

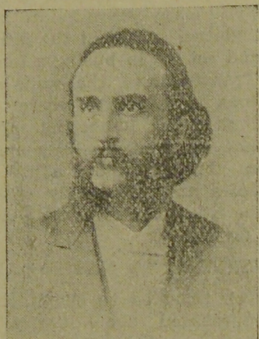
ELOQUENT SERMON BY REV. W. W. BREWER

Marysville Clergyman's Discourse on the Gospel of Love in the Pulpit of Cen- tenary Church, St. John.

The following sermon was preached in Centenary church, St. John, recently by Rev. W. W. Brewer, of Marysville, from the text, 1st Cor., 13-13:-

"But the greatest of these is love."

Some one has called this chapter: "the miracle of literature." It is logic, philosophy, and poetry fused into one radiant whole. Its theme is "the supremacy of love." I confess to a sort of fear in considering a subject of this kind, whether in private meditations or public address, from the fact that the habitual approval of great moral ideas, without corresponding realization, is one of the surest and shortest ways of spiritual dearth and death. I pray that on your part and mine



REV. W. W. BREWER.

there may be earnest and continual effort to make these great Christian verities, Faith, Hope and Love, the experience of our daily life.

With Paul love was the fulfilling of the law, so in this chapter which is the world's classic on the subject, the great Apostle strings upon the thread of his masterly argument, the gifts and graces that men and Christians account most desirable, and when the brilliant crown is completed, he advances to the three spiritual queens grouped in loving company and places it on the brow of the divinest of them all—Love. The Apostle first

tells us what love is not and secondly what love is. He will not be teacher and poet only—he will in iconoclast as well. He tells us it is not eloquence. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Remember it was to the Greeks Paul thus wrote. How fondly would their memory go back some four hundred years to the palmy days of their country's history. Israel would as soon forget the names of her twelve tribes as the Greeks their ten Athenian orators. Eloquence, originally a gift of nature, was cultivated as an art and schools of oratory held the highest place in Athenian teaching and Grecian pride. A rude boy whose stammering tongue had provoked the mirth of his schoolfellows, had gone down to the ocean's beach and with the solemn roar of the sea-surge in his ears and its white pebbles in his mouth, had mastered an eloquence which swayed as by magic, an enraptured nation. They called him Demosthenes "the strength and power of the people," and admiring senators hastened to vote him a golden crown. But the suns of four hundred summers had now been shining on his grave; the fire and flow of his eloquence had become as dust and ashes. A blind old bard had once sung his nation into ecstasies near a thousand years before Paul wrote this chapter. In Homer was developed the divinest gifts of song ever given to mortal man. From the eternal snows of Thessaly to the smiling valleys of Lydia—among the echoing rocks of the Peloponnesus, around the thunder stricken capes of Taurus, by the fountains of Samos and the rose-terraced hills of Chios, his songs had floated in sweetest music in the ears and down into the hearts of his countrymen. Homer was dead, his letter to the Corinthian church, this city of eloquence—the oratory of your great orators—the songs of your poets, however divinely they may sing and though angels join them in speech and poem—all this amounts to nothing, nothing, unless shot through and through and made radiant with

the light of love.

"The Apostle continues, "And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing."

To Jew and Greek this must have sounded like the incoherent babbling of a fool—the wild ravings of a mad enthusiast. The Delphic oracle formed part and parcel of Grecian national history. Pythia had rehearsed to them in enigmatic phrase the will of the gods and the decrees of fate. But the Apostle says all this and all science, genius, pretence of mental power and intellectual endowment are as nothing without love. But still would this intrepid Apostle advance, leading his Corinthian hearers to higher ground and sublimer heights. Holding up to their already astonished gaze a leaf from the wondrous history of the Hebrew people he sought to remind them of the triumphs of faith. Moses, Aaron, Gideon, Samson, Samuel, David had illustrated a faith that had vanquished the Pharaohs, dried up the Red Sea, sweetened the bitter waters of Marah, smote into the dust of defeat the walls of proud and defiant Jericho, stopped the mouths of raging lions and raised to life the sheeted dead. These were some of the triumphs of faith—a mighty faith that had controlled the destinies of nations, and written the page of history full of marvels, which omnipotence alone could account for and explain; but said this Apostle, your faith—"all" faith is nothing unless you possess this higher and holier, mightier force—love. Surely this is the climax! No, for once more his voice rings out in the presence of his wondering auditors: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

