

The scenery from Trinity and Eternity down to Tadousac is of the most sublime grandeur, the river is winding and indented with bays formed by formidable projecting capes. After passing the mouth of the little Saguenay and the famous salmon stream Marguerite and a few islands, bare rocks only, we again touch at Tadousac, then out on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, which indeed seems like the ocean here in its vastness. A few hours past village and hamlet, rocks, bays and islands, and we are at last in Quebec, the ancient capital of New France, the one walled city of the north. "Quebec," says Joaquin Miller, "is the storehouse of American history, and the most glorious of cities." She stands at the very threshold of this strong and impatient new world, in this age of progressive activity and enterprise, like a little patch of mediaeval Europe transplanted upon a distant shore. There is scarcely a foot here which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated to the memory of deeds of heroism, from the scene of Champlain's landing in Lower Town, then the Indian village of Stadcora, to found the first French colony to the world-renowned Plains of Abraham, where Wolf died to gain, and Montcalm shed his blood in the vain endeavor to save half of a continent.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

In last month's *Niagara Index* the writers of the two articles entitled "An Abuse" and "Time," have expressed very clearly in words our thoughts on the subjects. The abuse is the habit which some students, or would be students, have of returning from their holidays long after studies have begun. Their late return must of necessity cause them to miss instructions requisite for future lessons, hence they become drags on their classmates. Again, we do not realize with what rapidity time passes, and how important it is we should make good use of every moment. Fortunately for all, a something more than biding your time at college is required for success in the world. You must be wide awake if you wish to live and be in line with the present. The pace is set, and if you cannot keep up you must lag behind. "Time and tide wait for no man." Thus thinks the faithful student, and if he keeps a calendar on the back of his desk-lid it is to

"Count that day lost
Whose low-descending sun,
Views from thy hand
No noble action done."