

# RUBBERS

Rubber Boots,

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**LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE Shoe Store.**

GENTS' RUBBERS in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (said to be the best manufactured) Heavy Plain Rubbers, Sandel Rubbers, Self Acting Rubbers, Argyle, Zepher and Oakland.

LADIES' RUBBERS, in imitation Sandels, Croquet and Heavy Plain.

LADIES FINE RUBBERS, in the following Styles:—

Pure Gum, (best quality manufactured) Climax, La France, Zepher, Doherty, Winthrop, Van Zandt and Terry (common sense.) Also, a large variety in Boys', Youths, Misses and Children's sizes.

As usual a Fine Assortment of RUBBER BOOTS of Woonsocket and Canadian Manufacture for Gentlemen, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children.

**A. LOTTIMER.**

210 QUEEN STREET,

Fredericton, ar., 20th.

**A. Limerick & Co.**

York Street, Fredericton.

**BROWN & PALMER**

FREDERICTON, N. B.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Oil Tanned Larrigans, Shoe Packs and Moccasins,

Felt Lined Larrigans

a specialty, the best Winter Boots made in Canada.

Send for prices and place your orders early.

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

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of age on Manhood, Nervous Physical Debility, Perma-Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative samples free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. BARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College—25 years practitioner Boston, who may be consulting confidentially. Speciality Diseases of Man, Office No. 4 Bulfinch Street,



## Our Pulpit. OUR LOT.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday morning April 28th, 1889.

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."—PSALM XVI. 6.

After the conquest of Canaan by Joshua the country was divided up among the tribes of Israel by lot. The land was measured and surveyed into portions by men appointed for the purpose. Each portion was numbered, first, second, third, and so on, and the boundaries and descriptions of each were carefully recorded in a book. Then lots were cast before the Lord at Shiloh, smooth pebbles being used, and the lot that fell to a tribe was its inheritance.

The method was the best that could be had recourse to for the prevention of disputes among the claimants. And upon the whole it was successful. Still, there was some dissatisfaction. I suppose there will always be that. We find for instance the children of Joseph complaining that not enough of land had been assigned to them. "And the children of Joseph spake unto Joshua, saying, Why hast thou given me but one lot and one part for an inheritance, seeing I am a great people." Others again were especially pleased with the portion that had fallen to them. "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

The lot is not unknown in our own province. Harvey, for instance, was surveyed into one-hundred-acre farms, and then lots were cast, and the people accepted the farm that fell to them. And the people out there still speak of their lot of land. With some of the people, too, the lines fell in pleasant places, land that was first-class farming-land, land that was easily worked and productive. With others the lines were drawn over almost inaccessible rock-ridges, the sort of land that affords a fine prospect, a wide outlook perhaps, but then that may be about all it is good for, and fine prospects in farms, or indeed in human lines, are not always of much account.

### I. OUR LOT

I think it can be shewn, my hearer, that we have all our lot. We may not have a lot of land, a lot rich in productive acres, a building lot, a lot of such sort, and yet we may have our lot, and a lot worth having. So often you hear people speak of their lot, perhaps not always intelligently, not always with clear and well defined ideas as to what they want to say. Lot with many is luck, and luck is a hap-hazard sort of thing, a tool that fools play with and hope so much from. And yet, the very fact that men are ever shaping into words their ideas of the hidden and mysterious something, that has, or seems to have, so much to do in their making or marring—a something they call their lot, their luck, their fate, their fortune, their chance, and so on, it is abundantly clear that there is a something of the sort, whether or not we can come at it to see and know just what it is.

The lot in the olden time was a method of direct appeal to God, on the part of His people, with a view to find out His mind and will on some matter of importance to them. When the land of Canaan is to be divided up among the victorious tribes of Israel, recourse is had to the lot. We can all understand how important and necessary it was for each tribe to receive what it regarded as its own portion. There would be danger of two or more tribes wanting the same section of country because of its apparent advantages, and there might be conflict and division. But yonder at Shiloh, at the door of the Sanctuary, with solemn religious services, the representatives of the people let the Lord arbitrate between them, and choose their portion of the inheritance for them. He could choose better for them than they could choose for themselves. And so they agreed to refer the matter to Him by lot.

Now, back of the lot lies the idea that God is, and He has to do with men's affairs, and that He directs and controls their destinies, and that it is best for their interests that He does so. He does as He wills, and because He wills. Go back to the beginning of things, and you come at last to where there is only God—no creature, no angel, no man, no blazing sun nor glittering star, no world, a vast emptiness. But there comes a time when the Divine Will says: Let be, and there is; let light be, and light is; let there be a world, and a world takes shape; let trees grow, and insects buzz, and birds sing, and beasts roam, and it is so; let man be, and out of dust he rises, a creature Godlike in face and form, in giftedness and grace.

Here I am, and you are. There was a time when I was not, and there was a time when you were not. We wake up as from a strange sleep, and we find that we are, and we wonder that we are.

