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Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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I have now in stock a large supply of fresh GROCERIES which I am selling CHEAP FOR CASH.

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West End Grocery, Fredericton.

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164 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Pictures copied and enlarged.

Our Pupil.

All But: None But.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening Oct. 6th, 1889.

"Lord, I will follow Thee; but—"

LUKE IX. 61.

Here is a man who was all but a christian. He was willing to follow Jesus, but he wanted to go home first and say farewell to his friends. Perhaps he had a mother whose love was very precious to him, and he wanted to kiss that mother ere he forsook her forever. In those early days, it was sometimes necessary for a child to tear himself away from even a mother's love for Christ's sake. Or, perhaps he had a father who was making great plans for his son's future. He may have been going to take him into business with him in a few days, and he may have been hoping that his son would be such a help and comfort to him in his declining years. But now all the father's plans were going to be flung to the winds, for his son was going to be a christian.

And just here comes to me a case in point. The youngest son of a family was the father's hope. And he was a boy of great promise. The father looked to the day when his son would take up his work in the homestead, and fill his place, and more than fill it. He let him go one term to college; just one term it was to be. But that one term gave his son such a taste for study, that he felt he must go on. It was hard for the father to see his plans and hopes with regard to his boy broken in upon; still, he hoped on. But the boy was led on and on, not because he was wilful, disobedient, hard-hearted, but because the Lord was opening up for him a wholly different sort of future. At last, when the boy was through college, across the wide seas came to him the cry of dying souls, and he felt he must be a missionary to the heathen. Oh it was hard for the aged father and mother to yield up their child thus to Jesus! It seemed to them that his place was at home with them. But it was not. He left them to grow old and die, and others to bury them, while he followed Jesus. And he did right.

But the man in the gospel was not quite prepared to break with the friends at home even for Christ's sake. They were in his way to some extent. He wanted to bid them farewell, to see them once more. "Lord, I will follow Thee, but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house."

Ah! these *but*s—and they are legion—how they stand in the way of men's salvation! It is still with so many: "Lord, I will follow Thee; but—"

First, Some of our *but*s, the *all but* state. Here is a young man almost persuaded to be a christian. He is here to-night. He is often here. He likes to come to the house of God. He likes to hear about Jesus. He is a most interesting young man, a young man of promise, education, talent, ability. But best of all he is not far from the kingdom of God. The preaching of the truth takes hold upon him, and he is often deeply exercised about his present spiritual state and his future prospects. He believes in the Bible and reads it. He believes in God. He believes in the doctrines of grace. He admits he is a sinner, and needs salvation. He believes in Heaven, and wants to go there when he comes to die, and he knows that following Christ is the only way there.

And there is much, too, about Jesus that is attractive to him. The story of His love for sinners is to him the most touching story he can hear. There is nothing that comes home to him, and moves, thrills him like that. Many a time as he sits listening to the word in his pew, he feels like getting right up and following Jesus. But, then, what will his companions say? They will laugh at him. Thus, they are in his way, and he sits here, day after day, and he is saying by his being here, and by the interest he takes in what is said and done: "Lord, I will follow Thee; but—"

Another is fond of pleasure. He is much given to going to parties and all that is going on. He likes to have a good time. There is nothing bad about him—excepting perhaps he is not good, he is not a christian, and that is bad enough. He drinks a little, but you would not call him a drunkard. He is a little wild perhaps, but there is nothing low and base and wicked about him. He spends a good deal of both time and money foolishly, but he takes care to keep himself respectable. He is not without thought. He goes to church. He has his anxieties, his moody spells, his dark hours, his qualms of conscience. He says to himself and his friends every now and again: "I am going to turn over a new leaf; I intend some of these days to be a christian. See if I do not!" But something or other is coming off—a mar-

riage, a party, a ball, and of course he must postpone religion till after that. And so it goes on, and is likely to go on. With him too it is: "Lord, I will follow Thee, I intend to follow Thee, I want to be a christian and I am going to be one; but—"

Then business is another *but*. You have so much on hand—large contracts, great schemes to work out, vast undertakings of one kind and another that you are struggling with, piles of wealth to make, and so on. Now, the Lord likes to see men busy. He likes to see them spreading out on every side and doubling up, making their five talents ten. There is nothing wrong in that. But then busy men of the world so often lose sight of the one thing needful. At all events it has not the importance with them it should have.

