



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton. 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene. 11.00
Fast Express for Halifax. 14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago. 16.35
Night Express for Halifax. 22.30

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted). 6.10
Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec. 8.3
Accommodation from Point du Chene. 12.55
Day Express from Halifax. 18.30
Fast Express from Halifax. 22.30

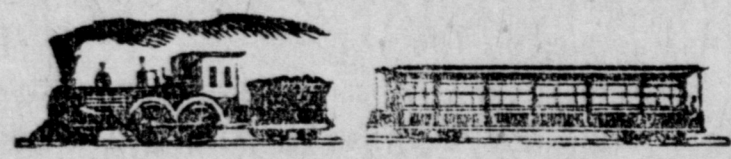
The train due to arrive at St. John, from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

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., 17th June, 1891.



Canada Eastern Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Dec. 1st, 1890.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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

Leave Fredericton

7.10 a. m.: Gibson, 7.20; Marysville, 7.30; Durham, 8.10; Cross Creek, 8.50; Boiestown, 10.10; Doaktown, 11.25; Upper Blackville, 12.30, p. m.; Blackville, 1.10; Upper Nelson, 2.20; Chatham Junction, 3.12; arrive at Chatham, 3.40.

Returning Leave Chatham

15 a. m.: Chatham Junction, 8.00; Upper Nelson, 8.15; Blackville, 9.05; Upper Blackville, 9.40; Doaktown, 11.00; Boiestown, 11.50; Cross Creek, 1.05 p. m.; Durham, 1.45; Marysville, 2.22; Gibson, 2.32; arriving at Fredericton 2.55.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the C. P. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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

THOMAS HOBBEN,
Superintendent

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.

W. C. HLB

A gent.



Children
always
Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.
A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER
It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.
Beware of substitutions and imitations.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Our Pulpit.

GOSPEL TALKS.

V.

Guests for the King's Feast.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

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

"Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."—LUKE XIV. 21, 22.

A week ago we listened to the servant's report. It was not much of a report. Not a guest for the feast! Excuses, empty excuses—that was all there was. To-night we are to see how the master feels about it, and what he does.

I. HIS ANGER:—"Then the master of the house being angry." That is the way he feels. And you would expect him to feel that way. Put yourself in his place. In the generosity of your heart you made a feast for those you regarded as your friends. You let them know what was going on, for it was in their interests you were doing it. You wanted to make it in every way worthy of them as well as of yourself. You spared no expense. Your table was loaded with every delicacy. Nothing was wanting. But at the last moment, instead of guests came excuses, and excuses too that were an insult to you, that imposed on your good nature, took advantage of your patience. I ask what you would say, and how you would feel. You would be angry. You would feel that those friends of yours were no longer worthy of your confidence, and you would summarily break with them, and cast them off, and seek new ones.

Now, that is a very human way of setting before us how God feels when we turn our back upon His invitations, and refuse His grace and mercy. The Great Supper of salvation is spread before us. And at what a cost! It cost God His Son, the Son His life. And all is there that sinners need. It is in our interests that Great Feast is provided. It is to feed our hunger, to save us from eternal starvation. And we are all invited.

Tell me not, my hearer, that you have had no opportunities to come to the Supper, that no invitation has reached you; that, in some way, you have been overlooked. That is not so. No one here can plead any such excuse. You have been invited. You have been urged as well as invited. And yet, it may be, you have steadfastly refused to come. You have purposely absented yourself. And not only have you done that, but you have tried to keep others from going. Your influence, your bad example, your sneers, your arguments, your cruel insinuations, have kept them from going when it was in their minds and hearts to go. And you have railed at those who went. You have called them fools, fanatics, hypocrites, and all the hard names your wicked tongue could shape into words, and you have hurt them, hindered them.

Now, how does God feel about it? Ah! His indignation burns. And it is a fire that cannot be quenched. God angry with you! Think of it! You wonder perhaps how it is things are not going well with you, how your prosperity is tumbling to pieces, how the way it is yours to take is so uphill, how you feel so bad, so unspeakably wretched, and find no comfort and no good in anything. But how can it be otherwise, since God is angry with you? O repent, and seek to put yourself right with Him. Let not His anger go to bed with you to-night. Let it not overhang your pillow, and haunt your sleep. On your knees tell Him your sins, and cry to Him for mercy, and instead of the heat of his indignation, there will be the light of His countenance, the joy of His salvation.

