Jubilee Sermon.

BY DR. SAUNDERS.

"For we are laborers together with God," 1 Cor. 3: 9. "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors," John 4: 38.

The history and biographies of the Bible illustrate the co-operative and perpetuated work referred to in these texts. They furnish numerous instances of God working together with the righteous, and of raising up successors to carry on their work from one generation to another. This is an exemplification of a law of God's Kingdom, not confined to Bible times and Bible saints, but true of all times and all saints. In this, as in all his dealings with men, God is no respecter of persons. All his servants, great and small, have the relation, and its honor of being co-laborers with him. His favor is as full and constant to the obscurest worker as it was to Luther, a grand figure in the world's history. These institutions of learning had a humble origin; and their brief history is overshadowed by that of great universities; but God's eye has ever been on them, and, had they possessed buildings enough to make a city, and students enough to fill them, and professors to teach the students, help and favor from God would not have been more certain or more freely given.

Therefore in this semi centennial year of Acadia College, it has been judged expedient to hold these public services, commemorative of the Lord's great goodness, and as an acknowledgment of all the mercies received at his hand. We stand in the middle of a century; but as we go back there is no stopping place this side of the time the oldest school on these grounds came into existence. This brings the history of Acadia College and her associated schools under review. The vision is plain. He that runs may read it. There is no necessity for a skillful grouping of facts, which, seen in any order, proclaim their true import.

The nature of the material, as well as the skill and industry of the builders, has to do with the character of any structure. These institutions rose under the hands of workmen who needed not to be ashamed. Character was substantial in the olden times. All the elements of true greatness were found in the rugged natures of the New Englanders who came to these provinces and occupied the land vacated by the expelled Acadian French. Those who, rather than sacrifice their loyalty, came at a later day and joined the earlier pioneers, were people of the same type. As were the fathers, so were the children. They were men of power, principle and courage, staunch and stalwart lovers of conscience, but prepared to battle for the right. Out of this quarry the Holy Spirit cut living stones for building Baptist churches and Baptist institutions.[1] The great, honest hearts of that day came under his mighty power. He breathed on them, and they lived. First, there was the agony of the conviction of sin; then followed the transports of justification. This was succeeded by a loud imperative call from heaven for more preachers of the gospel. It came to brave princely men, but men unskilled in the world's culture and learning. Look rather into the breast of a lion than into their hearts for cringing cowardice. They had no fear, if fear was pusillanimity, but where fear was wisdom, love and reverence they were filled with it. They feared God; and did not disregard the viale of woe for the heads of the disobedient. Woe was unto them if they preached not the gospel. A number of these men, who heard the voice of God, entered the pulpit and became eloquent, powerful heralds of Christ and him crucified. Hence the fathers in the Baptist ministry of this country—the Dimocks, the Chipmans, the Hardings, the Angleys, the Crandalls and the Mannings. These were men whose sterling worth has never been nor ever will be perfectly described, for it would tax to beggary the richest language. They toiled on heroically and successfully till middle life was passed; and not a college bred man was found among them. England and Scotland gave other Christian churches trained ministers, but none to the Baptists. They neither had educated men, nor the means of educating men. Picton Academy was beyond their reach; and the thirty-nine articles blocked the way to the doors of the schools on the banks on the Avon. These men had the courage but not the skill for the work before them. They had the power, but it was not liberated. They had the talents, but they were not trained—power and talents for any work that men of God were ever called upon to do. They were under the direct inspiration of a history that kindled their zeal and kept the fire of a holy ambition burning in their hearts. They felt the touch of their companions in arms across the border. They knew the history of their co-religionists in the New England States. Houses of God called up, Baptist backs ashed on Boston Common, for fidelity to conscience and truth, taught wee finding their way through the trackless forests, flees in divers places, and imprisonment in Virginian jails were familiar facts to the fathers who did the pioneer work in these colonies for the Baptists of to-day. But they confronted a future, requiring services of this kind; they were the men already prepared for the work, without the training of college or academy. But duties of another kind were before them, for the discharge of which they were at a disadvantage, and they knew it. Opposing policies, warring principles, and repellent forces were at work all around them. Existing discriminations and invidious distinctions were a standing insult to their sense of manhood, and convictions of equal and unalienable right. The attempt was made to transplant, unmodified, the institutions and customs of old England to the New World; but Puritanism, refreshed, as a giant with new wine, by the free airs of America, made war with monopolies civil, social and religious. The rights and privileges of many was their watchward. But the few who controlled the trade, the parliament and the judiciary of the country, with combined strength, resisted the oncoming democracy; but the many, nothing daunted, pressed their cause with increasing hope of final success. Great moral questions came up for solution. A new crusade in temperance was started. The Baptist fathers were found in the front ranks of this army of moral reformers. The traffic in liquid fire was a legitimate and a religious trade at that day. It was one thing to be a temperance man then, and quite another thing to be a temperance man now. The conflict raged on every hand, and men began to take sides; but few, however, had found the right side. In those days the churches arose from the sleep of centuries. The words of the great commission again became spirit and life in the ears and hearts of Christians. The deeds and sufferings of the apostles of modern foreign missions began to reverse the false notions, by which the followers of Christ had long been held in bondage. Carey and his associates, Judson and his first wife, had begun work in the dark, distant East. The cruel sufferings endured by Judson for Christ in the prison at Ava, and the heroism and moral victories of his wife, Ann Hasseltine, had been read by weeping thousands; and it stirred the heart of the Christian church as no other event in modern foreign missions has since done.

