

woven through the hearts of all, uniting us more closely together in the bonds of Christian fellowship. We trust that our COLLEGE JOURNAL will do much in this direction and thus accomplish its primary object.

For the sake of being brief we must merely enunciate the secondary objects: The COLLEGE JOURNAL will act as one of the means by which our graduates, who now form a very widely spread and influential body of men, can still walk the loved old halls and offer suggestions which they consider will be profitable to either students or professors. It will thus tend to strengthen the cords which bind them to their Alma Mater; and this strengthening must ever redound to the greater growth and success of the Institution. The classes of this College are yearly indebted for their rapid increase to the loyal activity of her graduates.

In the next place our Journal will effect the very necessary result of engaging the attention of all the students to literary criticism. This is a matter of such importance that we urge upon each man the duty of contributing, during the session, some article which will be the outcome and product of his best effort. By this means alone will the COLLEGE JOURNAL be to all concerned that which we could wish it to be.

But again, our paper will be a medium through which we, as a body, may lend a helping hand to encourage every good word and work; and through which we, as a body, may assist to frown down that which is evil. We know that this is best done by filling the mind with noble and elevating thoughts; so that there may be no room for the idle and vain. With this object in view we have devoted a space to religious thought and sentiment. We trust that by God's blessing it may prove a source of strength and a well of sweet waters to many souls.

J. A. M.

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A false step in the dark; a splash in the cold waters;—and another light in the religious world has been mysteriously quenched.

Dr. W. P. Mackay was well known in Montreal, both by reputation and in person. Many of us can vividly recall the thrill caused by his earnest, rugged words. He was no common man. In public and private he had the knack of making himself at home with all classes—all except, perhaps, the "pious fraud" fraternity. For that he had no sympathy: sham was his *bête noire*.

Though great, he humbled himself. He was every bit as popular with the London newsboys as with the highest luminaries of the Church. Indeed his method of addressing street Arabs could hardly have failed to win their hearts. He talked *with*, rather than *to*, them; adopting without reservation their own rough style of thought and word.

And his sympathies thus went out to all sorts. He seldom, if ever,