THE HERALD'S PULPIT.

"The Supremacy of Love."

Preached at Anniversary of Queen's Square Methodist Church, St. John by Rev. W. W. Brewer.

I COR., 13—13.

"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 radient 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 meditation or public address, from the fact that habitual approval of great moral ideals without corresponding realization, is one of the surest and shortest ways to spiritual dearth and death. I pray that on your part and mine there may be earnest and continual effort to make these great Christian verities, Faith, Hope, Love, the experience of our daily life. I repeat great Christian verities they are commonly called the "three Christian Graces." Graces indeed they are. But it seems to me they are only belittled, almost debased by that association, in either the modern or the ancient use of the word "graces." The three graces of the old literature were simply three adorners of life. Now, while it is perfectly true that Faith, Hope, and Love do this, this is by no means all they have to do—indeed it is the least. And when, therefore, a sentimental Christian or a forgetful Christian call Faith, Hope and Love the three graces, and so mix them up with the three old graces of the Greek poets, he mixes up the Divine with the human, and drags things of heavenly origin in the mud and mire of the earthly.

I think Paul would have groaned in his soul—indeed he would have torn these immortal words to tatters in holy frenzy had he supposed that the outcome of what he wrote was to be in any sense a confusion of his three eternities with the three gay and sportive Greek graces, whom you may still see in some alabaster mantel ornament clasping each other in tender and amiable affection. What Paul says is that Faith, Hope and Love are three immortal realities. He says that while all granite and marbles crumble, while all institutions are buried in sand storms and become as the barren desert, while laws become obsolete, while idols fall from their thrones and empires go down to dusty death—three things abide—man's knowledge of and trust in God, man's intuition of immortality, man's love of man and his Maker—these abide. To call these three basic rocks merely three beautiful graces, is to confound the foundations of a palace with the toys in its nursery or the sculptured playthings in the boudior of its Queen. They are the immortal children of an eternal God. Three Divine certainties, all intertwined together, so that each becomes a part of the other, the whole forming God's great system of Light, Life and Love.

This, and no talk of decorative art this statement of reality, and no upholstery of graceful adornement, is what Paul means when he says of Faith, Hope and Love, these three "abide" and of these three Love is supreme.

With Paul love was the fulfilling of the law, so in the chapter which the great apostle strings upon the world's classics on the subject is 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 be 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 400 years to the palmy days of their country's history.

Israel would as soon forget the names of her twelve tribes as the Greeks her 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 school fellows, 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 400 summers had now been shining on his grave—the fire and glow of his eloquence had become as dust and ashes.

A blind old bard had once sung this 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 Thessali 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 on the ears and down into the hearts of his country men. Homer was dead, his poems lived, but said this Apostle to this Corinthian church in this city of eloquence—the oratory of your great orators—the songs of your poets—however divinely they may sing, and tho angels join them in speech and poem—all this amounts to nothing—nothing—unless shot through and through and through and made radient 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 Phythia had rehearsed to them in enigmatic phrase, the will of the gods and the decrees of fate, and Paul had for one year and six months taught them the higher mysteries of Revelation that came from a greater than Appolo.

The philosophy of Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, had brought great fame to the temple of their national learning—with one sweep of his tremendous fist the Apostle lays all knowledge, science, genius, pretence of mental power and intellectual endowment low in the dust of nothingness. But still would this intrepid Apostle advance, leading his Corinthian hearer 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 Pharohs, dried up the Red sea, sweetened the bitter water of Marah, smote into the dust and 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—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 and 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 illustrations of the sublimity of self-sacrifice—as brave men and women died for the cross of the Nazarine. But says this Apostle, all this devotion, even to sourgers, 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 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 that 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 think I am as orthodox as 10,000 creeds can make me. I am nothing—nothing—but an offence in the sanctuary of Christ.