II. GUESTS FOUND:—So soon as the master learned from the servant that the specially invited guests were not coming, he sent him right off to find others. He sent him to the streets of the city, and its lanes and slums, with an invitation for the poor and wretched, the blind and the lame, anybody and everybody he could find that was in any need. "Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

The servant was to go out quickly. He was to look alive. Every moment meant loss. It meant more distress for the poor, more limping for the lame, more blindness for the blind, more sin for the sinner, more of want and woe for the world. The faster he went, the sooner they would come, and the sooner they would come, the sooner they would be helped. Oh, do we understand what it is to be quick to go to the poor and perishing with the gospel, quick to tell them how to be helped and saved? The world is suffering, souls are perishing, because we are not quick to the rescue. "Go out quickly."

The servant did as he was told. You see him hurrying along the streets—quick, urgent, earnest. He stops not at the abodes of wealth, the fashionable streets, the boulevards where greatness promenades, but he hastens to the back streets where the poor are crowded together, where the lame limp, and the blind grope, and the wretched groan, and the wicked do wickedly. And now he is successful. The poor are glad to come, and they come so promptly. The blind come groping. The lame come limping. The hungry come with their hunger. The wretched come with their wretchedness, and the wicked with their wickedness. It is a motley crowd the servant leads to the house of his master, the tag-rag of the city. But anybody is better than nobody.

Perhaps some of those who had been invited, but would not come, felt within themselves, that there could be no sort of feast without them, and they secretly chuckled over the failure their absence would be sure to create. But there was a feast without them, a grand feast, a crowded guest-chamber. And there was more real good done, and more real joy enjoyed, than if they had come indeed.

And know this, my hearer, that your not coming to the Great Supper will be your loss, not the Lord's. Others will be there to take your place—your domestics perhaps, your work-people, your factory-hands, the people you despise, the people of the East-end; and so the feast will go on, and the world's joy will go on, and men's good will go on, and God's glory will go on.

There are people who feel their own importance, and who like to make it felt. They have influence, wealth, social standing, position, and they come to church with these things, and they want to be the somebodies in the church that they are in society and the state. It does not do to preach what they do not like and do not believe, for they might get their back up, and then the poor struggling church would go to the wall. Perhaps they have no more real connection with the church of Christ than the pew they sit in, or the stone or brick or timber the walls or the tower are built of. Still, they like to have much to say as to how things are to be done. But Christ shews us here, that no man, nor any clique of men, no matter how mighty in means and influence, are so important that they cannot be done without. The blessed gospel is going to go on whether you believe it or not, and whether I preach it or not, and the loss will be ours, not the church's, not the Lord's.

Others again belittle their influence and importance, and so stay away. They excuse themselves from this and that gospel privilege on the ground that they are not good enough. But as with the old excuse-makers, so with modern ones, there will be no place for them at the feast. You stand back, my hearer, and you let this one and that one go past you into the church, and you wonder perhaps why they go, and you wonder still more perhaps why ministers and elders let them go, for they are not any too good. But do you not know, that if we are to be anything here or hereafter, we must make a personal application of the gospel privileges set before us? Yea, we must go forward almost recklessly, and do this duty, and take upon us that responsibility, if we are ever going to be anything.

Here is a poor sinner. You know something of his dark history. You have seen him in the street gutter. He has been a drunkard perhaps, a low vile wretch. But he has come to know of Christ and His grace and mercy for such as he is. The invitation that has passed you has somehow gone on to him, and he is glad to have the opportunity you despised. He says to himself: "Since the gospel feast is for sinners, I will go, for if there was ever a sinner, I am one." And he goes. And there is a welcome for him, and the help he needs. Jesus takes him to His arms, and washes away his sins. By and by he comes to the church, and he says to the ministers and elders: "I want to join the church, will you let me in? I have been a great sinner; but Jesus has forgiven me, and led me to believe and hope." And they take him in. They would be doing great wrong not to take him in. Of course there are so many who will insinuate and sneer, and question the wisdom of taking a man who was down so low into the church. But step by step the poor man is led on and up, making one personal application of Christ after another. At last the end comes. The judgment is set. The books are opened. The universe is before the throne. And the poor sinner is there. After a while his turn comes, and this is his ground of hope: "Jesus died for me! Jesus died for me! Jesus, only Jesus!" And the welcome of Heaven greets him.

