

GENTLEMEN

Have You Seen Our

SPECIALTY?

—THE—

Gents \$3.00 DONEY Lace Boots

WITH THE CELEBRATED

"Doney" Heel Plates Attached.

—THEY ARE—

Splendid Value

—FOR—

\$3.00

A BOTTLE of Jockey Club PERFUME GIVEN AWAY with EVERY PAIR.

A. LOTTIMER.

210 QUEEN STREET.

A. Limerick & Co.

York Street, Fredericton.

Gasfitting & Plumbing

Attended to in all its branches.

Creamers, Milk Pans and Strainers.

CREAMERS AT 85 CTS.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

Desires to inform the public that he has a Large Stock of the above articles, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail, cheaper than ever offered in the market before. Remember these Goods are of our own manufacture, and are of the very best material. Parties wanting Creamers or Milk Pans would do well by calling and examining before purchasing elsewhere.

Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

This hotel is situated in a most central position and has all the modern improvements

Telephone Connection, Electric Bells.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR

Office on Germain Street

Cheap for Cash.

WEST END GROCERY STORE.

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

This is the place for the laboring class, and Mechanics and Farmers to trade and save money.

Tea, Sugar, Oil and all staple Groceries.

Special Grades of Tea, all at lowest Prices.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for Groceries.

J. J. FOX,

West End Grocery, Fredericton.

Farm for Sale.

A finely situated Farm of about 20 Acres, on the Central Railway, in Kings Co. at Belleisle Creek, with buildings, out buildings, &c., for sale.

The situation is one of the finest on the Central Railway, near a Station. Further information and terms can be ascertained of

MISS MARY A. McLEOD, Belleisle Creek, Kings Co

Our Pulpit.

Once Blind: Now Sight.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."—JOHN IX. 25.

It is full of interest and instruction to study the process by which a poor human soul is led out of the darkness and death of sin into the blessed light of life in Jesus. As a study simply it has an interest, and it is not without instruction. But it is not as a study we are to study it. It is with a view to our own spiritual guidance and help in coming up out of our darkness and sin to the life and light in Jesus, and unless we study it with that object in view, we make a mistake, and miss the real advantage of such a story.

This telling narrative about how a blind man was led to a knowledge of Jesus is here to teach us the way of life. I do not say that our experience will correspond with his in any one respect. Our circumstances and surroundings are very different from his, almost as different as they can be, and our spiritual experience, if we have a true spiritual experience, will be just as different. There are however what may be called broad general features in christian experience that are always alike. A week ago, you will remember, I outlined and described the general steps of the spiritual process. We began with the wretched moral and spiritual state in which all men are as God's grace finds them. That is where any good to be done must begin. Then there is the quickening into life by the Divine Spirit, or the process of regeneration; then the raising up process, or christian experience proper; and then the glorious consummation, Heaven. That is the way up for all God's people, the way up in every age and in every land, the only way up.

Now here, in the interesting incident before us, we have in real life and actual fact as to how a blind man found his way up. We have not the whole process; we have only a small section of it, a single day's experience, but it may teach us the way up for our own souls. And just because it is a living fact, real experience, a day's thrilling life-story, it has an interest to us that dry abstract doctrinal discussion cannot have. It shows us, that in one Sabbath-day, you and I, anybody in fact, may begin to be saved, and not only begin, but may make some considerable progress in the way of Salvation, and have a remarkable christian experience.

And first, the wretched state the blind man was in when Jesus found him. Speaking of it himself afterwards he gives us to know in these expressive words of his own how very sad it was with him. "I was blind."

Blind! how much of want and woe there is in that one word! We who see find ourselves so dependent on our seeing that we do not know how a man can live at all without seeing. Half the pleasure we have, half the good we enjoy perhaps, comes of seeing. Even hearing without seeing seems flat, tame, uninteresting. Unless we see the preacher as well as hear him, we lose so much. We want to see the bird that thrills so sweetly in the grove. And so also with smelling, and tasting, and touching. When we see the rose or lily, they are all the sweeter and more fragrant to us. When we see the food we eat, it tastes all the better, and somehow does us more good, or seems to. When we see the things and people we come in contact with, they are all the more to us. But, not to see; to be blind; to hear the music, but never see the one who sings; to smell the rose's perfume, but never see its loveliness; to sit with others at the feast, and eat and drink the food we cannot see; to be led by a hand that thrills us with its touch, and yet never see its whiteness; to walk under skies full of sunshine and solemnity, and live out our life in a world that we have so much to do with and that has so much to do with us, and yet we cannot see them; to have a mother whose love is so sweet, whose voice has Heaven's music in it, and whose beauty others praise, while to us she is unseen;—oh the loss and the loneliness of not being able to see!

