

President Harper of Chicago wrote: "From the character of those of its graduates with whom I have a personal acquaintance, I can speak most heartily for the high ideals of the Faculty of Acadia College and the thoroughness with which they perform their work. The College has done for the cause of education and the cause of Christianity an immense work in the past. I sincerely hope that its friends will rally to its support and enable it to do even a greater work in the future."

If I may step beyond this list, and quote an expression recently penned by one who ranks among the first educationalists of the Dominion, it shall be the following expression from the eloquent pen of Dr. Theodore H. Rand, who though a graduate, has been at a distance for a sufficiently long time, to form some true estimate of Acadia's work. He writes: I seem, in looking back, to owe all I am and all that I have been permitted to do, to the stimulus of my under-graduate years at Acadia, and the inspiring life and fellowship of those years. The work which Acadia's sons have accomplished, at home and abroad, is very noteworthy, and testimony of able educators to the excellent quality of its work abounds. I know of no institution which has done so much with such limited financial resources. The Maritime Provinces have an enviable reputation in respect of the output of their higher institutions, and of none more than those of Acadia University."

This then is the second source of inspiration for the future, the degree of excellence already reached, despite the many difficulties encountered.

3. But there are other inspirations. From these I call for mention to-night as a third one.

THE HISTORY OF THE PROFESSORSHIP.

At an earlier stage, when stating the problem of educational efficiency, I pointed out that the limited sources of supply meant limitations in respect to the plans that could be entertained, in respect to the number of professors that could be employed, and, as some might think in respect to the quality of service that could be secured. That last clause I inserted that I might at this stage return to it and answer it. It is true, I presume, that in a few instances professors have withdrawn to accept more lucrative positions elsewhere. But is it true that the financial stringency has imposed upon the University an inferior staff? Is it not rather true that from the inception of the work until this day, there have been upon the professoriate of Acadia men of mark and distinction, when who, had they been minded to seek their own, might have doubled and perhaps tripled the salaries they have received? Who does not know that their are men upon the staff to-day, of whom this is literally true? They have labored in this service as men labor in the Gospel, for Christ's sake. They have not looked for a material quid pro quo, but have come to this service in a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion. This is incidental to the greater Christian conception we have already considered: it is a gracious fruit of the spirit of Christ. This University in regard to its professoriate has been run on the principle of dollars plus Christian devotion, and therein is the explanation of its noble achievements with such scanty means.

Now in this feature of the history I find relief and inspiration. A capable and inspiring professoriate is a first desideratum in a college. This being so, it is a happy thing for a people with no larger means than we possess to know that there are men who are swayed by other motives than the size of the stipend in this great work of Christian education. We have no right to presume upon the self-sacrificing spirit beyond the point of absolute necessity. We ought, at the earliest practical moment, to condition our professors more favorably than at present, but it is evident that, as in the past, so for many years in the future, we must find men, who to some extent, will serve for the love of serving, and wait for the full reward at the Master's own hands. I am not afraid that we shall lack in men of first-class ability through the decay of this spirit. The example of the past will not be lost upon the future years. Self-sacrifice was no monopoly of the Fathers. History will repeat itself, and, though straitened in our money resources, we shall continue to be rich in the intellectual efficiency of the staff, and rich in much else which money cannot buy.

FINANCE AGAIN.

If before I conclude these references to the inspiration of the future, I may turn once more to the matter of finance, which to some may seem the highest problem of all, I would point out that encouragements in this direction are by no means wanting.

It is no slight encouragement for the future that an institution, founded upon the voluntary principle, and dependent for its existence and support upon the benefactions of a limited section of the country, has already amassed the property and endowments which are in the possession of the Governors of Acadia to-day. In this, one of the fairest spots on the round earth, is a University property which, with that of the affiliated schools, is worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. The endowments of the college for the purposes of the arts department reach another hundred thousand dollars. In connection with this plant are employed ten professors and sixteen other instructors. Now, I say, the accumulation of this noble possession from the gifts of a people who at the beginning of the educational work were few and poor, who today are by no means a wealthy people, and who concurrently with their gifts for property and endowment have been giving for many years several thousands of dollars a year in direct gifts to the current expenses of the College. I say that this fact furnishes substantial grounds on which to base expectations for the future.

There is also the encouragement recently afforded by the bequest of the late Mr. Payzant for the purposes of Theology. That bequest may not make complete provision for the department which must be created, but it constitutes a gift of munificent proportions, and furnishes assurance that the day of liberal devising for the educational work is waxing not waning.

