



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

890. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

On and after MONDAY, 24th November, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday) excepted, as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.10
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.40
Fast Express for Halifax, 13.30
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 7.10 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

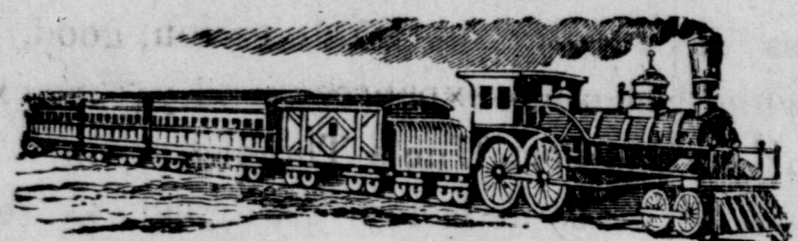
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office
Moncton, N. B., 20th Nov., 1890.



NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS IN EFFECT OCT. 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points.
Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.30, 7.35 A. M.; 4.40 P. M.
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 A. M.; 12.10 A. M., 6.25 P. M.
McAdam Junction, 10.47 A. M.; 2.15 P. M.
Vanceboro, 10.25 A. M.; 12.45 A. M.;
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 A. M.
St. Andrews, 6.55 A. M.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

9.20 A. M.; 1.20, 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.

H. P. TIMMERMAN, C. E. McPHERSON,
General Supt., Dist. Pass. Agent

NEW FUR GOODS

Jas. R. Howie

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Cents Furs.

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON.

Call and examine our large assortment of WINTER OVERCOATINGS.

Meltons and Heavy Overcoatings for Winter make-up.

James R. Howie,

PRACTICAL TAYLOR,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON

Our Pulpit.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

AS A

FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

AN ADDRESS BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In Eskine Church, Montreal, on Thursday evening, Jan. 29th, 1891, on the 54th anniversary of the Sunday School Union of the Province of Quebec.

Our national life—what is it? made up of what? It is the aggregate of life as it is among us—our physical life, our intellectual life, our religious life, our home life, our social life, our church life, our business life, our political life, our whole life, the bad as well as the good about it, poured together into one great stream of life, seething and surging, fluming and fretting, acting and interacting, ploughed up by commerce, churned into foam by the contrary winds of hard times and calamitous events, tossed into spray by political agitation, and so it sweeps onward—to what?

I think of it to-night as a river. I see it taking its rise far away back in the wild woods, the haunt of the bison and beaver, beginning its somewhat doubtful career in a small way, an unpretentious streamlet wandering lost among the mountains, and yet not without push and progress and purpose, might and growth and enterprise. I see it again, and the streamlet of other days has grown to be a river, and into this river pours on every side, whatever there is to be poured;—not always the good, but the evil as well; disease and death as well as health and life; hope and hopelessness; love and side by side with love, hatred; purity along with impurity; faith and no-faith; prayerfulness and prayerlessness; progress, and something else than progress; busy-handed effort, brave enterprise and push, and right alongside useless do-nothingism.

Here come rippling musically, down from their glad hills, the sweet waters of grace and truth, mercy and peace, benevolence and forgiveness, and they seem to lose themselves in the great growing river. There, again, soak through swamps and fens the bitter black sluggish waters of sin and sorrow and woe, social discontent and cruel envy, riotous living and beastly indulgence, evils of every sort and name and no-name. Into this river the great cities empty their slum-life, their idleness and drunkenness, their horrible immoralities and pestiferous influence. But the great cities are not wholly evil, although they may be more evil than good. Side by side with their great evils they pour their holy charities, their christian enterprise, their church activities, their mighty good, which, like salt, serves to heal the waters, and save the land.

Such, then, is the river of our national life;—a river of good and evil waters flowing side by side in the same channel, and more or less mixed;—a river, the evil of which is not quite the evil it would be were the good not side by side with it, and the good not all the good it would be were the evil not there to mar and hinder it. Oh! we ask sometimes, as we see the evil having things so much its own way with us, and the good so powerless seemingly to do the good there is needing to be done and that it wants to do, what is to become of us? And yet, there is hope for us as a nation, for into this river of our national life, are flowing freely, in many a joyous stream, the healing waters of the Blessed Gospel.

