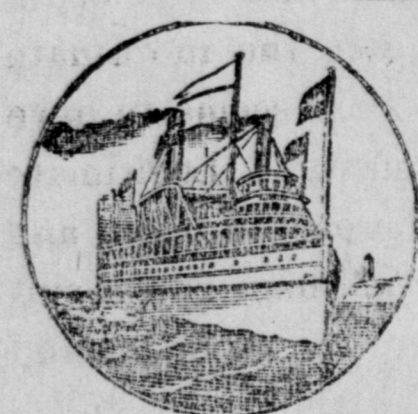
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office  
Moncton, N. B., 13th March, 1891.

## International Steamship Co.



### SPRING Arrangement

Two Trips a Week

### FOR BOSTON.

ON AND AFTER MARCH 9th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint 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 5.00 p.m. for Eastport and Saint John.

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

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

C. E. LAECHLER

Agent.

## LANDING.

1 Ton Roll Bacon.  
100 Tubs Lard,  
Clear Pork.  
Ogilvie's Hungarian Flour;  
Five Roses  
Wild Rose  
Harvest Moon

## CODFISH.

### IN STORE

A full stock of Flour, Pork, Molasses, Soaps, Toilet Soaps, Baking Powders, Yeast Cakes, Dried Fruits, Starch, and sundries of all kinds.  
For sale low.

## A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

## NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED.

## RUBBERS

—AND—

## Rubber Boots,

Ladies, Gents, Misses, and Childrens  
—American and Canadian.

A large and varied assortment, and more to arrive, at

## Lotimer's Shoe Store,

210 Queen Street.

## Our Pulpit.

## ALWAYS READY!

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In Erskine Church, Montreal, on Sabbath Evening, April 5th, 1891.

"Behold, here I am."—GEN. XXII. 1.

Night and sleep are around Abraham's tent at Beersheba, a calm still eastern night, a night full of stars and solemnity, a luxurious night for the good to sleep through. And the good patriarch is enjoying it. The troubles and trials of a long busy trial some life seem to be all passed, and now there is for the father of the faithful the serene calm of a happy old age. He can sleep at nights now. For years and years there has been nothing to disturb his rest, nothing to keep him awake, and perhaps he is beginning to feel that he is going to have no more trouble. Peace, prosperity, even affluence, dwell with him. And to crown all, there is at last for him an heir, a growing promising boy of perhaps twelve summers. If you could look in upon that night's home-scene yonder at Beersheba, you would say: "How true it is that the Lord giveth His beloved sleep!"

But suddenly there strikes upon the patriarch's ear a sort of death-knell. He hears in the still solemn midnight a mysterious voice calling his name, and it wakes him up: "Abraham! Abraham!" He knows the voice, for he has often heard it before. It is the voice of his God. He is startled surprised. He almost wishes he did not hear it. But in an instant he answers in his own simple grand way: "Behold, here I am!" The Hebrew is one word, a compound one—"Hinnanie" answering to the English of—"Here!"

Ah! Abraham was always on hand when he was wanted. "Always ready!"—that was his motto. When there was a duty to do, a sacrifice to make, a trial to endure, his God to serve, an angel to entertain, a wicked Sodom to pray for, somebody to help, Abraham was always there. Grand old faith-hero, what lessons we may learn from his: "Hinnanie!" his: "Behold, here I am!"

The phrase, Always Ready! comes as near the thought of the text as any other, and I have adopted it as one that will serve my purpose in what I have to say to you to-night.

And first, always ready—to hear. Abraham was always ready to hear. Come to him when and where you would, a wake or asleep, at noonday or midnight, with a message that was worth the hearing, and he was always ready to hear it, always ready with a willing ear to hear what was good, always ready with the gravest and most earnest attention to a word from God. When he was a young man far away in Ur of the Chaldees he was ready to hear, and when he was an old old man, his ear dull of hearing because he was so old, he was still so ready to hear when the Lord would speak to him. He heard when no one else heard. When the Lord had anything to say that concerned men in Abraham's day He always went to Abraham with it, for he was always ready to hear it. Thus just because he was always ready to hear, he heard more, and learned more, than others, and so was better than others.

Among your children, or domestics, or work-people, or pupils, or students, or friends, there is always one whose name you call more than any other. It is, "John, John!" "Mary, Mary!" all the time. The simple reason is, John, Mary, are so swift to hear. They seem to be always on hand, always ready, and so they are specially favored—if indeed to be called on very often is a special favor. And it is. Thus Abraham was so often called. With God it was always "Abraham, Abraham!" never "Lot, Lot!" nor any one else.

