OUR WOLFVILLE INSTITUTIONS.

[An address on "The Origin and Purpose of our Wolfville Educational Institutions, and the Steps or Stages of their Progress and Development to the Present," delivered before the N. S. Central Association at Hilden, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D.]

At a meeting of the Baptist Association held at Wolfville in June, 1828, measures were adopted for founding a school of a higher class than the ordinary public schools of those times. The want had been long and deeply felt, but no public action had been taken till the date named. A respectable education could be secured at the academy and college in Windsor, N. S., but it was necessary to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles in order to gain admission. The academy at Pictou, under the able management of Dr. MacCulloch, was open to all classes, but the Baptist churches were neither numerous nor strong in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and in those days of slow travelling, that school was of little use to the denomination which founded Acadia College. As a people, then, the Baptists were without means of education, beyond the mere rudiments of learning provided in the very poor common schools.

The people as a body were satisfied with this provision; some of them in fact opposed to anything beyond, so far as the Christian ministry was concerned. They believed in God-ordained, not man made ministers. There was, however, a large and rapidly increasing class who recognized the loss the denomination was sustaining for the want of men of trained minds and fully developed intellects. They came to the front at this first public movement in behalf of advanced education for Baptist young men. It would be impossible at this date to convey an adequate idea of the paths and the power of some of the addresses on that occasion. The fathers in the ministry, as they were called, spoke from the fulness of their own bitter experience when they told what they had suffered, and how they had been hampered in their great work by the want of training in their younger days. Many long standing prejudices melted away in the presence of these veterans pleading for their sons in the faith. And from that day a denominational school was assured. Results followed at once. An Education Society was organized, money was raised, a property in Wolfville was purchased, and in the following year a school was opened under the management of Mr. Asahel Chapin, afterwards Dr. Chapin, from the United States. This was the commencement of what is still known as Horton Collegiate Academy. Rev. John Pryor, a graduate of Kings College in Windsor, was the successor of Mr. Chapin. He, with various assistants, continued to carry on the school for about ten years. Pupils came from all parts of the Maritime Provinces. Their mental and spiritual interests were well provided for. Buildings were erected—one for class rooms and another for a boarding house. The blessing of God seemed to rest upon the endeavor, and the denomination might have rested satisfied for many years with this provision. Some indeed were looking forward to the time, in the near future, when academical training would make a demand for a full college course, but there was no expectation of immediate action in that direction. Circumstances, however, sometimes compel or prompt a people to go faster and farther than they had intended. It was so in this case.

In the year 1817 Lord Dalhousie, governor of the province of Nova Scotia, had appropriated £9,750 out of what was called the Castine fund toward the establishment of a provincial university at Halifax. A few years after a building was erected for that purpose, and funds were contributed from the provincial chest to the amount of £10,000. In 1838 an effort was made to commence actual operations. It was hoped and fully expected about that time by many that Kings College at Windsor would unite its forces with Dalhousie at Halifax, and thus form one strong metropolitan college. Kings, however, didn't shape themselves in that way. Dr. McCulloch, of Pictou, was appointed president, and Mr. E. A. Crawley, a graduate of Kings, a young man of superior education and of great promise, was strongly recommended to the managing board as a suitable person to fill one of the chairs as a professor. His application, however, was rejected, not because of any supposed inability on his part, but because of his denominational views. He was at the time pastor of what used to be called the Granville street Baptist church, and the decision reached by the board of management was that all the professors must be members of the Presbyterian church.

This decision, as might have been expected, awakened a very deep feeling in the Baptist denomination in the Maritime Provinces. The exclusiveness of Kings College could be endured, for that was avowedly denominational in its origin and largely in its support; but Dalhousie's funds were not in any sense derived from the Presbyterian body. Shut off, therefore, from all educational advantages, both in Windsor and in Halifax, the question was seriously asked: What other course is there now left open to the denomination? Many letters appeared in the papers calling attention to the recent action. Among these a series of communications from the able pen of Rev. E. A. Crawley, in the *Nova Scotian*, showing that the duty of the hour was to push on the work commenced at Horton to its legitimate issue. In other words, to form, equip and sustain a college, walled around by no creed, for the benefit and training of all who might seek instruction therein. This onward movement commended itself to the intelligence of the people and efforts were put forth at once. The Rev. J. Pryor's place in the academy was filled by another principal, Mr. E. Blanchard, of Truro, and Bros. Crawley and Pryor were appointed to chairs in the college about to be established. Application was made to the Legislature of the province for a charter. This application, though fiercely opposed by many of the leaders both in politics and religion, was finally secured. Twenty students were found, upon examination, prepared for the first class in the college. On the 21st day of January, 1839, the college was formally opened, each of the newly appointed professors delivering addresses appropriate to the occasion.

