

Some of the students may be curious to know just where the stone is situated, and we would therefore say that it forms the pedestal of those two miniature granite pillars on the western side of the entrance to the hall. The jar placed in it contained the following:—

A copy of the revised version of the New Testament.

Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the College.

Minutes of the General Assembly, June, 1880.

Annual Calendar of the College from 1872 to 1881 inclusive.

The PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL, volume I., 1881.

*Presbyterian Record*, June, 1881.

*Canada Presbyterian*, June 3rd, 1881.

Report of the French Canadian Mission, 1881.

The following Montreal daily papers for June 6th, 1881, viz.: *Witness*, *Star*, *Herald*, *Gazette*, *Le Monde*, *La Patrie*, *La Minerve* and *Le Courrier*.

The following coins: *British*—Half-crown, 1878; florin, 1872; shilling, 1879; sixpence, 1874. *Canadian*—Fifty cents, 1872; twenty-five cents, 1881; one cent, 1881. *United States*—One dollar, 1880; half-dollar, 1877; quarter-dollar, 1878; dime, 1877; half-dime, 1872.

J. H. M.

### Off the Chain—How to "do" Italy.

#### NOTES OF A CLERICAL FURLOUGH.

After a journey by rail from Paris of about 48 hours, I reached Rome on Wednesday forenoon, the 6th of March, 1878. The weather was balmy, and I now saw and felt that France and Italy had not only a bright and clear atmosphere, but a mild and delightful climate. The former had the poetry of loveliness in it, and the latter the pulse of genial sentiment. Along the route, from the capital of France to the capital of Italy, there were many objects that were interesting to the traveller. The country through which, for the first two hundred miles, I journeyed, was diversified with hills and valleys, but the valleys predominated. Trees in many places skirted the railway track, and were seen in clumps and plantations in the distance. Spring was spreading its first sweet greenness over the scene, and operations were going on in cultivating the fields and vineyards. There was evidence everywhere in France of the division of the soil amongst its rural population, in the patchwork or draft-board appearance of the land and crops. There was an exception to this at Fontainebleau, where there were long and deep tracts of woodland, in which, in the palmy days of royalty, the kings and nobles once hunted. France is a beautiful country. It has many a noble river. It is rich in soil, rich in wealth, and is rich, too, in its political, intellectual, æsthetic and religious influence over Europe and America. In the cars the writer saw representatives of many of the classes of the community; quite a number were soldiers, who were going to Fontainebleau to be drilled. That France should keep up such a large army

"is pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The burning question of the day, which public opinion, that empress of modern times, is putting, in tones everyday becoming louder, to nations and their rulers, is "What is to be done for, and what are you going to do with, men?" Surely the answer will be not to make them soldiers, but men with a head and a conscience, and not merely a hand. The greater part, however, of my fellow-travellers were civilians. I entered into converse with some of them, who were in the same compartment with me. A gentleman sat beside me for a time, who had a railway guide of the route. He kindly gave it to me to look over, and after I had done so he asked me if I was a German? I said no. He asked next if I was going far? Yes, I replied, to Rome. Was I going to see the Pope? (At this time Pio Nono had just been buried.) I answered no, and continued I was a Scotchman and a Protestant. He then gave me a look, became silent, and assumed a saturnine aspect of countenance. When he left the cars a little further on, he wished me "*bon voyage*," with the urbanity and politeness of a true Frenchman. At Macon, famous for its wines, another gentleman came in and sat beside me. He appeared to be a student, as, after seating himself, he took out a book and began to read. Hailing as I did, from "Free America," I was anxious to know what book he was reading with such rapt interest, and so I asked him its name. He handed it to me, and I was astonished when I found it was a portion of Shakespeare in French. He had been reading Henry the 5th, and had reached that part of the play where the king addressed his troops at Harfleur. I shall never forget how the Frenchman's eye sparkled, and his features seemed deeply moved at my rendering of that stirring royal appeal, but whether from delight or laughter of his soul I never knew, even to this day. Forward the cars rolled past copse and brake, over river and fertile field, leaving behind in their sweep many a row of poplars and olive groves. By the evening there was a perceptible change in the temperature, and our course was now in a more easterly direction. We were approaching the Alps, whose outlying sentinels guarding the treasuries of ice and snow were already visible. We passed Culoz, the Rhine and Lake Bourget, and were soon amongst the Alps. It would be futile in me to attempt a description of them in their height, variety, extent, design and general magnificence. They must be seen to be appreciated. I had thoughts too deep for expression as I gazed upon them in the mild and mellow light of twilight, and also in the clear medium of the starlight. Verily, they are the white-robed apostles of nature—the hoary fathers of Europe's mountain ranges. Early on Tuesday morning we were at Modane, where we stopped for some time. Here our impedimenta, and railway tickets were examined by Italian custom-house officers, for Modane is the Italian Island Pond to the traveller from France to sunny