The country lacked the means of improvement, schools were poor and scarce, prejudice and ignorance abounded.

In these circumstances and conditions, the last century ended, and the new one began. Nine or ten thousand Baptists in the Maritime provinces, confronted a future, forecast by this state of things. They were led by ministers of strong convictions, firm faith, and burning zeal; but lacking the necessary culture for the work before them. The more intelligent of them became deeply concerned for the future of the ministry, the churches and the denomination. Educated ministers from New England, attended their associations, discussed the question of the higher education; and strengthened the belief of the fathers, that the success of the denomination depended, under God, upon the college a training of ministers, and the general diffusion of intelligence among the people. But how could the few Baptists found and sustain the school so much required? There were men of faith and prayer in those days. Their future was dark. Leaders, qualified in all respects for the work, were needed; but none appeared. Will some one be sent to curb the passions, and awaken the people to a life of thought and purpose, unknown to them before? Will leaders be raised up to guide this little host of God's army through the barren wilderness, into the Canaan of a free, independent and intelligent life? Let us see the divine solution of this problem. What we shall see may be called special providence; not because all providence is not special; but because in this instance relief came at an unforeseen and unexpected time. Not according to any plans of our fathers; but according to the plans of our fathers' God, was the way opened for the great deliverance. Before their prayers were offered, a train of events was set in motion, which finally issued in these institutions—the pride and glory of this hillside, loved and appreciated by the Baptists by the sea; and the great force which has lifted them from the place they occupied sixty years ago, to the position they held to-day. The founding of Horton Academy can be traced to an event in no way connected with the Baptists of that early period. A Kings College student heard a Methodist minister preach, was convicted, and gave his heart to God. This young man became the means of the conversion of other young men. In this way chiefly, there came to be a community of devout, young people in St. Pauls church at Halifax. On account of a grave difference about the matter of appointing a rector, a large number withdrew from the old church, and erected for themselves a building on Granville St. This independent movement, as they believed in the interests of evangelical piety, brought them into contact with Baptists, and gave them the opportunity of studying their principles. Without knowing it, they had already adopted the policy of Baptists in the matter of church independence. Finally they sent for the late Dr. Isaiah Chase, then president of Newton Theological Seminary. He came to Halifax, and, after due deliberation, organized the Granville St Baptist Church. In this way a number of educated young men, and some of them of more than ordinary talents and courage, came in their lot with this denomination. Professor Alexis Caswall, who came with Dr. Chase, became the first pastor of the new church, and remained with it one year.

Naturally these young men wished to be useful. They were qualified to lead in any enterprise for the social and intellectual advancement of the people. They had in Professor Caswall, a man of practical knowledge, and a good counsellor. The old pastors and intelligent laymen, did not fail to see the providence of God in this unusual occurrence.