The executive committee of the Education Society, which stood [illegible] the front of this work, was as follows: [illegible]ev. I. E. Bill, Dr. Lewis Johnston, Rev. William Chipman, Simon Fitch, Esq., Rev. John Pryor, A. M., Rev. Richard McLearn, Rev. E. A. Crawley, A. M., Wm. Johnson, Esq., and J. W. Nutting, Esq. If these men could have known what they were undertaking when they commenced this work the probability is that Acadia College would have remained among the things that are not. But as they did not know, they went on and committed us to the work, and we thankfully accept it at their hands.

The college, thus equipped, started out on its work in January, 1839. In October following an addition was made to the staff by the appointment of Mr. Isaac Chipman, a former student of the academy, and at the time of his appointment a graduate of Waterville College, Maine. He was selected to fill the chair of natural philosophy and mathematics. In this choice the managing committee was surely guided by something more than human wisdom; for Mr. Chipman was a young man, and as yet was untried. He was very unassuming and possessed no external force of character. His retiring and gentle manner would seem almost to invite defeat in any contact with difficulty and danger. But there was a wonderful fund of almost latent energy and a persistency of purpose in the man which made him invaluable to the young college through all the years of its early struggles. It may be truthfully said that the one aim of Professor Chipman's life, from the time of his appointment in 1839, till the sad day in Acadia's history when the surging waters of Minas Basin swept his body from the overturned boat, was to foster the interests of higher education through the means of the institutions at Horton. His acquaintance with the branches taught was comprehensive, and yet simply as a teacher in the classroom perhaps he would not hold the first rank; but as a man and as a Christian, as one devoted to what he believed to be his calling, his rank was among the first.

The college, thus equipped, went forward in its appointed work. The course of study embraced four years after matriculation. The first class of graduates was in 1843. Of the twenty who entered, only four continued to the end. Very similar has been the history of many of the classes since. But although the work accomplished from year to year was acknowledged to be good, and although considerable enthusiasm seemed to gather around every anniversary occasion, there was one great want, and that was money, sufficient to make provision for the work.

A small provincial grant was secured. But even this became a bone of contention. It was easier to see the iniquity of state and church connection, even in education, than to recognize the duty of furnishing the needful funds; infinitely easier for those not valuing education, or perhaps hostile towards it, to see how the denomination would sacrifice all those great principles for which our fathers died, by allowing the boys to study Euclid or Longinus under a professor whose daily bread came in part from the filthy lucre of the provincial chest, than for the governors of the college to find the means to make the institution what it ought to be. So there was struggle, and effort, and appeal. With commendable liberality some responded to the calls. A building of fair proportions was erected, which, together with the original building for the academy, furnished classrooms and sleeping apartments for a considerable number of students. And in the course of a few years the college came to be regarded as equal to, if not superior to, any in the provinces.

Difficulties, however, from the first surrounded this enterprise; opposition of the fiercest kind was manifested. A central university at Halifax continued to be the fond dream of many of the leaders in provincial politics. The poverty of the college was turned into an argument for its uselessness. Again and again its friends feared that the enterprise would prove a failure in the end. Had they not been men of faith, and prayer, and purpose, and perseverance, far beyond ordinary men, that must have been the result. There were seasons of prosperity. Then some adverse circumstance would arise; professors were appointed to fill certain chairs and then resigned again. Dr. Crawley was compelled to give a portion of his time to the preaching of the gospel, because the income of the college did not warrant his remaining at the college. I quote from the history of the college as prepared by Prof. Coidwell: "In the summer of 1850 the outlook was very gloomy. Prof. Stuart had left at the end of the previous year; Dr. Pryor was to leave in June; Prof. Chipman had also tendered his resignation. The denomination was divided upon the question of government aid and a debt of £3,000. About $15,000 rested upon the governors. Without professors and without resources, it seemed as though the end must soon come. It is saying much for the intelligence, piety and zealous courage of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, that in the face of such obstacles they did not flinch, but unhesitatingly decreed that Acadia College should live."

In July of 1850, Dr. Pryor removed to the United States. Prof. Chipman had been induced to withdraw his resignation and he remained at his post, and he, with the aid of teachers in the academy and advanced students, carried on the work of the college for the balance of the year.