Every religion that had laid claim to the acceptance and allegiance of men had a common element of self-sacrifice. The Hindoo widow was burned with the body of her dead husband. The Egyptian mother tossed the body of her child to the crocodile of the sacred river. The patriotic Greek was trained from his sixth year to understand that the highest mission of his life was to become an athlete—that he might give in war a splendid body to his country. And when Christianity came the Greeks had fuller and grander illustration of the sublimity of self-sacrifice—as brave men and women died for the Cross of the Nazarene. But, says the Apostle, all this devotion, even to scourges, imprisonment and death, availed nothing, is utterly useless, without love. The Apostle does not for a moment underestimate these great gifts and graces, if kept in their proper places and relations. Yet there is no chance of a possible

misunderstanding as to his teaching. In effect Paul says: "I may not be able to read the future. I may know all about the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, punishment after death, and all kindred subjects; I may know how the worlds were made; I may believe that God can save men to the uttermost—but if I go into the church and find people whom I malign and ignore if I go into the street and have toward the sorrowing and the vicious no feeling that they are the children of God—then, even though I am always at church, sing, pray, exhort, never miss giving my testimony, have a written commandment of God on each finger and thumb, and am as orthodox as ten thousand creeds can make me—I am nothing—nothing, but an offence in the sanctuary of God."

Secondly:—The Essentials of Love—As here set forth by the Apostle "love suffereth long and is kind."

1.—Love is patience. Patience, when trials thicken and friends fall away and misunderstandings break the cup from which we drank together at the fountain; patience when there is unfriendly speech on every lip and misrepresentation piles itself mountains high; patience, when cherished plans and purposes are smitten to the earth; when there is continual guest in your heart and home. In and through all this and all else, love is sweet, kind, courteous, gracious, uncomplaining—there is not a reproach upon its well guarded tongue—not one drop of bitterness in its gentle heart. In and through all disappointment, annoyance, mockery, love is quiet, radiant, heroic.

2.—Love is contentment. For "It envieth not."

This is not the refrain of a sweet song, but the severe discipline of a soul.

Do I envy the man who is doing more than I am doing; the merchant who is making his fortune more rapidly than I; the lawyer whose application, acumen and honor have won for him the confidence of a large constituency of clients; the doctor whose skill and nobility of life have placed him at the head of his profession; the teacher whose gifts, graces and genius make him not only an instructor of the mind but a developer of character and a builder of the soul? Do I envy? Then I have not love. For love looks with unjaundiced eye upon another's prosperity, unlooses the tongue to no stinging scandal, to the injury of some successful competitor; never sandals the foot that it may in an afternoon's round gather fuel to destroy a neighbor's character, and never begrudges the goods and honors that fall into another's lap.

3.—Love is Humility, for it vaunteth not itself. There is no patronage in its smile; no condescension in its nod of recognition; no recital of self-achievements; no purchased columns of eulogistic rhetoric; it never lifts in self-conscious superiority or self-reliant pomp, and if it can prevent will have no sculptured lies above its sleeping clay.

4.—Love is good breeding.

It doth not behave itself unseemly. While it will stand straight up in all its inches and strongly and gracefully insist on its own rights—it remembers others too have rights. Firm as the hills in its own well-thought out opinions, it does not forget that others, too, have opinions, deserving consideration and respect. It always controls its temper preserves its dignity and has a strong hand and tender speech for failings and foibles of others.