Now to-night, in a few plain practical words, I am to speak of one of the lovely tributaries flowing into the river of our national life—one of the many—namely, the Sunday School; and I am to show, as I can, what the Sunday School is, and may more and more be, in our shaping and making as a people and nation.

I call the Sunday School a lovely tributary, and you will, I am sure, agree with me. There are sluggish streams, dull dark dreary waters, their surface unruffled with a breeze, unbroken by a ripple, ungladdened by the twitter of bird. Such indeed are too many christian churches, giving one the idea that religion is a most gloomy thing, something to die by rather than to live by, and so the young are shy of it. They flee from it; they will have none of it. The pews of such churches are occupied by old people of the so-called sort; joining the church when young not encouraged; the preaching heavy, dreary, grim; the music slow and solemn; the whole service gloomy, funeral, repulsive. But it is different with the Sunday School. This is a stream of laughing waters, full of eddies and shallows, so many windings in and out and pleasant surprises, as it dances along to join the great river. Here the breezes play. Here flowers bloom, and birds of bright plumage twitter their happy notes among the branches. Here mirth and music laugh and sing. Here spring and sunshine love to linger.

Every Sunday School in the land is such a stream, contributing its quota of life and love to the great river of our national life. Indeed every class

every Sunday School is a stream. Yea, we may subdivide still farther, and we may speak of every child, in every Sunday School, as a little life-streamlet, a rill, helping, making, the great river of our national life; for, is not the national life but the gathered force of the individual life? A river is made up of the rills; that on every side flow into it, and what the rills are, or very much so at all events, the river will be. And, in the same way, the great river of our national life is made up of the rills of individual life and experience that enter into it, and they make it what it is.

Now, where rills and rivers are born, where they begin to be, where they find their source and take their rise, it is so easy to turn them here or there, to make them almost what one will. The placing, or the removing, may-hap, of a very small stone, may give direction to the river to be, may change indeed the whole contour and character of the country. Upon so little often depends so much here. We can all understand that. Go to the birthplace of rills and rivers, and you will see how very little, at one time, might have caused them to flow somewhere else than where they now flow. I ask where Montreal would be to-day were there no St. Lawrence, or if that river had found an outlet somewhere else? Perhaps nowhere.

Well now, here is a child-life, the feeble spiritual source of a grand career. That child-life is thrown into your hands, Sunday School Teacher, when it is beginning to take shape and direction, and at a time when so much can be done or undone. You cannot indeed look down through the years, and see what it is going to develop into. But here is a life that may yet do so much for this country of ours, whose future as a nation is still to be built up. Here, in your class, is an undeveloped statesman, an embryo poet or painter or preacher, a future leader of men, a merchant prince to be, the coming builder of cities, and your word and influence are to do so much towards his making. You do not know what you have in your little class of boys and girls, and it is not for you to know; but know this, you have the fathers and mothers, the teachers and preachers, the reformers and patriots, of the days to come there, and so it is yours, as one that is faithful and wise and Christlike, to make the best of your opportunities.

You may, Sunday School Teacher, undervalue your opportunities as a nation-builder. You may say, you may come to your class with the thought as a background to what you are to say: What can I do, in the brief time I have, for these restless children? "What can I do in an hour, and less, a week, towards the shaping and making of a destiny?" But I want you to realize that you have a grand opportunity, and you may do so much. In half an hour, yea in five minutes, you may say the word, you may teach the lesson, you may do the thing, that may give direction and shape to a noble earnest life.

A young preacher made a call in a humble backwoods home. In that home was a boy whose soul was hungry for something more than was there for him. The father told the young preacher about his curious child. The preacher put his hand on the boy's head, and said a word that was an inspiration to that boy, opened up a way for his life to channel itself in, gave direction and purpose and impulse to all his future. That preacher died young, was cut down in the beginning of his days of usefulness, but that boy lives, and feels that he owes so much, all he is or ever will be, to that little talk in the twilight of a summer day.