We had no choice in the matter. Our wishes as to whether we wanted to be, and when and how and what we wanted to be, were never consulted. It is of His will we are. He was pleased to call us into being. He was pleased to call us into being in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. He was pleased to call us into being in this fair land, not yonder in China, or India, or the islands that bloom in the Southern Cross. He was pleased to call us into being where church spires rise Heavenwards around us, where the school-house opens wide its doors to welcome us, and where all is done that can well be done towards our true making, our success in life. This, then, that God does for us of His own will, or by means over which we have no control, and with regard to which we have no choice whatever, may be aptly spoken of as our lot.

### II. LOTS DIFFER.

Lots are as different as the individuals are whose they are. No two lots are just alike in any one particular, any more than two individuals are alike. In His wisdom, and as it seems good to Himself, God distributes among us our lots, our opportunities, our birthrights, our chances in life, and so on, and the distribution is made, it seems to us often, in our way of looking at it, in a hap-hazard sort of way, as if shuffled by a rude hand in a dice-box and then thrown out without the least regard to fitness on the part of their lucky or luckless possessors. Into one man's hands falls a kingdom, and looking at the man himself, his fitness for the position, his might to do and his wisdom to guide, you cannot easily see perhaps why such a lot should fall to him. Into another man's hands comes a great estate, drops as from the clouds vast wealth, a fortune, and you cannot see why it should be.

When in Winnipeg two years ago, among other places, along with others, I visited the penitentiary at Stony Mountain, and the warden shewed us around the institution, and I see by the papers of last week that one of the ex-convicts has killed him \$100,000. Another man I met and took part with in a happy union service aboard the C. P. R. Steamship on Lake Superior, the Rev. Canon Matheson, a professor of St. John's College, Winnipeg, a most excellent man, has been remembered also by the same individual to the extent of \$50,000. Now, there may be special reasons for such large bequests that have not come out, and if we knew all, we might not think it at all strange, but I instance them as illustrations of what we would call good luck, or the seeming arbitrary distribution of fortunes.

And then, on the other hand, into a third man's hands, one of nature's noblest, a man of extraordinary genius and power, is put an axe, or a spade, a stone-mason's trowel, a blacksmith's hammer, a weaver's shuttle, a shoemaker's awl. Hugh Miller the eminent geologist was a mason, Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, David Livingston was a weaver, Edwards the Scotch naturalist was a humble shoemaker.

Thus, the lots seem to be flung about in a very loose way, and today and always there has been loud dissatisfaction as to the distribution of things. Men hold it is not fair at all that one should be born heir to so much, and others just as worthy, and more so, should be born to poverty and meanness, to a hopeless uphill struggle for a mere existence, and they clamor for an equal distribution of what there is. They say: "Let every man have the same chance. Let there be equal rights, an equitable distribution of wealth. Let there be no favoritism."

And yet it is not true, that the Great Disposer of lots has done as He would with His own, and so has given to this man so much more than to that man? We wonder at it. We think it strange. We cannot account for it. And so often we have the idea that a very much happier distribution might have been made of the lots than has been made. We feel sure, if we had the doing of things, we would have done better. At all events, we would have wanted to do somewhat better for ourselves than has been done.

But, it may be, there has been a far more even and equitable distribution of the lots than we think and know. One man has mind, another has money. The money you can see and count; the mind you cannot see and cannot form any just estimate of. And yet, it does not take much mind to be something like a fair equivalent for several thousand dollars. One man again has everything he can want to make him happy, but he lacks health. He has luxuries, but he cannot eat them. He has fine clothes, but he cannot wear them. Another man again has little perhaps, but he has health. There is not much on his table, but what there is he can eat and relish. Thus, were you to take everything into account, and strike an average, you would find probably that while the lots are all different, there is more of an equality than appears to the cursory observer.

### III. OUR LOT TO BE MADE

Lots are not to be enjoyed; they are to be made, developed, worked out and up to something better than they are when they come into our hands. You

say perhaps, my hearer, in the words of the text: "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places." But what do you mean? Do you mean that your fortune comes into your hand made for you; gold, not in the shape of ore to be dug, but in the shape of coin to be spent? All you have to do is to enjoy, bask in the sunshine, eat and drink and take your ease. Is that what you mean when you tell us the lines are fallen in pleasant places? I know that is what some mean, and so many others are only sorry that they are not so lucky, and they are always on the lookout for windfalls. They want to marry an heiress. They hope some miser or millionaire may die soon, and will them his wealth. They are always on the search for a position where there is most money and least work. Their ambition is to get to where they will have nothing whatever to do—no work, no worry, no responsibility, a heaven of idleness and luxury.

But the lots yonder in Canaan in the olden time were to be made. When the children of Joseph came to Joshua with the complaint that they had not been fairly dealt with in the distribution of the lots, that but one lot had been given them and they were a great people—great in their own estimation at all events, his answer to them was to this effect, that large tracts of wilderness-land bordered on their portion, which, if they were the great people they claimed to be, they might very soon clear of its woods, and convert into fruitful fields and blooming vineyards. And then, moreover, there were lands, fertile valleys, that certain Canaanitish peoples were still in possession of, and it was theirs as a great people, theirs as a right, theirs from God, to dispossess them. But against this proposition the children of Joseph urged that the people of the valley were too many for them, for they had chariots of iron. The hero of the Canaan wars, however, gave them to understand very clearly, that it would be their own fault, their weak faith, their want of pluck and push, and to their dishonor as a great people, if they could not make their lot an inheritance in every way worthy of them. And it would seem they took the hint, accepted the gentle rebuke, and went to work, and cut down the wooded country, and drove out the Canaanites, and made themselves a grand inheritance in the land.

