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Attended to in all its branches.

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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.

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WEST END GROCERY STORE.

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

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164 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Our Pulpit.

LANDING from the WRECK

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Evening Oct. 27th, 1889.

"And so it came to pass, that they eecaped all safe to land."—ACTS XXVII. 44.

A grain-ship, laden with Egyptian wheat for the Roman market, is slowly coasting along the Asiatic shore about this time of year. Many passengers are aboard, some 276 crew and all, and among them Paul, who is on his way up to Rome to be tried at Cæsar's tribunal. All goes well till they are off Crete, when a levanter strikes the ship, and they are like to be wrecked. For some two weeks they are at the mercy of winds and waves, and no body had any hope that they would be saved. Toward the close of the two weeks Paul had a vision. An angel appeared to him in the night, and told him to say to the people aboard that the only loss would be to the ship and cargo, that no life would be lost. This was good news, and was well received. Everybody felt somewhat relieved, and took heart.

Soon after, it was found that they were approaching land. It was night, and they anchored as close in shore as they dared. Towards morning the sailors launched the boat with a view to make their escape from the sinking ship. But this was detected by the vigilant apostle, and frustrated. As soon as it was day preparations were made to land, for it was felt the vessel could not resist the strain upon her. They hove the anchors, and with the mainsail hoisted up, they made for the shore. They saw a sort of creek or cove with a beach, and they tried to land there, but the ship ran aground, and commenced to break up. All was hurry-skurry aboard, but the command was given for every one to save himself as best he could Many leaped into the waves and swam ashore. Others made a sort of raft of boards and broken parts of the ship, and floated ashore. "And so it came to pass, that they all escaped safe to land."

Now, learn first here, that life is a sort of voyage across a wintry sea. It opens favorably perhaps; the skies clear, the winds fair, the sea calm, the voyager happy and hopeful. He is sure he is going to have a good time of it, a prosperous voyage. Inviting breezes swell his sails and inspire hope, and he ventures too far, risks too much, considering the fact that he has a cargo of so great value aboard—his wheat, his soul, his happiness here, his eternal hereafter. But when vigilance sleeps, a levanter sweeps down upon him, and he wakes up to find that he is ready to perish, all but lost.

The storms of life, the levanters, are not always in the shape of disaster, loss of property, loss of friends, loss of health. Some of the worst storms are those of temptation, the breaking forth of appetite and passion, the Euraquilo of unbridled lust. For weeks at a time, perhaps months, men are delivered over, or deliver themselves over, to ungovernable appetite. They have no control of themselves. They are swept along with resistless fury they know not nor care whither. They are taken hold of, as great sea-waves in their wild rage take hold of ships, and they have no power of their own to choose or reject. They are flung about, and made do this or that, being utterly helpless in the hands of a mighty evil force.

You think, my hearer, that you can always be calm, always act from sober judgment and right reason. You are loud in denunciation of the man who loses control of himself. And, I grant, that some men never seem to lose their heads. They are always balancing probabilities, always calculating results, and they never seem to make mistakes—mistakes with regard to their own selfish interests. And yet even for these sober-sides there are sometimes Euraquiloes that fluster them, make havoc of their good judgment; and they wake up to find how helpless they are in the great temptations, the awful storms that burst upon men, they know not how, nor why, nor whence.

O my hearer, do not be so over-confident and sure. You are strong, because you have never been tempted. Wait till the rude north-easters of temptation blow upon you, and you will not keep your course so well. Wait till star and moon and sun go out in an awful night, and you know not in the darkness where east or west is, whether you are in the way you ought to go or in the way you ought not to go, whether you are being driven to salvation or destruction, and then tell us how it is with you. There are souls that have lost chart and compass, helm and anchor, in the storm and darkness, or they are as good as lost, for they are of no use. There are souls whose faith has gone out, been eclipsed, in the awful night that has fallen upon them, and they have let all go, and are drifting they know not whither. They find themselves in the grasp of an influence, mighty evil force, too strong for them, and they are just as helpless as yonder grain-ship in the levanter. Poor voyagers for eternity, how ill it is with them! And it may yet be with some of us who are so sure, too sure, ere we are through with our life's voyage, as with them. Let us not be so sure. Let us not be high-minded, but fear. Let su watch and sober.