Just now, a new financial project is on hand, and at its

very inception encouragements of a very real sort have put heart into the undertaking. Several months ago, it was decided that an appeal must be made for \$75,000 for the lightening of debts and the increase of the College endowment. It was not deemed prudent or even legitimate to enter upon the campaign till the proposal had been ratified by the Convention. Since the Convention, the occurrence of another Convention, the manifold cares in connection with the opening of college, the preparation needed for this occasion, these and other duties, have prevented your president from entering formally upon the more public undertaking. By anticipation, however, correspondence was opened several months ago with the American Baptist Education Society, which resulted in the visit of Dr. Morehouse, and furnished ground for hope of substantial help from that quarter. That is an encouragement which may prove to be of a most inspiring sort. Other longtime friends of the college have made promises which add thousands of dollars to the credit of the University, and I have no doubt that when in a few days our hands are free to enter upon the canvass, in concert with others whom the Board shall appoint, the response will be worthy of your history, and fully equal to the exigencies of the times.

Were there time I might dwell upon the encouragement furnished by the growing appreciation of the college, as indicated in the magnificent Freshman class of so which has just entered upon its work. Or I might enlarge upon that inspiration which crowns all others the confidence that Father Harding was right when he named the college "The Child of Providence," the confidence that the God of wisdom and goodness who has led thus far through storm and shine will lead and guide through all the days to come.

But I fear, Mr. Chairman, that I have already taxed the patience of the audience, and I must conclude. Permit me a brief closing word. I have set forth as I understand them the leading problems of our immediate or remote future. They are difficult enough. But who will say that in the presence of the inspirations I have enumerated there is room for anything but courage and confidence? I should deem myself a hopeless pessimist if I could cherish any other feeling. I do not forget that that these inspirations spring almost wholly from the past. My position is a happy one. Other men have labored and I am entering into their labors. I am reminded that upon this platform sits one whose admiration has covered nearly half of the University's history. The past from which I gather inspiration has been very largely created by his own wisdom and fidelity. The more I become familiar with the facts of life here, the more impressed am I with the greatness of the services he has rendered. As the standard passes from his hands to mine, I would pay my tribute to his greatness, and express the hope that in some humble measure I may prove worthy to follow where he has so grandly led.

Rev. John Chipman Morse, D. D.

BY REV. E. M. SAUNDERS, D. D.

Justice was not done in my last to the visit of Mr. Morse to the house of George West a most honorable and devout man who, after serving the Upper Aylesford church for many years as a member and honored deacon, passed away to his eternal rest. At the time of Mr. Morse's conversion Mr. West was married and had a family of young children. He lived on the west end of the Woodworth road in a new house which he had built. Mr. Morse had great confidence in Mr. West. Early in the morning he resolved to go and see him. His soul was in great darkness, a crushing weight was on his spirits. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Morse's temperament is ardent and poetic. This religious ordeal through which he passed stimulated his whole nature to the highest degree of sensitiveness and suppressed excitement. His spirit was thereby prepared to take impressions as quickly as a kodak. Being in this state of mind, he, to this day, sees the block of wood serving the purpose of a door step, on which he stepped when he entered Mr. West's house. He sees with equal distinctness the family sitting around the breakfast table, Mr. West and his wife and their children, boiled herring, bright and shining were on the table. As he entered they stopped eating, and looked at him. To an invitation to take a seat, he said, I am lost, my soul is damned forever. At the utterance of this they dropped their knives and forks on the bare table. The clink of their fall is still in the ears of Mr. Morse. For a time not another word was spoken. Mr. West sprang from the table, thrust out his hand, caught his hat, and rushed out of doors. Mr. Morse still sees the extended hand of Mr. West reaching for his hat, even to the finger on the right hand which was drawn up. Mr. West then darted out of the door, shouted glory to God and ran to tell his neighbors the good news. The Lord is working with Chipman Morse. This was the first robin heralding the arrival of spring. His theology interpreted this phenomena. Here is one elect soul struggling into life. In his mind there was no doubt about the final result. Preceding this he and other Christians had been praying for a revival of religion, for the coming down upon them of the Holy Ghost to convict them as at Pentecost. Prayer is now answered. George West sees not Chipman Morse alone crushed under his sense of guilt but he sees and indefinite number of men and women calling for mercy and obtaining salvation. So he left the silver backed herring and the smoking potatoes unconsumed and flew from house to house alternately shouting glory to God and telling any sinner he might chance to meet that Chipman Morse was convicted, and that damnation or salvation was now the destiny of each unconverted soul. Flee to the city of refuge, the avenger of blood is at your heels. Zion had travailed. Now she is about to bring forth her sons and daughters.

It is not difficult to follow in the walk of this messenger of the breakfast table. When a man leaves his breakfast unconsumed, there is some fire in his soul. West was a torch that fired every house. The wilderness and solitary places were glad, and the desert soon blossomed as the rose.