But, on the other hand, where is he who excuses himself on this ground or that, excuses himself from this duty and that privilege, excuses himself from this responsibility and that? Ah! he finds himself shut out, not wanted, lost. O my hearer, if you excuse yourself from bearing the cross here, you will find yourself excused from wearing the crown in the blessed Hereafter.

III. YET ROOM:—What a word of encouragement have we here: "And yet there is room." I am glad it is here, and I am going to make what use of it I can.

Many had come to the Great Supper from the streets and lanes of the city. The poor are many. Sinners are many. The suffering and sorrowing are many. You see them crowding to the feast, and it looks now as if these are almost too many even for the Great Supper. The servant is not without his anxiety in this respect. But when all are seated, it is found the feast is larger still than the number of the guests. So the servant is able to report, and is glad to report: "And yet there is room."

You know what it is perhaps to find that there is no room, no room for you. You come to the great city with its thronging streets, and great throbbing factories, and busy stores. You say: "There is a place for me there, a position for me to fill, work for me to do, money for me to make." But you go into store after store with your willingness to do something, and to your request to be taken in there is for your ears the sad word: "No room! No room!" You come knocking at the doors of factories with your strong willing hands, and you are so willing to do almost anything that two hands can do, but the words everywhere is: "No room! No room!" Along miles of hard stony blistering pavements you drag your heavy feet, until you are ready to drop through fatigue and disappointment, and everywhere it is the one sad refusal: "No room! No room!"

But I have a better word than that. Perhaps you are here to-night with your discouragement and disappointment, and you are sitting back somewhere feeling so God-forsaken and sad-hearted, not knowing what to do or where to look. Ah! cheer up, my brother, for in the name of Jesus, it is mine to say to you: "Room! Yet room! Abundance of room!"

There is room in Christ for you. Perhaps that is not the room you want. Oh! that is the trouble with us. We despise the room there is, and we go seeking with weary steps where there is no room, and so we lose all, we shut the door of hope and help upon ourselves. Let us not make that mistake. Room like at the feet of Christ—there is no room that no room that gives a man to feel that he can be something and do something like it. Enter into it, then, and avenues of usefulness will open up to you, and positions will come to you, and doors of opportunity will invite you, and so you will find more room than you can occupy, more work to do than you can do, and remunerative work too.

And another thing about room here, your coming does not crowd any body out. Your being rich is so often in the way of some one else's being rich. Your prosperity is at the expense of some one else's prosperity. Your occupying a position means that some one has to go without, and sometimes indeed to be shoved out in order to make way for you. And there are so many in this selfish world ready to shove others out, so that they may step into their shoes. We find it so among ministers. We find it among the churches. We find it in the places of power. The politicians elbow each other in the rudest fashion. They care not even though the best man for the position has to go. And then what a scramble for pelf as well as for power. But how different here. Here there is room for all, and how much of good as well as room. I am not inviting you to a mean place, to where there is only room. "Room where?" you ask, and you ask it as if you had your doubts about it. There may be plenty room, and there may be that, because there is nothing people care about crowding together for, nothing to bring them, draw them. Empty churches! Great cavernous buildings, with hero and there a worshipper, trying hard to be interested—is it that sort of room to which I invite you? No. The room here is room at a banquet, room at the feet of the Great King, room where flows the river of life, room where arches the bow of hope and open up to you the gates of Heaven. "And yet there is room."