5.—Love is unselfishness.—"It seeketh not her own." Her vision is not limited by the circumstances of a five cent piece—she taketh thought for the welfare of her neighbor, she is found relieving the wants of the needy, healing the wounds of sad, sore hearts, plucking sharp-cutting stones and thorns out of a neighbor's pathway, planting the rare flowers of good will and charity along desolate roads; sowing smiles on the lips of childhood and brightening the wrinkled face of old age; her knock is heard wherever poverty breaks its hard crust and sickness makes its wretched bed.

6.—Love is innocence and confidence "For she thinketh no evil." When others err she remembers that her own judgment is not infallible. Finding some things hard to be understood she puts the best possible phase upon all human conduct; is never run away with a human whim or fancy, and does not even retain the thought of evil things in her memory—forgives and forgets, as God is said to forgive and forget, the sins and follies of her fellows.

7.—Love is reality.

"She rejoices in the truth." She has no smiles for the face and mockery for the back; no exaggeration of an idle story and conceals no imperfections, beneath outward shams, like the stucco and fresco of cheap and dishonest building.

8.—Love is eternal. The Apostle says:—"whether there be prophecies they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

Dr. Amory Bradford says: "Nothing has been more evanescent than knowledge. Already that monumental work the Encyclopedia Britannica has passed through nine editions and every one has been an improvement on its predecessor." Language is in a state of constant change.

The science of yesterday is the foolishness of today. The text-books of our childhood have all been supplanted by others. Even Mr. Darwin

ten years after his death is no longer the chief exponent of Darwinism.

Everything earthly is in a state of flux. Mountains are being taken to the plains; the ocean is encroaching on the continents, empires fall; prophecies are fulfilled, science takes on new form; theology adjusts itself to its environment, but love never fails. Love abides for ever, unaffected by the lapse of space and time, infinity and eternity the sphere of her ever-developing and ageless spiritual life and growth. And now, beloved, think how great a work is this, that God does in the human soul, when He evokes these divinely radiant qualities.

The greatest cathedrals are not the sublimest buildings "Niagara is not the greatest wonder. The mountains are not the greatest achievements of the Creator." The sunlit clouds sailing like white ships in the heavens are not the whitest objects.

The greatest pictures ever painted are those that are painted on the walls of the love-lighted heart, and the noblest temple ever builded is the temple of a spotless character. The whitest whiteness ever seen is the purity of the soul daily filled with light and love of God.

"Read me the greatest poem in the world and I know its author." Love wrote it.

Render for me the sweetest music in the world and I know its composer. Love sang it. Find me the most beautiful home standing upon the earth and I know its architect. Love built it. Read me tales of bravery and noble deeds of the ages and I know before you tell me that love dared and bled and died.

On Calvary the universe beheld an infinite expression of love when the Holy Son of God, died for the sins of a wretched world. Men have loved because somewhere in the universe there is One whose Heart is a fountain of love.

This has been beautifully stated by the Apostle John: "We love—because He first loved us."

Paul, as we have seen, was a noble expounder of his love—he was also the embodiment and example of it. How it glows in all his letters! How it breathes in all his words, dominating every faculty and becoming wrought into every fibre of his being! Love saved Paul; love was the inspiration of his tireless service, sublime devotion and heroic conduct as a preacher of the gospel and an ambassador of the Cross.

And, beloved, believe me, it is the same today. If asked for a definition of religion, full, complete, simple and final—my instant answer is "Love."—Love to God and man. It is the life of all that is preached—it is the open and tangible test of every mystic experience that makes its home in, or drifts like a beautiful vision through the soul. Yea, love is so deep and broad and runs so far that it comprehends all requirements. They who cherish it, enliven it, practice it—known by whatever name, are the true saints of God. Nothing else will do in its place. Not churches, not creeds, not rituals, not wealth—love only is the source of power. Beloved, I am confident that I am correct in my analysis of the Christian forces and results. The true, sure, unanswerable abiding evidence of religion is love. Not sentimentally vaporous love—but love that gathers up every faculty of the soul and makes the whole man burn with unconsumed fire. My message to you this morning is—Let the love of God be your evangel; love for each other the secret of your power; love for men, especially for those who need that love the most, the soul of your service.

