

tion is a beautiful dream which need not be cast aside even if three decades hence, there is still much to be done. The more immediate the task the more strenuously will it be attempted.

It is pleasant to hear that so much stress has been laid upon the absolute necessity of sound scholarship as a preparation for missionary activity. There have been students of our own—though we blush to put it in print—who found Greek so hard that they gave it up and went off to learn Chinese and preach to the Celestials. But that was some years ago, and one of the echoes from the meeting at Toronto is that men must be well grounded before they will be recognized as legitimate applicants for the outposts of Christian effort. Sympathetic study of the great non-Christian religions as well as a grasp of our own religion in terms of the thought of our own time are essentials without which the most earnest of missionaries will make but a faint impression upon men steeped in age-long ideas and prejudices so different from our own. It is a student's volunteer movement and men must study before they volunteer.

IT is one of the privileges of the editorial department of this paper that it can exercise what to many other organisms would be a very desperate and hazardous flexibility. For nine-and-twenty years back this capacity has been in the making, and the suppleness and agility with which these pages can turn from grave to gay is one of the evidences that both gaiety and sobriety are respectable. The article, for instance, which precedes this one is eminently serious both in conception and in style, while this one itself, though not frivolous, altogether, is quite anxious to dis-

avow any very sober or didactic purposes. Always to be serious and didactic would indicate an alarming condition of the conscience and would be a poor result to show for all the practice which this paper has enjoyed these last three decades both in literature and in casuistry.

One of the functions of the editorial department is to look on impersonally wherever the students of the University are gathered in considerable numbers and to make reflections and remarks upon their doings. If games are lost or won, if contests of wit and speech are fought to a desperate decision, or if new enterprises of great pith and moment are undertaken within the community, the writers who shield themselves behind the abstract existence of this paper must not fail to offer an opinion. The busy life of the University is bizarre and fascinating. Its colours are bright and it has much significance for a sphere wider than its own stone walls. At work or at play the students of the University offer a perpetual attraction to these pages which only the most insensible observer could resist.

There is a winter playground within the limits of the college properties which offers a lively fascination for an eye that is not dulled by too much study. "Come across and have a skate," is one of the invitations heard oftenest in the afternoons, though sometimes other portions of the day are spent in the same exhilarating pastime. Day in day out, while the frosts of winter hold, the surface of the skating rink is a scene of the liveliest activity. The lady skaters emerge from one corner of the building, often to skate hand in hand without a glance at the bystanders or at the men who skate so gracefully just ten yards in