

In dexter chief; the scroll "I follow fame."
And speaking not but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
And made a *Gar' ener* putting in a graff,
With this for motto, "Rather use than fame."

Redeem the Time.

FIRST impressions are generally correct, we are told. What are these in the case of Freshmen arriving at our College? They have come expecting to live in an atmosphere rich with Christian love and example. Are their expectations realized? Do they find the prevailing spirit in our halls a help to Christian life, or do they find it, as it is said by some to be, an actual hinderance? College life, from the very first year, largely determines what we are to be as students and as men. And not only should we consider that the life of the College affects those who enter it, but also as a band of students who profess to have given themselves up to the Christianizing of the world, we should bear in mind that our *status* will be fixed by those around us, not by our profession, but by our deeds.

There are those who appear to think that College life is the only time in which they are free to waste time in amusements far from profitable, and that therefore they must make the most of it. But is this so? Have we the right to spend an hour now in any manner in which we would be ashamed to spend it if we were ministers in charge of congregations? The argument that other colleges do likewise does not change the right or wrong of the question. Let us realize that "life is real, life is earnest," that time is too short to be frittered away, and that we must work now, for the "night cometh."—STUDENT.

The Presbyterian College Journal.

Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief; Business communications to the Manager.

News of Graduates earnestly solicited.

MONTREAL, P.Q., OCTOBER, 1883.

"AN organ of Student opinion!" So the calendar averred, and so the JOURNAL itself echoed on the title page. Hitherto, however, the onus of expressing student opinion has devolved, to a greater extent than advisable, upon the few. This lamented state of affairs has arisen more likely through mistaken conceptions as to the claims and object of the paper than through any wilful and deliberate neglect on the part of past and present students. It is hoped that a warmer support will be tendered in the future, and more particularly in the line of literary contributions. No fear is entertained regarding financial prospects. The managers are energetic, it but remains for contributors to rival them in that respect.

On the threshold of another volume need we apologise for the existence of our periodical? We trow not. No rational being will in these latter days dispute the immense influence for good or evil wielded by the press. Yet there is cause to ask: Why should so powerful an instrument be relegated almost entirely to unprincipled parties and factions by those who labor for the spread of righteousness and truth? Why should the secular press be allowed to outvie the religious in life and enterprise? Or on what grounds, forsooth, must secular institutions of

learning autocratically monopolize the field of college journalism? We are here and have a right to be.

This little sheet occupies a rather unique position. Papers from purely theological seminaries are not numerous,—we know of none besides our own, save *Knox College Monthly* of Toronto. This circumstance, of course, increases the responsibility laid upon the editorial staff. But while we do thus fulfil a peculiarly distinct sphere in the Fourth Estate, it should ever be remembered that our mission is not limited to the student community whence the publication issues. In his opening address, the President of our Philosophical and Literary Society took a commendable view regarding the insipid sentiments often expressed by humdrum valedictorians, to effect that the student who has completed a college course of training, enters then for the first time upon the struggle of life. It is not so. The familiar American term "commencement," is surely ill-chosen. As Mr. Currie so ably pointed out, the student as such has already commenced the all-absorbing struggle, and should earnestly seek to influence for good those with whom he associates, and as many more beyond academic precincts as possible. In this light the JOURNAL must at once be recognized as a convenient, and to some extent at least, a potent channel for reaching both fellow-students and graduates, as well as the outside world. The latter element we can ill-afford to overlook. Not unfrequently it is complained that our theological colleges bear a striking resemblance to Popish monasteries. It is alleged that once a young man takes possession of a dormitory he becomes a sort of undefined recluse. However unwarranted is such an impression, it does exist in certain quarters; and if this publication in any measure combats and refutes it, one good end will be attained. Our pages seek to lay before the public eye what of importance transpires within "the Presbyterian cloister below the reservoir," and in order that they may reflect our student life and thought with fidelity, all who are directly concerned must give the necessary aid and inspiration.

The Fourth Volume is commenced under manifest disadvantages. Mr. Scrimger, who was elected Editor-in-Chief last April, will be absent from the College halls this session. His successor was appointed only in the middle of October. There has therefore been little, if any opportunity for preparing and collecting manuscripts, otherwise matter of a more finished literary character might perhaps have been inserted in this number.

THE Students who have been engaged during the past summer in the active duties of Mission life have returned to participate in the joys and cares of a new Session. Two have come from the distant North-West territory, with its wide-spread expanse of undulating prairie, and its rapidly increasing villages and towns. Some have found their way back from the beatific maritime provinces, where the roar of the ocean carries music to the ear, where the zephyrs, from the saline billows, remove "the pale cast of thought" from the brow of the toil-worn student. Others have returned from sparsely-settled fields in Ontario, where rapid streams meander through hilly farms that almost defy the attempts of the eager husbandman. Several have returned to tell us of Mission-life in Muskoka, with its labyrinth of lakes and perpetual round of delights to the sport-loving tourist. Others tell us of conflicts with Papal darkness amongst