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REV. J. W. BARTLETT DELIVERS INSPIRING BACCALAUREATE SERMON TO 1935 CLASS OF U. N. B.

"Life's Magnitudes" is Theme of Impressive Sermon Heard by Students Yesterday Morning—Class Procession Led by Dr. C. C. Jones and Mr. Justice C. D. Richards.

"Life's Magnitudes," was the theme of the baccalaureate sermon delivered to the 1935 graduating class of the University of New Brunswick by Rev. J. W. Bartlett in the Wilmot United Church yesterday morning.

The graduating class, clothed in their official garb of mortar boards and gowns gathered at the entrance of the Old Burying Ground on Brunswick street at 10.30 a.m. There they assembled in marching formation and, led by Dr. C. C. Jones, president of the University, and Mr. Justice C. D. Richards, member of the U.N.B. Senate, proceeded to the Wilmot United church.

The spectacle was witnessed by hundreds of undergraduates, relatives of the students and others. The spacious auditorium of the historic Wilmot Church was packed with hundreds of people, some who have come many miles to be present at the graduation exercises.

The Rev. Mr. Bartlett spoke in a most impressive and inspiring manner and although his sermon "Life's Magnitudes" was particularly appropriate to the occasion yesterday, it can, in no less a degree, be applied to the everyday person, whether he be college graduate or not.

Mr. Bartlett spoke as follows:

Text: Psalm 137, 5-6: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue leave to the roof of my mouth."

It is a common saying that the good is the enemy of the best, and that our blessings may prove our greatest curses. Small interests, however worthy, are the engagement of small minds. The goodly pearls may deprive us of possessing the pearl of great price.

My subject this morning is "The Magnitudes of Life." The Psalmist cried, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Now it is hard to visualize just what Jerusalem meant to the devout Jew. His thought certainly went far beyond the material city, with its walls and streets and buildings. Jerusalem was the background of his nation's history. Here was enacted the thrilling drama of life's magnitudes. The very stones of the city cried out in witness of high destiny. So the Psalmist here is pledging remembrance of weighty and eternal matters—justice, judgment, truth. "If I forget thee O Jerusalem." What he means is that forgetting Jerusalem his hand will forget its skill and his tongue its fluency.

An artist to do worthy work must have a great subject. An orator to speak creatively must have a great theme. The Halleluiah Chorus is glorious because it reaches supreme heights, climaxing in "The Lord Omnipotent Reigneth." This sermon is a call to consider first things. There is medicine in immensity. Real life is not a game of tiddly winks. A doctor advised a patient to see some big things, mountains, rivers, the sea; then when doing little things like pouring water into tea cups she will remember, "Niagara is still flowing." This means—have some big thing on your horizon; let some Jerusalem loom before you, shaming your pettiness, and calling you to build large and high. This is the religious concept, the recognition of life's towering supremacies—God, man, duty, immortality.

One of our Maritime poets, Robert Norwood, has given us this call to

leave the shallows for the deeps. "Why do we follow like a flock of sheep.

Tradition with a crook, Or leave the vastness of the calling deep

To paddle in a brook, When on the hills of sunrise stands the Lord—

Triumphant, with a lifted, flaming sword

Why, when upon our lips the great new Name

Waits eager to be said,

When cloven tongues of Pentecostal flame

Burn over every head,

Do we build Babel towers to the sky From bricks and mortar, who have wings to fly?"

A Loyal Graduate
I want to show how the underlying principle of my text applies closely to the present occasion.

A loyal graduate might well say, "If I forget thee O Alma Mater it will be to my loss and shame." Your College should be a constant inspiration to live and work worthily. There are things about it you will hasten to forget. Memory will soon disgorge the stuff you crammed for College judgment days. But, for one thing, forget not to keep your true friendships in good repair. Friendship is a magnitude of the first water. "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, Grapple to thy heart with hooks of steel."

You have been taught great things during these years at College, the remembrance of which should be a constant inspiration. You will not forget the story of Greece, teaching us the meaning of Beauty, or the story of Rome, teaching us the meaning of Law, or the story of Israel, teaching us the meaning of Righteousness. If you forget these things your hand will be paralyzed and your tongue impotent. Your mathematics have taught you something about magnitudes, and it would be tragic indeed if you went into life with no higher geometry of the City of God.

Literature

I trust you will carry away with you a true love of literature. This is God's lamp clasped close to your breast. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Bring the cloak I left at Troas, and the books, but especially the parchment." The cloak represents the prudentials, but the books the supremacies of life. Stanley, when he started out to find Livingstone, took a number of books to read on the long journey. But the vicissitudes of the march compelled him to discard them one after another so that, when he reached his goal he had only two books remaining—Shakespeare and the Bible. But these two books contained the magnitudes of literature. If you read them your sky line will be crowded with spires, and domes and palaces. This is the vision to strengthen your hands and inspire your hearts.