Notice 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 an 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 a stagnation in business, and sorrow a 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—It 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 has won for him the confidence of a large constituency of clients, the doctor, whose skill and nobility of life, has 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 of no stinging scandal to the injury of some successful competitor—never scandals 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—It is Humility—for it vaunteth not itself. There is no patronage in its smile—no condescension in its nod of recognition, no recital of its self-achievements, no purchased columns of eulogistic rhetoric, it never lifts itself in self-conscious superiority, or self-reliant-pomp, and if it can prevent it will have no sculptured lies above its sleeping clay.

4.—It 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 a tender speech for the failings and foibles of others.

5.—It is unselfishness—"It seeketh not her own." Her vision is not limited by the circumference of a cent, she taketh thought for the welfare of her neighbor, she is found relieving the wants of the needy, healing the wounds of sore, sad hearts, plucking sharp-cutting stones and thornes 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 brightness on the wrinkled face of old age, her knock is heard wherever poverty breaks its hard crust, and sickness makes its wretched bed.

6.—She is innocense 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.—She is reality for "She rejoices in the truth." She has no smiles for the face and mockery for the back, no exaggerations of an idle story, and conceals no imperfections, beneath outward shams, like the stucko and frescoe of cheap and dishonest building.

8.—She is Eternal.—The Apostle says "whether there be prophesies 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 Britanica 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 forms—theology adjusts itself to its environment—but love never faileth. Love abides forever, unaffected by the laws 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 great 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 these that are painted on the walls of the love-lighted heart, and the noblest building is the temple of a spotless character, the whitest whiteness ever seen is the purity of the soul, daily filled with the light and love of God. Read me the greatest poem in the world, and I know its author. Love wrote it. Render me the sweetest music in the world, and I know its composer. Love sung 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 daring—select for me the great and heroic 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 wicked 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 loved—because He first loved us."

Paul, as we have seen, was a noble expounder of this love—he was also the embodiment and example of it. How it glows in all his letters? How it breaks in all his words—dominating every faculty, and becoming inwrought 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 so broad, and runs so far that it comprehends all requirements, and they who cherish it, enlife it, practice it, known by whatever name, are the true saints of God.

Nothing else will do in its place. Not churches, nor creeds, nor writing, eloquence, wealth, but love is the source of power. Beloved—I am confident that I am correct in my analysis of 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 unconsuming fire. My message to you, to this historic church on this anniversary occasion is "Let the love of God be your evangel, love for each other the secret of your power, love for men, especially those who need that love the most, the soul of your service." You can never serve with Christ and be coworkers with God "save in the unity of the spirit of 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 will be an atmosphere where every soul shall come to its best. Love is the shining crest and loftiest summit of the Christian life. Beloved, climb the heights! Climb the heights!.

In closing permit me to offer a word of testimony and exhortation. The chief glory of this Gospel is—it saves and keeps. When a man is hungry with a hunger which is of the soul, when a man is so weary in mind and heart, that no bed can rest him, when hope fails, when courage is gone, when the currents of human friendship and love seem to freeze when sorrow or disappointment fall upon him and crush his spirit, and saddest and most terrible of all, when temptation to evil roll over him like foam-capped breakers on an angry sea, and sweep him under—and when sin like a body of death fastens on him, dragging him down with resolves broken, desire baffled, and will enfeebled, then where is help to be found? In all the world's ten thousand years of quest for help in these—man's experiences of sorest and mightest need—no sufficient resource has been found except one, and that is the Gospel of the Grace of God.

This Gospel comes and pleads with us for the privilege of saving us—of enobling and crowning us, of transforming our souls from scarlet guilt to snowy whiteness, from crimson pollution to spotless purity. It promises to turn our weakness into strength, fear into courage, hate into love, selfishness into generosity, ill-doing into well-doing, and sorrow into songs of faith, hope, love and life. All this and more the Gospel does for the repentant and believing soul.

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, in 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 all is Love."

PAIN ABOUT THE HIPS.

It is a common complaint with women. The right treatment is Nerviline, which penetrates to the seat of the pain immediately. Nerviline warms and sooths the affected parts, draws out the irritation and pain, allows the patient ease after one rubbing. No liniment so economical and safe. Nearly fifty years in use, and the demand immensely greater every day! Nerviline must be good.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Two young men who played the part of ghosts in Galway, Ireland, with temporary success, have found it expensive pastime. An elderly woman was acting as caretaker of a vacant house, and the young men gained an entrance to the upper rooms where their antics so convinced the woman that the house was haunted that she left the place. The owner on his return found feather beds and pictures missing, and for these the two lively ghosts have been sentenced to six months hard labor each.