This brings us on to the time of what may be called the second founding of Acadia College; for with only one professor, and he the junior one, with no president and no funds, there was not much in the way of a college. Faith and hope and God remained. Then the governors looked abroad for deliverance. Dr. Cramp was called to assume the responsibility of caring for the interests of the college. After much deliberation and earnest prayer he decided to throw himself into the work. He entered upon the duties of his office in a hopeful spirit. The closing remarks of his inaugural address will show you how he felt. He says: "When I call to mind the persevering devotedness and self-denial with which my predecessors pursued their course, and the respect in which they are on that account deservedly held by the churches, I feel that I enter upon the office under far different circumstances, and that I cannot hope to reach the position to which they have attained, yet I trust that by the manifestation of sincere and ardent desires for the prosperity of the cause, and by diligent attention to the duties of the station in which I am placed, I shall succeed in gaining your confidence. I have come, therefore, believing that my brethren here will evince a generous sympathy and heartily co-operate with me in the good work. I have come expecting to find a chivalrous zeal for education and determined endeavor on your parts, by judicious and liberal arrangements, to establish and maintain a course of instruction as appropriate and comprehensive that the youth of the provinces will feel the force of the attraction and seek to satisfy within these walls their desire for knowledge. I shall not be disappointed. You have ventured on a bold experiment and you will succeed. Resources will not be wanting. United as one man in the prosecution of this undertaking and constantly invoking the blessing of the almighty God, Acadia College is safe in your hands. *Esto perpetua* is the fervent prayer of her sons."

How far he succeeded in accomplishing what he aimed at is well known to you all. The plan for an endowment was seized hold on. This was energetically worked. Mr. Chipman took hold of this with great vigor. He worked at it night and day. Things began to brighten. They were looking more hopeful. The following report of the first anniversary is taken from the *Christian Messenger*: "The hall was crowded by an amazingly attentive and patient audience, whose repeated expressions indicated the satisfaction with which they had listened. The orations were pronounced excellent by competent judges. Father Harding gave vent to his kind feelings in a strain of impassioned eloquence. He was followed by the Rev. Messrs. Very and Hall, who expressed their approbation in strong terms, and favored the meeting with many instructive remarks. The President referred to the endowment and stated the very encouraging fact that the sum of $10,000 had been subscribed in the townships of Horton and Cornwallis." Then followed the saddest day in the history of these institutions. The rejoicings of the anniversary were barely over when that sad event occurred that filled so many with sorrow. Prof. Chipman, with four of the students and Mr. Very, found a watery grave. Then, indeed, it seemed as though the end had come. And you may understand something of the feelings of the times from the closing words of the president of the college in describing the events. He says: "Careful search for the bodies is now going on. I hope we shall have the melancholy satisfaction of paying them the last tribute of affection and respect. I cannot attempt reflections, for I can scarcely think. It is a stunning stroke. God have mercy on the widow and the fatherless, on sorrowing friends, on our churches and institutions so sorely bereft."

It is difficult at this date to realize how completely this event seemed to upset every plan in connection with the college. The students, whose classmates and companions had been thus swept away, felt that college life was spoiled for them. Professor Chipman, who had been a tower of strength, was gone. And it was some time before the president knew what to advise. Wisdom and strength, however, were given. The cause was too important to be abandoned. The resolve was to go on and trust.

In January of 1853, the college was re-opened. No new appointments had been made; but the president undertook, with such assistance as he might secure from the academy and from a senior student or two, to carry on the work. The report of the governors at the end of the year was that the result was satisfactory.

Dr. Crawley was invited shortly after this to return. And it was resolved that in the University of Acadia College there should be hereafter two distinct departments—one a literary and scientific department to be called Acadia College, and the other a theological department. Dr. Cramp was appointed the principal of the theological department and Dr. Crawley as the president of the Arts course. This arrangement took effect in September, 1853; and in November of the same year Prof. Stuart returned to fill with marked ability, for the succeeding five years, the chair of mathematics and natural science.

Prosperity for a time seemed to smile upon the efforts. The endowment fund was increasing and things looked very favorable. But disaster frequently follows upon the heels of prosperity. An unfortunate investment of college funds was made, and heavy loss followed. This not only crippled the finances for the time and furnished an excuse for not paying old subscriptions or pledging new ones, but it subsequently resulted in removing Dr. Crawley from the institution.