And do not forget the illustrious names on the roll of your University. I stood, the other day, by Bliss Carman's grave on Forest Hill. I saw, on his monument, three interlacing circles, designated Good, Truth, Beauty. Surely these are magnitudes we must not forget. I also read on that monument these words of Carman's: "Have little care that life is brief, And less than Art is long; Success is in the silences, Though Fame is in the song."

It was our New Brunswick poet's

remembrance of Jerusalem that gave magic to his writing, and melody to his speech. He was an intensely religious man; music is the child of magnitude. Without religion this college would never have existed at all. Her history and her sons proclaim that the dominating conception of life is God. O that you might go forth into life saying:

"My one unchanging obsession, where-soever my feet have trod, Is a keen, enormous, haunting never-sated thirst for God."

Duty to Canada

Again, I think a man might well say, "If I forget thee O Canada, let my hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to my mouth." You are going out to make your contribution to the life of this Dominion. This land has a great destiny awaiting her; a young nation, untrammelled by hoary tradition, unwarlike, and idealistic. Here is a broad platform on which to stage a noble drama. Now you can be one of two things in relation to Canada; you can be a parasite or a patriot. You can regard Canada as a land to be exploited, or as a land to be loved. You can ask "What has Canada to give me?" or you can ask "What have I to give Canada?" I call you to the great task of making Canada a truly Christian land. On the death of the Shah of Persia one of the New York banks was appointed executor of his estate in America. Objection was raised that since the Shah was a Mohammedan and this bank a Christian institution the arrangement was illegal. The bank went solemnly to the courts to prove it was not a Christian institution. It made its case easily and completely. Here is a task of some magnitude—to make our institutions Christian. The bank should be a temple and the banker a priest. He handles holy stuff, for money is so much minted life. The store should be a temple, and the man who sells shoddy goods is a false priest. The school should be a temple and the teacher ordained of God. And the Legislature should be a temple, and our representatives the ministers of God. It is not big enough job to spend your lives building tariff walls around this country. It is not big enough job to spend your strength in political wrangling. The slogan "Canada for Canadians" is too small for our purpose; let us change it for the slogan, "Canada for the World." I should be sorry to see you go out from your University without a flaming passion in your heart for Peace. This is a magnitude of towering magnificence. You have been studying the history of mankind, now make it your adventure. Learn geography in such a way that the world will become your own possession. Let your reading become a window into the hearts of alien people. Be loyal to your Canadian citizenship, but do not mistake the cackle of your burg for the murmur of the world. Every undergraduate at Oxford has to take an examination in what is called Holy Divinity Moderations. The subject does not always receive the attention its importance deserves. One undergraduate was told that all he needed to scrape through was the names of the Kings of Israel. He memorized the list, but to his dismay the examiner asked not a single question about those Kings. The first question required comment on some parallel passages of St. Mark and St. Luke. He began this way: "Far be it from me to discuss matters of Holy Writ, let me rather give you the names of the Kings of Israel." Now the kings of Israel don't really matter very much; many of them were tin-pot and petty. But the Prophets of Israel matter tremendously. They were men on the watch tower, seeing great visions and uttering timeless truths. It takes a great spread of canvas for this picture: "They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore." This land should grow big men who will help to implement that vision for the world.

Canada calls— "Bring me men to match my mountains Bring me men to match my plains, Men with empires in their purpose, And new eras in their brains, Bring me men to match my prairies, Men to match my inland seas, Men whose thought shall prove a highway Up to ampler destinies. Bring me men to match my forests, Strong to fight the storm and blast, Branching towards the skyey future, Rooted in the fertile past. Bring me men to match my rivers, Continent cleaving, flowing free, Drawn by the eternal madness To be mingled with the sea."

Paul saw two Jerusalems—one free, the other servile one from beneath, the other from above one under sentence of doom, the other having the promise of final victory. Now there are two Canadas; one bigoted, intolerant, ignorant, exclusive; the other free, pure, majestic, daring. One fills the land with distrust, anarchy, greed; the other kindles hope and inspires righteousness. The ideal Canada is the real Canada. The Jerusalem of the old Jew has gone, but the Jerusalem of the Apostle abides. O ye young Canadians, give yourselves to creative ideals; to building up that kind of Jerusalem that existed in the mind of Hebrew prophets, and that is found in its fullness in the mind of Christ. Profits are necessary, of course, but the profit motive is not big enough to dominate our Canadian society. The Christian motive of unselfish service is the magnitude of our national life. John saw the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. The highest will one day be realized—the reign of God in the life of our land.

