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PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL

Vol. III.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1883.

No. 4.

The Presbyterian College Journal,

Published MONTHLY throughout each Session (from October to April, inclusive) by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION :

For the Session, sixty cents, and two copies, \$1, invariably in advance.

Single copies, ten cents; Extras to Subscribers, five cents each.

All communications and exchanges must be addressed to the
PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL,

Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

MONTREAL, P.Q., JANUARY, 1883.

A Happy New Year to You !

New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way ;
 New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day ;
 New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
 New praise in the morning, new songs in the night ;
 New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise ;
 New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise ;
 New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face ;
 New streams from the fountain of infinite grace ;
 New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love ;
 New gleams of the glory that awaits thee above ;
 New light of His countenance full and unpriced—
 And this be the joy of thy new life in Christ.

Francis Ridley Havergal.

THE holidays are over and we must now once more settle down to hard work. The memories of the too short Christmas vacation must brighten and cheer our hearts, until the Spring ushers in another rest after honest toil. We need scarcely say that the holidays were joyous. This is too weak an expression to give vent to our exuberant emotions. There were so many things conspiring to make us happy, we could not help being happy. First of all, there was no necessity for burning the midnight oil—at least over the mysteries of Mathematics or the never-ending pleasures of Greek and Latin. Then for the most part the student was happily oblivious of the fact that Homer, or anybody else, ever wrote an immortal work to be the unceasing plague of some poor student's existence. Then the hieroglyphic points of the Hebrew tongue, with its toilsome brain worrying, nerve

consuming paradigms, were happily laid aside, and the study of nature in some of its gentle aspects was the main theme of some of our students thoughts. Then the bell, the Wyman bell, was no longer heard. No longer did the musical peal ring through the hour that precedes the midnight, warning us that the hour to retire had come, and then, no longer before the clear light of day was streaming did the morning bell call us from our sweet repose ; and then again, no examinations, like the sword of Damocles, were hanging over our head. How happy we were then. These are, to speak scientifically, the negative aspects of the student's holidays. Were we to launch upon the positive aspects and treat our subject fully, we might say as one of the illustrious heroes of the past has said, " Before my task were done the setting stars would invite us to repose." Suffice it to say, that meeting our friends, social reunions and a sweet rest from the care-worrying depressions of a student's life, were sources of positive enjoyment to many of us. We hope that the energy and strength we have gained, may carry us through the remainder of this session, and that in this, the home stretch, each one may reach the goal of his ambition.

Finances.

IN the second issue of the JOURNAL for this Session a notice was inserted requesting our subscribers to send in their subscriptions to the Managing Editor. We feel it necessary to repeat our reminder to those of our subscribers who have not attended to this matter. It is very easy to forget to remit your subscription and it would entail a great deal of unnecessary labor on our Managing Editor to have to send accounts to each subscriber. Your account is in your hands on the first page. Then let us see that it will not be necessary to revert to this matter again, but that *at once*, the heart of the treasurer may be made glad by each subscriber remitting what he owes.

Address all money letters to R. Gamble, B. A., Presbyterian College, Montreal.

AT a meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery, held in October last, a vote of thanks was passed to the Students' Missionary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, for their kindness in supplying the Plantagenet Mission Field during former years.

We feel grateful to the Presbytery for their recognition of services rendered, but we know that a mistake has