You will sometimes hear men grumbling that it is always this one, that one, never themselves, who are wanted, who are called. But it is their own fault if it is so. Let them be more ready to hear when they are called, and they will be oftener called. But you all know how it is with so many. They are never on hand when they are wanted, never ready when they are called, and by and by they come to be known, and then they are not wanted, never called.

Go to the public schools of the city, and see how this being always ready to hear, works there. When the names of the pupils are called and marked, some of them seem to be always there. Their "Here!" rings out day by day, and it is music to hear it. And when a question is asked, when something is said that is worthy of being said, and heard as well as said, and when a lesson is to be learned, their ear is open to hear it. They let nothing pass them that is useful. Ah! that is the way to learn. There is grit in such pupils, the material to make the manhood and womanhood of that is to serve the world, the stuff to make the Abrahams and Sarahs of that the church of to-day needs so much.

But then there are others who are not always ready to answer when their names are called. They are about as often absent as they are present, or if they are

not absent they are tardy or inattentive. The most trifling circumstance makes them late or keeps them away altogether. Thus it is all the way through with them. Now it is not a bit of use trying to teach a child that you call and call, and it is not there to answer to its name, not there to hear what you want to say to it, not there to hear what must be heard if it is ever to know. Thus, always ready to hear, at school, means so much to a child; it means its education, and so much else besides; but the want of it is fatal to a child, fatal to its educational interests, fatal to it in so many respects.

Go to the Sabbath-school again. The Sabbath-school is the church's nursery. We cannot do without the Sabbath-school for the church any more than you can do without the day-school for the state. Well, at the Sabbath-school, when the names come to be called and marked, there are names you never need to call twice. "Here!" rings out day by day, and there is heroism, moral backbone, in it. Absenteeism or tardiness; something they do not know anything about. I am glad to say we have in the Sabbath-school some who have not been absent for years, and if they will go on as they have begun, they will yet make their mark in the world for good. But it is so different with others. Call them, and they are not there to answer. Tell them something you want them to know, and they are not there to hear it. Ah! absentees from the Sabbath-school will never never make Abrahams for the church.

And then, how is it here at church? We do not keep a record of church-attendance, but if such a record was kept, it would be found that some were rarely absent, and others about as rarely present. Now, God's voice is to be heard here, not in the same way perhaps, but quite as distinctly, as Abraham heard it in the long ago. He has a message for us. He calls us by name in a way that we can understand for ourselves that we are called. He tells us of His love. He tells us what He can do for us, and wants to do for us. He tells us of matters that are of supreme importance to us, that concern our well-being here and hereafter, that mean our peace with God, our highest good, our salvation. Heaven. And some are on hand to hear it all. They never miss a message. Whenever the Lord calls their name, let it be noonday or night, fair weather or foul, like Abraham they are ever on hand to reply: "Behold, here I am!" What is it Thou wouldst say, for the ear of Thy servant is open to every word?

And the Lord has always some word for the hearing ear and the understanding heart. It is never in vain the waiting worshipper, the attentive hearer, comes to the House of God Sabbath after Sabbath. He comes to hear the voice of God, and there is always something for him. You may see a kindling in his look, a radiance in his face, as the service goes on, and you know he is hearing something that is helping him, a message that is thrilling him with holy joy, a word that is coming straight from the lips of Jesus to his heart, a promise perhaps, a new revelation of the truth, a glimpse of the glory to come, a bursting in upon his soul of the Great Light. Thus, it is so much to one to be always ready to hear.

But then there are so many others whose presence you can never depend on. There may be a message for them. God may want to say something very special to them. He may want to comfort them, to tell them of His love for them, to reveal to them His gracious loving-kindness, to speak to them of that which they need so much to know. But unhappily for them they are not there that day, and the day they come there is nothing for them. Oh, brethren, let us wake up to the importance of a regular church-attendance. You cannot know how much you are losing when you are not here. Let us clip this out of Abraham's book of life-maxims, to be always on hand when God speaks: "Behold, here I am."

Again, always ready—to obey, to do. It is one thing to hear; it is a better thing to obey, to do. Hearers are plenty; doers are few. Abraham heard, not for hearing's sake, as some of us do, but he heard that he might find out what God wanted him to do, and when he found that out, he went and did it. Wherever duty called him he was on hand: "Behold, here I am!"

