

The Anniversary proceedings may be said to have begun with the delivery of the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning. The day was one of bright sunshine with a wholesome breeze blowing and just warmth enough to make it comfortable. Many persons living within driving distance took advantage of the favorable conditions to be present. As the ordinary congregation during the time the schools are in session pretty well fills the house, it is no wonder that, even after all possible provision had been made by placing seats in the aisles, it was found quite impracticable to accommodate all who wished to obtain admission to the church.

President Trotter in college regalia presided, and with him on the platform were Rev. W. A. Newcombe of Thomaston, Me., and Rev. H. R. Hatch, pastor of the Wolfville church. The students of the Graduating Class in their gowns occupied the centre pews immediately in front of the pulpit. The exercises of the hour were of a highly interesting and elevating character. The Scriptures were read by President Trotter and Mr. Hatch offered prayer. The great congregation joined heartily in the singing of the hymns and the special music by the choir was well chosen and well rendered.

Rev. Wm. A. Newcombe, M. A., was introduced by President Trotter as the preacher of the baccalaureate sermon. Mr. Newcombe is personally known to many of our readers. He is a graduate of Acadia of the Class of 1872, and of Newton Theological Seminary. He is a man of fine ability and culture and of independent thought, and is highly and most deservedly esteemed in the Baptist ministry of the State to which his services have been chiefly given. Mr. Newcombe was heard with great interest on Sunday morning as he spoke upon *Essentials in Christian Education*, basing his remarks upon I Sam. 17:38-42; Prov. 3:13, and some verses in the twelfth chapter of John. The thoughts of the preacher gathered around two leading ideas—*First*, The Importance of Self-discovery, and *Secondly*, The Importance of Self-forgetfulness. On the one hand, in order to the best results, one must distinguish between real knowledge and convictions which are the fruit of real study and experience, and that which he has merely heard or read. The aim of every man should be to recognize, respect and develop his own personality. It is but a poor thing to be a mere echo of some other man's thought and experience. One must know and feel for himself that he may be able to speak with the authority that personal knowledge and experience give. Then, on the other hand, one must learn to forget self. The highest education demands the elimination of self-consciousness. One must be able to do, without conscious effort, what it has cost almost infinite pains to learn to do. The highest education comes only through self-sacrifice. To face the world with the question—How much can I get out of it? indicates a poor and unworthy ideal of life. Life becomes worth living only when we regard it as an opportunity for self-sacrifice and for giving to it the fullest measure of our ability. The sermon was a thoughtful, strong and impressive presentation of great truth, and was heard with deep interest.

On Sunday evening the annual address before the Y. M. C. A. of Acadia, was delivered in College Hall by Rev. H. F. Waring of St. John. Mr. C. K. Morse, of the Junior class, president of the Society, presided. President Trotter and Dr. Keirstead also occupied seats on the platform and participated in the exercises. Music was furnished by a select choir. It was a fine and inspiring audience. The hall is said to seat a thousand persons and it appeared to be comfortably filled. The subject of the address was, "Religion, what it is and what it does." Space is not available for even a brief summary. It is none too high praise to say that seldom from that platform has an address of higher order been given. It was strong in conception, rich and full in development and impressive in delivery. The speaker was at his best, and his best is very good indeed. Further account of the Anniversary proceeding must be reserved for next week.

### From Halifax.

Many thanks to the editor for his kind reference some weeks ago to my illness. Words fitly spoken are highly appreciated and remembered. I may say that I am not yet able to use the pen to any extent, but can dictate to another an account of some matters of interest in the city.

The Rev. G. W. Schurman, after serving the Tabernacle faithfully and successfully, has retired from its pastorate, but still remains in Halifax and, with others, supplies the pulpit. Just now he is at New Glasgow, where a pastor is much needed.

The Rev. W. E. Hall is wholly confined to his bed and has no encouragement whatever to believe that he will recover. His daughter, Miss Isabel, after finishing her year's work at Toronto, has returned to assist the family in its affliction. Brother Hall and his family have a host of sympathizing friends.

Since the Rev. Mr. Kemp left the West End for Westport, the Rev. W. W. Rees has been supplying that church.

The Rev. L. D. Morse closed his labors with the First church in April. He and Mrs. Morse are spending May with their friends in Boston. Mr. Morse received from the members of the First church tokens of their appreciation of both himself and his good work. Dr. Trotter, Dr. Keirstead, Rev. C. Day and Rev. G. R. White have been heard with pleasure and profit as supplies since Mr. Morse left.