Now, this man was blind. And he had been born blind. He had never seen. For more than thirty years he had groped his way in the utter darkness, and had been given to know and feel, in ten thousand ways, that he was not as others are, and that he could never take his place alongside of others. I do not know whether or not, but it may have been all the better for him that he was born blind, for then he could not know his loss. And yet to be born blind was in his case a calamity the measure of which we have but a faint idea of. It was looked upon as a judgment of Heaven, and he was shunned and despised. Men asked when they saw him, if he or his parents had sinned that he was born blind. Even his parents felt hard against him, it would seem, for he was a burden and sorrow to them. He was in the way of their prosperity and happiness, and they did not try to teach

him anything excepting to beg. That he had to do almost as soon as he could walk. Instead of modestly concealing his defect as far as possible from the rude gaze of the public, he was taught to give special prominence and call special attention to it, and to use it as a plea for all sorts of delinquencies on his part, and as a claim for support on the people's charity. You find him at the temple, but not to worship in the sacred courts, not to bow himself before the mercy-seat and cry for mercy, not to keep holy days; he is there because it is a first-rate place to carry on his mean business of begging. Religion is nothing to him excepting as a means to a living. The Sabbath-days and festival seasons are his harvest times, and he is always there with his hand held out, and with the same old thread-bare plaint.

Ah! how blind he was, for his soul was blind. The darkness without was more than equalled by the darkness within. He knew not God, nor His truth. All he knew of Him, or cared to know perhaps, was, so that he might use His blessed name as occasion offered to win his way to the people's hearts, and thence to their pockets. His sore affliction, I fear, instead of bringing him closer to God, and teaching him truth and love, faith and hope, had a hardening effect upon him. I may be putting it too strongly against him, more strongly perhaps than facts warrant, and may be making him out to be blinder than he was; but as I see him sitting yonder in his darkness, not within but without the temple, not where God reveals Himself but where the people are, not where he can beg, I cannot form very much of an opinion of his interest in religion at this time. I feel sure that not only are his eyes blind, but that a worse blindness than even that is upon him, blindness of soul, blindness to the light of the truth, spiritual blindness, and how blind the man who is thus blind. He is indeed blind, for there is no light in him. And the blind man seems to refer to his sad spiritual condition as well as his physical blindness in what he says of himself: "I was blind."

Now, we pity the poor blind man, but alas! may we not be more to be pitied than he is? We have eyes to see with, but we may not see, and no man is so blind as he who can see and will not. The light of God's love is shining all around us; the sun of righteousness has risen upon us with his healing beams, but we are so blind that we see Him not, and we stumble on in the darkness. We have eyes to see so soon what we regard as our worldly interests, how to make the best of a bargain, how to make money and gather around us property.

We see, too, so well when there is pleasure to be enjoyed. In a word, we see what we want to see well enough. But when it comes to our duty, the claims of God upon us, the concerns of the world to come, ah! then, we somehow cannot see, or rather we do not want to see; we are blind. Thus yonder blind man sitting in darkness is nearer of kin to us than we know. He is blind because he cannot see; we are blind because we will not see.

Secondly, the blind man's eyes opened. It was Sabbath morning, and as usual he was sitting begging near the temple. Jesus and the twelve had been at the temple service, and were returning from it. He had tried to do good there, but had failed. He was in danger of being stoned, and was making His escape. It was in these circumstances He came upon the blind man—in a very accidental sort of way. His attention was called to him by a question asked by one of the disciples. The question was: "Who did sin," this man or his parents that he should be born blind? Blindness was looked upon as a judgment of God for sin. Our Lord answered that the man's blindness was not a judgment of God, but for the glory of God, and then He set about healing him.

Going over to where he was sitting, and sitting down beside him, He spat on the ground, and with the spittle He made a sort of clay-ointment with which He carefully anointed his sightless eyes. He then told him to go to Siloam, a famous pool, some considerable distance away, and there wash, and he would have his sight. The man did as instructed, and his eyes were opened.

Now, there are several things here worthy of our notice. And you will notice this among other things, that Jesus came to where the blind man was. You will say in your way of accounting for that, that it was a mere accident. But it so often happens that Jesus comes along just where a poor needy soul is. Then He proposed of His own accord the healing of the man's blindness, and He did it in His own way. And his healing, you will observe, was more than mere sight giving; it was spiritual sight-giving as well.

It is in the heart of God all the good done for men has its origin. If you will trace up to its source the good that has been done for the world, or for a nation, or for a people, or for an individual, you will find that it began in the heart of God. If, my hearer, your eyes have been opened to see your sin and danger, if you have been led out of darkness into the glad light of truth, and if you are a

christian and saved, you may be sure, that that good that has been done for you began, not with yourself but with God, and that every step of the blessed process by which you have come to be what you are and where you are, is of His love-leading. It is through Christ we are saved.

