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Fredericton, March, 31, 1889.

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Pictures copied and enlarged.

Our Pulpit.

The Soul: Its Worth, Its Loss.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church on Sabbath Morning Oct. 12th, 1889.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—MAT. XVI. 26.

Our Lord sets before His disciples here what it is to be His followers. There was danger of their building themselves up with the idea that He was going to do much for them in the shape of mere worldly good. There was danger of their taking Him to be a king like the kings of men, regarding His kingdom like the kingdoms of the nations, cherishing utterly mistaken conceptions as to what He was to do for them and the world, and so losing the good of the mission He came to work out. He wants therefore to disabuse their minds of any false notions they may be entertaining with regard to what following Him is and what it is going to do for them, and to tell them just what it is. It is self-renunciation. It means the cross. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." But then, it is objected here, that such a life is not much of an improvement on life as it is. It is death rather than life. It is losing one's life to save it, and you do not see what you lose. If following Christ leads to the cross, that is about the worst sort of life-losing one can meet with. The conclusion is therefore inevitable. If you want to save yourself, if you want to live; then keep clear of Christ, do not be a Christian.

And there is some truth in that. If you want to have it easy, no hard work to do, never to be tired or sick, no cross to bear, no temptations to withstand, why then following Christ is not much of a way for you. Where He leads is the way of the cross, and a hard way it was for Him, and a hard way it is for His, but not so hard for His as Him.

Now, He answers the supposed objection by a reference to an old proverbial saying, a sort of wise maxim, to the effect, that losing one's life is the way to save it, and saving one's life is the way to lose it. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." In other words, the best way to take care of oneself is not to take the best care of oneself, and the best way to save one's life is not to save it. We all understand how that is. We may save our life in some respects only to sacrifice it in some other respects. We may sacrifice the higher for the sake of the lower. We may sacrifice the soul for the sake of the body. We may sacrifice the Forever for the sake of the Now. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Now, in further illustrating the text, observe first here, that there is about each of us what we call our self, our soul. We stand up, erect, strong, our feet on the earth, and our head pointing heavenwards, and we say, I. Perhaps indeed that is where we get the I, a letter in the alphabet that is more to some of us than all the rest.

What, then, is that I of ours? And perhaps it is the *what I have* as well as the *what I am*. At least some of us would like to think so, and we act so. With us, I is not only our little self, but also the ground we stand on, and the much or little of space we fill with our importance and self-consequence. It is what we own as well as what we are—our house, our shop, our farm, our wide estate, our kingdom.

I may put my feet close together, and thus standing on the smallest possible portion of this earth, and therefore all the more erect, and all the higher up toward Heaven, I may say, I! Or, on the other hand, I may spread out my feet just as far as I dare spread them, and thus uncomfortably sprawled out, and standing with difficulty, and of course not very high up towards Heaven, I may say, I!!

And indeed it is easy for us to fall into the habit of identifying men by what they have rather than by what they are. We think and speak of them as possessed of this and that, as thus and thus titled and honored, as related to so and so. We think of a man's business or profession rather than himself, the acres he cultivates, the house he lives in, the position he occupies, the dress he wears, the crown on his head, the sword that dangles by his side, the money he counts and clinks, and much else of that sort.

And, it must be granted, that in a world such as ours, a world where appearances go for so much, the things a man has, or seems to have, go a long way towards making him what he is, and it is not always easy for us to discriminate between what is his and him. What would a man of great prominence be without the money he happens to

have, the accidents of birth and station, the age he belongs to, the place he lives and does his work in, the position he occupies, those around him and with whom he has so much to do, the congregation he ministers to, the people he represents and reigns over, yea, even the clothes he wears, the gold lace or lawn. These and such like things make him. We cannot see and know what a man is apart from what he has, and so we look at what he has to see what he is, and thus we form our estimate of him.

But it is evident there is a wide difference between what a man has and is. Across a rich man's life may sweep the tornado of disaster as in the case of the patriarch of Ur, and all he has is gone, only what he is left. And how changed he is to his acquaintances! They regard him with askance looks, and speak to him with harsh words. Ah! it was what he had they took off their hats to and respected, his vast wealth, his fine clothes, his dignity and importance, not himself. And every day we make the same mistake that Job's friends made, and it is a serious mistake.

Let us get nearer a man than the front door of his fine house, the shop he does business in, his official public life. We do not know him looking at him so far off, seeing him only thus. We have no proper estimate of his real worth. And sometimes God helps us to see what a man is apart from what he has. It is a sore process, but it is sometimes necessary, both for himself and his friends. He did that with Job; sometimes He does it with others.

A man is a king perhaps; so He stirs up rebellion around him, and with rude traitorous hands tears off his crown, and strips off his royal purple, and lets us see him a simple unofficial plain man. If he has wealth, sometimes He lets disaster come, wave after wave tumbling high over one another, until he is stripped so bare that there is only his poor naked self left. And then it is seen what a grand manhood was back of what he had.

But you can come nearer still. And so, as in Job's case, the Lord lets disease pick his bones, the worms feed upon his flesh, until there is almost nothing left of him but a bare soul. And now, at this last analysis, we get at the very self of a man, his best, if there is any best about him, his glory and power, that about him which neither the chances nor changes of the years can give or take away, his I, his soul. Job could rise up from amid the ruins of all he had been in the days of his prosperity, and with only enough left to him to hold his soul, he could still say, I! and now he can say it as he could not when there was so much piled around him that was his, not him. Thus the soul of a man is the *I am* of every man.

