The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XVIII. HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 10, 1886. No. 11.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow ye will walk and ye will play,
On this old earth I leave with you till when?
Or soberly will wander through the day;
And in the future we shall meet again.

The works of life noise round about your ways;
Retirement finds you; summer's light and heat;
The palpable wind whistles; the earth stays;—
And me, I hear the echoes of your feet.

To-morrow the same rose will bloom again
That blooms to-day; nor will its red abate;
With roses of this kind ye shall remain;
And you the bright sun dawning shall await.

Like memory does faith, in present gloom
Bring resplendent climate from afar;
And when through rains all visual objects loom,
The mind thinks of the blue vault of the air.

So have the lost a strong thought of the saved;
So has the slave a deep dream of the free;
Along this dust, this measured way and paved,
Darts the white light of immortality.

S. J. M.

ACADIAN OLD-FOLK LORE.

"Read that again Andrew Bourge, and read it in French," said one of a group of hardy-looking, excited men, gathered around a large willow tree which stood in the front yard of a wayside Inn, in the Acadian village of Mines, Nova Scotia, in the year 1744.

This village was on the road that led from Port Royal to Halifax, and about five miles distant from the older French Acadian settlement of Grand Pre.

The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the Inn. He was the Notary of Mines, and a man of importance in the county. Hitching the bridle of his horse to a post of the low shed-like stoop that fronted the Inn, he walked directly up to the old tree, to the bark of which a courier had that morning fastened a large sheet of parchment, with the Royal Coat of Arms of England at the head, and "God save the King" at the bottom.

The crowd gave way as he approached; and listened with eager interest as he read in a strong military tone of voice, and in good French, the Royal Proclamation:—

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds. God save the King."

When he had ceased reading, the men talked earnestly among themselves; but no one spoke to the Notary and he walked back to the Inn. As he stepped upon the stoop, he was met by several young girls who had been attracted from their homes near by to hear the notice; and one of them immediately addressed him with:

"Grandsire, will our people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the maiden.

"Madrine," said the Notary, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "You are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel, which must, of necessity, be done. These red rascals are themselves cruel, and not trustworthy; only last week they killed and scalped men at Port Royal, and burned houses."

"Grandsire," persisted the maiden," the

people they killed were English; I do not like the English, and they do not like us. They are hard masters; they take cruel ways; they rid their country of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust to the friendship of the Indians than to the English."

"Tut, daughter! you do not talk wisely," said the Notary. "The English have just reason to revenge themselves on these savages; and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt when so much money is to be gained. Many a house in Grand Pre and Mines will be enriched by the price of scalps before the snow flies.—Your own goodly-built little farm house, Madrine, may be ready for your wedding day much sooner than you expect, by a lucky catch or steady shot: Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad, and has the best long range musket in the county."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden and her lips curled as she replied: "It is not brave to kill women and children. And I would not go to him, or into his house, if one pound paid for such murders helped to furnish it or went into his pocket."

In his heart the old Notary evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to this indignant protest, but stooped and kissed the cheeks that had crimsoned at the mention of her lover's name; and mounting his horse was soon out of sight on the long, dangerous road that led to Port Royal.

Madrine Bourge left her companions and walked rapidly and alone to her home. She was mistress of her father's house; her mother had been dead some years, and she was the only child. It was near sunset and the weather was raw and chilly. She built a fire in the broad fireplace, and as its mellow blaze curled around the dry logs and roared up the wide chimney, she stopped her work and gazed intently into it; the ruddy light fell full upon her form and face, and the last hot words spoken at the Inn repeated themselves in every lineament. As she stood thus, with her bare, brown arms on the top of the straight-backed kitchen chair, the mellow light of the fire flushing her sharp-lined expressive features, she was beautiful, this Acadian maiden of eighteen years; but it was not the beauty of culture. It was the beauty of the shapely, clean-limbed forest tree, and of the curving, foaming, mountain stream.