In the year 1858 a crisis came, the most serious one in the history of the institutions. For once during the financial struggle the friends of Acadia lost heart. All sources of additional income seemed dried up. To carry on the college with a reduced number of instructors would be suicidal; to retain the present staff, with no prospect of paying their salaries, would be dishonest. There seemed, therefore, no alternative for the governors but to take the decisive step of notifying the faculty that after January, '58, their services would not be required.

The result of this action was what perhaps some anticipated. It aroused the energies of the slumbering churches, and very soon there were agencies at work all over the land to ward off this calamity, and a new lease of life was granted to Acadia College. Surely we have reason to be thankful to God for the way in which He has led us. In 1858 we were on the eve of closing our institutions, but we didn't close. We began our college with two professors, and as we have shown, that number was reduced to one. Now we have in the college proper ten able instructors. We have in the academy, which began with one, at least five employed in imparting instruction, and we have a seminary with a staff of ten instructors. We commenced with twenty students; now our regularly matriculated students number 120 in the college, with 70 or 80 each in the academy and seminary. We commenced with no funds, and frequently worse than that, with heavy liabilities resting upon us; now we have five or six principal buildings, with an endowment of nearly $100,000.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—Yesterday noon we sent our gardener to call three men. They came, with half a dozen more, all anxious for work. But three of the best were picked out, and to each one was given an anna (two cents) in advance to buy a good dinner, and they were told to be on hand at half-past two o'clock.

A large water flask was put in a pan of water to soak. As neatly as a new base-ball is covered with leather, this flask is covered with a thick, porous, brown felt, which can absorb a large amount of water. After its jacket is thoroughly saturated, the flask is filled with good water from the filter and hung up by its strap to drip and get ready. A lunch is put up and packed in a small tin box.

At three o'clock the three men and our own man bring the jinricksha to the door. Putting on my large sun-helmet and smoked glasses, and taking the lunch box, water flask, a bottle of "pain killer," and a Telugu New Testament, I get into the jinricksha, with preacher Appalaswamy by my side. The coolies start on the road to the north toward Vizianagram, but that is not where we are going.

We have seven miles to go, and as our two wheels roll along I will tell you what it is that is taking us on this little journey. Meanwhile we pray Him who alone can bless to prosper our way. O Thou who hast sent us, bear witness of Thyself through us this afternoon.

You will excuse me if I take off my coat this torrid hour. About a year ago, one Sunday afternoon, a very black, broad-faced man came up and joined the small congregation which was listening that day to the preaching at the clock tower. He had oblong, squinty eyes, a flatter nose than the ordinary Telugu, fat mammoth cheeks, a short mustache as black as soot, and a very wide mouth whose lips contracted now and then, exhibiting two rows of teeth as white as snow.

His only turban was a thick head of hair as black as a coal. Over his rude left shoulder, across his shaggy breast, and under his right arm, ran a sacred string, and under his left arm is tucked a well-thumbed book, about the size of a sixth Royal Reader. It is a Telugu New Testament.

A day or two afterwards, this same man climbs up the mission bungalow steps, leaves his shoes on the platform, and appears at the door. He is called in, invited to a seat and we have a good talk. He says he wants to be baptized. But in the course of the conversation, it comes out that he does not care for his wife and wishes to get a divorce; and it looks as if he wants to become a Christian for the sake of getting rid of his wife. He had found some verse in the law of Moses which he believed would deliver him at once from his wife, if he became a Christian. So of course, all that he could say more went for nothing, and we could not receive him.

Again, last September (I think), he appeared at our study door in company with two young men. They came in, sat down and we had a long talk. After I had tried to explain to him, with the help of old Appiah, a few passages of Scripture, he said: "You need not explain any more, sir; it is enough. I am ready to be baptized." Fearing that he was expecting too much from baptism, I remember that I went out and brought in a basin of water and a glass half full of mud, and washed the outside of the glass well in the basin, but the inside did not become clean. Then we tried to show him that before his body were baptized in water, his heart must be baptized "in Holy Spirit and in fire," and in that

"Fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Still, the matter of putting away his wife seemed to hold a prominent place in mind. Therefore he had to go away without convincing us of the sincerity of his motives.

Which road do we take? We have come up to a big, wide-spreading banyan tree, where one road turns off obliquely to the right toward Chicacole and Paria Kimedy, and one goes straight ahead towards Vizianagram and Bobbili. We turn off to the right and have only a mile farther to go.

