



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892

ON and after MONDAY, 19th October 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 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.

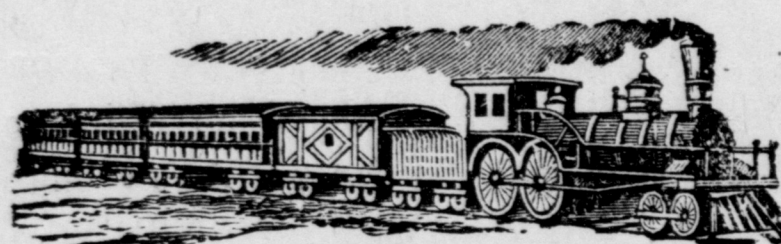
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex. 8.30
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal. 9.35
(Monday excepted). 12.55
Accommodation for 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 &c
THE SHORT LINE to
Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
IN EFFECT OCTOBER 5th, 1891.
LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton Woodstock and points North.
10.30 a. m. For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.25, 7.15 a. m.; 4.40 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 a. m.; 12.15, 6.25 p. m.

McAdam Junction, 10.50 a. m.; 2.30 p. m.
Vancorbo, 10.25 a. m.
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.30 a. m.
St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

9.20 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,
Gen. Pass. Agent.
C. E. MCPHERSON,
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, 8.55; 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 St. River Steamers for St. John and points on St. River; at Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle; at Cross Creek with stage for Stanley.

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

THOMAS HOBEN
Superintendent

Our Pulpit.

DANIEL.

PLAIN TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

II.

A PURPOSE.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In Erskine Church, Montreal, Sabbath Evening, Oct. 11th, 1891.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—DANIEL I. 8.

When you find a man who has come to be truly eminent, risen from obscurity to position and power, laid the world under obligation to his genius, hewn out for himself a niche in the temple of fame with his axe or sword, or like our hero has stood up strong and true in the face of the degeneracy of his day and served his God and done his duty;—when, I say, you find such a man, you want to know the secret of his success.

I am speaking to-night to young men, the most of whom, I doubt not, have a laudable ambition to rise. They want to make their mark in the world. They want to be worthy of some place of respect and honor in the hearts of the people among whom they live and labor. And that is all right. I commend such an ambition. It will not be thought out of place in me to say here, that I for one want to serve my generation in some good and useful way. I cannot call myself young now, but I have not yet given up trying to be something more than I am, and I am not going to give up. I care not for popularity, for it is often as empty as the wind, blowing this way to-day and somewhere else to-morrow; but I do want to serve my generation in some good and useful way, I want to live and labor for the highest well-being of the people, I want to contribute my little quota to the world's true progress, I want to live in the memories of the good when my work is done. I confess to that weakness, if it be a weakness. I am not without ambition, and I hope the young men and boys listening to me are not without ambition.

My young friends you have a right to try to be great and good. You have a right to aim high—as high as those high stars that shine down upon you to-night. Your God gives you that right. He reaches down to you where you sit, and taking hold of you with His gentle mighty gracious influence and energy, He says: "Come up! Come up where I am!" He has not made you for the street-gutter. He has given you feet to climb, an eagle-spirit to soar, and so it is yours to come up. He who made the boy-captive what he came to be, who led him so high up, can do for you what He did for him. Let Him do for you then. But know this, boys, He is not going to do it for you without your being with Him in the doing of it. That was the way He made Daniel, and that is the way He will make you.

But to our theme. And we are to speak specially of Daniel's purpose to-night, for it entered so largely into his making. It was, we may say, the pivotal point in his career. Had he not purposed at all, or had he purposed otherwise than he did, this Book of Daniel would not have been written and where it is, and there would have been no lessons of his life to learn, or they would have been far otherwise from what they are. "But Daniel purposed in his heart"—that saved him, made him, crowned him.