Supplies for the First church are announced as far ahead as July. The Rev. Mr. Cutten, of football fame when a student at Acadia, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday and the following one. After him comes a young man from New York highly recommended by the Rev. James Francis, pastor of the Clarendon Street church, Boston.

Rev. Dr. Kempton, a man of all work, takes a general interest in the churches now pastorless, in visiting their sick and in other ways expressing his paternal sympathy.

The Rev. Mr. Clements, of the Cornwallis Street church, is succeeding well in his work.

The Rev. Mr. Jenner also is giving good satisfaction in the Fourth church.

I have noted with interest all you have published referring to the life, character and passing away of the Hon. A. F. Randolph. Through the kindness of Fredericton friends I have read what has been said by the press of that city. Like the communications in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, the editorials and reports of other papers published in Fredericton, have spoken of Mr. Randolph in the most unqualified way. To people unacquainted with him these statements might seem extreme, but they do not seem so to me. The editorial in the Fredericton Gleaner, to my mind, set in clearest view Mr. Randolph's business talents and habits. In that department of life he was versatile, precient and great, but more extensive references have been made to him in his doings in other spheres of life. I read with profound satisfaction the sermon by his pastor, the Rev. J. H. McDonald, and the fine tribute by a former pastor, the Rev. John Freeman. I do not think their utterances exaggerate him in any degree, not even the startling suggestion of Mr. Freeman of Mr. Randolph's physical resemblance to his Saviour. For the last twenty years at various times I have been his guest for many weeks and had the opportunity of seeing him in his business, and in one case in particular when the circumstances were a heavy stress—in the church, in the community and of course in his household. Invariably his face was a face of an angel among men. I, too, never saw the like of him, nor do I expect to on earth.

The Rev. F. B. Crawley in far away India, for many years his pastor, will, I am sure, agree with all that has been said and will add his hearty tribute to the memory of one he loved so dearly and by whom in turn he was loved. One lesson of Mr. Randolph's life should not be lost. He began when a boy to exercise his benevolence and made giving to worthy objects, and they were many, a part of the business of his entire life. In this respect, especially, I associate with his name that of the venerable deacon John W. Bars, so lately removed to his heavenly rest. From the earliest time in his life until its close, Mr. Bars practiced this virtue of benevolent giving with a liberal hand. By the removal of these two men the denomination has been heavily bereaved.

Referring again to the editor's kind expression concerning myself, I may say that late in March I was attacked by sciatica brought on directly by a drive into the country to preach. It was this disease that attacked my venerable predecessor the late Rev. William Chipman, after he had co-operated with me for seven years in the pastoral work in West Cornwallis.

He so loved to preach the gospel that he drove hither and thither over the large field and to Long Point and Aylesford and preached without sparing his strength and forgetting that he was eighty years old. This overtaxed his physical strength and he was seized with sciatica which, after months of extreme suffering, resulted in his release from earthly pains and labors. I shall not soon forget that beautiful July afternoon, standing with his family around his dying bed waiting for his departure. A gleam of sunshine fell upon his dying bed just as he breathed his last, suggestive of the burst of glory into which he entered.

R. M. S.

### Notes by the Way.

Some further notes were promised in regard to Salt Springs and Hampton station. A pleasant Sunday was spent here with services at the above mentioned places in the morning and evening, and at Titusville in the afternoon. At present the people are looking forward eagerly to the coming of their new pastor, P. C. Reed, of the graduating class of Acadia College. The field has been without pastoral care, and with the exception of an occasional supply without preaching, since last October. The new pastor will find a people not numerous or wealthy, but kind, warm hearted, and hungering for the gospel. They may not be quite satisfied with what in some places would pass as gospel, but careful exposition of Scripture truth is always received with keen appreciation.

While the MESSENGER AND VISITOR is not taken on the field as generally as the interests of our denomination demand and its own merits deserve, the rain prevented me making as full a canvass as desirable. Some future time a few days may again be spent in this section.