Now, like the children of Joseph, who seem to have forgotten the history of their great ancestor, the city and land are full of people who loudly complain of the 'hardness' of their lot, who tell us they have no chance to be or do anything, and who are forever envying the good fortune of their more successful neighbors. But the truth is, we have all a good enough chance, all the chance we need to work out a brilliant future for ourselves, and it is our own fault, our want of faith in God, and want of pluck and push, if we cannot, just where we are, in New Brunswick here, in the city of Fredericton even, do well, worthily, grandly. It is not the Lord's way of dealing with men to do everything for them. It is rather His way to do as little for them as He can help, to do no more for them than is necessary. He puts them in a position to do for themselves, to work out their own salvation in the fullest sense, and He expects them, and enjoins upon them, to go to work and do it.

"No chance!" I hear you whine, "no chance! the fates all against me! no opening for me! hard lines! born to be poor! pitched out upon life's sea and left there to sink or swim!"

Ah! my hearer, do not talk about your having no chance, for you have as much of a chance as others have had. No chance, and around you stretching a world, and opening up to you a thousand avenues leading to usefulness, greatness, blessedness, the grandeur and glory of true success! No chance, and angels singing and sighing for you, heaven overarching you with its gladness and glory, Christ dying for you, and all that is good inviting you to be good and great!

Go to Bethlehem yonder, and on a little straw in a corner of a cattle shed lies an infant, poor indeed, but of honorable birth, and around His unconscious years growl savage hate and wicked jealousy thirsting for His blood, and you and I would say, that child has no chance. And yet He has a chance. Angels sing at His birth, and so much is expected of Him. Later on, go yonder to Nazareth, and in the meanest of carpenter-shops toils a growing youth from day to day, and you say, in your way of looking at it: "Hard lines! not much of a chance to be or do anything there!" But He did not think so. With a light in His face, and a voice in His soul, He kept at it, and out of that hard school He at last graduated to do a great work for the world, telling us that there is a chance for a man anywhere, everywhere, a chance for you and me.

But you will say to me: "Ah! He was the Son of God, and I am but a weak son of man, and where there was a chance for Him, there is none for me."

No, 'the truth is, where there was a chance for the Son of God, there is a chance for me and any man. Where He has succeeded, I can succeed; where

Continued on third page.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

### 88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 26th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex	16.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	18.00 p. m.

A sleeping car runs daily on the 18.10 train Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

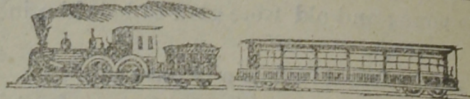
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation	13.30 p. m.
Day Express	19.20 p. m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office Moncton, N. B. Nov. 20th 1888.



## Northern and Western Railway

### WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect November 28th, 1888.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Passenger and Freight Train will leave Fredericton every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton!

7:10 a. m.; Gibson 7:15; Marysville 7:35; Manzer'siding 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 9:05; Boiestown, 10:30; Doaktown 11:30. Upper Blackville 12:45 p. m.; Blackville, 1:20; Upper Nelson Boom 2:20; Chatham Junction, 2:40; arriving at Chatham, 3:30.

Returning Leave Chatham

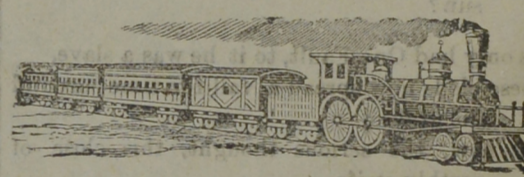
8:00 a. m.; Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:55; Blackville, 9:50; Upper Blackville 10:25; Doaktown, 11:35; Boiestown 12:35, p. m.; Cross Creek 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 3:30; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

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 all Western points and 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., Nov. 28th, 1888.



## NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO

### ALL RAIL LINE

### Arrangement of Trains

IN EFFECT APRIL 29th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points north.

11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

Returning to Fredericton.

From St. John, 6.10, 8.55 a. m.; 4.45 p. m. Fredericton Junction, 7.40 a. m.; 1.05, 6.25 p. m. McAdam Junction, 11.35 a. m.; 2.15 p. m. Vanceboro, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 p. m. St. Stephen, 9.20, 11.40 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.30 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON

8.55 a. m.; 2.15, 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00, A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM, General Manager,

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

St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.



## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

### TENDER FOR OIL.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Chief Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, and marked on the outside "Tender for Oil," will be received until Saturday, 11th May, 1889, for the whole or any part of the Oil required by this Railway during the year commencing July 1st, 1889.

Copies of the specification can be obtained from T. V. Cooke, General Store Keeper Moncton.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 22d April, 1889