

haste to be gone. Let us gather the brightest and deck with them the walls of Memory's chamber. They may cheer us, perchance, when, with frost upon our heads, we cower over the embers of a dying life. Here is one bright leaf. What is pictured thereon? A summer earth, a summer sky, a village school-house, and in front a group of happy children, all unconscious of time or care. Ah, treasure it carefully, for upon such pictures does Memory love to gaze. See another—a moonlight scene. A frozen pond glitters in the foreground, and upon it are merry skaters. We can almost hear their gay laughter and shouts echoing among the surrounding hills. Still another! Here is a thick green wood through which the sunshine sifts in golden grains upon the velvet beneath. Upon a fallen tree, in the centre of the picture, sit two in earnest conversation. Ah, Memory, thou canst tell the tale, so we store it up for thee. Here is a sad, brown leaf so faded by frosts and by the tears of an autumn sky, that the picture is but dim. It is night, and in a chamber, lighted only by the faint glimmer of the night-lamp, lies a dying father. Round his bed stand the stricken group, the younger ones weeping in uncontrollable grief, the older ones and the mother standing in silent, tearless sorrow, waiting for the end. Sad leaf! and yet Memory treasures it with peculiar care. Here are two on one stem—so like and yet so different. One a nursery scene, a babe in its cradle, laughing and crowing at the happy mother's face bending over it. The other, a tiny coffin in which lies a waxen form of rarest beauty, with closed eyes and quiet folded, baby hands, while over it a pale, haggard woman in robes of mourning, bends in speechless agony. And so we gather them; some gay with many colors, some sober, some sad, but all beautiful and all dear to Memory. Too soon they fell; we mourn that such perfect beauty could not last forever. But what does it matter after all, so we only keep our heart-fire warm and bright, and no unladen ghost of the past haunt us in the long nights. Let the snow pile its white drifts about us, and upon our heads; let the frost lock us in our last narrow dwelling—the spring cometh, and from the very branches that now look dead and bare shall come a fresher and more perfect beauty; leaves of eternity which shall neither fall nor fade.

EXCHANGES.

SINCE our last publication, almost every day has marked the arrival of one or more of our old friends, as well as those whom we now greet for the first time. Although our exchange list, as yet, is not nearly complete, the pile before us is gradually assuming formidable dimensions, and in its depths we can revel to our heart's content. To our mind, the exchange system is one of the most pleasurable features of college journalism. Nothing is more pleasant than thus to receive intelligence, as we do, from institutions similar to our own in all parts of our Dominion and the United States. And the criticisms appearing in the columns of the different papers, if given and taken in the right spirit, cannot fail to aid us in correcting our faults and sharpening our wits. The announcement, "more exchanges," always delight our ears, and as we glance over one after another, the universal tone of energy and hopefulness strikes an answering chord in our own hearts, and does us good.

First to greet us on our return after the summer vacation was the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, and it has continued to come regularly every week since. Its general tone is more grave and serious than that of the majority of college journals, but we do not find this feature at all objectionable among so many papers of a lighter character.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD is always welcome. Judging from the September number, the atmosphere surrounding King's College must be favorable to the poetic muse. The descriptive sketches, "A Trip to Gaspé," and "Places I Have Seen," were read with great interest.

THE good ship *Argosy* has once more furled her sails in our port. We congratulate her upon the safe transportation of her interesting and valuable cargo. The first compartment of the hold is devoted to "Neckties," at a prudent distance from