You can never serve with Christ and be co-workers with God save in the unity of the spirit and the bonds of peace. A church is either a strong loving brotherhood, or a hateful hypocrisy. Men pray best and work best when they love best. Let love so dwell in your hearts that this church shall be an atmosphere where every soul shall come to its best. Love is the shining crest and loftiest summit of the Christian life.

It shall ultimately woo and win the human race from every evil thought and thing. How the eternal love of God shall become supreme in His great universe we may not know, but of this we are assured, that at the end of all the uncountable myriads standing at the bar of the final adjudication of all things, there will not be a single soul unredeemed by the all-atoning blood of the Divine Christ, or untouched by the Eternal Father's Love.

At the last it shall be true, "The greatest of these is Love."

JEWS DIDN'T PUT CHRIST TO DEATH, SAYS E. H. JAMES

(Continued from page nine.)

on coins historical references and other abundant proof to show that these men were not acting for the Jews in putting Jesus to death, but for the Romans. Jesus was a political leader, preaching universal democracy, with the idea of freeing the Jews from the despotic rule of the Romans. He was not in favor with the Jewish priests, because they then were servile tools of the Romans, doing the bidding of their masters while pretending to serve their people. But he was a true representative of the common people of his race, who believed that he would gain them freedom.

"The Romans, wishing to be rid of him, Pilate ordered his appointed hireling, Caiaphas, who had served him eleven years, to prefer charges. "It is my belief, supported by facts, but naturally impossible now

ALEXANDER GIBSON

(Continued from page nine.)

in him the cause of temperance has always found a strong advocate. In fact, so strong were his views that he secured the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic in Marysville many years ago.

His views on clothing and diet are interesting to note. Plenty of water and diet are used both internally and externally, is his great remedy for all the ills humanity is heir to physically. Although not a vegetarian, he believes that it is wiser to eat very little meat. He invariably wears woolen clothes.

GENEROUS DEEDS.

But Mr. Gibson not only cares for himself physically and morally, but he has a very deep interest in the welfare of those beings with whom he has been brought into contact during his long life of eighty-nine years. It is well-known that on a number of occasions he has struck off his ledger accounts of debtors whom he knew to be in serious financial difficulties. It is also common knowledge that he has voluntarily paid the expenses of young men who were struggling for an education, while many mysterious barrels of flour and other necessities of life have arrived in the nick of time to relieve the distress of needy families.

Marysville has been improved and beautified by his generosity. For the work people in his mills Mr. Gibson erected quite a number of neat and comfortable two story dwellings and also several large boarding houses for the unmarried men. The fine Methodist church, with its attractive interior furnishings, was erected by him, while he also furnished the site for the Anglican church.

Of his two sons, Alexander Gibson, jr., was elected member for York county in the Provincial Legislature several times, and formerly he represented the same constituency in the Dominion Parliament. So that Mr. Gibson, sr., may be said to have not only served his own day and generation well, but to have provided for a continuance of that service in the next generation.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!

A charm from the sky seems to halo us there

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain—

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds sing gaily that came at my call—

Give me them, with that peace of mind dearer than all.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,

And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;

Let others delight, 'mid new pleasures to roam,

But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,

The heart's dearest solace will shine on me there;

No more from my cottage again will I roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,

And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;

She looks on that moon, from our own cottage door,

Through woodbine, whose fragrance cheer me no more.

—John Howard Payne.