Again: Learn here, that there is never a storm so tempestuous, and never a night so dark, but that there is for the true christian voyager, the earnest seeking soul, a little calm of some sort, a star of hope, a something to cheer and look and live for.

You know, ever since Jonah's foolish flight, and the storm that overtook him, it has been counted unlucky by seagoing people to have a preacher aboard. But it was well that Paul was aboard that old grain-ship of Alexandria caught in a genuine Mediterranean gale. She would never have weathered it but for his faith. He was an old coaster. In the interests of religion he had sailed all over those seas in all sorts of seasons, and he knew all about navigating a vessel, and what was wise and safe to do. When they came to a harbor in the Island of Crete called the Fair Havens, he advised the ship-master to winter there. But other counsels prevailed, and the sequel shewed that Paul was right. Not following his advice led to the loss of the vessel and cargo, and endangered many lives.

But that was not all. When the storm was loudest and the hope of deliverance was lowest, an angel appeared to Paul and told him that all would yet be well. We have his message as Paul worded it the next morning, and as Dr. Luke took it down: "Paul, thou must stand before Cæsar, and, lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee."

Now, I want you to notice this, that when there was neither star, nor moon, nor sun, nor hope, nor help, from any quarter, for those in charge of the ship, there was a special angelic delegation from Heaven to let Paul know what to do. When the captain and the sailors, the centurion and the soldiers, were all saying: "We are to be lost! we are to be lost!" The despised Apostle, who was one of a band of prisoners, was able to say, in the face of the gale, that not a hair of anybody's head was to be lost. And that word of his did as much as anything to awaken new hope, and arouse to new effort, and thus save them from the despair they were falling into. Oh it is good to have a man of faith aboard a ship when a storm comes on! His prayers and faith can do when nothing else can do. Angels hover near where a christian is, and He who holds the winds in His fists, and the waves of the sea in the hollow of His hand, will take care of him and those with him.

It storms as wildly around the ship in which the christian is as anywhere. Sometimes indeed it looks as if the storms are wilder, the seas rougher, the nights darker, wherever he happens to be voyaging. What a tempest howls around the corn-ship aboard of which are Paul and Luke and other christian friends! What waves roll themselves upon the little boat in which the twelve are, and what a night of darkness and storm gathers its inky folds close around them! And yet it is not so ill with them as they think. Every prayer they pray is heard in Heaven. Jesus on the mountain-top watches over them and intercedes for them, and when all hope is ready to be given up, He Himself comes to their help. It is not an angel who floats over the waves, but it is Jesus who walks on the sea. "Be of good cheer," He cries, as they are horror-struck at the dreadful apparition they think they see;— "Be of good cheer it is I; be not afraid."

Ah! let us learn to have faith in God, and we can trust ourselves where it is so dark that we cannot see our way, and so tempest-tossed and earthquake-rocked that we have no control over anything, for the arm of Omnipotent Love is around us, and we are safe. You know not, O child of God, what your life is to be, what storms may yet arise, what sorrows like great sea. waves may roll over you and almost bury you, what a horror of great darkness may yet enfold your soul; but this know, that in Him you are safe, and so, with you it must be well, well now, eternally well.

Again: Learn here that God's decree and human responsibility and agency need not clash, are happily co-operative indeed.

One morning Paul called the people in the vessel around him, and he told them what the angel had told him. He said it was the will and purpose of Heaven that not a life aboard that ship should perish. The vessel was to go to pieces; the cargo was to be lost; but not a hair of their heads was to fall to the ground. God had said it and He would do it. "There shall not a hair perish from the head of any of you."

Now, aboard that storm-beleaguered grain-ship were 276 people, all of them with ideas and interests of their own, all of them with minds and wills of their own, and very few of them cared what Paul said, or what God's will was. The ship-owner had his interests, and he seems to have been aboard. Then the captain and the sailors had their interests, and they were bound to look after them. Then the centurion, with his soldiers to back him up in all he wanted to do, had his ideas and interests. Then the prisoners, among whom was Paul, had their interests. Thus among so many conflicting interests it was hard indeed to have the will of Heaven carried out, God's decree become realized fact.