Hers was a wild beauty, and there was reason for it. When a child of five years she had been captured by the Micmac Indians, and had remained with them until she was fourteen. And now, as she stood there, her thoughts were of that free life and wild people; and the crackling camp-fire she had unconsciously built, was a medium of communication with that past existence. But her communion was short, for her father soon came into the house with Baptiste Doucet, her betrothed husband.

Receiving them with her accustomed greeting, she set about her household duties and the supper was soon ready. At the table neither of the men spoke of the proclamation on the tree. Madrine was surprised at this, and during the evening tried to speak with Baptiste alone, for she wanted to tell him of the talk with her grandfather. But the evening afforded no opportunity, Baptiste going away earlier than was his custom on such visits; and Madrine and her father separated for the night without a word upon the subject. Alone in her little sleeping room she thought long and earnestly of the cruelty to be practised upon the people who had been to her like her own for so many years; and resolving to tell her feelings freely to Baptiste on the morrow, she fell asleep.

Early in the morning her father was up and preparing for a journey, telling Madrine he was going to Pisiquid on business that would keep him from home for perhaps three days. Madrine asked no questions, for her father often had business away from home. Nor was she surprised when he took from its place on the deer-horns over the door, the long-barrelled French musket, and drawing out the partridge charge filled a leather pouch with bullets and the great powder horn with powder; for it was the season for hunting moose and deer, and she knew there were twenty miles of unbroken forest on his proposed journey. These preparations completed, Jean Bourge bade his daughter be mindful of the house and herself, then mounted his strong horse and rode rapidly away, Madrine

watching him till he passed out of sight beyond the willow trees that lined the roadway.

Expecting Baptiste in during the forenoon, she went cheerfully about her work. But noon came, and no Baptiste. Alarmed at this, she enquired of a neighbor passing, and learned that a party of horsemen from Port Royal had gone through the village early in the morning, on their way to surprise and kill the Indians encamped at Chignecto, and that her father and Baptiste, with others of the farmers, had joined the party.

It was at this place and with this people that she had lived the last three years of her Indian life, and the thought that they were to be killed like wolves for a reward, and by her own father and lover, was hard to endure. With a sad, indignant heart she shut herself in the house, and sat down by the flax-wheel in front of the window that faced the Basin of Minas. The house was near the shore, and directly across it to the northward, the Indian village of Chinictou stood—twenty miles distant by water, but by land a two day's journey.

She sat long at the window looking out on the blue waters of the Basin, and across it to the Indian village. The tide was flowing in over the broad flats and creeping noiselessly up the perpendicular banks of its more rugged shores. It was three o'clock. All day the sun had shone with the brightness of summer, and over the surface of the water there rose an invisible mist, through which, in the dry autumnal atmosphere, the opposite shores of the Basin and the high bluff of Blomidon appeared much nearer than they really were. Madrine's practised eye saw the high lands of the Indian village, and the blue smoke curling up from the wigwam fires; how far away it was she did not know, but as she looked long upon it and thought of what another day would bring upon its unsuspecting inhabitants, she knew that it had never seemed half as near as now. A shadow came over her face as she rose from the window, and a look of determination in her eyes. Had she formed a purpose? If she had, it found no expression in words.

There was a little sheltered cove on the margin of the shore near the house, and under a rough shed lay a small bark canoe that had been purchased from the Indians by her father, and Madrine had been allowed to indulge in this pastime of the wild, free life of her childhood. She was an expert paddler, and was often seen on the waters of the beautiful Gaspereaux or far out on the blue Basin. Hastily walking to this cove and turning over the canoe, she carefully examined the seams on the bottom and sides, rubbed the whole surface of the bottom with a piece of tallow, and leaving it in that position, returned to the house, milked the cows, and housed and fed the farm stock, an hour earlier than usual; raked the fire, let down the white curtain to the only window in her little bedroom, and then walked back to the shore.

The tide was at the flood and much higher than usual. This Madrine knew to be the sign of an approaching storm, and she knew too that the ebbing of the tide would be swifter on account of it. Seizing the canoe as if it were a play-boat, she launched it at once, and seating herself on the ash cross-bar, paddled leisurely out on the placid water that now lapped the land far above its highest mark, and lay lazily in the bed of the wide wood-embowered Basin, waiting the mysterious impulse that presently should set it flowing like a broad river, out into the ocean beyond.

