



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. 8.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene. 12.55
Day Express from Halifax. 18.30
Fast Express from Halifax. 22.30

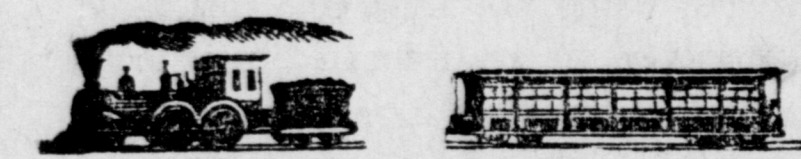
The train due to arrive at St. John, from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

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.

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, 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 Staney.

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

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Superintendent

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Our Pulpit.

HOPE FOR BROKEN VESSELS.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In the Erskine Church, Montreal, Sabbath evening, August 30, 1891.

"I am like a broken vessel."—Ps. XXXI. 12.

David likens himself here to a broken vessel. You know what is done with a broken vessel, a once honored teapot that has lost its spout or handle, a bowl or cup that has met with an accident. It is flung away usually, as of no more use, as having served out its day. The use it was, the good it did, are forgotten. And that is the way David felt about himself, and others felt about him, when Absalom's unnatural rebellion swept down upon him. It flung the honored hero of other days away from his throne and capital to the wilderness, and it looked as if he was done with reigning, yea done with living, done with all the good he had tried to be and do. And so in his abandonment, in his forsakenness and despair, he wept and wrote: "I am like a broken vessel."

But there is hope for broken vessels. Out in the country you will sometimes see what had once been a busy family teapot, old and cracked with long service, spoutless and handleless perhaps, converted into a flower-pot, and standing on the window-sill, beautiful and odoriferous, and so honored and happy in its new mission. And it is getting to be fashionable in modern cities, to mend broken china with tiny silver or gold bands, and set them forth in prominent places, as ornamental, antique, rare. No, broken vessels need not be thrown away as worthless rubbish. They may still be of service, and there is a skill that knows how to convert them to a higher service, a grander use. And the banished king felt, though flung away with rude hands like a broken vessel, that there was hope for him. All through the psalm there breathes the hope, and blossoms out the trust, that God had still a work for him to do, an honored place in His service to fill, and He would find ways and means of getting him back to it.

Now, if the Lord will be with me, I want to speak a word of encouragement, I want to preach the gospel of hope here and now, to the one who, like the exiled king, is saying of himself so sadly: "I am like a broken vessel."

I. HOPE FOR THE VESSEL THAT ACCIDENT HAS BROKEN:—You were at work perhaps on the side of a high building, and the scaffolding gave way, and your fall was so great as to disable you for life, leave you but the wreck of your former self. You lived, but that was about all. And now you who could once climb anywhere where feet could climb, you who could go and do where no other man could or would; you who could leap from beam to beam with a squirrel's agility—you can climb no more. The hammer, the trowel, the paint-brush, you can wield no more, and you are feeling as if it were a pity you survived the accident.

Or, your work was about trains. You were a locomotive-driver, a brakeman, a fireman, and something went wrong with the train you were on. There was a dreadful railway accident, and out of the debris you were dug, lying indeed, but a broken vessel, torn to pieces, a leg and arm gone. No more railroading for you! And you liked it so much. It was the sort of work you were at home at.

Or, you took sick with a sickness that put out your eyes, that left you in the utter darkness of blindness. Or, you lost your hearing. None of the music of speech for you now! None of the gospel's eloquence! None of the rapture of song, the sweet words of love and friendship!

Or, the accidents of birth befell you perhaps. You were only about half made when you were made; born lame, blind, deaf-mute, twisted and knotted up into living deformity, a creature for pity to weep over and mockery to laugh at; and you feel bad, bitter, that you were made at all, since you were spoiled in the making, and that you were born at all, since you have been born into a life that there is neither place nor use for.

Thus, my hearer, you who used to climb so high up, but now must creep the rest of your way so low down; you who used to dash along so swiftly, but now must limp along so slowly; you who used to lead others in their blindness, but now must let others lead you in your blindness; you who used to hear for others, but now must have others hear for you; and you who used to dream of beauty of form, and height of stature, and strength and swiftness, dignity and gracefulness, but have woken up out of your dream to find that nothing of the kind is ever to be yours;—you, I say, as you contemplate the state you are in by the accidents of birth or untoward circumstances and events, are in a despair that there seems to be neither hope nor help for, and you are saying of yourself as David in his cast-off state said of himself: "I am like a broken vessel; I am like a piece of damaged crockery ware, fit only to be flung away and forgotten."