"Yet room" implies that there may come a day when there is no room. You remember the story of the foolish virgins. You see them waked up at midnight by the startling cry: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" Their lamps are out, and no oil to kindle them. They go to seek it, and they are earnest about it, wildly earnest. They rush through the dark streets seeking what they should have had when there was opportunity. What a pathetic scene it is! And yet alas! it is not uncommon. Late, late, they make their way to where the Bridegroom and the bride with their friends are met at the marriage-supper. They timidly knock, and want to be let in. But the door is shut—there is no room. Oh their terror and anguish to find that where there was so much room only a few hours before, there is now no room!

And, "yet room," may as soon come to be no room. Sleep may do it for you, my hearer, as well as for the foolish virgins. Putting off, and putting off, may do it. Taking things easy when we should be up and doing. Living for the now, when eternity is taking hold of us. Oh so many things may make us neglectful, and keep us asleep right up to the fatal last hour!

Now, as I close, I want to ask straight home to your conscience how long this

indifference, this ease and unconcern with you, are going to go on. If the Bridegroom were to come to you to-night, what would you do now? If to-morrow you were to die in eternity, how would you spend the remaining part of this day, the intervening hours? I think you would want to get down on your knees somewhere, and pray to the Lord for mercy. I think you would want to do that, unless indeed you were gone clean over to the world's folly. The best preparation for death, is to do now in these days of youth and health and hope, these days of christian privilege and opportunity, what you would do were this your last day, and this hour your last hour.

The Sin of Self-Confidence.

The secret of the failure of more than one young convert—yes, and of many a young minister, too—has been overweening self-confidence. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." To every beginner in the Christian life we would say, you cannot trust Jesus Christ too much! In fact the real conflict with you will be just this: "Shall I trust myself, or my Lord and Saviour?" Your soul has no self-lifting power, any more than your body has to lift itself by grasping at the straps of your boots. You can no more find your way to Heaven without Christ than you can find your way through the Mammoth Cave without a guide and a torch. Let poor Peter in Pilate's courtyard show you what a poor figure a boastful Christian cuts when he relies on his own strength.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Our Hope of Triumph.

I have recalled gratefully again and again a word that my drawing-master gave me when I was a lad, blundering at my first lesson. I had set the copy before me, and was trying very hard to reproduce it—but, alas, what crooked lines! How impossible it was for anything to be like my picture—and yet how impossible it seemed to make my picture what it should be. Smudged and muddled by many rubbings out and many failures, trying only made the matter worse. Then came the master and took the pencil, and in the twinkling of an eye the thing was done, every stroke firm, straight, exact. Then my despair was completed—I had tried so hard and failed so utterly, and he had done it without trying at all! I laid down the pencil with a sigh, and said, "I shall never draw."

"Nonsense," said the master cheerily, patting me on the shoulder. "You can draw as well as I could when I was your age."

What? was there a time when he bungled and blundered! I looked up in amazement.

"I mean it," he said, amused at my look.

I was an artist then—if never since. He had come down and back to me, and was himself again the little awkward beginner, and I was lifted up and linked on to him. That was gentleness, and it made me great. It saw not the copy only; it was not ashamed of the blundering little pupil; it came down to be a child that it might help the child up toward the artist. Look at it. Is it not the very Gospel of God? God hath made Himself one with us that he may make us one with Himself. He has come down to be little and weak, and beset with our hindrances, that he may lift us up and set us on high among his heroes and conquerors. Look at the words in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews and the eleventh verse—"For it became him by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory (there is the greatness) to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings: for both he that sanctified and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brothers." If I am to think of God as the sublime, the majestic only if I have but the law thundering from Sinai or graven on stone—*Thou shalt—thou shalt not*—what hope have I? What allowance can be made for weakness, for ignorance, for particular difficulties? What, indeed, can the law know of these? But if the infinite love and gentleness of God do bring him down to be one with me in my very flesh and blood, one with me in all the round of daily life and circumstance, then I may set out with confidence. If he understand me in all my peculiarities and needs, and be ever ready to help me, then may I triumph—his gentleness shall make me great.—Mark Guy Pearse.

If you want to spoil all that God gives you, if you want to be miserable yourself, and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once. Think about yourself, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then nothing to you will be pure.—Charles Kingsley.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel, if a single stitch drops; one little sin indulged makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.