

Italy. After a short delay we were again in motion, rushing through the Alps of Savoy. We slackened speed as we entered the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and passed through its two long galleries. When we had done so the morning broke, and in the valley, or rather gorge through which we passed, we had the ghost of a sunrise over the Alps. What a light blue there is in the streams and rivers that flow down the slopes, and at the base of these historic mountain barriers! What an air of loveliness and wildness and romance about the villages that nestle in the hollows, and the castles that, in the good old times when might was right, kept ward and watch over their passes! What tufts of green grass, plots of cultivated ground and vineyards, diversified with shrubs and trees, on the uplands; and what unspeakable majesty in the snow and ice-crowned monarchs that, at intervals, were visible towering over all the scene. The track of the railway was now alongside the bed of a river, and continued so for many miles. Before, however, many hours had elapsed we steamed into the station at Turin. Here there was a change of cars, and as I had a circular ticket, I elected to go to Rome by the eastern and to return by the western route. We were soon rattling along over the River Po (the Eridanus of the classics), but still within view of the Alps. The passengers were all strange to me, and French and Italian were the languages they used. I felt at times very lonely, but the language of Nature is always the same, and I understood her. Everywhere along the valleys there were vines, and here and there a tuft of pines and olives. Men and women were busily engaged in tying the "marriageable arms" (as Milton designates them), of the vines around the trees and rude trellis work used for their support. The implements of husbandry seemed to be of the most primitive description. Oxen instead of horses were used in drawing the Virgilian plough. We passed many a village and town, crossed the country between the Alps and the Apennines, and skirted for many a mile the eastern slopes of the latter. We had a glimpse at Bologna, famous once for its scholars, students and university, but now noted for its leaning towers and burying ground. It was here Luther in his journey to Rome rested, and heard in his soul the ringing words of the Bible: "The just shall live by faith"—the clarion blast and soul cry of the Reformation. The next city at which we drew up for refreshments was Florence, on the Arno, called at one time the Athens of Italy, because of its artists and art treasures, its orators, scholars and reformers. Its glory has in part departed. It was here the Medici flourished and ruled for a time. It was of the bronze doors in front of its Cathedral that Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the "Gates of Paradise." Here, too, Savonarola preached and suffered for his boldness in the cause of virtue, truth and liberty. And here in the modern days Victor Emmanuel, after his departure from

his capital Turin, set up his court and government for a few years before he went to Rome and made it the true, as it had long been the historic, capital of Italy and the ancient Roman world. Again on board we resume our journey, and enjoy the Italian landscape, and note the marked refinement of manners of the Tuscans, so far as opportunity will permit. The sun sets in burnished gold behind the Apennines. The shades of evening deepen and lengthen into the darkness of the night, and we see little more of Tuscany than a dim outline. Romagna, or the territory of the Church, is entered, and when the morning advances we are on the campagna within, twenty miles of our destination. We pass right across it. From the broken pillars and mounds of ruins everywhere we see it had once been thickly covered with stately structures, and a large and probably aristocratic people had for many a year lived there. Now it is comparatively a desert. Here and there we saw the humble cabins of the men who eke out a scanty living by sometimes acting as guides to tourists, by attending to the gray and large-horned cattle that browse in its coarse pastures, and by cultivating a little of its soil, from which a sickly crop is reaped. Over the Tiber we several times pass, leaving the ruins of a long aqueduct and stately mansion behind, when, after a shrill whistle from the engine, we find we are within the walls, and are at the railway station on the Quirinal Hill in Rome.

J. B. M.

(To be continued.)

### Outside.

ACCORDING to the *Presbyterian Record*, Toronto can boast of over one hundred theological students.

THE Halifax Presbyterian College commences work one month later than usual. Its session will hereafter begin in November and end in May.

THE cost of the new wing of Manitoba College is estimated at \$41,000. The plans were furnished by Mr. John James Browne, the architect of our Morrice Hall.

WE are in receipt of a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled a "Prospectus of the Toronto Baptist College." Dr. Malcolm Macvicar, a brother of our Principal, has, we understand, lately been appointed a Professor in this institution. "McMaster Hall," the gift of Senator William McMaster, of Yorkville, would seem to be a little students' paradise in itself! There are four lecture-rooms, chapel, parlour, library, reading-room, two dining-rooms and a gymnasium, besides chambers and study accomodation for fifty-four students, allowing three rooms for every two students—a study-room in common and separate chambers. The College has the power of conferring the degree of B.D.

THE cost of College education is becoming something almost frightful. At Harvard quite moderate men say they cannot keep up appearances in the best society there for less than \$1,500 a year, and at Yale it costs \$1,200 to