

ON TRIAL
—FOR—
3 MONTHS
—FOR—
25 CENTS.

The Reporter

AND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD
SHOULD HAVE
THE REPORTER
—ONLY—
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

100 per Annum.
Vol. XLIV, No. 37

Professional Cards.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH.
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.

—OFFICE FISHER'S BUILDING

I. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M.

Late Resident Surgeon Montreal
(General Hospital)

Marysville. N. B.

FISHER & FISHER

Attorneys and Solicitors.

OFFICE IN

Fisher's Building, Queen Street,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

C. H. B. FISHER, Q. C. G. FRED. FISHER, B. C. L.

Quebec Fire Association Company

ESTABLISHED IN 1818.

A Non-Tariff Company.

Insurance effected at reasonable rates.
FISHER & FISHER, A. ents.

William Wilson,

SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney - Law
Conveyancer, etc.

Office, Queen St., F'ton, Op. Post Office.

Accounts Collected, Loans Negotiated.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
DENTIST

OFFICE:

FISHER'S BUILDING,
QUEEN STREET

RESIDENCE. ST. JOHN ST.

JULY 6, 1888

**Remnants,
Remnants.**

We have just received another lot of

MILL REMNANTS

—IN—

Grey Cotton, Gingham and Shirts from the Gibson Mill, also a lot of other Remnants which we are selling regardless of cost.

Ternant, Davies & Co.,

202 Queen St., F'ton.

C. & E. EVERETT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE FURS

Ladies' Seal Sacques,
Ladies' Astrican Sacques,
Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,
Gents' Fur-lined Coats

A full line constantly on hand or made to order when desired.

11 King Street

Our Pulpit.

Much Rubbish.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Pat's Church Fredericton, July 8th.
"And there is much rubbish."
NEHEM. IV. 10.

I have a high admiration for Nehemiah. I like him for his simple ways, his ingenuousness, truthfulness, patriotism. He makes no pretensions, affects neither greatness nor goodness. Everywhere and always he is himself, brave, true, earnest; open as the day, honest as the light, straight to the point. And then he has a mind of his own, keeps his own secrets, takes his own advice, forms his own opinions, sees things for himself, acts on his own responsibility. You find nothing weak and small about him, and I never anything unworthy. He is above trifling, never forgets that he has a great mission on hand, and shrieks from neither duty nor difficulty. Such is Nehemiah as he appears to me, and taking him for all he is worth he is indeed a splendid man, one of ten-thousand.

His history is involved in obscurity. We cannot be sure even of the tribe he belongs to. We find him holding the honorable and responsible office of cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, the then monarch of the mighty Persian Empire. As cup-bearer it was his duty to taste the wine, and then hand it to the monarch to drink. The office was one of trust and responsibility, and it speaks well for Nehemiah, that though a foreigner, he was honored with a place so near the king's august person. But even amid the luxury and honor of the Persian palace the good Nehemiah sighed for the land of his fathers, and he was grieved to learn of the sad state matters were in at Jerusalem. The news so preyed upon his mind that his health was impaired, and he could not hide his trouble from the king. One day the king startled him by asking how it was he was so sad. Nehemiah then told the king all about it, and so was given leave of absence with a view to visit Jerusalem and put matters to rights there.

Arriving at Jerusalem in due time he rested for three days. Then one night, when all the city was asleep, he mounted his ass, and attended only by a servant or two, he visited the ruins, examined for himself the breaches in the walls, formed his own opinions as to the state of matters, and returned to his lodgings. Then he set to work, but the work was great, for there was much rubbish. Still, he kept at it with a brave heart, triumphing over every difficulty, thwarting the malice and machinations of his unscrupulous enemies, and he succeeded.

Now, my hearers, it seems to me, we may learn some useful lessons, in living our lives, and doing our work, from the much rubbish that Nehemiah found in connection with his work of repairing the walls of Jerusalem.

And first, I remark, that much rubbish may imply that much good work is going on and being done, and if so, much rubbish is not such a bad thing; it is rather a good sign.