The new church was organized in the autumn of 1827. In the following spring, the Association met at this place. Representatives were present from the Granville St. church. A prospectus for an Academy was submitted to the Association. The propos l thrilled with joy the hearts of the fathers. The clouds lifted, and the future became bright. It was the beginning of a new era. One after another of them stood up before the Association, admitted their disadvantages for the want of an education, and, with tears of joy, thanked God for the young brethren and their plans for future work. The advent of these strong young men, renewed the strength of the older men. An education society was immediately formed, premises purchased, teachers employed and a school opened in the following year.

This was an event, big with importance for maritime Baptists. They soon found themselves associated with men of their own faith, in conducting a school for the higher education of the country—a very desirable relief certainly to the stinging stigma of ignorance, long endured. True, in God's good providence, began the institutions existing on these grounds.

Preceded by a history, already referred to, and looking into a future, forecast by it, the Baptists began their educational work. Ten years later an event occurred which hastened the founding of a College. This too, was preceded by brief deliberations. The action was prompt, and heroic. This central source of light and power has been a great boon to the denomination. Without it, how could their work at home and abroad have been done for the last sixty years? A great need existed, and God supplied it. Pledges were made and responsibilities were assumed. More than a half a century has passed away; and by their works these institutions are justified or condemned. [We might now ask, whether sound principles and wise plans were laid under the foundations of these institutions. To-day the light is intense in which to make the examination. No tree ever sprang out of the earth better conditioned for growth, root and branch, than were the institutions planted on these grounds. Their policy was as free and as pure as the air in which they lifted their heads. The way was opened for the pursuit of truth in every direction. They were thorough and independent; and their aims were in the interest of the country and the kingdom of Christ. Their beginnings were small, but the intellectual and moral propositions of their purposes were grand and far-reaching. Students, irrespective of rank, race, or religion, were welcomed to all their privileges. No test except competency and piety, were laid down for teachers. This ideal realized, was the legitimate outcome of the application of the principles of the founders. Man is his brother's keeper, and Christians must do good to all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith. To God alone every human being is accountable for the employment of his judgment and conscience in matters religious. The equality of man, obligations to promote the education of the many, an independent judgment and a free conscience in free institutions, were all recognized and taught in Horton Academy. It rose grandly above the narrowness and prejudice of that day.

Great events have taken place in this little province. The Presbyterian Academy on the hill at Pictou, and Horton Academy on the hill at Horton, heralded the free system of education, now going grandly over the earth, liberating and lifting up the masses imprisoned for ages in slavish ignorance. While these youthful prisoners were heroically leading the oncoming reform in these provinces, education in Ontario was hobbling about, bound with creeds and ecclesiastical cords. The education began here sixty years ago, neither ignored nor violated any privilege of man, civil or religious. The assumption was that every person is subject to God alone, and wholly independent of man, be he priest or civil tyrant. The instruction given by all the teachers and professors till the present time has been in perfect harmony with this principle. The foundations of these institutions were laid in Christian faith. Their genius, purposes and provisions bear well the light of to-day. As in the Constitution of Canada, so in the polity of these institutions, we have the best that England could give, modified and liberated by American freedom. They are set for the defense of soul liberty, the doctrine of Roger Williams, the doctrine of the Bible.

In the special acknowledgments made on this occasion, there should be special reference to God's great goodness in the gift of a succession of faithful teachers and professors. Here is found the secret of our great success. They have cared not alone for the mental training of the thousands committed to them, but they have taken a deep interest in their highest welfare—the salvation of their souls. Great indeed is the debt of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this great favour; and in all their history these schools have never had a more devoted or abler staff of teachers and professors than those who do the work at the present time. The presidents, too, have been specially distinguished both for ability and learning, and for fidelity and success in the discharge of the duties of their responsible office.