I. THE BOY-CAPTIVE A STUDENT AT THE CHALDEAN COLLEGE OF BABYLON:—We parted with him a week ago, you will remember, on his way to captivity. Of the journey we have no record. When he reached Babylon, being a likely youth, handsome and clever, of good address and noble presence and promise, it was recommended to the king that he be selected along with others for service in the palace. I suppose it was the intention to make him a page, or waiter at the royal table perhaps, or groom, or valet-de-chambre, or something of that sort, for the retinue of the Babylonian monarch was enormous—many thousands.

This led to his being sent to the Chaldean College to be educated. You see how the Lord leads him. It was necessary for him to be educated, if he was to be anything in Babylon. It was necessary for him to be up in the language and literature of the country, to be posted in all that pertained to government, to be taught all that the Chaldeans knew about religion, astronomy, science, and so much else. That was necessary, and so the way was opened for him to become a student at the famous Chaldean College. Knowledge is power, and if Daniel is to come to power, he must know.

His education here would of course be vastly different from what he had already learned in Jerusalem, at the school of some Jewish rabbi, and at home at his pious mother's knee. Much of it, we can very readily understand, must

have been exceedingly distasteful to him. Chaldean classics would be tame alongside of the sacred classics he had studied out of the Hebrew manuscripts—the interesting and eloquent writings of Moses, the epic of Job, the lyrics of David, the narratives and stories and histories he had heard and read till they had come to be part of himself.

In the Chaldean College he would learn the language of Babylon, a language very similar to his own. He would be taught how to write and read the cuneiform character. He would be initiated into the mysteries and absurdities of astrology and divination, and so much else that would be of no real use to him.

In that college, it would seem, much importance was attached to what we may call physical education. Certain dietary rules were laid down for the guidance of the students, and they must pass in these as well as in astronomy and language, if they were not to be plucked. It was military discipline at the Chaldean College, and disobedience was summarily and severely punished.

You can see the boy-captive, the young Jewish exile, richly togated as befits his relation to the splendid Babylonian court, commencing his college course. It is all so new to him, so strange, so romantic. Still, such a life has its own attractions, and is rich with opportunities, and Daniel enters upon it, throws himself into it, with all a boy's enthusiasm, not knowing, and not caring to know perhaps, what lies beyond. How homesick he is sometimes, and lonely, in the great city with the might and learning of the world around him! And no letters from home to cheer him! He is in a new world, cut off from the past with its happy hallowed memories. But those memories he will not let die. He will keep them alive within himself.

Do you wonder if he weeps sometimes—weeping amid all the grandeur and gayety around him? And it is not wrong to weep, nor weak; not derogatory to the manhood growing up in him. Motherless boy of fifteen, let him weep all he wants to!

But then it will not do to weep over-much. Tears have their use. They drain the soul of its floods of sorrow. But we may weep too much. Away with your tears, boy from home! It is to work, not weep, you go to college. And the boy yonder grapples with his tasks, learns his lessons—those even he has no liking for, dips deep into Chaldean lore, puzzles out the star-problems mapped out for him on the high sky, and finds truth and help for his young life. And he learns, grows fast in wisdom. His brow broadens. His intellect sharpens. Somehow that boy from the hills of Judea knows more than his teachers can teach him. He is a prodigy in learning. Ah! the Spirit of God is his teacher, and so he has insights into truth that others have not. He prays as he studies, and so he learns fast. He is precocious.

O student here to-night, do you know how to pray? If you want to get on in your studies, if you want to be a Daniel, if you want to be the sort of professional man the world is waiting for; then, learn how to pray.

II. TEMPTATION:—Daniel was not long in Babylon, and at the Chaldean College, before temptation found him out, and sought to slay him. And, I want to say here, that temptation is not far from any college student, nor indeed from any young man. This city is full of temptation. It lurks at every corner. It sits in the professional chair perhaps, and talks learnedly of things that sound wise and good, but are the devil's lie—the lie that slew Eve, and has slain many another fair soul. In the pulpit too, as a white angel, it may preach to you, ministering comfort where you need condemnation, rocking to sleep where you should be awaked to awful alarm, toying with you when it should be troubling you. Oh so smooth-tongued and plausible is the destroyer of souls! Where you do not look for him, and when you do not expect him, he sidles up to you, and slips his arm into yours, and you are in his power before you know it. O cruel tempter, not with the cloven foot, but with fair blandishments, thou comest to the Daniels, and they must ever be on the watch against thee, if they are to escape.