To observers from the land, the little canoe and its occupant were as listless of purpose as the waiting water. Far out from the shore they floated, regardless of the deepening shadows that fell along the high headlands, and darkened the little bays, and crept slowly out over the broad water. Darker and darker, till the venturesome craft could no longer be seen from the shore. Then the paddler turned the bow of the canoe in the direction of the tide, fixed her face upon the high hills of the opposite shore, and taking a broader bladed paddle from its rack behind her, plied it with strong, steady strokes. On, over the tide, and with the tide, the lithesome bark sped like a thing of life. Two hours of unslackened speed and the moon rose, large and red like the morning sun. Madrine looked at the broad highway of shimmering

light it threw along the water, glanced back upon the dim outline of the land she had left, listened to the echo of the roar of the distant surf, and felt the presage of the coming storm. Then taking the paddle she had laid aside for the larger one at the commencement, she propelled the little craft over the dim waters till under the shadow of Blomidon she rested again.

The moon had been shadowed by grey belts of mist near the horizon, and now passed from sight behind a heavy bank of black clouds. Darkness settled over the water. Beyond the cliffs, and in the channel, the distant roar of the troubled sea was preluding the approaching storm. Over the bow of the canoe appeared white crested billows, and roaring, seething water, caused by the tide from down the Basin and the tide from up the Basin, meeting like the sides of a wedge and forming into one current, that rushed out by the ragged rocks of Blomidon, foaming and eddying like a river escaping from a cataract.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. And as she now looked across its erected waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed, in the darkness, farther away than when she had gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe. This, and the darkness, and fatigue, dispirited her; and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of clouds as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon, making the sides of the mountain, and the water, look darker in contrast. All her journey the majestic bluff, cloud-capped and misty, had towered above her sight. Now as the silver light bathed its summit of stunted foliage, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon.

Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak, now so flushed with strange light, was the dwelling-place of the great god Glooscap, the good father of the Micmacs, reverenced and feared by them, and prayed to in times of great need.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood, united to produce the spirituality of the untaught. Springing to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, and flinging her hair in wild confusion over her face, she stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and in a language she had not spoken for years, cried wildly unto the Great Spirit to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current to the land beyond.

Just then the moon rose above the clouds and threw its undiminished light full upon the waters and the surrounding land; at the same time the light on the mountain top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore.

Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened, perhaps, by faith in the efficacy of that piteous prayer she had cried in wild language to an imaginary Deity, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle an hour before relinquished for want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave. The last three years of her life were forgotten. She sat in the bark canoe, with streaming hair, an Indian maiden inspired by Indian faith; and with savage strength and cool bravery paddled into the roaring current before her, sped like a storm petrel over the white-capped waves, and in an hour more was safely landed near the village of her Indian friends.

The encampment lay a quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions; and fearlessly entering the dense woods she instinctively threaded a right trail to the smoking village. With the lithe stealthy step of the Indian, she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in childhood, and his daughter had been her playmate. Not stopping to give the customary salutation, she lifted the dried deerskin that covered the doorway, stepped in and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several braves were clustered about the fire that burned in the centre of the camp, telling of their exploits in

the grand hunt they were just returned from. Madrine glided past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them.

The chief immediately recognized her, and in tones she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome. Hurriedly she told him of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and kill his people; and urged them to fly to some place of safety.

As she talked, dark shadows came over the faces of the braves, and the old chief laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from a quiver behind him placed it on the fire and watched it burn, saying to Madrine, "You are a brave girl; you shall stay with us, and we will kill all these pale-faced cowards that come to scalp women and children for money."

Madrine was terrified. She had not intended to let them know that her father and lover were among the party; but now they must know. Pleadingly she laid her trembling hands on the feet of the chief, and told him that her father was with those men, how she loved him and of his probable death if they had an encounter; told him of a brave young man whose wife she would be when the next moon had hung three evenings in the sky; that they were not cowards, but brave and good; and that she could not remain, but must go back to her home before the morning light returned, for her father must never know she had warned them.