And another thing about Abraham's obedience, his doing, it was prompt, decisive. No putting off with him, no trifling, no dilly-dallying. He went at it at once, and with all his might.

The Lord came to him at midnight, and told him what He wanted him to do, and it was the hardest duty a man was ever called upon to do. You think, some of you, that you have some hard duties to do. But you have not anything to do half as hard as what Abraham had to do. And yet he was off by day-light to do it. That is the way to do one's duty, the way God likes to have it done.

Some years ago the synod of the English Presbyterian Church wanted a missionary to labor in China. "It was a hard mission field then. It is hard enough yet, but it was harder then." The Rev. W. C. Burns offered his services, and they were accepted. He was asked when

he would be ready to leave, and with a promptitude worthy of a true soldier of the cross he said: "To-morrow!" and next day by daylight he was enroute for China.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, as our Lord was walking along the streets of Capernaum, He came to a little toll-booth where sat the keeper at his work. He was the kind of man He wanted to work for Him, a man of decision and energy. So He called him there and then. You would say, it was short notice. And so it was. It was a hard test to put obedience to, promptitude of action, energy. But Matthew the publican was equal to it. Scarcely were the words: "Follow me!" out of the Master's lips, when he was on his feet, and less than five minutes afterwards he was following Jesus. And he followed on. He never went back to his vile publican business.

Now, my hearer, duty calls tonight. The time for action has come. Jesus wants followers. The church needs members of the Abraham stamp, the Matthew type. We need office-bearers, workers, men who can pray in the prayer-meeting, men who will do anything that there is needing to be done, good men, shrewd men, gifted men. We want wise heads and warm hearts. We want young men of decision and energy who will take hold anywhere, and do with their might what there is to be done. We want women too as well as men, for although we do not open our pulpits to them, we can find plenty of work for them to do—work for head, and heart, and hand. We want you to come and share with us both in the burden and blessedness of the work, the vastness of the responsibility laid upon us here. It seems to tower up before us like an overhanging mountain sometimes, threatening to fall upon us and crush us. But if we will all rise in the strength of Israel's strength, and do in His name and for His glory, there is nothing that we cannot do. Hear the call of Jehovah Jesus to-night, then, the call of Him who called Abraham and Matthew, and every one indeed who has been called, and come and say humbly, earnestly: "Behold, here I am!"

The youthful Isaiah was at a meeting in the temple one day, and oh, what he saw there! He seemed to see the unseen Jehovah Himself, and the angels hovering around. He was awed with the sight, humbled under the sense of his own utter unworthiness and vileness. He felt that he was not good enough to be there, and he groaned out in his wretchedness: "Woe is me, for I am undone!" But just then there seemed to come to the poor sinner one of the holy ones with a red-hot coal taken from the burning altar, and with that coal he seemed to touch his lips, and he knew he was forgiven, saved, blessed. And then he heard that there was need of some one to speak and work in the Lord's service, and he came forward and offered himself at once. He did not go home, and spend a week thinking whether he would offer himself or not. But there and then he got up when it was asked: "Who will go for us?" and he said: "Here am I, send me!" And he was accepted.

Now, my hearer, you are here to-night in the Lord's temple, and the unseen ones are here. How solemn, how awful to be here, for Jehovah is here, His glory shines here, His power is felt here, His word of truth flashes here! Do you not seem to feel as you have never felt how vile you are, how poor a life you have been living hitherto, how unsanctified your lips are, and how unclean your heart? Perhaps you are saying in your deep heart: "I am unfit to be here; I am not worthy to look up to where Jesus dwells." Ah! contrite heart, there is for you this blessed word that the youthful Isaiah heard: "Thine iniquity is taken away, thy sin purged." And now you are wanted for service, wanted in the church, wanted at the Lord's table, wanted in the prayer-meeting, wanted in the sabbath-school, wanted wherever there is work to do. Do not go away saying to yourself, "I will think about it; I will pray over it; I will make up my mind about it?" Ah! your mind ought to be made up now, and you ought, with Abraham, and Matthew, and Isaiah, and so many others, rise up, and at once say, with all the earnestness you have: "Behold, here I am!" Nothing else is worthy of you. Nothing else will do.

