

## ❖EXCHANGES.❖

WE can be pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. The diversity of ways in which the exchanges are folded has proved the latest source of amusement. Some are folded into two, three and four; others crosswise into four and even six. One is thrown into an open envelope. One or two are rolled into a tube. These last, the cylindrical ones, cause more trouble than all the rest put together. As soon as we catch a glimpse of *The Student Life* or *The Adolphian*, we hunt for our pocket knife with which to sharpen our nails. If some such precaution is not taken, the paper will be in tatters before it can be opened.

It may be adopting the strain of the 'melancholy Jaques' in "As You Like It" to moralize on such a trifle, but to our imagination those papers which are folded lengthwise in two seem to speak of extreme prodigality or a lordly indifference to common things. They may be called centrifugal. Those which are folded lengthwise into four or crosswise into four or six are just the other extreme. Like the witches of 'Macbeth' their brows, noses, and chins would almost meet. They may be called centripetal. But those which are folded into three strike the golden mean. Their editors do not, with their backs turned towards one another rush pell-well into space; nor do they with their faces all turned towards one centre seek to stand upon a point. They join hands and with an intelligent understanding of the value of others couple a sufficient amount of self-esteem. It is needless to add that in this class is to be found the QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL (We submit the above as a caricature of the writings of those who count themselves so lynx-eyed that they can tell by means of a single issue of a paper, or by a single article of a single issue, or by a single statement of a single article, the character of the college at large and all the different phases of student life.—Ed.)

The Ex. Ed. of *Acta Victoriana* criticizes our criticism of the article 'Death' and accuses us of twisting the meaning of the writer to suit our own purposes. We had said "The writer calls life 'that peculiar endowment which some matter exhibits,' What matter? we ask. The answer will be 'Living Matter.' Life is therefore a manifestation of living matter, or in other words, life is a manifestation of matter that has life." The Ex. Ed. maintains that, if the writer himself had been allowed to answer the question, 'What matter?' he would not have said 'Living matter,' and that in consequence our statement of the case was purely arbitrary. If so then we would look to him for a proper statement. Life is not a manifestation of living matter—that is ridiculous. Life is not a manifestation of dead matter. That is even more ridiculous. But life is still a manifestation of *some* matter, and so we ask him to specify the kind of matter. It will not do to say life is a manifestation of solid matter as opposed to liquid and gaseous, for then we would be compelled to say that ice was alive, and water was not, (a statement which the citizens of Kingston at least would laugh to scorn). Nor will it do to put organic and inorganic instead of living and dead, for organic matter only means matter that has life. It will not do, again, to state the chemical constituents of a man, an animal or a plant, and assert that life is a manifestation of these under certain conditions, because 'under certain conditions' can only mean 'when alive,' and we are not yet out of our quandary.

The case is stated thus fully because it is our desire to add another remark to our criticism, and that is that life is not a manifestation of any kind of matter whether it be cheese or carrion. The subject is beset with greater difficulties than the Ex. Ed. of the *Acta* ever dreamed of in

his philosophy. Instead of life being a manifestation of anything, it is only known by its manifestations. You cannot explain the higher by reference to the lower, but the lower by reference to the higher. You cannot explain life by reference to matter, but only by reference to self-consciousness. If it had to be decided, therefore, between these two, whether life was a manifestation of matter or matter a manifestation of life, the latter (though not by any means an explanation of matter) would be much nearer the mark. But life in man is conscious life, and so you have not begun to solve the difficulty until you set out with consciousness. It is useless to push the discussion further, but we leave the writer of 'Death' and the Ex. Ed. these nuts to crack.

The frontispiece of the February *Adolphian* is a delicious surprise. The picture is entitled 'Madame Moon's Mistake,' and represents two little folk a girl and a boy, with his hands in his pockets, standing beside a climbing vine, with an outline of a hill-slope for a background. The children have their backs towards us and are looking up at the moon.

Perhaps the quaintest conceit is that the picture itself takes the form of the moon in its first quarter. It is accompanied by the following pretty verse,

The moon shone faintly in the sky,  
One morning bright and sunny,  
And Madge and Roy stood gazing high—  
"Oh! Mamma, look, how funny,"  
Astonished cried each early head,  
"The moon's forgot to go to bed."

We congratulate the Eds. of the *Adolphian* and through it Miss Lovett upon their decided success.

With the February issue of the *Vanderbilt Observer* has appeared upon the scene a new board of editors. A feature of this paper is an exchange department. It is to be hoped and expected that by reason of an ably conducted exchange column the interest in the *Observer* will be increased. It is useless to advise the Ex. Ed. not to set before him too high an ideal. That must be left to hard experience. But we do counsel him not to grow sour if he does not receive what he thinks his due, but to believe, even in the teeth of facts, that it is not himself but others who are to blame. That is our plan. We just imagine that we are wasting our sweetness on the desert air. It is true that one is apt to get vexed about the desert air, but a sniff of one's own sweetness revives us at once.

It is currently reported, that a prominent member of the JOURNAL staff, was shortly since espied in a some what interesting predicament. He had been a smart legal aspirant, or a naughty medical, no one would have been astonished. But a divine—it was too shocking. He must have fallen sadly from grace. Dame rumour declares, that in a certain house on Brock street, on a certain evening two or three weeks ago, a scene was enacted, before the public gaze which made the teeth of the young men who witnessed it water with envy. The curtains of the window, were drawn up to the top; a soft light shed its radiance on "a maiden fair to see" seated in a rocker before which our gallant knelt, and every time the girlish divinity swung near our male divinity he drank long and deeply of the nectar, from her ruby lips. Could his young brethren from the Palace have seen him they might have believed, that the palmy days of Pope Alexander V, and Cæsar Borgia had returned.

REMARKABLE FACT ABOUT FOWL IN THE UNITED STATES.—How is it that a prize fowl valued at, say \$20 in one state, will not realize more than that many cents in the adjoining state? Ans.—In the first case the fowl is in the *living* state, while in the second, it is in the *dead* state.