Alma Mater, McGill! thou dost sit as a queen
On the slopes of Mount Royal, whose crest
Saw the cross and the fleur-de-lis herald the birth
Of an Empire—the Queen of the West!
With fair memories crowned thou hast fostered our love
For the country whose name we hold dear;
Thou hast taught us to look to her future with pride,
And her glorious past to revere.

Alma Mater, McGill! thy classrooms and halls,
We shall long to behold them once more,
To revisit old scenes, feel the warm grasp of hands
Of Professors and classmates of yore.
Farewell! Be thy destinies onward and bright.
Our fond hearts shall follow thee still,
Thy sons and thy daughters will cherish and love
Forever the name of McGill.

## EDITORIALS.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

It is proper to state that the frontispiece to the present number of the JOURNAL was not engraved expressly for our pages, but has already appeared in the Montreal Witness and New York Pulpit Treasury. Although the portrait was engraved from a photograph taken eleven or twelve years ago, the likeness is still considered tolerably accurate.

In the numbers for February, March and April, we shall publish portraits and biographical sketches of Professors Campbell, Coussirat and Scrimger respectively. The engraved blocks are now in our hands, having been executed with great despatch and fidelity by the Moss Engraving Company, New York. All who have seen proofs of them consider these portraits highly satisfactory.

We may state here, for the benefit of those who may wish to preserve their Journals this session, that we have made special arrangements with our publishers, Messrs. John Lovell & Son, to bind the volume neatly in cloth at the moderate charge of seventy-five cents. The numbers should be carefully kept till the close of the session, and then sent in with the subscriber's name and address to their office in the Morrice Hall Tower. We cannot promise in any instance to replace missing numbers, for, although we have printed unusally large editions each month, our supply of back numbers is now almost exhausted, and we cannot afford to break the few complete files in our possession.