Meanwhile Chipman Morse with despair pictured on his young face sits and hears soothing words from Mrs. West and the stern message from the stern covenantor, Abner Woodworth. Meanwhile the lost and the saved are hearing from Mr. West. Nor was all the visions of that morning empty visions. The revival came, the Aylesford church had the privilege of reporting to the Association fifty three baptisms in this 1839. Rev. Ezekiel Masters, the pastor entered heartily into the work.

Where are the results of your revivals, says the objector, after the series of meetings have close and the excitement subsided? The people have gone back to their work, and everywhere matters are calm and the world goes on scrutinizing with keen eye the church members, especially the conduct of the young converts. Let us follow the revival of 1839 in Aylesford: That was no flash in the pan, as the old flint-lock gunners would say. It is true the flame of the revival burned down and ceased to attract public attention. Very likely jests were made over the glass about some young fellow who had shouted in a Baptist meeting or groaned in a Methodist meeting. But nevertheless many days after this, bread was found which was cast upon the waters before and during the time of that revival. Good men and good women came into the churches at that time and served well their day and generation. Let us see what came to the ministry through this "reformation." They were called "reformations" then, not revivals. Revival is a new term.

It is summer time now! Who is that young man on horse back who has just come down the south mountain and as he came into the main road meets Chipman Morse? That is Jim Parker, he has been hail-fellow-well-met with the young folk. He has a bright, merry eye in his head, and ruddy beaming countenance, a beaming ruddiness which never left him till in old age death made him pale. He stops his horse, and says to young Morse, Chipman I want to have a talk with you. Well replied Morse I can talk with you here. Not here, said Parker. I want to have a long talk with you where no one will see us. Well, replied Morse, we can go into the meeting house. I have the key; Hinston and I are working on the inside of the building, any day now. Very good, said Parker. Down he comes from his horse, turns him into his uncle's field, takes the saddle into the meeting house and there James Parker son of William Parker, living on the top of the south mountain and John Chipman Morse, settle themselves down upon the shavings from the carpenter's bench for a long private talk, and a long private talk it was. When they had seated themselves Parker said:—Chipman ar'n't you thinking about preaching? Preaching, said Morse, me preach, what put that into your head? Tell me now, continued Parker seriously, don't you think you have a call to preach? Well, rejoined Morse, to tell you the truth, I am troubled about it. I thought so, said Parker, and I, too, am troubled about preaching, and have come down to have a talk with you. Now Parker and Morse had before this had no intimacy. They barely knew each other.

It would be most interesting to have now a stenographer's report of that prolonged conversation between these two young men. We have, however, the substance of it.

Look at the circumstances and conditions. Common schools existed in those districts. The young people in them could learn the three Rs. They did learn to read, write and cipher. Calls to preach were then loud and imperative. Like the conversions they were pronounced and emphatic. Morse talked to Parker in this fashion: "One day I was working alone here in this meeting house and I decided I would not preach. My soul rose up in rebellion against God, and I threw my broad-axe across the house by way of emphasizing my decision. Then the agony was worse than ever. I had set my will against God. He would now cast me off. Shortly after I went down to the river to throw myself into the water, not perhaps to commit suicide, but to get some relief to my despair. As I went there came a flash of blinding light across my eyes." It arrested me and I sat down by a cock of hay and there meditated and prayed. I asked the Lord to give me a sign. But no sign was given. Like the Pharisees of old, I waited a sign from heaven. The presence of my mother enabled her to see the state of my mind. She, without my knowledge, requested Mr. Sleep, the Methodist minister, to talk with me. Mr. Sleep advised me to exert in prayer meetings. No deliverance came. One night I looked up and fixed my eye on a special bright star and said, Lord make that star move and I will preach, but the star moved not. One Sunday I went up into the woods and preached to the pine trees and that gave me some relief."

Parker, in his turn, related his experiences after this fashion: "For a long time I have been in dreadful trouble about preaching. I cannot stand it much longer. I take no pleasure in anything I do. I am all the time thinking of it. I cannot live this way much longer. I will tell you a dream I had a few nights ago." Here it must not be forgotten that Mr. Parker's father's house was on the top of the South Mountain and commanded an extensive view of the Annapolis Valley, many miles east and west, and of course a fine view of the southern slope and heights of the North Mountain. The scenes in this wide and picturesque landscape were familiar to the highly imaginative mind of young Parker. Well, this was the dream related by Parker to Morse in the silent hours of the night, among the shavings under the roof of the then new Baptist meeting house at Upper Aylesford: "One night," said Parker, "I dreamed that I saw a fine-looking, well-dressed man in the field in front of my father's house, setting up tables as if he were preparing

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