

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. J. McLEOD.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1884.

(EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.)

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The Intelligencer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON V.—MAY 4.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—1 Cor. 13: 1-13.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Christian love. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13.
T. John's testimony. 1 John 4: 1-21.
W. Christian unity. Eph. 4: 1-16.
T. Oracles of peace. Ps. 133: 1-3.
F. Bond of perfection. Col. 3: 1-17.
S. Fulfilling the law. Matt. 23: 23-40.
S. Perseverance. 1 Pet. 1: 12-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13: 10.

TOPICS.—Christian love the chief thing, its characteristics, its enduring nature.

TIME, A. D. 27.

TOPICAL TEXTS.

Connecting Link.—After having rebuked the faults of the Corinthian church, and having pointed out many ways in which each one may aid the church, Paul in this chapter teaches them that Christian love is greater in value than all other gifts without it.

I. Christian love the chief thing. The apostle had been speaking of the oneness of the church, which is the body of Christ, in which he dwells as a life-giving spirit, and of the relation which individual Christians, who constitute the various parts of the body, sustain to each other, and to the whole, showing that no single part is sufficient of itself, but each is needful to the strength, beauty and harmony of the whole. As among the different members of the human body, each serves a different and useful purpose, so in the church every member is necessary and ought to be useful; every one is able to make a contribution of positive value to the efficiency and harmony of the whole. This is so because all have not the same gifts. Some excel in one kind of work, others in another; neither can we do all things, and each one can render some peculiar and valuable service. After enumerating some of the important and especially valuable gifts, the apostle encourages his brethren to "covet earnestly the best gifts;" and "yet," said he, "show I unto you a more excellent way." Gifts and graces which merely attract and please, and, indeed, some which are of solid worth and substantial value are not the most important to the strength and usefulness of the Christian church. Good as these are, helpful as they are, essential as they are to the highest success in some important departments of Christian work, there is something higher and nobler, more enduring and more far-reaching, more important to the permanent welfare of the Christian body, and that is true Christian love called in our sacred charter, in the Revised Version of the term is wisely rendered "love," and that is the principal thing in Christian character. With that, elements apparently less valuable may be so united and so made "quick and powerful" as to become effective far beyond what would have been expected; without it, noble powers and excellent gifts are made useless, and sometimes even mischievous. In union is strength, and love is the vitalizing element that makes union possible, therefore it must be sought for, cherished, developed, made to grow and by its unifying power secure the highest success in all the efforts enlisted in the service of Christ.

II. Its characteristics. After speaking of the great value of this supreme Christian grace, Paul goes on to sketch, with a master's hand, its fair and lovely features. Its unselfishness, its patient endurance of provocation, its modest and gentle demeanor, its kind and courteous bearing, its tender and hopeful spirit, its firm and joyous adhesion to the truth, are all vividly portrayed. The picture presented is one that has seldom, if ever, been excelled in beauty and winning power in the world's literature. It never loses its freshness; its vitality and vigor are perpetual; its characteristics, clear and inspiring, it endures. We study it and go away to think; we come to study it again and go away with new food for thought; we continue to study and think, and by degrees, are filled with its blessed presence, and come to know as a personal experience something of the way and power begotten by the abiding presence in the human heart of this chief grace of Christian character.

III. Its enduring nature. After all and above all, it never fails; it holds on forever; something of the eternal life of God, out of whose heart it was born, is in it, making it a permanent and powerful factor in the vigorous development of the race. Other powers may grow weak, this never. Age may impair the intellect; reason, memory and imagination may lose their power; faith may fail and hope may die, but love lives on forever. No opposition can kill it; repulsion on one side turns to the other; beaten back it finds new outlets for itself; driven away, it rises into the pure air and clear sunlight, until it finds opportunity to come back to its nest again with undying devotion. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

THOUGHTS AND APPLICATIONS.