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Pigmy Factions

III. "Again may I paraphrase this text to read 'If I forget thee O Mansoul let my hand forget her sunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth'. The City of Mansoul is familiar to all readers of John Bunyan. That city he describes as lying between two worlds,—Heaven above and Hell beneath, and both would give their best treasure to subdue and possess it. Here is an immeasurable magnitude,—the soul of man. Forget your soul—the spiritual side of life—and hand and tongue are reduced to impotency. Christ asked a momentous question,—"What shall it prosper a man to gain the world and lose his soul?" Your life is ample enough to the temple of the Holy Ghost. Antiochus Epiphanies took Jerusalem and profaned the Holy of Holies. Young people keep inviolate the sanctities of your soul. Will you take the members of Christ and make them members of an harlot? God forbid. O the shame of having life dominated by such pigmy factions as Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. What a tragedy to have Mount Parnassus overshadowed by Hollywood. I know it is a hard cold world into which you are going, but it is the kind of world that will prove your soul. The greatest contribution any one can give to life is honor, and courage and faith. These are magnitudes that give greatness to the humblest life. In 1929 a newspaper published a cartoon showing a man buried under a mountain of ticker tape. Beneath was the title, "The End of the Day". The vision had faded from that man's sky. The better spirit is shown by one who wrote,—

"I do not know beneath what sky, Nor on what seas shall be my fate; I only know it shall be high, I only know it shall be great".

"Why do men turn their backs on pleasure and comfort and wealth, and devote themselves to the unselfish service of their fellows?"

"Because they are seized with the immeasurable magnitude of human life. They see the ideal man shining through much that is cheap and sordid. They hear the bells ringing in the Christ that it to be. How can we belittle human nature in the light of what Christ did to redeem it? He was the life of supreme, unapproachable magnitude, and yet he poured it out for so called common folk. If I could see in men all that Jesus saw I would know that serving them was a holy sacrament. If you want to discover the magnitudes obey the Macedonian cry. Then you will learn that there are more things on Main Street than were ever dreamed of in Sinclair Lewis' philosophy.

Christ took a little child and made him the symbol of the Kingdom of heaven. A tiny creature, yet so titanic in magnitude that it were better for a man to destroy himself than do him the smallest harm.

Each of you is capable of rising to heroic heights in sacrificial service. At Yale University there is a niche of honour assigned to a young freshman named Allen Keith. One night this youth found himself in a theatre that was on fire. The people stampeded to the exits, and men trampled

down women and children in the mad effort to escape. Keith could easily have saved himself, but he decided to stand by and help. He fought a way to safety for a number who were not strong enough to do it for themselves. Presently his clothes caught fire, but he fought on. The pain must have been frightful, but he thought only of others in distress. He was one of the last to leave the burning building. They took him to the Hospital and the next day he died. To die such an heroic death is magnificent, but it is equally magnificent thought less spectacular, to live an heroic life. When a man plays the coward he simply forgets Jerusalem,—so his hands forget their cunning and his tongue forgets its song.

Love is the magnitude that invests life with true greatness. Love reaches down into the depths, and up into the heights. Fires cannot consume it, nor waters quench it. Love is mighty to overcome the kingdom of hate. She is terrible to evil doers,—the glance of her eye might wither you. Love is the true revolution, for she strikes at the very roots of ill. She measures life by loss instead of gain; not by wine drunk, but wine poured out. The strength of love stands in sacrifice. Through unselfish love may you—

"Reach that purest heaven, Be to other souls a cup of strength in some great agony, Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no cruelty— Be the sweet presence of a good diffused, And in diffusion even more intense. So shall you join the choir invisible Whose music is the gladness of the world".

Life's Issues

IV. "If I forget thee O Jerusalem. That city of Palestine is associated in our minds with religion. It is the Holy City; there stood the Temple; there spake the prophets; there loomed Mount Zion. In Jerusalem the Son of God walked and talked, loved and suffered. There was lifted up the Cross that has dominated the horizon of life for 1900 years. Thinking of magnitudes,—it is a big job to live up to Jesus. David Livingstone stood for

life's tremendous issues; when lonely and desperate he used to sing, 'Jesus the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast'. The irreligious man is like Titus who destroyed Jerusalem reducing it to a melancholy ruin. Like Titus he gazes on empty seats and vacant halls,—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and on a heaven lonely of its God.

Prof. Dennis Saurat of London University, discussing the waning of the mode of cynical literature, said,— "Among the various faculties of the human soul, such as reason, passion, imagination, this modern school lays emphasis on sensation; but among all the sensations there is one in particular which seems to have an eternal value; that is the sensation of God". You say we have disinfected religion from superstition. Yes, but we cannot live on disinfectants. You will find humanism a poor substitute for God.

True, we cannot define God; if we could we would end Him. Definitions are very inadequate, and if you make a truth too definite you make it too small. Pasting labels is not a very big or inspiring job. Let us handle the things that are too big to stick labels on. And remember the magnitudes of life are in the experiences men have called repentance, the new birth, the fear of God and the love of Christ. Would it be unjust to say that the majority who criticize the creeds have never read them?

"A student wrote home about a sermon preached at his College by a distinguished minister, on life after death. It was an impertinence, he said, coming to that University with a sermon on Immortality. But why? I bring you a conception of life this morning so great that you must predicate immortality to give it room. The matter of a future life is far more than a concern about what is to happen us after death. It vitally concerns us now. For if we know ourselves to be immortal we have a high incentive to live as becomes those destined to immortality. Here is a young man with a desperate moral problem on his hands. He says if I could believe in immortality I think that I could see it through'. He meant that if he were only a collocation of chemicals to be dissolved at death it did not seem worth while to (Continued on Page Three)

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