

## Editorial Department.

---

The Journal has made such progress in every direction, that it is with a deep sense of responsibility, and of our own inefficiency we undertake the task of conducting it through this Session. That we shall commit errors goes without saying, but that we shall do our best is equally true. We crave the indulgence of our readers, and ask them when they are inclined to be censorious, to remember that we can devote to this work only the hours snatched from the pressing duties of a more than usually busy Session.

\* \* \*

The Christian Church has had triumphs of which to boast, but also errors over which to mourn. There has been and still is, unseemly internal strife which has engendered cruel words, and relentless hate, and all uncharitableness. "A church in which the drum-beat of civil war never ceases, urges the cause of the Prince of Peace." The sources of these divisions, the possibility and desirability of their removal, as well as means and ways to bring about a better understanding, and if possible closer co-operation among the various Christian bodies will be discussed from month to month in a Symposium on the question, "What may be done for the mutual approach of Christians of different denominations?"

We are back to College. We have come by railroad and by steamboat, and indeed by every known mode of locomotion except by yacht. From every province of the Dominion, from Russia and Belgium, from Scotland and Ireland, from Switzerland, France and sunny Italy have we come. In fact we are a little Pan-Presbyterian Council.

The first year men are here in full muster. They have come in such numbers as to overflow the College. We give them cordial greeting on their entrance, and congratulate them that they have felt called to the holiest work in which men can engage.

The gentlemen of the second year are back again. They are not freshmen any longer, and they want to have it understood. From the cram of the classroom, and the decoctions of the boarding house, they left last Spring with spoiled digestion and shattered nerves. Since then they have been in the country where the legend "Please keep off the grass" is unknown, where the blue of the sky is untainted with the grime of city toil, and where the hens lay eggs that are fresh. Now they are brown of cheek, and clear of eye, and light of heart. That is what the summertime has done for them.

The men who have been in their first mission fields are back. They went out to their appointed fields to preach the first sermon with fear and trembling,