

favorable omens for the enjoyment and profit of a successful year.

One of the most important items of business demanding our careful attention was the reissuing of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, the publication of which, we have resolved to continue, and hope to make the paper worthy of a generous support.

In previous years a regular course of monthly lectures was provided for, by the Athenæum, which were highly appreciated and attended with beneficial results. These during the past two years have been somewhat irregular and interrupted on account of the efforts to procure men at stated intervals proving unsuccessful.

The marked success that has attended these lectures and the benefits derived therefrom, are considered good reasons for our endeavoring to re-establish the course, providing necessary and appropriate arrangements can be made. Consequently our Secretary has been authorized to correspond with various lecturers to see if their services can be obtained, to whose communications we trust they will cordially respond in the affirmative.

ACADIA COLLEGE FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE opening meeting of this Society was marked with unusual fervour, which exhibited the increasing interest of the students of these institutions in the all important work of Foreign Missions.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—F. D. Crawley, *President*; J. Goodwin, *Vice-President*, M. W. Brown, *Secretary*; B. P. Shafner, *Treasurer*.

The chief aim of this Society is to inculcate and foster right feelings toward the noble enterprize of Missions, and to cultivate a spirit of benevolence.

While writing we call to mind, that quite a number of the old and worthy members of the Society are now earnestly and successfully labouring for the Master, in those lands where the darkness of almost universal heathendom prevails. It will be a source of satisfaction for them to know, that the Society still lives in earnest, and that they, though separated from us, are not forgotten.

Personals.

CLASS OF '75.—Two members of this class, which so lately left our halls, have entered Newton,—Messrs Good and Martell. Mr. Stevens is laboring with great acceptance in the Baptist Church at Kentville, Mr. Barss is now *en route* for Liverpool, England, where he commences a mercantile life. Messrs Parsons, Longley and Rand, after enjoying the recreation of the summer have crossed to

Now Brunswick, where we understand they purpose pursuing the profession of teaching. The past of their career proves that they will be most worthy additions to that important sphere of labour.

WE are sorry to learn that Mr. Campbell of the present junior class, has decided not to resume his studies this year; having taken charge of the High School at Fredericton Junction, N. B. Mr. Campbell has already distinguished himself as an excellent teacher and superior student. We must congratulate the people, where he is situated, on receiving his efficient services.

MR. F. H. EATON, A.B., Harvard, '75, a member of the graduating class of '73 at Acadia, has lately returned, and we are pleased to announce, is now lending his efficient services in the Academical Department as Instructor in English and Greek.

Locals.

WHILE noting the various Societies that are under the auspices of "Acadia's" students, we would not wish to forget the "Cricket Club." We are much pleased to say that the interest in that noble game has not in the least abated, but a flourishing club has been re-organized, and our field is daily seen crowded with athletic young aspirants, whose success in that department augers well to win laurels for themselves.

THE Wolfville Baptist meeting house has during the late vacatic- been elegantly repainted, and all the pews magnificently cushioned excepting those in the GALLERY. We congratulate our friends on the attractive and tasty appearance, which certainly reflect great credit upon the artist, Mr. G. H. Goudey, of Yarmouth.

NO DOUBT many of our former students will be pleased to learn that the Mathematical Room has been removed to more capacious compartments, and that the former room has been converted into a studio in which one of our editors now groans under ponderous editorials instead of knotty questions and problems.

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

ELOQUENCE is not confined to the pulpit, the bar, or the platform, to legislative assemblies, or the councils of City Fathers, to after-dinner speeches, or stump orators. There is an eloquence into which enters neither tone, nor word, nor gesture. The heavens above us and the world around us are ever speaking to the soul of man, in language at once the sweetest and most sublime, and that mind must be heavy and dull indeed, which, after listening to the various voices of nature, will not admit that there is a beauty and pathos in

them, that far transcends the loftiest and tenderest utterances of man. There is eloquence in the roar of the thunder, when the crash of heaven's artillery, echoes among the hills, and crag shouts to crag; in the dash and foam of storm-tossed wave, and in the howl of the tempest. There is music in the ripple of a stream, poetry in the whisper of summer breezes, pathos in the sigh of the night wind. But, beyond all this, there is an eloquence, the voice of which falls not upon the ear, but upon the heart. It speaks to us in the delicate tints of woodland blossoms, in the play of sunlight upon the waters, in the still march of morning mists; we hear it in the stillness of night, surrounded by the majesty of darkness, and solitude: it is the eloquence of silence.

'Tis evening, and we are alone in the forest. The last rays of an August sun have just faded on the tree-tops, and the western skies are flushed with rainbow glory. The shadows which have been dreaming all day in the valleys and in nooks where the sunlight never falls, now begin to climb the sides of the mountains, and blot out the beauties of the landscape. The songs of the birds have ceased, save that now and then a smothered chirp breaks on the stillness; the harsh chatter of the squirrel is heard no more, and the buzz of myriad insects has faded into silence. The very breeze that stirs the tree-tops and whispers through the leaves of the ground ivy, has a noiseless touch. The cricket is singing his evening hymn, and afar we hear the solemn hoot of a lonely owl. The calm quiet of the hour touches the mind with a feeling akin to awe, which deepens as the flush fades from the West, and those eyes of the angels, the stars, appear, one by one, in the still, blue depths above, while each tree and shrub shrouds itself in mysterious shadow. Here the leafless trunk of some old tree looms vaguely up into the sky, and seems to spread out its withered branches in mute benediction. A tiny stream that trickles by our feet steals on with a subdued murmur and ripple, soothing as the voice of sympathy. The long reeds and grasses which rise from its bed wave to and fro with a slow and silent grace, as if moving to the time of the ripples.

The shadows darken, it is night. Overhead the boughs of the trees show dark and clear against the sky, and far above twinkle the glowing constellations. Through a rift in the branches steal down rays of beauty from other and distant worlds; but around all is gloom and darkness; a silence as of death reigns in the temple of the Almighty, and those voices of God, more impressive than the roar of thunder or the rage of elements, silence and darkness, speak to the soul. Ah! there is a voice in the lonely stillness of the night, in the vague solitude