Again, Always ready—to bear. Hard as it is to do sometimes, it is still harder to bear. There are men who can do, do mightily, do all that men can do; but they cannot bear. They shrink before the fiery furnace; they recoil from the bitter cup; they stagger under the cross; they go down before an attack of the blues. But Abraham could bear as well as do. When it was to do or go his word was: "Behold, here I am!" and when it was the altar on the mount, and his own only son for victim, it was still: "Behold, here I am."

You see him yonder on the mount that he has been three days in reaching, three terrible days of bearing to him. Those three days are significant: Abraham three days in the wilderness; Jonah three days in the deep, buried alive in the sea-monster's maw; Jesus three days in the grave. But Abraham did not then know what we know, the thrilling

story of Calvary. On the very spot he built his altar perhaps, stood afterwards the cross with the Son of God hanging dying on it for our sins. But we are getting away from what we are at. You see him yonder building the altar. He knows so well how to build an altar, for many an altar has he built. But no altar has he ever built with so much pain in his heart as this one, for upon it he is to sacrifice his own heart's darling. Then he puts the wood in order, his child standing by watching him with so much of interest as he does it, little dreaming that he is to be the victim whose life-blood is to stain it. And now for the hardest part of all. But Abraham is not the man to shrink from anything that he believes it his duty to do or bear. He takes hold of his child, takes hold of him as he has never taken hold of him before, and binding him, he prepares to offer him up. He reaches for the sacrificial knife, and with a heart torn with unutterable anguish he cries to Heaven for help to offer a willing acceptable sacrifice. Then he raises his hand to strike. But he is spared the deadly blow. A voice from Heaven arrests his uplifted hand, and a ram caught in a thicket near is pointed out as the victim to be sacrificed in place of his son. Oh what bearing that was!

But there is cross-bearing of some sort for us all. It came to Abraham in one way; it comes to you and me in some other way; but, whether this way or that way, one thing at least is sure, it comes, must come. And, however it comes, it is all we can stand, and sometimes more. We do not stand beside our altar, as Abraham stood beside his, and looking up to Heaven, submissively, patiently, heroically, say: "Behold, here I am!" No. So often indeed are we found fallen under our cross. So often are we found under some juniper-bush like the prophet of old, wondering why we were born, and what good we are for, and wishing we were dead. So often are we found quarrelling with our lot, questioning God's ways of dealing with us and all things else, and ready to dash from our lips the bitter cup a Father's hand is pressing, not in wrath, but in mercy, upon us.

Ah! we have so much to learn here. And it is just here more than else where we need to know, for there is so much of cross-bearing for us all. If we do not know how to bear well, we do not half know, for at least half of a man's life, half of his christian experience, and more than half, is made up of trials, crosses, burdens, heart-breaks, losses, sorrows, tears. "In the world," says the Master in His parting address to His own disciples: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But He taught them, and He teaches us, how to overcome the world, how to walk in the hottest furnace of affliction and not be burned, how to ride in triumph over every wave, how to rejoice where others weep, and sing where others sigh. Go to, men in circumstances where you would not expect them to be able to hold up their heads, and to know anything of the triumphs of life, and with their feet on the serpent's head, and their eyes fixed on the cross, they will shout and sing: "Behold, here I am!"

A word more. "Behold, here I am!" Abraham said, and he was where he ought to be. My hearer, where are you? Are you where you ought to be? Are you right with God? Are your feet on the rock to-night? Are you safe, saved? By and by the great roll of the saved will be called. The universe will be there—God, the angels, the devil, men. When it comes down to Abraham, he will be there, and he will answer as he used to answer: "Behold, here I am!" But when it comes down, my hearer, to your name and mine, will it be this, with a shout that has the ring of eternal gladness in it?—"Behold, here I am!" But if it is to be so, it must be here and now, day by day, through the ups and downs of life: "Behold, here I am! Ready! Always ready!"

### Persistence.

A noteworthy element in successful warfare with the Evil One is persistence. The mere pledge of loyalty to Christ, however solemnly made, will of itself win no victories over the Prince of Darkness. The oath of allegiance, to be availing, must be endorsed habitually by loyal words and works. There must be a recognized purpose, and that purpose must be wrought out in action. A conspicuous example of persistence in the battle of life is the apostle Paul. Note his language, as recorded in Phil. iii, 14, 15: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before; I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." At Perga his fellow laborer, John Mark, became affrighted and deserted his comrade; but Paul braved all the perils of the way and pressed resolutely into the interior. —Christian at Work.

There is ever this difference between the wise and the unwise; the latter wonders at what is unusual, the wise man wonders at the usual.