The business-man has his anxious moments when the question of the eternal future of his soul thrusts itself upon him. He knows so well that there is going to be a winding up of affairs. He knows that the banks are going to break, the best securities are going to fail, business to go to pieces, the world's money-kings to be dethroned, Babylon to fall and all its pride and power to be buried beneath its ruins. So he wants to have something that will not fail, something that the burglar cannot steal, something that incendiary cannot burn up, something that will last. That is why he is here to-night. Still, there is a *but* in his way. We cannot see how he can follow Jesus as matters are now with him. He hopes the way will yet be clear. And so the opportunities go by, the years waste themselves away, and some dark night so unexpectedly rings out the cry: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" and his lamp is out, and his soul is asleep. He wakes up startled, troubled, but it is too late. Ah! it was that fatal *but* that ruined him. "Lord, I will follow Thee; but—"

Oh these *but*s, what mischief they are doing, what ruin they are bringing! They have their origin in the bottomless-pit, and they lead down to it. How many with us tonight would be useful church-members and good christians were it not for some wretched *but* or other. Go to men, and ask them why it is they are not in the church and helping in the good work, and they will tell you this or that keeps them back. They are not on good terms with so and so. They do not like this or that. They have their doubts about themselves. They are not quite satisfied on this or that point of doctrine. They have their grievance. Oh they have a thousand reasons of a sort for being what they are! But the truth is, they are no reasons at all; they are wretched *but*s that should not be entertained a moment in a matter of so much importance as following Christ, their salvation.

You think it hard of Christ that He should have been against a farewell friendly visit. You cannot understand it. But he looked upon the request as an evidence of indecision, a weak vacillating spirit, want of promptitude. It was a turning back to the world at a critical point in his history, and letting a trifle, of small account at best, endanger all his future.

His friends, we may be sure, were not christians. And little real interest had many of them in the man himself. They would not risk anything for his sake. But we can easily conceive what a fuss they would make when they came to learn that he was about to become a christian. They would move heaven and earth to turn him from his purpose. The Lord knew that, and He did not want the man, before it was fully settled with him, to risk himself among his friends. It was most unwise, fatal indeed, to his spiritual life. To go home just then, meant to turn his back on Christ and on so much.

And for us, when we are almost persuaded to follow Christ, to go into society, to accept an invitation to a gay pleasure-party, to mingle with our friends, is to imperil our souls, risk all perhaps. There is a critical moment in the spiritual life of the soul, a time when the balance trembles between death and life, hope and despair, and so little swings it up or down, to the right or left. Oh how terrible, then, for friendship to intermeddle, for society to laugh the trembling life to ruin! Let it be settled that you are to follow Christ, and then you can see your friends, and it may be for your good and theirs to see them. Let it be settled that you are to follow Christ, and then society, and the world's pleasures, and the companionships of worldly men will not be so dangerous. It is not wise nor safe for the christian to be reckless and careless as to where he goes, and as to the influence he exposes himself to; but there is a safety in Christ that guards him amid the dangerous influences of the world, and renders him proof against them.

The old poets tell of the isle of the Sirens, whose songs so charmed those who sailed past that they could not resist the temptation of landing, and if they landed they were lost. They could not, did not want to, break away from the enchantment. They forgot friends, and country, and their own wants, and

they listened to the music till they died. Now, when Ulysses, they tell us, came to sail past the tempting isle, he filled the ears of his men with wax so that they might not hear the fatal Siren songs, and he bound himself with thongs to the mast, and so he was able to pass the dangerous isle safely.

But Orpheus, the mighty musician, knew a better way. He himself sang so much more sweetly than even the Sirens, that their songs had no temptations for his people. He did not need to fill the ears of his sailors with wax, nor bind himself to the mast with knotted thongs, like Ulysses. His better music was his safety.

And, my hearer, if you want to withstand the Siren songs of worldly pleasure, and resist the seductive influences that lure so many souls to ruin; then, do not be satisfied with binding yourselves with strong resolutions and your self-denials. You may in that way succeed for a time. But better still, let the music of the gospel, the love of Christ, so fill and possess your soul, that the world and all it has to offer you will be tame. You will not want to go to places of amusement where Jesus is dishonored, and souls are destroyed. You will be able to pass the dramshop, the theatre, the ball-room, and every other questionable resort without even the desire to go in. You have a better music in your soul, a sweeter purer joy. You hear angels sing, Heaven's harps play.

Thus, let it not be with you the *all but*, for *all but* will do nothing for you; but, on the contrary, let it be, *none but*—none but Jesus, prompt unhesitating full following.

