

walking limits? And now-a-days all is one smile of content, and in answer to the question of the day: "What sort of vacation did you have?" the questioner receives a hearty "Splendid!" which makes the heart rejoice. Anybody homesick? Oh, well, we won't ask too many questions.

QUITE a large party attended the lecture given under the auspices of the Literary and Theological Society of McMaster, and all who were present heartily enjoyed the lecture by Dr. Withrow and the accompanying lime-light views. The White City seemed to be before us, and the peep at its wonders was all the more interesting and refreshing coming in the midst of those tiresome facts—examinations.

ONE of Moulton's friends, Mr. D. E. Thomson, came not long since to give us a "Glimpse of Naples." The programme of the evening opened with an instrumental selection by Miss Helmer, after which Mr. Thomson gave us the promised glimpse at the beautiful city and the olive-skinned Neapolitans. The sunshine of Italy is not always brought home by travellers, but we could see flashes of its brightness in this talk. Mr. Thomson predicted that the coming woman will travel, and reminded us of the trite saying, "See Naples and die." From Naples we were taken to Pompeii, and told of the wonders of that excavated city. Many of us left the chapel with a strengthened desire to travel and witness the beauties of sunny Italy ourselves.

MOULTONITES are disgusted with the conduct of the weather. During the latter part of the term, when Rosedale expeditions were the order of the day, it snowed and it froze and it blew. When there were receptions to be attended it iced, and made matters generally delightful for the pedestrian. But we grumbled not. Our minds were filled with anticipations of holiday skating and sleighing and general good times. But it thawed and it rained, and the only possible way of obtaining a cutter ride was to take it in two feet of mud. Now all has changed again. Once more we are immersed in all-engrossing studies, and now it is snowing away merrily, but as a disconsolate Utopian remarked: "It's *snow* use now,"—and the chorus gave vent to a general groan.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE end of the month will bring to us tidings of our successes in classes; realizing this, the boys are bending their energies to the task awaiting them in the examinations.

"If I fail, I fail, but it must be *working*," is the only consolation for the sluggish student in these busy days.

THE long-expected visitor, Jack Frost, has come with force enough to gratify the desire of the average skater. The lawn is being prepared for flooding, and we hope to enjoy its glassy surface a few days