Sunday School worker, go thou and do likewise. But it is not only the hour, or half-hour, you have with your class, remember, that you have for the work it is yours to do. You have all the seven days of the week for work. It is not what you say so much, the lesson you teach, that tells; it is rather what you are, the life you live. You may not know it, you may not realize it, but up and down the street as you come and go, behind the counter where you buy and sell, in the social sphere within which you live and move and work, you are wielding an influence that is telling mightily for good or harm upon your little class in the Sunday School. Their sharp eyes are upon you, and if you are not, out of the School, what you are in it, your influence is done, your usefulness gone.

The other day I met here in Montreal a Sunday School worker, one of whom I have hitherto had the highest respect both as a man and a christian. Down in Fredericton he has addressed our Sunday School and prayer meeting, and we were glad to sit at his feet, and drink in his good earnest wise helpful words, for he can speak well and to the point. But I tell you it was a terrible shock to me, when I discovered that he had been drinking. I did not want to believe it. I thrust the unwelcome suspicion from me. I said, there must be some mistake, it cannot be true. But there was no getting round it. The dark truth came home to me in a way that there was no evading it, and I said: "Can it be possible that down yonder he is not what he is up here? Can it be possible that down yonder it is the Sunday School with him and up here the saloon?"

O my fellow-teachers, we must be out

of the class what we are in it, there what we are here, and here what we are there, if we are going to do any good if we are going to be a power, and if our Sunday School class is to be a factor in our national life! One thing is self-evident, we cannot drink to-day, and be a Sunday School Teacher, nor indeed anything else that has to do with our upbuilding as a people and nation. The Sunday School and Saloon are at opposite poles; they cannot work together, they are hostile.

The water of a stream takes on insensibly the character of the soil through which it flows. It is sweetened or poisoned as it ripples along, and it hardly knows it. It looks clear perhaps, sweet and beautiful, but the poison is there, deadly, cruel.

Now, as with water, so with life. Let the lovely child-life of our land flow into and through the Sunday School; and, if the teaching is sound, practical scriptural, if the influence is pure, spiritually healthful, stimulating, invigorating, then, the stream of child-life cannot flow there, without being the better, the purer. On what a hope for the nation, if all the children in the land could be brought in to the Sunday School! But alas! it is far otherwise. Along the idle evil streets still sweeps and surges in a ceaseless ebb and flow the nation's young life; around dark corners it still eddies; in and out of the saloon it comes and goes; and everywhere it gathers up poison, learns drunkenness, grows corrupt and vicious, and so the nation suffers, and must suffer. O, what a work for this Sunday School Union to do, what a problem to grapple with, to go on multiplying Sunday Schools, to plant them far and wide throughout the Province, to open them wherever the young life of our cities ebb and flow! And so the Sunday School may indeed come to be more and more a factor in our national life.

"A little child shall lead them," said the prophet of old, looking down to our times, and times far beyond ours. I do not know all that that means, but we live in a day, when, I think, we can see what a gentle mighty loving force it is in our moulding and making. A great king once said in words of this import: "I am acknowledged head of the nation, I am king, I sit on the throne. I wear the crown, I wield the sceptre. But there is one over me, my wife, the mother of my child. When in her own gentle way she commands, I obey. Then she too has one over her, and that is our child. Thus the child is king, the child leads, and the nation is blessed."

"Suffer," says our Lord, "the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God."

There are those to whom a human face can speak truths too deep for books.

Never did a man yet want weapons who had a good arm and a stout heart.

Goethe says that of all thieves fools are the worst for they rob us of both time and temper.

Simply to do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, or dream out the most enchanting commotion of melody and harmony.

Through all phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur; who do simply, and with no ulterior aim—with no thought whether it will be pleasant to themselves or unpleasant—that which is good, and right and generous.

We are never so much disposed to quarrel with others as when we are dissatisfied with ourselves.

Every man truly lives so long as he sets his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself.

Wisdom consists in rating everything at its just value, and always grasping the greater good, though it may not be the nearer or first to be enjoyed.

Temperance is a practised mastery of self. It holds the reins of the chariot of life. It is the steady and prompt control of the outlook sensibilities and appetences and inwardly moving desires.