And yet to you, O maimed one, O poor wrecked life, I preach the gospel of hope. You may still be something. Yea, you may now be what you never could have been, had no accident befallen you. The Lord lets us fall sometimes, so that He may lift us up. He lops off a limb perhaps, so that in its place He may grow a wing, a higher hope, a holier aspiration. The blind He leads by a better way than he would have chosen for himself, if he had had his eyes to see with. Say not then, O blind and lame one, as you grope and limp your slow way through life: "I am like a broken vessel."

A young brakeman fell from the train one shivering winter-night, and they carried him home to his mother maimed for life—a leg gone. I went to see him. "No more railroading for me!" he said sadly, and the tears were in his eyes. "Oh!" I said, "you had better not say that, Dan. This may be the Lord's way of doing something far better for you." And it proved true. He is to-day a good deal higher up in railroading than he ever would have been as the brakeman of a coal-train.

A boy took sick and lost his eyesight, and everybody said: "What a calamity!" But it was his making. That blind boy is now at the head of a Blind Institution, and is serving his generation in a better way than he would have dreamed of probably, if he had not lost his sight.

The mother of a born cripple told me the story of her tears and despair when she came to know that her firstborn would be always lame. "A broken vessel!" she said; "a burden to himself and all who have to do with him." But that broken vessel came to be a joy and crown, an earnest christian, an enterprising business-man, a useful citizen.

II. HOPE FOR THE VESSEL THAT HARD TIMES HAVE EMPTIED AND BROKEN:—The time was, my hearer, when like David you reigned as a king. The crown flourishes on your head. Every enterprise you put your hand to prospered. Every cause you sided with went on. You heaped up riches. You grew great, mighty. Men honored you, courted your favor, sought your influence, flattered your vanity, toyed with your conceit, shouted your praise, danced attendance upon you. Ah! nothing succeeds like success.

But the tide turned. The wind blew the other way. Hard times found out your business. The very thing you had such a dread of and wanted to guard against came to you, and the success you had been piling up through the years suddenly collapsed and fell to pieces. Things went hard with you. There is always an Absalom to make the gullible public believe he will serve their interests as you had not been doing, and so they go after the new rising star. You struggled hard with adversity, held on bravely. But it was no use. The crash came, and away went the results of busy years, and you with it, in an avalanche of wild disaster.

And what made it all the worse perhaps, or at all events seem all the worse, but not really so after all was that it came about through no fault of your own—no blundering mismanagement, no business-mistake, no lack of prudent foresight. No. It was one of those things there is no accounting for. It was more like a visitation of God, a judgment of Heaven, or perhaps the devil's plotting, than anything else.

That indeed is not always the case with grievous and disastrous business-failures, the dethronement of the kings of trade. So often we blame Providence for our own blunders. We want to shoulder the responsibility off somewhere else, and so we say, "God did it!" when God did not do it at all. David had himself to blame for Absalom's rebellion. And the disasters that sweep men from power, and turn the success of years into a ruinous failure, are usually to be traced to their own carelessness or recklessness. They grow indolent, get beyond themselves, grasp after too much, and down they go, ruined by their own folly, slain by their own hand. But while something like that accounts for much of the failure that paralyzes trade, disturbs and interrupts a country's prosperity, it does not account for it all. More than business-men know, more than the kings of power care to admit, their success or failure is in the hands of God, and He lifts one up, and puts another down, as serves His own purpose with regard to them.

The story of Job, the millionaire sheik of Uz, is to teach us that failure may come to men as a discipline, a test of character. Job was as good as he was rich, the father of his people, a man who devoted his life to the glory of God; and yet even his prosperity went to pieces, and went to pieces because the God whom he loved and trusted let it go. You see him yonder—the man that seemed clear out of the reach of want, high up above the trials that grind the faces of the poor, and perplex and worry and crush ordinary men;—you see him down so low, so stripped and bare, so hardly dealt with, so neglected and slandered. What a broken vessel, he was as he lay in the ashes, despised of God and man! Men thought he must have been bad when he was trying to be good, so judgment-wasted was he, so emptied and spoiled. But that broken vessel, that man flung away as of no more use, the Lord took up; and after He had put it through the fire, He filled it fuller than

ever with the world's wealth; and better still, fuller than ever with the glory of His grace, so that the last state of the man was greater and better than his first.

