

during the midday warmth without returning home to take our dejeuner at noon, only *once*. That was last Tuesday week. That morning the sun came out in his full glory. Not a speck of cloud could be descried. It had not rained for two days previously, hence the ground and rocks and shrubs were quite dry. So we sallied out, with our food, plaids and work. Walking along the right bank of the Borgio, one of the three mountain streams that intersect the town, we after a short time diverged from its course and took to the ascent of one of the hills by a well-trodden donkey-path. Having gained a height of 500 or 600 feet, we sought out under the shade of a pine a sequestered spot where we could picnic undisturbed. We were partly in the sunshine, and partly in the shade. Around us was a thicket of small shrubs, all of them new to us and many of them productive of a pleasant fragrance. At our feet was an arbutus tree clothed with its red fruit, almost *fac simile* of our strawberry. It is a tree often spoken of by Horace and other classics. There we spread the old time-honoured plaid, and basked for two or three hours, Maggie with her tating and I with my Italian Grammar. After a luncheon of sweet bread and butter, sandwiches and lemonade, made out of lemons grown here and purchased at the rate of two for a half-penny, we resumed our walk so as to gain a spot offering a commanding view. From this elevated point we saw Mentone and its environs lying at our feet, while in front of us stretched away the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean carrying the eye nearly as far as Corsica. We reached home before four o'clock, after having spent a most enjoyable day.

You say that you cannot find this town on the map. I do not know that in any of my letters previous to this I mentioned that it is 15 miles East of Nice and 1 mile from the Italian frontier. We are 108 miles West of Genoa.

We are anxiously looking forward to a change in the weather. The old residents say that it is a very unusual season. But bad as it is here, we derive comfort from the fact that it is vastly worse elsewhere. During the past month most violent atmospheric disturbances have prevailed over all this Continent. Doleful accounts of the weather prevailing at their respective homes reach our boarders. Britain especially has been the scene of storms of an unusually severe character. On two occasions the tops of the mountains surrounding the town have been covered with snow. But the temperature in the town has on no occasion, even in the night, fallen below 36°.

This week I wrote to Rome to Hugh Grant, informing them of our presence on this side of the Ocean and detailing our plans. We have to leave Rome, to commence our return journey to Scotland, on the 19th April (D.V.) as we must reach Edinburgh before the 20th May and we shall have to see Venice, Milan, Florence, Geneva, Paris on the way home. Hence we desire to move Eastward from this place about the 22nd February, if the weather be favorable and the improvement of my health warrants this step. I have also written Charles B. Mackintosh, giving him an account of our welfare.

The tonic, prescribed by Dr. Bennett, is certainly doing me good. My appetite has improved and this will, of course, bring up the general system. As to my throat, it certainly is no worse and Maggie thinks that I cough less. It is indeed a great matter that I am able to hold my own, of which there is do doubt, seeing that the season is so adverse and that the weather usual to Mentone has not been vouchsated to it for the last month.

How near Christmas we are! How often our thoughts will then wing themselves back to home and home scenes! May it be a happy season to you all! We have had our trials and cares during the past year, and yet how much of the Lord's goodness have I been privileged to see!

May I have a grateful heart! Maggie joins me in much love to George and yourself—also to Mother.

Trusting that you may have better health, I am, with warmest affection,

Your own loving Brother,

J. H. MACKERRAS.

COLLEGE WORLD.

COLLEGE CHEERS.—A correspondent, Richard Grant Black, gives in the *Acta Columbiana* an interesting account of the chief College Cheers or "slogans" which we subjoin as an item of interest to our readers:

HARVARD.—Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*given with a full strong sound.*)

Yale.—Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*sharply and defiantly.*)

COLUMBIA.—Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

PRINCETON.—Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! S-s-t-boom-ah!

CORNELL.—Cor-cor-cor-nell! I vell! Cor-nell!

WESLEYAN.—Rah! 'Rah! Wes-ley-an!

PENNSYLVANIA.—Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Penn-syl-vani-a!

These cries originated with the commencement of aquatic contests between the various colleges some twenty years ago. The cheers of Yale and Harvard, while they may appear the same on paper, are in reality very different and characteristic of each college. Harvard swells out the cry with a full, round, sounding tone that in itself suggests the dignity and manly strength of those who wear the crimson. Yale, on the other hand, snaps out the monosyllables in a succession of sharp, quick head tones that rattle on the air like a volley of musketry.

Next comes in point of interest, the famous "sky-rocket cheer" of Princeton. Indeed, I am not quite certain but that it even antedates the cheers of Yale and Harvard. It certainly is most original. *S-s-s-t!* *Boom-m-m—ah-h-h!* dying away in a deep *diminuendo*. It is inimitable, and none but Princeton men can give it in its full perfection. It became almost a matter of history, in 1869 I believe, when President Grant and a number of his Cabinet were present at the Princeton Commencement. The illustrious party came late, and at the time of their arrival the exercises were in progress. Some venerable Princeton divine was making a solemn and impressive prayer in the College Church. The students were devoutly kneeling, awed by the eloquent address to the Deity. Just then, President Grant walked into the Chapel, and at that moment, in spite of the occasion and the place, five hundred stalwart Princeton men rose like a wall and *S-s-s-t—Boom!—ah-h-h!* saluted then and there the silent hero of Appomattox.

CO-EDUCATION.—As many are advocating co-education, perhaps blindly, we think it may not be here out of place to give the opinions of the experienced in this matter, in order that steps may not be taken which afterwards may be a source of bitter regret.

[From the Trinity Tablet.]

There is no doubt that students, as a rule, are heartily opposed to co-education. This is especially true of Eastern colleges. There is a deep seated aversion to the idea that cannot be eradicated. *And not the least consideration is the fact that all students are well aware of the dangers, temptations, and evils of college life.* They are determined that their sisters, whom they love and reverence, as redeeming the race, shall neither be exposed to, nor contaminated by, these evils. This instinct is a good and true one. We shall struggle hard against any tendency to detract from innocence and purity, and shall discountenance everything that might debase that lofty old