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PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL,

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The Editor's Vision.

ONE night as I sat in my sanctum heavily pressed and borne down by the cares of journalism, I fell into a kind of half dreamy condition, between the condition of sleep and wakefulness. While I was in this condition, a change gradually stole over me. My cares vanished. Troubles were unknown. The fruitless search for copy was forgotten. I was happy, and yet on a closer examination of my surroundings I seemed to recognize where I was. Yes, there was a familiarity with all around me. I seemed to be in my own room. I went out and found the same long corridor that so oft has rung with the happy voices of my fellow students. Everything was the same. There was the old College building, and here the Morrice Hall. And in all this I was happy. I seemed to be gifted with the power of moving noiselessly from room to room like some of the genii of the Arabian Nights. Everywhere I went I found bustle and activity. In one room a student engaged in writing out a ponderous article on some Metaphysical subject intended for the COLLEGE JOURNAL. In another room I found a student striving to give vent to his pent-up feelings in a poem intended for our next issue. In another I found the student's busy brain giving out, in strains of pleasing and mirth-giving English, an article to relieve the heavy tone of our Journal. In another I found one trying to relieve the melancholy state of his mind by an attack upon the dietetic arrangements of the College. In another room the language of the Gael was being brought into subservience for our Journal. In another the language of La belle France. How happy was I then. I saw before

me at last the fond ideal after which I had been earnestly striving. I saw at last that our Journal was in truth being used as a medium whereby the burning thoughts of our students might be made known to the world. In this I saw improvement to those who were so engaged, and a rest from the anxiety that had been thoughtlessly laid upon the shoulders of the editors. And strange to say my dream did not stop here. But on the wings of imagination I was taken in my flight far from the College. I was transposed to quiet parsonages nestling among the trees in the sweet and blissful country. Peeping within what did I find? There I saw our graduates in their homes, many of them engaged in writing articles and interesting communications to the local column. My joy was complete. But at this stage of my happiness, I heard a sudden noise, the ringing of a bell, and I was brought back to the grave reality that my beautiful vision was only a dream. Too bad, too bad. I was brought back to the fact that what I saw in my dream was our students and graduates as they ought to be; but alas! in many instances the picture of what they really are in regard to the Journal is one that entails too much labor and hard work on those unfortunates whom they have elevated to the position of managers.

Preparation for the Ministry.

WE often hear that the preacher's work is the noblest that can occupy the attention of men. Whether all men will agree with this statement is a question, but, at least, all theological students and ministers should believe that this is the true position of their work, and seek to qualify themselves for it accordingly. The greater the work—the more important its sphere, the greater is the need of preparation for that work.

Now there is a belief in a great many quarters, and perhaps in the minds of some students as well, that there is no need for all these years of toil and study at college to fit a man for preaching the Gospel. The earnest convert, the young enthusiast desires at once to rush into the field to make known the glad tidings of a Saviour found, and he feels in many cases the harness of college life to be a wearisome burden, which he earnestly desires to be freed from. Now, we must sympathize with the student who is filled with such impatience, but we must seek to counsel such, that they must cultivate patience, perseverance and attention to duty as the pre-requisites in many cases to success in ministerial life. When earthly kings send ambassadors they send men of culture well-fitted for their task, and shall ministers who are the ambassadors of the King of kings not seek the highest qualifications to which they can attain?

Besides, in the Church in Canada, there is not any great reason why students should be impatient. The Home