O emptied vessel, despair not, if the world's greatness that once occupied you so much, filled your life so full; has gone to fill some other vessel, and if men have flung you away because of your emptiness. There may be a wrong somewhere, and the wrong may be yours. Your pride may have humbled you. Your own folly may have brought you down to what you are. Or, like Job, the mystery of Divine Providence may have emptied you, just to show you how much your destiny is in His Hands. But however it may have been, look up and hope, for the Lord who has emptied you can fill you again, and fuller than ever, and with a better fulness. Say not then, O my hearer, because across your once prosperous business-career has swept the cyclone of disaster: "I am like a broken vessel."

III. HOPE FOR THE VESSEL THAT THE YEARS HAVE BROKEN:—David had been growing old as all things grow old, wearing out with much use, and so was not so active as once on his feet, not so eager for a fight, not so ready to put himself at the head of his troops and lead them to victory, not so quick to take hold of the last new thing that was proposed by hot-headed and impetuous youth; and there were not wanting those in the kingdom who began to think and hint that the king was getting too old, that a younger man would serve the interests of the nation better. When therefore Absalom came to the front, they hailed him as the coming man, and were willing to fling away, in the rudest fashion, the old worn-out vessel of a king. And the old hero felt it keenly; he did not like it. With a sore heart he complained: "I am like a broken vessel. Too old for this progressive age! Too old to wear a crown, to wield a sword, to command, to counsel, to lead! And so the old king must be flung away to give place to a wretched ingrate of a son, who does not know enough to have respect for his own father's grey hairs!"

And there are fathers to-day, men of years and experience in the church, old soldiers in the cause of truth and liberty, preachers whose eloquence in other days stirred the heart of the multitude, fired the zeal of the people to do and dare brave and noble things, and led them to victory in the battles of the Lord, and they are feeling, yea made to feel, that they are not wanted; that like an old vessel they must be cast aside to make way for the young struts of Absaloms, with their long hair, and fine manners, and graceless souls, who are conceited enough, and bad enough, to undermine their influence, and bound them off to the wilderness of neglect and dishonor, and so think to revolutionize things to suit their own caprice. Do they not know so much more than the fathers? Have they not been to other lands, round and round the world? Filled full therefore of their own folly, their new-fangled notions as to how things should be done, the progressive doctrines of the age, their cry is, as they rush to smash things: "Away with the old, and in with the new!" Ah! old David was a better king than new Absalom.

And yet let us not shut our eyes to the fact, that David had himself to blame for the Absalom rebellion. He withdrew himself too much from the activity of the day, and he left things more than was best in the hands of young bloods. He thought it was about time for him to slack off somewhat, to take it easier than he had been doing, to let things run themselves, and so it went ill both with himself and the kingdom. And the good fathers, who to-day are finding themselves dethroned, exiled, superannuated, shelled, flung away like a broken vessel are not without blame for how it is with them. Perhaps they have not kept themselves abreast of the progress of the age, not in touch with the life and energy of the rising generation. No minister can afford to grow old, to lose sympathy with the young, to be a stranger to modern ideas, to satisfy himself that the past has nothing to learn from the present. If he smokes his pipe, and drinks his whiskey, and preaches his old sermons, and keeps on saying that the old wine is better than the new, he will find that the world has gone away and left him, and that he is indeed out of date, a worn-out and broken vessel. But if, on the contrary, he will keep himself young, read the new books, study the new methods, throw away his old flint-lock for a new breech-loader, part with his old fishing-rod so unyieldingly stiff and his rusty hook for modern appliances, and wade right out into the surge and sweep of the age's progress, he will find that he is wanted still, his counsels sought after, his words and wisdom ever new. Old preacher, keep your old grey head ever anointed with fresh oil, and your old heart ever supplied with new blood, and you will never be flung away like a broken vessel. The older the better. There is a kind of wine, the older it is the richer it is. Let yours be that. The old old gospel, let it be more and more to my lips, never sour nor bitter!