For instance, go into a busy shop, say a carpenter-shop, and you will find it full to the doors of rubbish in the shape of chips, shavings, chiselings, saw-dust, deal-ends, lumber, and work in all stages of progress. You can hardly get through the rubbish, there is so much of it. There seems to be more rubbish than anything else. And then what a confusion of noises—the saw sawing, the chisel chiseling, the auger boring, the axe heaving, the hammer nailing, and the multitudinous din of machinery, all clamoring and clattering together with their harsh tongues: "Rubbish! rubbish!" It may indeed smut your good clothes to go into such a shop, shock your ideas of order and neatness, and perchance you may get an ugly blow with a flying deal-end; but much rubbish is for all that a good sign, for it means much work, and much work is the hope of the country.

Suppose it were far otherwise. Suppose you went into a carpenter-shop, and it was swept clean from end to end, not a shaving on the floor, nor a grain of saw dust, the bright keen-edged tools arranged in their places, no confusion, no unfinished work lying around, no din and dust, but all in first-class order, as if the shop was keeping Sabbath. And I believe in a shop keeping Sabbath on the Sabbath, but not every day in the week. Ah! you say as you enter, "I like the good order here, I like to be in a shop where I can hear myself

speak, and not get my clothes smutted, and my head broken. No rubbish here!" Yes; but no rubbish means no work, and no work means workmen's hungry homes, and want and woe in the land.

There are cities you go into, and the streets and sidewalks are all lumbered up with this and that, so that you can hardly make your way along through them. Goods are piled up. Buildings are in process of demolition or erection. Sewers are being dug, and new pavements being laid. Narrow streets are being widened and improved, and new ones are being opened. Here premises are being extended to meet the growing wants of the firm; there piles of architecture of the most elegant and substantial character are being put up. And this is going on all over the city. As you walk or drive through the streets, you remark that it is a city fuller of rubbish than almost any city you were ever in, and you do not like it on that account. But the rubbish means life, energy, business, growth, plenty of work and plenty of money, good times, happy homes, a great and prosperous future.

And then, on the other hand, there are cities, their streets clean and unencumbered, their houses all built twenty years ago, no improvements needed or wanted, nothing going on to upset and disarrange things, no railroads being built right through their gardens, no modern improvements and innovations making havoc of old time ideas, their people all dressed as if it was one long holiday with them, and everything about them—their stores, residences, backyards and out-houses, hotels, churches, jails, and such like, just so, about perfect in every way. You go along the streets of those cities, and you are in no danger of stumbling over a pile of building material, or of falling into a sewer or cellar that is being dug, or of being run down by somebody in a hurry, or of having your equanimity disturbed by a street-row or a salvation-army parade. You will hear good old christian people speaking of the quiet village or town where they were born and brought up, to the effect, that until the railroad and telegraph and telephone, and the Free Public School and Printing-Press came along, it was like Sunday all the week in their streets—no drunkenness, no fighting, no Sabbath-breaking, no burglarly, no divorces, no evil of any kind to speak of, and they never cease bewailing the introduction of the new order of things, and lamenting the decadence of the good old times.

And yet, good as the old times were, the golden age of other days, the quiet meditative Sabbaths, and sober sedateness and easy-goingness of life in the past, and notwithstanding the rush and rubbish that come with modern progress, who would care to go back to those good old days? I grant, and I suppose we are all ready enough to grant, that something has been lost, and had to be lost, in breaking with the past and its quaint old-fashioned ways of living and doing, and it is not for us to run it down and despise it, and compare it unfavorably with what is to-day, as if we have all that is good and our grand-fathers had none. It served its purpose and did its work quite as well as these days of ours. If the past was slow, it was sure. To-day we are quick, we rush, but we are slipshod, and there is much that is rubbish. Still, there is progress all along the line, and better the rubbish of to-day than the rust of yesterday. We do not like the rubbish, but after all there may be worse than rubbish. Thus even rubbish has its place and use, for you cannot have work and progress without rubbish, and the more work and progress the more rubbish.