Well, we shall see. The great overloaded hulk of a ship keeps laboring on through storm and darkness no one aboard knows whither. But God knows. The winds and waves are His to do His will, to work out His decree. It would be hard to mark on a chart the course of that vessel as she tumbled and rolled and waded along among the waves. But the Lord knew just how to bring her to the place He wanted her. And He does it.

It is night, midnight, when something gives the experienced seamen to feel that they are nearing some land. They sound, and find it true. After a little they sound again, and now they are close enough in shore to anchor. The sailors launch the boat to escape. Paul, who has uttered the decree of God, feels his responsibility in the matter. He has not any doubt that God will do what He has said; still, he must do his part all the same. So he defeats their purpose. He reports the matter to the centurion thus: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." So the boat is sent adrift.

You see how important is human agency to the carrying out of God's decree. It is so important that the decree would fail without men's poor efforts. "Except these abide in the ship"—these seamen whose skill is so necessary to the proper management of the ship, whose experience knows how to furl and unfurl sails, steer, shape her course, and so on; —"except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

O what a word is that to me and you! We sometimes say in our weak silly way: "If it is decreed I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if it is decreed I am to be lost, I will be lost, and so it is no use my trying to do anything." And we fold up our arms and go to sleep; or, like the sailors yonder, who try to get out of it, and let the old ship sink or swim, so far as they are concerned, so we get out of all this church-work, and let the decrees of Heaven work themselves out as best they can. But we see here that unless we do our little part, unless we put forth every effort, unless we bring to bear upon the work all the skill we have, speaking with all reverence, the decree of God will be a failure; it will not be carried out; we will not be saved ourselves and others will not be saved. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

But the means are decreed as well as the end, and so the sailors are not suffered to leave the ship to her fate. And all the other means work together towards the desired end. The soldiers want to kill the prisoners lest they make their escape. But that counsel is not carried out. At last the ship is beached, and a wreck; but some by swimming, and some on boards, and spars, and by other methods, with no little effort, make out to reach the shore. And the decree was a success. The whole 276 were saved. With some perhaps it was a hair-breadth escape, saved and no more. Oh how hard they had to work to work out their salvation! They had to help and be helped ashore. Some of them had gone down perhaps for the third time, and had to be dived for to be saved. They had to be dragged ashore by main force, and it did not look as if a breath was left in them. But all were saved. The promise of God was fulfilled. Men did not do all they might have done, neither for themselves nor others. They bungled and mismanaged things as they always do. Still, it was all right. "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Again: Learn here, that we must all get away from the wreck, if we are to be saved.

You see yonder what a hurry-skurry there is to get off the wreck aground on Malta's bleak coast. People are tumbling over one another, acting in a very foolish way, saying and doing very absurd and silly things. Men in position forget what they are. Their dignity is gone. Their wealth and importance, their social standing and official consequence, are nothing in the hour of danger. The captain is no more to himself nor to others than the common sailor. The centurion is no more than an ordinary soldier. Preachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, soldiers, sailors, prisoners, are all together, on one common level, overtaken in one common disaster, and concerned about one common matter, that of their salvation. The rude waves have no more respect for royal purple and gold lace, than for blouses and bare legs. They splash the brine into men's faces, and seem to enjoy wetting all over those who like it the least, take it the worst.

Now, we are all on a wreck tonight. This world is a wreck, a terrible wreck.

(Continued on third page)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89 Summer rrangement '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	14.30
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 & Mulgrave	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.



Northern and Western Railway.

SUMMER 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; Manzer'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, 9:50; 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. 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 Tea Sets 44 pieces $2.62. Fancy Coloured Dinner Sets $6.60, Elegant New English, French and German China Tea and Breakfast Sets at

J. G. McNALLY'S.

DO YOU

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

McNALLY'S.

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 best value in Canada.

J. G. McNALLY.

CABINET MAKING

—AND—

UNDERTAKING.

THE CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, heretofore carried on 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 under the former management.

Caskets of Finest Quality. Coffins and all Funeral Necessities always on hand.

Dated this 24th day of August, A. D., 1889.

JAMES ADAMS,
JOHN G. ADAMS