Then, notice here also, if I may so speak, both the usefulness and uselessness of means. You see yonder the Lord making the simple clay-ointment, and anointing the man's sightless eyes with it. You and I would ask, "What is there in that to help a blind man? And what indeed is there in the washing at Siloam?" And we might go farther and ask, what there is in anything that is being done to help men's need and save their souls? It will be clear, I think, that the power must be elsewhere than in the means. The very inadequacy of the means goes to show us all the more forcibly, that it is not in the means, but in the might of the hand and heart behind the means, where the healing is. At once we look away from the day to the mighty worker Himself, and we wonder at His grace and power. And yet, you see, He uses means, and poor commonplace means, just to teach us that there is a place for our poor inadequate efforts, our simple day appliances. Let us not despise what we can do, or what others are doing. Let us not with our fuller light or perhaps deeper darkness, say: "It is no use administering that drug, or applying that ointment, or prescribing such and such a mode of treatment. The efficacy must be from a higher source." Ah! yes, but what the Master did, let us not be too wise to do. He used means, and means that we would not use, and there followed the use of the means the miracle of the healing.

I may say, and you may say, "what is the use of my trying to do anything? What can these poor words of mine do to wake up the dead in sin, and what can anything I do towards helping and healing men do for them?" And thus questioning I may no longer try to do, or only half try. But when I read here, how the Great Divine Master Himself made with His spittle the clay into an ointment for sightless eyes, I say to myself: "I will go on doing my work, and I will do as well as I can do it, and He who used clay will use my humble instrumentality for His glory, and blind eyes will be opened, and souls will be saved."

Then notice here again, how the blind man's healing followed upon his doing as Jesus had directed him. Jesus came where he was and sat down beside him in His own familiar way. He examined his sightless eyes, and spoke to him so kindly that the unhappy man felt, that whoever He was, for He was a stranger to him, He was taking a real interest in him. When therefore He proposed of His own accord to heal him, he was willing to put himself into His hands, and let Him try. Others perhaps had tried their skill or their no-skill, and had failed. Over and over again he had been the victim of professional quackery. The afflicted have their own trials and temptations in this direction. So many come to them professing what they can do for them, and they cannot do anything. But here is One who can do and the blind man does not know it, but he is willing to let Him try. The poor man must have had his doubts, when, instead of using some potent drug, or some surgical instrument, or some new discovery with a ponderous name, He applied to his eyes the clay-ointment, and then sent him to Siloam to wash.

I see him with his staff in his hand slowly groping his way along the dark streets, half suspecting that he is being duped once more. I would not wonder if he stopped again and again, and said to himself: "What a fool's errand I am on!" And then something would reassure him, and he would say to himself as he moved on: "Well, since I have come so far, I might as well go the rest of the way; there may be something in it, more than I think." And then he would meet with some one who knew him, and wanted to know where he was going. So with some hesitancy he tells him, and his friend laughs at his credulity, and makes all manner of fun of his superstition. But he keeps on, and at last he reaches the pool.

I see him carefully feeling his way to the waters. Now he is where he can reach them. Making his two hands into a sort of wash-basin he dips up the water, and washes his eyes and face. Perhaps he does it again and again before he stops to test the results. Then he looks up. For a moment he hardly knows what has happened to him. A strange sensation thrills him. He does not know whether it is sight or what it is. He is like one in a dream. But he comes to himself, and he knows he sees, and with a joy that is unbounded he cries out: "God be praised, I see! I see!"

If, however, he had stopped short of the washing in Siloam he would not have seen. If he had said: "The clay-anointing is enough for me," if he had turned back when he was half way to Siloam; if he had given heed to the jeers of the people, and the advice of would-be friends; if he had let his own doubts and misgivings get the better of him, he

(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, 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax, 12.30
Express for Sussex, 16.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.35

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 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

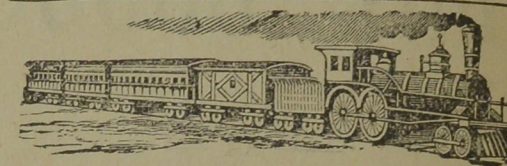
Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Malgrave 23.30

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.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO

"ALL RAIL LINE" to BOSTON &c.
"THE SHORT LINE" to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JULY 8th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.
11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east,
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock. Connecting at Junction with Fast Express, via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.40, 8.45 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 a. m.; 1.00, 6.25 p. m.
McAdam Junction, 10.20 a. m.; 2.06 p. m.
Vancorbo, 10.55 a. m.;
St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 a. m.
St. Andrews, 7.55 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

9.20 a. m.; 2.10, 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

11.30, A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

10.10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM, General Manager,

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.



Northern and Western Railway

SMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

A 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; Marzer'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, 9.50; 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. C. 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.



NOTICE

Is hereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Honorable E. Dewdney, as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not as Minister of the Interior, or to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa 11th May, 1889. 25-5-13t.