No two of them were alike. The order of their minds, their training and antecedents, were widely different. One was born and educated in England, one in the United States, and two in Nova Scotia. A distinct and pronounced individuality belongs to each of them. But in whatever respect they were unlike in gift or talent, as able faithful presidents, devoting themselves to the interests of Acadia College, they have been remarkably alike. Dr. Crawley is a kingly man, a scholar and a christian gentleman. In opening these institutions he raised a high standard of morals, manhood and scholarship. May it never be lowered in the slightest degree. It is difficult to say in what kind of labor he has most distinguished himself. Does he stoop to cheer a student, discouraged, and about to turn back from the pursuit of knowledge because of the difficulties in the way, and save a valuable man to the church and the world a scholar and a preacher, as he did in the case of the late Dr. George Armstrong, of hallowed memory; or does he lecture to students on the philosophy and beauties of the ancient classics; or on christian manliness; or does he eloquently preach the gospel to intelligent congregations; or does he test his popular talents with foremost men of his day, as he did in an all day encounter in the Baptist church at Onslow with the late governor Howe, in discussing the burning question of collegiate education for Nova Scotia—in every case, by the frank admission of opponents, as well as by the testimony of friends, he distinguished himself as one of the greatest of Nova Scotia's sons.

But we have another name embalmed in our hearts to read down to posterity—the name of a president equally appreciated, honored and loved. Sent of God, he came to the College, enriched with learning and experience gained in the old world—a gentleman of rare culture, a scholar, an author and a preacher of the gospel. From the day he delivered his inaugural address, till the day he was carried, mourned by all, to his last resting place, near these institutions he loved so well, the time never was, when, in any Baptist household or assembly, the mere mention of the name of Dr. Cramp was not the cause of pleasure, and an inspiration for good. His venerable presence, the power of his great heart and his words of sound wisdom always contributed gladness and knowledge to his numerous friends in the private walks of life; and they ever cheered and instructed the saints with whom he mingled in the house of God. We love and venerate him who, though dead, still speaks to the living multitudes who mourn their loss and cherish his sacred memory.

But justice claims a word for still another president of Acadia college. When mention is made of one who has unsurpassed ability to analyze and discuss every fact and principal involved in the great subject of education—of one held in high esteem by every man sent from under his hand into the wide world—of one who is an honor to Acadia College and to the Baptists; and in turn is honored by them, as well as by all educationists in the provinces: it is well known that the reference is to that prince of teachers, who now fills the president's chair. Of these three men I can speak confidently, for, as a student in class. I have sat at the feet of each of them. If permitted the familiarity of another reference to these three men, I would mention an acquisition for which they are all distinguished, an acquisition of great importance for college presidents. They displayed wonderful taste and skill in the extemporaneous use of the English language. I have never heard their superiors.

Dr. Pryor, whose administration was before my day at college, bore heavy burdens, and did a good work in these institutions. His money was freely used for their support. For the presidents, therefore, of Acadia College, we now devoutly thank God and take courage. Their names will always be mentioned in reverence and in love.

Any account of God's favor to these institutions, omitting any reference to the revivals would be seriously defective. No sooner were their doors opened for students than converting grace descended from heaven. The frequency and extent of the work of the spirit in changing the hearts and purposes of the students cannot of course be fully known; but sufficient is known to give some idea of the magnitude of these blessings. No church in the province has enjoyed so many revivals in the same time. Through them the work here has been kept in accord with the work in the churches. Professors and teachers have had their spiritual strength renewed; and have been helped in their yearly task of heavy work. Letters written by students at the time of these revivals have carried joy to many a heart and home. The converted young men laid themselves and their talents at the feet of Christ. In so doing, some of them learned for the first time the real end for which they were led to these schools. They found that God's hitherto concealed but now revealed purpose was for them to preach Jesus and the resurrection. As one by one they said, "Here am I, send me," some were sent far hence among the gentiles, and others were directed to work near home. Here is special justification for calling these schools christian institutions. The gift of salvation to so many young people engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, is a large, plain seal of the divine approval. This work justifies a thousand times the founding of these institutions, and calls, in a clear loud voice, for their continuance. If Omniscience at the great judgment shall reveal the result, then, and not till then, will the round sum of the blessing be known to the world.