Again: The *None but*, or the following where there is no *but* in the way.

And Matthew the publican is a good example of one who let no *but*s stand in his way, and to whom there was *none but* Jesus. His home was in Capernaum. His business was that of publican, or tax-gatherer for the Roman government, a profession that it was hard to be an honest man in, or a christian. One morning as our Lord was on His way to hold a service among the fishermen along the shore, He went close by Matthew's little office. So He stopped, and said to Him, "Follow me!"

That "Follow me" meant a great deal to Matthew. It meant a complete somersault in his manner of life. What a turn over for a publican to be a preacher! It meant breaking short off with the past and all it had been to him. It meant turning his back on his friends. It meant throwing up his business, cutting off his supplies. It meant taking up the cross. It meant an awful sort of venture. We would therefore expect Matthew to say, just as so many have said, and still say: "Lord, I will follow Thee; but—"

But that was not Matthew's way. His mind was made up. With a promptitude, a daring, that rise to the sublime, and yet as if it was the most ordinary of steps he was taking, he arose and followed Jesus. And he never halted; he went right on. Years afterwards he wrote his gospel, and you do not find one word to indicate that he regretted the step he took.

Paul again was another to whom there was no *but*. From the beginning of his christian career, it was *none but* Jesus. He might have had many *but*s if he had chosen to raise them why he should not follow Jesus. He was so suddenly and unexpectedly and violently called. It was so contrary to his bringing up, and all his fondly cherished dreams and ideals of life. But whatever *but*s he may have had, he let them go to the winds, and as soon as he could find a voice to make answer, he asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And we never find him regretting the choice he made that day on the road to Damascus. He followed Jesus straight through with an earnestness, a devotion, a heroism, that have been the world's wonder ever since.

How different with the rich young ruler in the gospel we read of! He wanted eternal life. Everybody who has any thought at all with regard to such matters about him must want that. Well, the young ruler came to Jesus to enquire about it, and the good Lord told him what it was his to do. I do not say it is yours to do that. But I do say, there are tests of character laid upon us as well as upon him, tests of our faith, our sincerity, our devotion. It is, and must ever be, in some sort: "Sell all!" Ah! that was where the pinch was, where the *but* came in. He was rich. He had great possessions, and he was bound up in them. He could not part with them. He stumbled at that stumbling block. So, unlike Matthew the publican, and Saul the Pharisee, he let that *but* of his stand in his way, and all was lost.

Now, a *but* is never hard to find, if you want to find one. You can find one almost anywhere, you can make one almost out of anything. Ask the christians here tonight if they had any *but*s in their way when they started out to follow Christ, and when they came into the church, and you will find they had. But they flung them from them as unworthy of them, and they did their duty. They could not always see how they

(Continued on third page)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89 Summer Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.15
Fast Express for Halifax, 14.30
Express for Sussex, 18.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 18.35

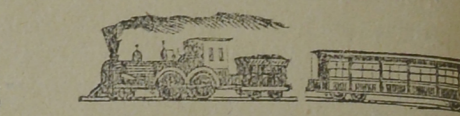
A Parlor Car runs each way daily on express trains, leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal, leave St. John at 10.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Sussex, 8.00
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10.00
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.00
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20.00
Express from Halifax, Picton & Margrave, 23.00

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

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. 8th June, 1889.



Northern and Western Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton
3:00 p. m.; Gibson 3:05; Marysville 3:15; Mazer's siding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville 6:45; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

Returning Leave Chatham
5:00 a. m. Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:30; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30, arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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

THOMAS HOBEN
Superintendent
Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Crockery

CHEAP

First quality English Coloured Sets 44 pieces \$2.62. Fancy Coloured Dinner Sets \$6.60, Elegant English, French and German China Tea and Breakfast Sets at

J. G. McNALLY

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wish to save money on Carpets, Curtains and Table Linen then call on McNALLY

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GAINED THE DAY.

Our Parlour Suits take the lead. We cannot produce them fast enough to meet the wants of our Customers. Leave your orders early and get the value in Canada.

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CABINET MAKING

—AND—

UNDERTAKING

THE CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, heretofore conducted by the late Jackson Adams, will be continued by the Subscribers, (the sons) at the

OLD STAND,

Court House Square, - Fredericton - with same Attention and Promptness as the former management.

Caskets of Finest Quality. Coffins and Funeral Necessities always on hand. Dated this 24th day of August, A. D., 1888.

JAMES ADAMS
JOHN G. ADAMS