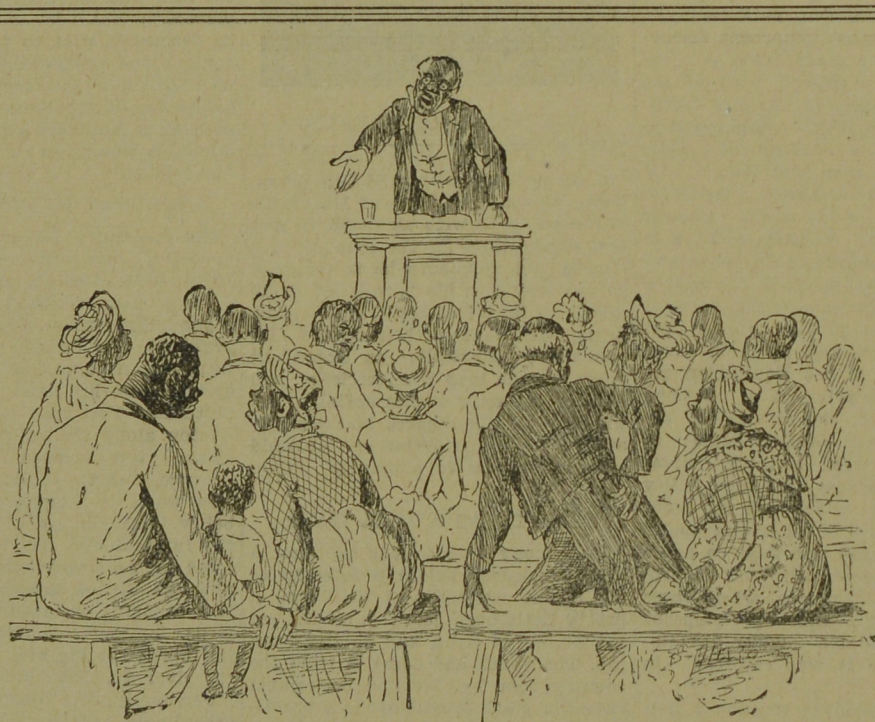
Quicklime absorbs damp. This fact is worth remembering, for a plateful of quicklime stood in a damp cupboard will absorb the moisture and prevent mildew. The larger the closet or cupboard to be dried the more of the quicklime will be needed, and, of course, it must be renewed occasionally, as it loses its effect.

of definite proof, that Jesus had planned some great undertaking of a political nature which would have been attempted on the day following his arrest and that Pilate, hearing of this, had him arrested the night before.

"If the Jews had been true moving spirits they never would have permitted the trial and conviction to be on one of their great feast days, as happened. The authorities agree that such procedure would have been shocking to all Jewish traditions.

"It is the impossible to outline in a few words all or even a considerable part of the proof I have gathered but I believe that I have established overlooked facts which cannot be met by argument alone, and which must overthrow our ideas of the part played by the Jews in the death of Christ."

Mr. James intends to remain here indefinitely, continuing his work. The volume already published has 265 pages elaborately annotated. This is about one-tenth of the contemplated work. His wife and children are with him. Mrs. James formerly was Louisa Cushing of Boston.



SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Brederin and Sisterin, my lectur dis ebenin' am relatin to elevatin' yoor minds (not your bodies, like de brudder in de back row). I 'pears 'fore you on dis 'casion as an example ob de effectment ob education. Now, if you gib me your 'tention, I will 'lucidate de subjec'. You done hab to go to school to larn something. Schools am good 'nough, and all de chilluns ort to go, but dare am a great deal to be larned by observation. Look at me, as I tole you before, I am de great libin' example ob education by observation. I neber went to school. I's a self-made man. I 'rived at dis great distinction ob position by observation. Watch what educated white folks do. Dat's what I allus told you, and I compliment you dis ebenin' on de improvement in your costumes.

Now, I want you to look about you, an' slick up 'roun' home; gib more 'tention to art in your decorations. White-wash am good, but if you doan want to be low down niggers all your life use paint. An' doan buy no po'r stuff. Watch intellectualized folks, I notice dey buy THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT, 'cause it's de BEST. (Tumultuous applause, breaking up the meeting.)

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