The friendships formed among the men brought together by God's special providence in beginning these institutions, foreshadowed the future friendships of their students in all these past years. Except the love born of blood, none is deeper or more lasting than that formed among students in a christian College. The time of life is favorable for this intimacy. The sympathies are ardent and unprejudiced. Affinities and tastes are consulted. A mutual election of congenial spirits is made. No half measures are known to these fellowships. Mind is open to mind and heart to heart. Mutual confidence is established. The intense heat of these communions may pass away; but a calm substantial friendship remains. Students thus united go abroad into the world. Joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, are their common lot; but all look back with pleasure to College days; and the farther they recede into the past the more blessed they seem. This friendship survives the lapse of years and the vicissitudes of fortune. Its product is as regular and certain as the succession of classes graduated. The binding of hearts together in this disinterested friendship, and all to a common centre, makes for good conduct and for power in the kingdom of Christ. Necessarily the College in which these holy unions are begotten receives full compensation; and becomes indeed to such sons, an *alma mater*. Is this called mere sentiment? Well, a College lives because of it. It is a source of life and strength.

The work of more than a half century in these institutions is now before the world; but it is not all visible. Work of this kind mixes with the results of labor in other quarters. No eye except that of Omniscience can see definitely what has been accomplished. No sooner had the work begun here than change for the better became apparent. The literary character of the preaching, the teaching in the Sunday-schools, and indeed the beginning of efficiency in this work, and the writing of circular letters, all gave evidence of intellectual improvement. The consecrated leaven of christian education began to diffuse itself through the whole mass. The awakening was general. The uneducated ministers gave in exchange to the educated their newlight zeal for the mental quickening they received. From this centre, life and power have been diffused. Pastors, prepared for this work, have been given to the churches; teachers to the school rooms; missionaries to the work of God at home and in distant lands; and men to all the professions and callings in life. Sanctified intelligence, like heat, diffuses itself in every direction.

Of the thousands who have passed through these schools, a goodly number by distinguishing themselves have done great credit to their *alma mater*. But while the Academy and College have had a succession of classes within their walls, there have been still larger classes without, pursuing their peculiar courses of study. They too have distinguished themselves, with ministers and laymen. So close have been the relations between these schools and the ministry, the churches and the pulpit that a general course of study has been taken by multitudes quick to discern and skillful to appropriate the advantages emanating from this place.

I shall now take the liberty of selecting two graduates from this great, popular class of students. The two now in mind were present when Horton Academy was founded. A few years ago the elder of them was taken to his heavenly home, leaving us the heritage of an honored name and a spotless reputation. He was an eminent scholar, a distinguished linguist and the father of one of Canada's greatest statesmen. The late Rev. Charles Tupper out-distanced all the students outside Acadia's walls.

When the first class assembled in Horton Academy, the other one of the two had just left the plough to enter the pulpit. He is still with us, a blessing and an honor to the Baptist denomination. This editor, author, eloquent preacher and polished Christian father, like golden corn in the golden autumn, waits for the sickle of the great harvest. The Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D., never took a lesson in class in these schools of learning.

The whole denomination has been engaged in the work of rescuing and raising up their fellow men; and all have been going up together, for we "rise by raising others."

In no way, perhaps, did the increased intelligence show itself more plainly than in the demand for a weekly, religious newspaper. The *Christian Messenger* was the direct off-spring of Horton Academy. That paper, together with the *Christian Visitor*, and now the two combined, from the first have been one in sentiment and aim with these institutions. Whoever would know their history must read the files of these papers. They have acted and reacted upon each other. The college has supplied life and intelligence to the papers, and the papers have defended and protected the college. Unitedly they have done the general work of the denomination. They have gone on, hand in hand, inspiring confidence, breaking down prejudice and leading the churches to victory. In prolonged letters for the right they have contended like giants. The latest seminary at St. Martins needs the help of the existing papers, as the institutions have need at Fredericton needed the support of the denominational press in their early history.

(*Conclusion next week*)

The Big Brother.

It was a treat to the little Ransome to be allowed to enter the big brother's room. Indeed, it was a wonderful place, and I always used to feel highly honored when I had a peep into it myself.

To begin with, Joe Ransom was a tall Sephomore at college, when Will and Bert were boys of nine and twelve. What Joe thought and did and said was, therefore, of vast importance in the eyes of the juniors. That he was stroke in the college boat crew, and had carried off all the honors of his class in study, helped to magnify him in their opinion; and really, the other fellows sometimes felt as though the Ransoms were much too boastful of their big brother. Had nobody in the town such a possession except these two? After the day, however, when little Eugene Petere fell into the mill-stream, and Joe Ransom, loitering by in tennis shirt and knicker-brookers, dashed into the current, and saved the boy just as he was sinking the fateful third time, he became the village hero; and every boy who belonged to Towasend Corners felt a thrill when the gallant rescue found its way, nobody could imagine how, into a great city newspaper. Just one line, in small type, in an obscure corner, but that was enough to star Joe Ransom's name with glory, which was not soon to fade.