On Monday I returned to St. John where a few days

were spent in the office picking up the loose ends of the work, and preparing for another trip. I had hoped to spend a few days in doing a little work up the Annapolis valley which had been too far from the railroad to be reached last winter. This would have brought me within easy distance of Wolfville about the first of June, and an opportunity would thus have been afforded of spending a day or two at Acadia during Commencement week. But the continuance of the rain upset all calculations, and reluctantly this plan was abandoned, and Thursday found me at Fredericton. Here I arrived in time to attend the closing exercises of the University of New Brunswick. It would not be well to draw any invidious comparisons, but to one who is familiar with the closing exercises at Acadia, the contrast is somewhat striking. One feature that would be remarked is the comparatively unimportant part taken by the graduating class. There was a valedictory and a short extract from a prize-winning essay, and a brief Latin translation also a prize winner. But apart from this and the reception of degrees and prizes the graduating class remained silent and not very interested observers. The number of honor certificates and class distinctions was also somewhat surprising to one who knows with what difficulty such things are obtained at Acadia. The class graduating this year was a large one, consisting of fourteen in the B. A. course, and five in the Civil Engineering course. Among the recipients of degrees was Prof. C. C. Jones of Acadia, who received the degree of Ph. D. upon the completion of the prescribed course.

Much of this letter may be somewhat apart from my regular work, but I hope will be of interest to some few. Other notes in regard to Fredericton will be reserved until the work here is completed.

R. J. COLPITTS.

Fredericton, May 31.

### How One Sunday School Raised the Twentieth Century Pledge.

The School is one of those that too frequently go into winter quarters as soon as the snows descend. At its palmiest, balmy days it numbers not more than thirty. Situated in one of the wide rural districts, it is, sometimes difficult to undertake any enlarged work. When the pledge slip came it had not taken on renewed life, but the old superintendent said, "we'll return the pledge and get it somehow." Since the first of April the school has been at work, and the scholars began at once on a concert exercise. The superintendent distributed the envelopes sent by Bro. Adams, urging the scholars to bring them the night of the concert. Last evening we were favored with beautiful weather, a crowded house, seventy-five at least were seated—and one of the best missionary exercises the writer has ever seen. It was given in a manner that was exceedingly beautiful and instructive. The proceeds were beyond expectation, \$12.40. This was done where the sugar maple blows in N. B.

X.

### How the Eruptions Affected Barbados.

The following letter, written by a Toronto lady who resides in Barbados, appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto Globe. It was written on May 8, the day on which the city of St. Pierre was destroyed, but before the news of that terrible catastrophe had reached Barbados. The terrific character of the explosions on St. Vincent and Martinique may be judged by the effects of them experienced at so great a distance.

"You will probably hear to-day of the terrible volcanic eruption at St. Vincent and of the slighter one of Martinique on the 6th. We cannot as yet hear anything of them, as all the telegraph lines are broken. But it must be something awful, as we are ninety miles away, and yet about half-past 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon I heard five rapid explosions. I thought nothing of it, as I imagined it was cannon being fired in our harbor by men-of-war. But it was the eruption from St. Vincent. About 4.30 a terrible black cloud came from the west, which we thought was a big storm. At 5 o'clock, when it came, it was nothing but grey dust, and in a moment or two the whole place was pitch dark. We hurriedly shut up everything and went in doors. But indoors the dust still came, and we were breathing and sneezing dust. About 7 o'clock we had thunder and lightning; only a couple of claps were very near, and it passed away in an hour. We were most afraid of tidal waves, as they say they completely wash a whole town away. In the afternoon, before the explosions were heard, we had two waves of enormous height, which the weather bureau called earthquake waves. We are most fortunate to escape so easily, only a rain of dust and a thunder storm with no rain. What the poor people of St. Vincent have suffered must be terrible, if any of them are alive. I feel as if I could never get the house clean; the dust is blowing in clouds. Our hair, clothes and beds are full of it. The floors are so gritty. All the time the dust fell it sounded like a gentle rain, but not a frog, a bird or a cricket sounded; even the mosquitoes disappeared, and there was an unearthly stillness except for the thunder. Even the sea was perfectly still after the earthquake waves passed. You can imagine the night it was with the intense heat, the heavy rain of dust, and the thunder, and our anxiety as to whether we would have an earthquake or tidal waves. The sulphuric smells all night also were horrible. I—has been analyzing the dust which fell here, but finds it only full of minerals, and no use for fertilizing the soil, as the planters thought it would do. A dust fell here in 1812, which caused Barbados to have a better crop than ever before. It also came from Soufriere of St. Vincent."