I. The power of eloquent speech is not the highest gift.

II. Many can have great intellectual gifts, but all can have love in the heart.

III. Our treasures should be among the things that abide.

TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

I. The gift of tongues.

II. The sources of true charity.

III. The realization of this ideal.

A PEEP INTO AFRICA.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.

A short voyage of four hours in a tiny steamer of sixty tons from Gibraltar to Tangiers takes one out of civilization into barbarism, out of the nineteenth century of Europe into the ages before the Christian era of Africa and the East. A gang of half-bred Moors are wading through the water from the shore. Now they scramble into our boats, seize our luggage, and with loud cries and fierce gestures, struggle with each other as if disputing for the possession of us. On landing there is still greater tumult, agents of different hotels seizing us by the arms and by main force trying to drag us away. On board the vessel we had secured the services of a tall Moor, known as "Devil's Skin," a capital guide, by whose help we escaped the yelling, squabbling mob, without injury to limb or loss of luggage, and were soon climbing up the rough, steep, narrow street. Not a vehicle of any sort; no carriage, cart, or even wheelbarrow in all Morocco. What a varied population; and all so strange! Tall, majestic Moors, with white turbans and white flowing robes, bare

legs and yellow slippers. Venerable men, with long white beards, moving along with graceful stateliness. I thought I saw Abraham, Isaac and Jacob at every turn. Asses, heavily laden with sacks of corn, moving along amid the motley crowd, attended by their owners, made us think of Joseph's brethren carrying corn to their father. There were women enveloped from head to foot, their eyes alone visible. Many a Shylock met us, habited in handsome dark, dressing gown, with red and black cap. There were Arabs from the desert, and cool black negroes, and wild men from the mountains, armed with very long Moorish guns. On the sides of the narrow street were small openings in the houses, with a counter, on which a Moor was squatting with some goods, about the sale of which he seemed supremely indifferent. Emerging from the town, under an old Moorish gateway, we came upon the large open space used for markets. It happened to be a fair day. Hundreds of white-robed men were moving about amidst the little booths, under which veiled women were crouching, surrounded with articles for sale—tobacco, shoes, slippers, crockery, etc. Others outside were surrounded by heaps of fruit—melons, prickly pears, figs, twenty of which I bought for two cents. A rider was showing off the paces of an Arab steed, which was being sold by auction.

A serpent-dancer was surrounded by a wide circle of eager spectators, half awed, as they watched some dozen serpents writhing, near, and upon him, while music made hideous hum with barbaric instruments. Now, with his toes, he held the tails of half a dozen snakes, which coiled round his legs and feet. Then he held one near his face, made grimaces, and held out his tongue, at which the snake darted, holding on by its teeth till the blood dropped. Then the man writhed about as if in agony, calling aloud for more coins to be cast on the white cloth spread out as the treasury. From this disgusting sight we turned to a group of camels. There must have been a hundred of them, calmly resting on the ground, as if weary after a long journey. Three were taking a meal together. The grain was in a heap on a cloth, and the camels seated on the ground, their heads converging over the food, helped themselves without the least hurry or rivalry, with utmost decorum, a pattern to some travellers I have noticed at table d'hôte. Where are we! In one short afternoon transferred to the home and place of the Arabian Nights, or to those of the Patriarchs. One night I went with "Devil's Skin" to see a wrestling lamp.

There was a great crowd waiting on the narrow street, and hundreds of similar lamps. "While the bridegroom tarried" scores of musicians squatted against the houses, were piping and strumming an incessant repetition of two or three tunes in minor key. The music was so loud and deafening, emerging from the gloom a sort of bathing machine appears, borne on a man. Within this big chest is the poor bride! A man at each corner keeps it from falling as the unsteady ambles along the steep, rough street. There was a great crowd waiting on the narrow street, and hundreds of similar lamps. "While the bridegroom tarried" scores of musicians squatted against the houses, were piping and strumming an incessant repetition of two or three tunes in minor key. The music was so loud and deafening, emerging from the gloom a sort of bathing machine appears, borne on a man. Within this big chest is the poor bride! 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