It was here under these mango trees, in the fork of these two roads, that we first pitched our tent last February. The first village that we visited was the very one to which we are bound this afternoon. Coming out of the village ti at February evening, we met a fine-looking young Telugu smoking a cigar. He appeared to have some education, and as we were looking for a munshi, he agreed to come to our tent next day. He came and was engaged to read Telugu with Mrs. Morse. One morning when we came back to tent from visiting some villages, he asked me if I would baptize him. When questioned about why he wished to be baptized he replied, "To take away my sins." I explained to him as well as I could that baptism could not wash away his sins. While we were talking I discovered that he was a younger brother of the black man of whom we have just been talking.

The next day this man came himself, with two or three others, to our tent. He came again, three or four times, day after day, and seemed very much in earnest. He had taken off his sacred string and declared that he would have nothing more to do with Hinduism. Nevertheless the design of getting rid of his wife was mixed up with it all, and we told him plainly that we could not receive him until that matter was settled. We tried to show him that Christ did not die so that he could get a divorce from his wife, but to save him from his sins.

Yet there did seem to be some evidence of his sincerity. He was a high caste man—a goldsmith—and yet was willing to give up his caste. He was willing to face the rage of his family and relatives and become an outcast in the eyes of his countrymen. He had plenty of means for a livelihood, and was not coming with any design of trying to get a living out of the mission. It did seem sometimes as if God were laying a hand upon his heart.

Back of all that has been said, there is a little history to this case. About five years ago a colporteur came to the house of this man's father, selling Bibles and other Christian books. But the father was a fiery, bigoted old Hindu, and he drove the colporteur away. After the bad bookseller had been gone some time, a book was found that he had left behind him. The old man called a servant, gave him the book and sent him off with it post-haste after the wicked owner. The servant ran, but could not come upon the colporteur anywhere, and so brought back the book. The dangerous thing was cautiously stowed away out of sight.

A few months later, one of the sons was taken sick, and while he was recovering could do nothing but read. As he had read all the other books in the house over and over again, he got down this new book and whiled away the days of his convalescence until he had read it nearly through (I think). Its truth took a great hold upon him, and he was convinced that it showed the true way of salvation. This book was the Telugu New Testament and this young man was the one who afterwards was Mrs. Morse's munshi, and who asked for baptism that day in tent. He told his elder brother about this great book and got him to read it too. He also was captivated, and ever since has desired to become a Christian. This elder brother is the black Telugu of whom we have been talking.

Now we have come to a place where, to our right, a narrow road runs off beneath the palms and across the fields. Into this we turn. Here are men and women at work on their plantations, and yonder, about a quarter of a mile from the road and half hidden amongst the trees, appear the roofs of a village. Its name is Polepilly. Beyond the village, to the left, looms a great round hill, studded on its brow with jagged rocks. At its foot, about as large as a smoke house, is a white-washed temple—the shrine of a village goddess. As we enter the village, on our right an old wall lifts its shoulders high above our heads, and ahead of us towers the roof of a crumbling mansion, where of old a kingly family dwelt and lived in luxury.

We alight, pass through an open gate in the wall and enter the garden within. There spreads abroad a field of greenest grass, and beyond a fine mango orchard fills the horizon with its rich foliage like a forest. Beneath the trees men are at work. Appalaswamy catches the attention of one and beckons for him to come. And soon his waddling gait across the sward reveals that he is no other than the fat black man whom we have come to see.

We sit down together at the roots of a tree near the wall. As we talked the people gathered around and listened too. Boys came from school with books under their arms and men came from their work. The black man asked questions and we searched the Scriptures until it was too dark to read. His younger brother came, and he too asked a few questions.

But darkness came upon us, and they were anxious to go to the house and see about the dividing of the products of the field that day. So we took leave and they urged us to come again. We shall go again very soon indeed, for it seems to be a crisis with them now.

We came home through a thunder shower. We did not get wet, for we had the top up. But the lightning! If we should see such lightning at home we should think the world was coming to an end.

I write you about these men to-day, wavering between hope and fear—fear lest their hearts may fail them, and "the world, the flesh and the devil" may drag them back—hope that they may yet give themselves entirely to Jesus Christ. Then what a break there will be in that village! Such a break will mean something in a Hindu community.

In a time like this the missionary learns the old lesson, that the only thing for him to do is to fall back wholly upon his God. I have hardly had room to pray for anything else since last night but that God would take charge of these two men. He can do a work in their hearts that will shake off the devil's black hand and the iron clutches of caste, and uproot the deep-seated superstitions of ages. He can give them a new heart, a new life and an insuppressible faith in the Saviour.