IV. HOPE FOR THE VESSEL THAT BEREAVEMENT AND SORROW HAVE BROKEN:—Our life is linked on to other lives. We are bound up in the same bundle with them—so bound up with

them indeed, that they without us, and we without them, would lose all interest in life. Husband and wife are strangely one. They live for one another, are each the complement of the other, and get to lean so much on each other, that one without the other is strangely weak, almost worthless, a wrecked life, a broken vessel.

It is Adam and Eve—not Adam alone, not Eve alone, but Adam and Eve in the bliss of their first love and first life, and Adam and Eve in the sorrow and woe of the fall. It is Abraham and Sarah, like faith and love, that go forth at the call of God, and they owe so much to one another, that you cannot tell what is Abraham's and what Sarah's, how much of his faith is hers and her devotion is his. When however death comes, and with rude hands rives asunder their hearts and lives, how soon the patriarch's life slopes down to the commonest sort of old age, the chapter of which we would gladly expunge from the story of this great faith. I think, as he took the last look of the face that had so long brightened his life with hope, and inspired him with fresh courage when he was hard put to it, and as he went forth to try and live without her by his side;—I think he would say of himself: "I am like a broken vessel. No more joy in the years for me! Nothing for me to live for, no high mission for me anymore to do!" And so he stooped to ignoble things. He let the world come in upon him, and we see him shorn of his strength.

And I am speaking to some before me who know what it is to be bereaved, sorrow-shadowed. You know, my hearer, what it is to have death come and rudely sunder the strings that bound your heart to some other stronger nobler heart. Oh the soreness of the sundering! Oh the emptiness of life to you now! You are feeling as if the purpose of your life is gone—all you were made for, all you lived and worked for. You are now a broken vessel, a pitcher without a handle, a goblet that has come to be cracked through and through—so cracked that it can hold no longer the wine of joy, a life without an aim.

But, broken-hearted one, do you always throw away what is broken? Are not some broken things too valuable to throw away, too sacred and precious? You look at them in their brokenness, and with the tears standing in your eyes you say to yourself: "What a pity! I am so sorry! Why was I so careless as to let it fall? Why did I put it with my own hands where it was in danger of being broken? And it was a gift to me of my dear mother. Oh in Heaven, and so is sacred to me of her memory, the love she had for me, and therefore I cannot throw it away although it is broken." And then you begin to think what can be done for the broken vessel. Perhaps it can be mended, and made as good as new almost. Or if it cannot be mended, for there is a limit to human skill, perhaps it can be converted to some other use than the use it was made for. And so your love finds out that the broken vessel need not be thrown away, nor its usefulness and beauty lost. You find out a new purpose for it, a grander purpose.

So also, broken vessel, with your life. You are saying: "I am past mending. I have nothing now to live for." But the love of God knows how to heal up your brokenness, and turn your sorrow into his joy, and fit you for something better than you ever could have had, had not the grave closed over the loved one you clung to with so much of earthly affection.

A silver goblet, that has come to be marred, may be dissolved and seemingly lost. But it is not lost. No good thing is really lost. The lost silver can be found, and made something, by a higher skill, still more beautiful and wonderful. And so with your broken heart, your wrecked life, and the wrecked life too that the grave has devoured. Let your faith trust, for blessed is it to trust in the Lord, and let your hope hope on, and the beauty that has turned to ashes will turn back from ashes to beauty again, and a beauty too that no death will ever fade, no sorrow will ever dim. Say not then, O bereaved one, in the despair of thy grief: "I am like a broken vessel," but say rather: "The Lord has broken me, so that through the break in my poor life, He may pour His help and healing, His comfort and salvation, and thus use my broken life for His glory."

V. HOPE FOR THE VESSEL SIN HAS BROKEN:—How sin breaks a man! How evil habits wreck his life, slay his promise, blight his prospects, bring him down to dishonor and death! You see him setting out, and you are sure a great future awaits him. You admire him—admire his splendid abilities, his noble qualities both of head and heart. But he does not go far till temptation meets him, and he yields, and so soon thereafter his life slopes away down to death and hell. Yea, underneath his promise, the beauty of his outside appearance, the splendor of his talents, already the worm of decay is at work, and his mighty manhood so soon is stretched prone in the dust, a broken vessel.

And how sad it is, to find silver and gold cups, that were elaborated for a royal purpose, turned to be swill-tubs with which to serve hogs! Men take their manhood, in which may abide God's Spirit, and through which He may work His wonders of grace and power and sal-