Again: The worth of the soul. That the soul is of great worth, that it has a value beyond human arithmetic to calculate, is clear from what the Lord Himself says. His argument implies that. It is based on that idea. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

You often hear men talking about what a man is worth. They rate him according to what he has rather than what he is. He has so much property, so much money invested, and he is worth so many thousand dollars.

And men get into the way of rating themselves according to what may be called their commercial value, and so they rate themselves too high or too low. One thinks he is such a great man, worth so much, because he has horses and lands and wealth, whereas in real soul value he may not count for much. Another may say of himself sadly: "I am a poor man, a very poor man. I do not own one foot of land. The house I live in is not my own. I have no money in the bank. I have nothing."

But, poor man, you have a soul. You have a life within you that can never die, and that may be an eternal rapture. You have thoughts perhaps that can range the universe over, and a capacity to enjoy whatever is worth having there. At your feet rises a mystic ladder reaching up to God, and up that ladder you can climb to where God is, and Christ shines, and the seraphs sing. With a soul, then, of such possibilities, such wide-ranging and high-reaching capabilities, a man is not poor, need not be poor. The universe is his. Heaven and earth are his. They are his to cull satisfaction from, to reap harvests of good from, to possess and enjoy. The millionaire is poor compared with the man whose soul is what a soul is capable of possessing and enjoying of good and glory, power and progress.

The soul's worth is seen, too, in this, that it is the soul that gives to material things whatever of value and usefulness they have. Before there was a living human soul there was a world, and in its mountains were mines of gold and glittering gems, its valleys were capable of yielding abundant harvests, out of its timber and rocks might be hewn fleets and built up cities, and out of its natural forces might be developed so much; but all was waste and useless till God breathed into the clay He shaped into

the human form, and man became a living soul. If gold has any preciousness, it is the soul that gives it its preciousness. It is the soul's ingenuity that extracts it from its darkness, purifies it of its dross, shapes it into a crown, weaves it into lace, and makes it all it has come to be in this age when the dollar is all but omnipotent for good or ill. But it is not the dollar, but the soul unseen behind it that is the power. The lightning wreathed the cloud with its fiery links from the days of Noah, but not until these modern times was it found out how to utilize its flashing fleetness, and make it the useful, yea, the indispensable thing it has come to be. And so with everything else of usefulness and worth in the world. Thus how great the worth of the soul, when all that is owes whatever it is, and whatever of worth it has, to the soul.

But it is when we come to the cross we see as we cannot see anywhere else the soul's priceless worth. We find blood and agony here. We find here the dying soul of God's own Son. "My soul is succeeding sorrowful, even unto death." Ah! not gold nor gems avail here. Not crowns nor thrones can ransom the soul. And so from Heaven comes down the son of God, and He gives Himself, His blood, His life, for the soul.

Now, there is much here to contemplate, much to think about, but this must strike us, how much the soul is worth in God's eyes, when He would give His son to die on the cross for it. Only He who made the soul, gifted it with all its powers, endowed it with all its graces, made it capable of so much gladness and glory, gave it something of Himself, knows its true value. If the soul were what some would have us believe it is, a material something, a thing of dust and to return to dust, a life like the insect life that buzzes itself out in a summer day and is no more, would there have been any cross and any Christ? No. The soul would not have been worth any such expenditure. Thus the cross means to me that my soul is worth much; it is worth the son of God's dying for.

Again: The loss of the soul. If the soul is worth so much, what a loss to lose it. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

There are things you lose, and you say: "Let them go; they are not of much account anyway!" And you put yourself to no trouble and expense to seek and find them. But there are other things you would not lose for a great deal. You put yourself to no end of trouble, and you spare yourself no expense, to recover them. What you would not do to vindicate your honor, maintain your good name, regain your health, save your life! I think you would part with every dollar you had. You would sell your houses and lands. To save your life, to regain your lost health, to re-establish your character, what would you not do that could be done?

Sometimes it comes to be with a man in a very rude sort of way: "Your money or your life!" And his money is much to him perhaps. Through busy weary years he toiled for it and gathered it. He saved and scraped dollar after dollar till he had come to be rich. And he does not like to lose his money; it is hard to lose it. But it is still harder to lose his life. Life is more to him than his thousands, more to him than millions. So, because life is more to him than his money, he parts with his money. He tries to compromise. He hands over \$500, then \$1,000, then \$10,000, and then at last all; and he thanks the Lord that he gets away with his life.

But the soul is more to a man than even his life. His life is only for a brief time, a few years at the most; but his soul is to live forever. If, then, a man will part with all he has for his life, what will he not part with for his soul? That is the way you and I would reason about it, and in some such way our Lord reasons about it. He asks in strong words: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

And yet, somehow, our reasoning is lame; it does not hold. Most men alas! think but little of their soul. They value money, and they value life, but they do not value the soul. For the sake of money and life they will lose their soul.

Once a rich young man came to our Lord with the question how he could have eternal life; in other words how he might save his soul. Just then, it would appear, something had led him to concern about his soul. Our Lord told him that to save his soul he must part with all he had. It was with him: "Your money or your soul?" He looked at the hard alternative, and then he went away. His wealth was more to him than his soul. That young man would have sold all to save his life; but he did not sell all nor anything to save his soul.

And that young man was no exception. To save their life men will suffer almost everything, if it is necessary. They will cross continents to do so. 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, 7.50
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, 14.30
Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Millville, 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from its 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; Manzer's Riding 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 HO BEN
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

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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 best value in Canada.

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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.