Temptation came to Daniel this way. As a court student, he had his meat from the king's table, brought it would seem to the college refectory. It was first-class food that was set before him—the best of meat and royal wine. "Ah!" you say, "That makes me smack my lips. That is the sort of table I would like to dine at. The boarding-house that spreads the best table is the boarding-house for me. Meat from the King's table! And wine! Think of it!"

Daniel was about fifteen when he went to college, and boys of fifteen like to have plenty to eat. How does it come, then, that this Jewish lad declines to touch the food spread before him? His mouth waters, and yet he eats not. He is hungry—boys of fifteen are always hungry—and yet he eats not. What is the matter?

The matter is this. Temptation is there. A serpent lies coiled up in that food. Daniel learns that the king's meat has been offered to the idol before it comes to him, and to eat and drink of it is to do honor to the idol. "Bah!" you say, "that is too thin! A student at

the Chaldean college yonder, or at McGill here, or even at the Presbyterian college, so fussy and conscientious as that!"

And yet Daniel was just as particular as that. He wanted to eat; it was a temptation for him to eat. But as he looked at it, it would compromise him to do it, it would be wrong to do it. So he said to the man who had to look after the eating and drinking of the royal students, that he could not eat that food. It was against his principles to do so. And he requested that a purely vegetable diet be substituted. His conscientious scruples were respected to this extent at least, that for ten days he and his young friends of like faith were to be fed on a pulse diet, and if at the end of that time there were no evil effects to themselves, it would be as they requested.

My young hearer, you can see what a temptation for Daniel it must have been to say nothing, to raise no objections, to let well enough alone. He was a captive, a mere boy, and the rule regarding the eating and drinking of the students was a rule of the palace and the college. And then it seemed a small matter anyway, nothing to make a fuss about. What was an idol! Oh it was so easy to play fast and loose with scruples and conscientious convictions yonder where the beardless boy of fifteen sat down to eat! You would not have made the fuss Daniel made. You would have eaten what was set before you and asked no questions. Ah! it is just in little things like these where temptation comes to men, and takes advantage of them. So often you will hear men say: "Pooh! it is only a two-penny-half-penny affair!" But the truth is, if men are wrong in small things, they will soon be wrong in large things. Beware of the beginnings of evil: Be loyal to conscience, to duty, truth, God, and you are safe. Be lax, free and easy, having no principle about things, and you will soon have made shipwreck of character, and gone to the bad.

III. DANIEL'S PURPOSE:—"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."

"Daniel purposed in his heart." He made up his mind. He informed himself on the matter, thought it over very carefully, looked at the subject on all its sides, and so came to a fixed and settled opinion, a deliberate decision. It was no hastily formed opinion, an impulse of the moment, a bit of caprice or conceit or fastidiousness on his part.

Some people, you know, are excessively fussy, over-nice and whimsical, as to their eating and drinking. Now perhaps Daniel was one of that sort, and if so, you would not want to board the new student from Jerusalem, nor would you like to entertain him as a guest. And then some people religiously abstain from certain kinds of meat one day that they will eat fast enough and almost too freely on other days. Perhaps that was Daniel's way. Not at all. He was neither over-nice nor superstitious. He wanted to do right in his eating and drinking as he wanted to do right in everything else he did, and there is no other kind of right doing, and so he made up his mind just what he would do here and abide by the consequences.

He was grappling with a problem—a problem that comes in one shape or other to every man, but was more to the Jew than it has been to the Gentiles, and he must solve it. He had to eat. Everybody has to do that. And neither Daniel yonder in Babylon, nor you here in Montreal, can always have the food he has been used to and prefers. You sit down to a table with your hunger the hunger of a great boy from the country used to substantial food, and when you look all over the table for something to eat, you find jellies, and ice-creams, and dainties and foods with names you could neither spell nor pronounce, and your whole physical nature rises up in rebellion, and you say, NO! I WILL NOT EAT! But it is not always the nonsense of the food, the good-for-nothingness of it, that condemns it. That is a small matter, a thing of no moment. But it may be here with you, as yonder with Daniel, the wrongness of eating and drinking forbidden food. That may be the problem you have to grapple with and solve for yourself. That was the problem Daniel had to face, and he faced it.