And this is so in the region of the spiritual as well as that of the secular, in a live and progressive church as well as in a live and progressive city. You cannot have a go-ahead church without rubbish. You do not like to see old sacred edifices with their dust and cobwebs, their quaint pulpit and angular and uncomfortable pews, their old time worship and so on, pulled down or moved out of the way, and their places filled with modern temples and new methods and work. But the rising generation demands it, and so there is rubbish. And what makes it so hard is this, that what is sacred to you is rubbish to them. You say of organs, choirs, hymn-books, reading-desks, collection-plates, written and read sermons, socials, and so on "Rubbish! rubbish!" and if you had it your way, you would make short work with them, for with your broom you would sweep them all out of the church as both an innovation and desecration.

And, of course, much of all this that we deem necessary to carry on the church's work to-day is rubbish. You remember when this church was being built, the builders erected scaffolding, and often had recourse to all sorts of things, some of them very insufficient things indeed, to aid them in reaching and carrying forward their work; and in those days so necessary was the scaffolding, and there was so much of it, that it seemed almost more and more important than the building itself. My little children would sometimes ask me when the scaffolding was being put up, if that was the church. But when the church came to be built, the scaffolding was all taken down and thrown into a great heap of rubbish to be carted away.

And so with all the arrangements we have for carrying on the church's work and building her up in the world—the preaching, the singing, the Sabbath-day services, the sacred communion-seasons, the missionary meetings, the working-bands, the sessions, the presbyteries, the synods and assemblies, the confessions and creeds, the raising of money, and so much else. They are so necessary and bulk so much before our eyes, that we are in danger of regarding them as more than they are, as the church itself, and not the scaffolding. But they are only the scaffolding, and as such will be pulled down by and by and cast away as rubbish. Let us not despise, however, the cumbersome pile of scaffolding around some churches, and the amount of ecclesiastical machinery in motion, for usually where there is much rubbish there is much work.

But, in the second place, much rubbish may be, and often is, a sore evil, a serious drawback to work. I have spoken at some length on what may be called the good side of rubbish, but let us not overlook the fact that rubbish has an evil side, a very evil side. I suppose rubbish is a necessary evil in the world as we find it. We cannot make things, nor have them, without rubbish, still, it is so easy for the rubbish to get the mastery and become a nuisance, a real evil, a plague.

Nehemiah found it so in his work of repairing the walls of Jerusalem. Jerusalem's sins of other days, the godlessness of her kings and priests and people, had brought upon her the judgments of Heaven. War had come to her, and broken down her walls, burnt her temple and homes, and carried off her people to captivity. For some seventy years she had lain in ruins, an eye-sore to the nations, a plague-spot in the heart of the then world, a heap of rubbish. But days of hope and help were coming back to her, and the captives were returning, and were slowly and feebly rebuilding their ruined country. The work, however, was heavy, and there was much opposition, and so every now and again the work would come to a standstill. Then it was when Nehemiah arrived upon the scene with his pick and push, and in his hands, and under his management and skill, the rebuilding took a fresh start. But he found much rubbish. The debris of the old walls had to be removed, and there were such quantities of it, and so many difficulties in the way of removing it, that it was all but a hopeless task. The building up afterwards did not seem to be much compared to the pulling down of the old ruins and the removing of the rubbish. It was work men did not like. Scarcely for either love or money would they do it, and Nehemiah found he had about all he could do to keep his own servants from relinquishing the work in disgust. But he kept them at it, for he worked like a hero himself with his own hands, and the rubbish was at last got out of the way.

And then there was rubbish of another sort that was even harder to remove, the indifference of the people, and in some cases, their active opposition. The authorities did not like to see Nehemiah coming with a commission from the king to interfere with them and their way of doing things; and so, some of them, in an underhand sort of way, did all they could to weaken his hands and drive him from the work. But this rubbish of indifference on the part of the people, and opposition on the part of the authorities in the city, and open hostility on the part of outsiders, only tended to make the good Nehemiah more determined, and so this heap of rubbish was also removed. He had it hard. Only a patriot and a Christian could have stood what he had to stand, but he held to it with an unyielding determination to succeed, and he succeeded. In his hands Jerusalem arose from her ruins, and put on some of her old-time beauty and strength, and it was a very different city when he came to leave it from what it was as he found it.