Returning to the room, however, I want to tell you of a talk that went on there one evening at dusk, when Bert, Will, Sammy Gleason, Art Fish, and three or four more boys, had been looking at Joe's collection of moths and butterflies, inspecting his birds' eggs and stamps, and hearing him tell the story of his latest mountain climb.

The clock struck eight, and Mr. Ransom, from the foot of the stairs, called, "Time for prayers, Joe!"

"Come, boys," said Joe, putting down the fishing-tackle he had been adjusting, and promptly leading the way. Art hung back, but Bert drew him on, and presently they were all joining, almost before they knew it, in the evening hymn:

"Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near."

Mrs. Ransom sat at the piano and played, her husband sang bass, Gertrude and Lucy supplied the soprano and alto, Joe's voice was a fine baritone, and the boys each added something in sweetness and freshness to the melody.

"That was charming!" said Mrs Ransom, as the last note died away. "Papa, shall we sing another hymn?"

"Two or three, if you like," he replied, and one favorite after another was asked for and sung.

Then Gertrude read a chapter, and Mr. Ransom said very simply:

"Joe, I am tired this evening. I wish you would pray."

Without the least hesitation, and as simply as if he were speaking to some one who stood at his side, the big fellow made a brief prayer, after which they all went upstairs again to his den.

Art Fish had been staying away from School-school lately. He thought himself too large to go, now that he was fifteen; and, though nobody at home knew it, he had grown very careless about reading the Bible and praying. He felt ashamed and uneasy now, as the words of Joe's prayer lingered in his mind:

"Forgive us for anything wrong we have done this day. Make us kinder, truer, more gentle, with each other. Keep us safely when we sleep, and may we waken to-morrow to be thy brave soldiers and servants."

Finally, Art spoke:

"Joe," said he, "do you think a fellow can be a Christian without joining the church?"

"Let me get at your meaning, Art," said Joe. "What do you suppose makes anybody a Christian?"

"Believing in Christ, I suppose."

"Certainly. Well, what's the next step to believing in any one? Is it not owning the belief? Suppose, Art, that you like and believe in me, and some stranger comes along who knows nothing about me whatever. Won't you be ashamed to say, 'I think you may depend on Joe Ransom; he is my friend?'"

"What do you take me for?" inquired Art, hotly. "I'm not such a sneak."

"Well, suppose you are in somebody's company, and suddenly you hear my name mentioned slightingly, and the person who speaks of me gives those who listen an unfair impression, what then?"

"Of course, I'd speak up for you. I'm not a coward."

"If we were using Bible words, Art, we would say that you would confess me. You would let everybody know that, as for you, you were ready to stand or fall by Joe Ransom, that Joe Ransom was a man you'd tie to, that you'd stake your life on his honor."

Art drew himself up proudly.

"I rather think that states the case, old fellow," he said.

"There, then, is precisely what a Christian does when he joins the church. He confesses Christ before the world. Just as a soldier enlists, and is not ashamed of his uniform, or a sailor is ready to die for his flag, a Christian owns his Master, when he stands up and confesses him."

"Then," Joe went on, "he gets himself into such good company. It's sometimes hard to fight all alone, but a man fights splendidly with his captain ahead of him, and a lot of true comrades by his side. Why, three or four soldiers have faced hundreds, when standing together in a strong position. Don't you know what I'm driving at?"

Little Bert here spoke, rather timidly:

"Mamma says there is another reason for our joining the church, if we love Christ?"

"Yes, Bert," said Joe.

"It is," the little fellow proceeded, "because he told us to do so;" and he repeated, reverently, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess also before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

Soon after, the little assembly broke up; but, at the next communion, Art united with the church. He had taken his place again in his class, and had shown that he was not ashamed to be seen engaged in Christian work. But, when he was asked what decided him, at last, to take the right step, he said, "My talk with Bert's big brother one summer evening."—*S. S. Times.*

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