He had to eat. He wished, I suppose, that it was not necessary to eat. But he had to. And on the table spread for him was food, every mouthful of which was polluted with idolatry. He could not shut his eyes, and open his mouth, as some people do, and let the defiling food go down. He could not do that. So he thought out a solution that seemed to him a solution that would remove the difficulty; and then he put down his foot and stood as on a rock. He purposed in his heart. Brave good true boy!

My boy, you will have your temptation in this matter of what goes into your mouth as well as Daniel, and you will have to put down your foot somewhere, if you are not going to be wrecked. You may not want to put down your foot, where I have put down mine, and where Daniel put down his, and where others may have put down theirs, but put it down somewhere, and do not put it down too near the border-land between right and wrong. Some young fellows open their mouths very

wide, and let the devil and folly and fashion put about all they like into them—rum and tobacco, pipes and poison. Others are a little more particular. They draw the line at rum. Others draw the line at tobacco in every form excepting in that of cigars and cigarette. I would say to students and boys beginning their life-work, be religiously pure in habits. Let nothing of man pass between your

see that you have a map with regard to these things, a deep heart-purpose based on sound principle and righteousness; and stand by it, hold to it, sacredly, persistently.

No! is a short word, but sometimes it is a hard word to say, and yet you must say it, as Daniel said it at the King's table, with the king's meat on his plate to eat, and the king's wine poured out for him to drink. He said it, politely said it, but with Heaven looking on approvingly, and it made him, saved him. And, my boy, you must learn to say that little word, if you are to go home to your father and mother next spring, purer, nobler, with more of truth and manliness in your whole being. To the flash of the wine-cup, even in the jeweled hand of beauty temptingly lifted to your lips, politely, but resolutely, say, "No! I must not!" To the young man that thrusts his arm into yours, and says: "Come in here and have something to drink! Have a glass of beer, if you cannot have something stronger!" say fiercely: No! And then break with him as you would with the devil himself, for the devil is there, and no mistake. The Holy Christ said rudely to the polite devil that came to Him in His hunger, and suggested how He could have bread to eat—forbidden bread;—He said to him: "Get thee hence, Satan! And let your No! be like His, and the tempters will not bother you so much.

The lack of a purpose is not only in the way of young men's getting on, but it is their ruin. They drift about the idle streets. They hang round the corners. They frequent doubtful resorts. They go here and there to while away an idle and indulgent hour. And so soon they are the slaves of their own vices, the victims of their own indulgence.

O young men, settle it before God that you will do what you believe to be right, regardless of consequences. Before you leave those pews, purpose in your heart to be Christ's, and put that purpose into effect by laying your life at His feet, and identifying yourself with His people. I do not suppose it took Daniel long to make up his mind, to purpose his purpose. It could not have done so. He went without any dinner till he fixed it. And you had better not go to sleep, till you have purposed in your heart to be done with all that defiles and degrades, and to accept Christ as your Saviour. He wants decision. He wants on your part a prompt decision. Oh how much depends on a right purpose! You are purposing a purpose of some kind in your heart now—purposing perhaps to let well enough alone, purposing to be what you have been, and what others are, purposing to drink all the wine you will have the opportunity to drink. Ah! such a purpose never made a Daniel. That purpose has slain its ten-thousands, but it has not saved one. The Lord lead you to purpose Daniel's purpose!

Dare to be a Daniel!

Dare to stand alone!

Dare to have a purpose firm;

Dare to make it known.

Advice to Young Men.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better younger men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went wagging on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral, or even heard of the death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, rambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of a bank in five minutes than you could get out of a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months. Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.—Exchange.