How it will all come out I cannot prophesy. The case may still be undecided when you read this letter. Pray for those two men, I pray you. Our puny voices are lost on the winds. All of us—your missionaries—need your prayers that we may live so near to God, that our very voices shall be the echo of His voice. O God, bear witness of Thyself through me! speak through me! is the petition of my heart as I write.

Very truly yours,
L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, May 27th.

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PAUL AT CORIN

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The preaching of the cro
that perish, foolishness; b
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—1 Cor. 1: 18.

EXPLANATORY.

CORINTH.—As Athens wa
culture, so Corinth was the
merce in the south of Greec
at this time the politic
Greece and the residence of
pro-consul, stood on the Isth
united the Peloponnesus t
land, and through it all lar
tween the peninsula and
Greece must pass, while its
one on each side of the neck
which Corinth stood, mad
sort of seafaring traders bot
and west. Farrar speaks o
having 400,000 inhabitants.

1. *After these things.* Th
Athens described in our
Came to Corinth. Corinth w
miles from Athens by land
with a fair wind could be m
hours. By land it would
days. As usual, Paul l
among the Jews, (1) becaus
his countrymen; (2) becau
lieved in one God, and in th
which foretold Christ; (3
synagogues where he could
reach the people.

2. *He found a certain Jew*
was a Christian before h
Corinth, or became one thro
strumentality of Paul, i
Aquila . . . Priscilla (a dim
Prisca, which occurs in 2
were Roman names; and it
for Jews to assume such
they lived out of Palestine.
that Priscilla was a woma
ability, being not only m
sharing in the hospitality o
but also in the theological t
Apollos. *Born in Pontus*
province in the north-east
Asia Minor, bordering on
Sea. *Claudius.* Fourth
peror. This was the twelfth
reign. *Commanded all Jes*
from Rome. This took pl
A. D. 52, on account of a rev
The Jews were very numero
and inhabited a separate di
town, on the banks of the T
were often very troublesom
several times expelled from

3. *Of the same craft,* or t
Jew was required by Rabbi
teach his son a trade, that h
independent; so Jesus E
probably taught the carpe
(Mark 6: 3). Rabbi Judah
that teacheth not his son a
the same as if he taught h
thief." *They were tentmake*
manufacturers of the tent
the hair of goats, or more p
making of tents from the cl
leather.

4. *And he reasoned.* Sl
the Scriptures and from fact
was the Messiah and the
He showed the reasonable
becoming Christians.

5. *And when Silas an*
were come from Macedonia
at Corinth alone, and had b
there some two or three m
Silas and Timothy arriv
from Macedonia, Timothy f
lonica and Silas from Bere
of the news they brought,
after wrote the First Epistle
salonians. *Paul was presse*
The better reading, as in
"pressed with the word."
engrossed with the word.
of his associates relieved
anxiety which had pressed
him, and he could now de
with unabated energy to hi
had the support also of t
co-operation. We see from
that Silas and Timothy to
part in the proclamation o
at Corinth. We see also
2: 3, where the apostle
was among the Corinthian
ness and in fear and much
that he was in a state of m
urgently the presence and
such coadjutors.

6. *And when they oppose*
The word implies very st
tion, as of a force drawn
array. It was an organised
Blasphemed. Spoke vilely
of Jesus Christ and His g
ing them with practices
that they repudiated, as
lievers blaspheme to this
his raiment. Shaking off
a testimony against them (
Your blood be upon your
The responsibility of your
struction rests with your
imprecation, but earnest,
ing. *I am clean . . . hen*
go unto the Gentiles. This
of the Jews was local, limite
Elsewhere, after this, St.
with all his energy for the
his countrymen (see above,
pared with 14: 1).

7. *And he departed thence*
synagogue (ver. 4), not fro
from the house of Aquil
man's house, named Just
this house for the purpose
and worship. We may sup
his own lodging, he still re
Aquila and Priscilla. *
shipped God, i. e. a proselyt
Jew. No doubt he becam
Nothing more is known
Joined hard to the synagog
probably the reason for
this house. Its proximity
his use of it a standing p
the unbelief of the Jews,
many who would be comin
gogue.

8. *Crispus, the chief rule*
gogue, believed. On the s
tion of Paul from the Jews
the synagogue, evidently a
consideration, joined the
Jesus. He was one of the
in Corinth whom Paul bap
own hand (1 Cor. 1: 14).
the Corinthians hearing b
is, many of the idolatrous
Corinth, in distinction to
proselytes before alluded