Diamond Dyes

Spring Announcement.

WE are ready to undertake

Spring Dyeing Work.

We Color and Renew all Faded and Dingy looking

Garments and Wearing Apparel

for Young and Old,

AND GUARANTEE SUCCESS

10 cents will secure the services of any member of Our Family.

Diamond Dyes

I have studied the making of cigars all my life and I know just what style of rolling makes the best smoke.

I have taken the young men of Granby and taught them to make cigars my way—and I watch them to see that each cigar is made that way. If I made every one of my Pharaoh cigars myself they couldn't be more carefully or more perfectly made.

The result is that my

Pharaoh Cigar

is not rolled so tight that it draws hard or so loose that it burns badly—just the right amount of filler, properly held by the binder, and finished with the wrapper so it smokes freely and burns evenly.

The test of a cigar is the smoking of it, and I am sure after trying my cigar you will agree with me that it is an excellent smoke.

Every genuine "Pharaoh" cigar is branded "Pha-ro."

J. BRUCE PAYNE, LIMITED, Granby, P.Q. 15

A. A McCLASKEY, 167 King st. East St. John, N. B

Travelling Salesman for Maritime Provinces.

VESUVIUS HONORS ENGLISH ROYALTY.

That is the View Entertained by Neapolitans on Present Eruption of Volcano.

Naples, April 6.—The eruption of Mount Veruvius is assuming alarming proportions. Five streams of burning lava are descending the mountain, threatening everything below. Roaring explosions are heard for twenty miles around. The inhabitants of the small villages near the crater are escaping, while processions of villagers carrying images of saints and madonnas, and praying for a cessation of the eruption, are passing through the neighboring towns.

The smoke and ashes are carried so far that all Naples is sprinkled with cinders. The Neapolitans are not alarmed, in fact they are rather glad. They say that the new eruption of Vesuvius is in preparation for the arrival of King Edward, who left Marseilles April 3 on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, and who is expected here today.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

HAVE YOUR WHEEL PUT IN ORDER NOW, IT WILL PAY YOU.

'Phone 352 Wm. C. BURTT, F'ton, N. B.

THE BICYCLE MAN.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

17508

PURITY

and freshness are absolutely necessary qualities of the drugs you use if they are to be of the service required. This applies with few exceptions to toilet preparations also.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

every article we sell as being of standard quality and full strength. To household remedies of proven value we give particular attention and our prescription department has but one motto: "Absolute fidelity and accuracy." And low prices are a feature of every department.

Alonzo Staples

York Street Drug Store

BIG SALE

.. OF ..

BOYS' SUITS,

Beginning with

Saturday, April 7th

We will place on sale hundreds of Boys' Suits to fit boys from 4 to 14 years old, all styles, all colors and qualities, at only $1.75, $2.40, $3.25 and $4.50. If you buy your boys' suits now you will save 50c. to $1.50 on each and every one. Bring the boys to try them on here if possible.

BOYS' BOOTS AND RUBBERS.—While you are saving money in buying your boys suits now, you will do well to see our Boys' Boots that we are selling out under cost.

Don't forget that we are selling out our shoe department. Thousands of pairs of reliable footwear is now being cleared out under value.

A FEW SPECIALS FROM DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT, on sale to-morrow, Saturday.—2,300 yards of a very heavy Grey Sheeting Cotton, worth 14c. Saturday, 10c. yard only. 36 webs of Colored Muslins, Ducks, Prints, etc., odd patterns, choice at 5½c. yard. 18 webs Black Lustres and Silicians, plain and figured, choice Saturday, 22½c. yard, regular value, 35 to 48c.

We are busy opening up our new goods for Easter and spring trade. Come in and see what new things we have for you at right prices.

M. FICKLER & CO.

Clothiers, Shoers and Hatters.