God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were, to stimulate each to individual exertion, and to make all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that those imperfections can be supplied, and those wants satisfied.

A Pattern Prayer.

Clearly we must suppose that in all the ordering of this sublime trial by fire, Elijah had been acting "at thy word," even though we have no other record of the fact. He had no right to expect an answer unless he had been bidden to propose the test. God will honor the drafts which he bids us draw on him; but to suspend our own or other people's faith in him, on the issue of some experiment whether he will answer prayer is

not faith, but rash presumption, unless it is in obedience to a distinct command. Elijah had such a command, and therefore he could ask God to vindicate his action, and to prove that he was God's servant. His last petition is beautiful, both in consciousness of power with God and recognition of his place as a prophet, and in its lowly subordination of all personal aims to the restoration of Israel to true worship. He asks, with reiteration which is earnestness and faith, and therefore the sharpest contrast to the mechanical repetition by Baal's priests, that God would hear him; but his sole object in that prayer is, not that his name may be exalted as a prophet, or that any good may come to him, but that the blinded eyes may be opened, and the hearts, that have been so sadly led astray, be brought back to the worship of their father's God.

The whole brief prayer, in its calm confidence; its adoring recognition of the name and past dealings of Jehovah as the ground of trust; its throbbing of earnest desire for the manifestations of his character before men; its consciousness of personal relation to God, which humbles rather than puffs up; its beseeching for an answer, and its closing petition, which comes round again to its first, that men may know God, and fasten their hearts on him—may well stand as a pattern prayer for us. The short prayer of faith does in a moment what all the long day of crying could not do.

—Dr. MacLaren.

How Can I Win Men to Christ?

By having the life of Christ as your model, His thoughts in clear, cleanly-cut outlines in your mind, and His motives the energies to direct your movements. That a man may speak a language with power he must do his thinking in that language; likewise that a man may speak the words of Christ with effect, his meditation of the words must be in the Spirit of Christ. The thoughts of Christ must flow out of him as fragrance from the rose, as eloquence from heart- oratory. He must have not only the knowledge, but the life of truth. The words of Christ are the words of the Eternal Word; they have the idea of the eternal reason and are the incarnation of the breathing of eternal life. We may expect the fire of inspiration wrapped up in them. Brooding over them will bring into them the breath of the Spirit. By this inspiration the dry bones of the latter will live stand upon their feet an exceedingly great army, and the gates of hell must not prevail against them. By secret communication with Christ His words become instinctive with energy, warm and palpitating, the very cloven tongues of Pentecost. They give inspirations, "put a soul under the ribs of death," and create thoughts that breathe and words that burn." This kind of study is one element of success in winning souls.—S. S. Mag.

God has made us guardians of our own happiness by constituting us keepers of our own consciences and giving us the privilege of choosing either the good or evil. It is impossible for one to taste or even touch the fruit of evil and still know true happiness, for the susceptibility to remorse is a part of human nature over which one can exercise no control, and a guilty conscience finds no rest.

Things Unlike a Christian.

It is not like a Christian to come into church on the Lord's day after the worship has commenced, and sit down as if you had nothing to be ashamed of.

It is not like a Christian to stare about during the service, and to be busied in pulling on your gloves and arranging your dress whilst the last acts of worship are being offered.

It is not like a Christian to wander from your own church and choose to meet with a strange congregation, when the members of your own church are assembled for worship.

It is not like a Christian to absent yourself from the prayer-meeting when a little sacrifice would enable you to attend.

It is not like a Christian to take only two sittings in a pew because you occupy only two, whilst you can afford to pay for four.

It is not like a Christian to subscribe one dollar for missions while you can afford to subscribe ten.

It is very unlike a Christian to absent yourself from church when a special collection is to be taken.

It is very unlike a Christian to go out of your church when the Supper of the Lord is to be observed.

It is not like a Christian to deem any thing unimportant which Christ has commanded, or to treat with indifference matters relating to church government because they are not essential to salvation.—Christian Inquirer.

Oh, be men of purpose! The world needs such men.

He who wishes to have a friend must be willing to be a friend.