Now, my hearers, I think it can be shown, if you will bear with me, that every truly earnest man, every Christian, every man who has a right understanding of his own spiritual needs, every man who himself wants to be what he ought to be, every man who wants to build up the Church and promote the interests of Christ's Kingdom in the world, every man who wants to benefit and bless society, every man who is a true citizen and patriot, must like Nehemiah, know and deplore the evil of much rubbish. "And there is much rubbish."

He has much rubbish in and about himself. There are those who tell us they have got nicely rid of all their rubbish—their sins forgiven, their old habits given up, their old scores settled, the old man with his evil deeds and lusts dead and buried and the new man put on, their virtues and graces all built up, the fulness in Christ attained to; but the most of us find that we are in a chaos of rubbish, so much so indeed, that it is often a question with us whether there is anything else. We have the rubbish that arises from the neglect of years, a wasted youth, lost opportunities, unimproved privileges, to clear away. Then we have the rubbish perhaps of bad habits, idleness, carelessness, drunkenness, lust, uncontrolled passions and appetites, evil speaking and profane swearing, boastfulness, deceit, dishonesty, revengefulness, a sour and disagreeable disposition, and so much else, to struggle with and overcome. Then we have a multitude of infirmities that we have inherited from an evil parentage and that we have incurred by the prodigalities of a reckless youth—uncleanliness, ailments and diseases, pains and aches, and so on, some of which we will never be able to get clear of while a bit of the old tenement sticks together;—this heap of rubbish we may have to stumble over and fret with the rest of our days, for it is not likely we will get clear of the whole of it. Men tell us about perfection, and what they have done and are, through the mighty power of God's grace working in them; but there are thorns in the flesh, rubbish and dirt so in us, that they have to stay there, and the only thing we can do with them is to bear them, and in that way triumph over them. This was Paul's experience, and it is the experience of many eminently good men. What is the man with one leg to do, or with one hand, or with one lung, or with a body twisted up into deformity, or with a soul anything but well-balanced, or with the best part of his life haunting him the rest of his days with memories of evil he can never get away from; I ask, what is such a man to do with all this rubbish? Ah! he has to bear with it, and do the best he can with it. And some of these very imperfect men are doing better for society, better for the church, better for the world, better for the Master, than the so-called perfect ones, much of whose time is taken up with self-admiration.

Then society is full of rubbish, and it is every true man's place and privilege to help away with the heaps of rubbish that disfigure and encumber and curse our modern social life. There, for instance, are the drinking usages of society, the pride and folly and fashion, the indolence and indulgence, the utter uselessness of a life lived for society, the evils of caste and class, and so much else. It is one endless round of parties—dinner-parties, five o'clock tea-parties, quadrille-parties, garden-parties, recreations, champagne-supper parties, and parties the less said about the better, and so it comes to pass, that this solemn earnest life of ours is utterly frittered away, and nothing worthy of it done, or attempted. Now, I wait to be understood, that I have no quarrel with many of these things in themselves, and kept in their proper place, but it is the endless round of them that makes them rubbish. There are young men and women who are at some sort of amusement every night in the week, and that too for weeks together, and it goes without saying, that those young men and women, unless they give up such an empty frivolous life, will never be good for anything in this world or the next. Oh, as earnest men and women, as those who have the welfare of the city at heart and the future of our country, as those who love the young and want to see them do well and live usefully and nobly, let us set ourselves to cast away from us this mountain of rubbish, that has been gathering and heaping up until it will yet bury us, if we do not burn it.

Then the church, our own beloved Zion, our Jerusalem, is cumbered with much rubbish. I spoke a little ago of the necessity of a certain amount of rubbish. Where a church is a live, an ag-

Concluded on fourth page.