

# College Note Book.

## STUDENT LIFE.

“**I**S the JOURNAL out yet?” The tone in which this oft-repeated question is uttered, as well as the words indicate a lively interest in our organ. The enthusiasm with which the first issue of each year is greeted is especially keen, perhaps because the new staff which is appointed each year is expected to exhibit some novelties of style, tone, and opinion.

Each member of the new staff has faced the important question, “What are my duties?” Among those which fall to the lot of the Local Editor the following three seem important:—

1. To voice the sentiments of the students concerning affairs of local interest.
2. To foster the students’ kindly interest in each other.
3. To paint word pictures of student life, which may interest our friends, and may be preserved for the future ministers’ recollections of college days.

The usefulness of the College Note Book will depend largely on the kindly co-operation of the students.

The “old boys” have nearly all returned from their mission fields. We miss those who graduated last Spring, but we find consolation in the good news which our Corresponding Editor

gives of their various successes in the work of the ministry. We miss also the genial company of Mr. Archie McVicar and Mr. James McIntosh, who continue their labors during the winter in the far West, the one at Kelowna, B. C., and the other at Clandeboye, Man.

Mr. W. A. Snyder is unable to be with us this term. His eyes, during the past summer, gradually became weaker. His intention was to go to Philadelphia, on the 23rd of October, to consult an oculist. He may engage in mission work this winter, and he expects to be back to college next year. We sincerely hope he may return, as he desires, with the full recovery of his eyesight.

We have heard with sorrow of the death of our late college companion, Mr. Harris. Yet we know it is well with him. He can learn more of Christ, and can serve him better, in the school above, than we can in the school below. Ours is the loss, his the gain.

“The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead.”

Mr. W. Patterson was called this summer to mourn the death of his father, We remember how eager our fellow-student was to hear from home, and how his conversation often incidentally indi-