The shadow on the faces of the brave darkened into a scowl; and the chief made no signs, but looked stern and strong into the fire.

Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon when all over the land and water it was dark. She told them how she had prayed to the Great Spirit Glooscap, how the moon came out from the black clouds and illumined her way, how her strength came back, how the light left the mountain top and rested on the trees over the encampment.

The scowl left the faces of the braves, the stony look of the chief changed and a quiet light came into his eyes. He watched the fire till the arrow burned to ashes; then rising to his feet he laid his great hands gently on her head and gravely said—"Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go to your father and your husband; the Great Spirit wills it; and Pedcunaghtigh's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it." Then turning away he strode silently out into the night, followed by his silent braves.

The women of the chief's family crowded about her and were warm in their welcome. But she was frightened at her situation despite the kindness shown her; and it seemed a long time before the chief entered again and motioned her to follow him into the dark forest.

By a shorter path than she had come they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there; a large strong one sat on the beach with a pair of deer's horns fixed to the bow, and the sides ornamented with quills, and deerskins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before and knew that it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer, which appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon at a time when long famine had wasted the people; many of these deer were killed for food and the horns were sacred.

Two men stood near the canoe. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief. As they handed the large canoe into the water, she saw bows and arrows, and two heavy spears, and knew they were prepared to meet a more dreaded enemy than the angry elements. The chief lifted her like a child and laid her down on the deerskins in the bottom; the men took their places one near each end, signed to the chief, struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed eddying holes behind it.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing to the distant shore. But the driving storm was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crested billows rolled and surged on after it like angry pursuers.

Madrine saw the rough water behind and heard the rushing winds overhead, but she knew the men were giants in strength and brave as lions, and she did not fear. An hour or more of this speed, then the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side. The men paused and looked back, then bent to their work with the energy of men now in a struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like withes as the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow; and the land was almost gained when again the canoe trembled and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won the race, and the storm was upon them.

Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water steadily, and with unabated strength. The grey morning light was on the shore. The Indians knew each landing and directed the canoe to the nearest, but as it reached the shallow water a huge wave curled

up over the stern end; Madrine sprang to her feet and instantly found herself struggling in the surf, and as quickly in the arms of one of the intrepid braves, and safely carried to the shore.

The Indians could not possibly return till the storm was over; but Madrine knowing the price set upon their heads, dared not offer them shelter. So, with a few hasty words of farewell, she hurried through the morning gloom to the house; the brave men carrying the canoe up the shore, where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain in safety till the outgoing tide of the next night, when they could regain their people.

The evening of the next day the party of men returned; and Baptiste told Madrine of their long, fruitless journey, how they arrived just an hour before the dawn and found the encampment deserted—not even a fur of any value left to pay them for their trouble.

From the evident anger and disappointment of her father and lover, Madrine saw that it would never do to tell them of her perilous voyage; not even the daring bravery would atone for the thwarting of not only their own plans, but the whole party's. Many were the conjectures as to how the Indians could have known of the intended attack; but no one suspected Madrine. The storm and high tides of the day before had destroyed and carried off much property, so that the loss of her canoe was accounted for in this way.

The old moon quickly wore away and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding. All the village was interested in it; each one, from his own store, according to the usual custom, giving a portion to provide the newly married pair with food for a twelvemonth. Great was the surprise on the day of the wedding, as the gay procession wound its way from the Parish Church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's old canoe newly ornamented and filled with rich furs, with only the Micmac totem on the head of the canoe to show from whence it came.

How it came none could tell. Why they should at such a time, when there was enmity between them, send presents of such value, and how they could know of the wedding, none knew but Madrine; and she kept silent.

Years after, when peace was concluded with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, standing at her father's door one evening, when the trees were crimson again, her husband beside her and her father within the porch, she told it; all the years that had intervened and the long silence she had kept, making it seem almost as much of a wonder to herself as to the two men, who, for the first time, knew why the encampment was empty, and why the canoe had been sent as a wedding gift.

D. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD vs. YOUNG DALHOUSIE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—I am delighted to be able to inform you that our team is now complete. I promised to give the names in this issue, and here they are:—Fraser, Gammell, Mellish, Dr. Stewart, Stewart (J. McG.), Primrose, Crowe, Humphrey, Bell, McDonald, Locke, Torey, McKenzie, Martin, Patterson, Taylor; an ex-captain of Dalhousie's team, will, I think, be at home, and will, I feel sure, play with us should one of our men fail to be on the ground. McColl too has promised to be on hand, if we are short—so also has McLellan of Pictou. We are therefore, at last, in a position to challenge "Young" Dalhousie, and have done so. By far the most suitable day for the match from an old Dalhousian point of view at least is, in my opinion, and the others whom I have been able to consult agree with me, the morning of Convocation day, April 28th. We can thus attend the meetings of the Alumni Association, go to Convocation, play our game, and lose the least possible amount of time. Before the match the old Dalhousians should have what I will have to call a business meeting, and I would suggest that we meet at the College at say 9.30 P. M., shortly after the arrival of the trains. It will not be necessary, I imagine, to give any other notice *than this* to the members of our team. Looking forward to a glorious reunion and a good game, I am,

Yours truly,
GEO. PATTERSON.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Kindly allow me the space to inform Mr. Patterson and the gentlemen who compose the team of Old Dalhousians, that we will make all the necessary arrangements for the proposed game of football on the morning of Convocation day. A letter from Mr. Patterson intimates that they will be unable to play on any other day, and though the preceding afternoon would suit us better, we will do our best to accommodate them. The innovation is one worthy of success, and we will use our best efforts to make it so.

DUGALD STEWART,
Capt. College Team.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 10, 1886.

EDITORS:

A. W. MACRAE, '86. — J. W. MACKENZIE, '88.
V. COFFIN, '87. — A. E. MILLIKEN, Law, '86.
J. C. SHAW, '87. — W. A. LYONS, Law, '87.
J. E. CREIGHTON, '87. } *Financial Editors.*
J. W. FRASER, Law, '87. }

Twelve numbers of the GAZETTE *are issued every Winter Session by the Students of Dalhousie College and University.*

TERMS:

One collegiate year (*in advance*)..... $1 00
Single copies..... 10

Payment to be made to J. E. CREIGHTON, *Box 107, Halifax, N. S. Other business communications to be made to* J. WATSON FRASER, *care Graham, Tupper, Borden & Parker, Halifax, N. S. All literary communications to be addressed to Editors "Dalhousie Gazette," Halifax, N. S. Anonymous communications will receive no attention.*

☞ **We respectfully ask the Students to patronize our advertisers.**

CONTENTS:

Poetry—To-morrow..... 133
Acadian Old-Folk Lore..... 133
Correspondence..... 138
Editorial..... 139, 140
Is a Belief in Darwinism consistent with a Teleological view of the Natural World?..... 141
College News..... 143
Acknowledgments..... 144

WE have read with great interest a series of letters which, written by Edward D. Page, a Yale alumnus living in New York, have recently appeared in the columns of the *Evening Post*. The subject of discussion was the relative positions and prospects of the Arts' Schools of Harvard and Yale. In 1873 the two leading Universities on this continent were well nigh on an equality. True Yale somewhat surpassed her rival in wealth, situation, number of Alumni, and brilliancy of prospects. Yale had 818 students, Harvard but 803. Since then the advance of the two Universities has been very unequal. Yale has increased its teaching staff by 34, the value of its buildings by $700,000, and the number of its students to 856. Meanwhile the great University at Cambridge has increased its teaching staff by 84, the value of its buildings by $2,000,000, and the number of its students to 1,162. In spite of the fact that in the West you find ten Yale men to every one Harvard man, while the the proportion of foreigners to New Englanders is at Yale to-day about the same as it was in 1873, that of foreigners to New Englanders at the Massachusetts institution has increased 50%.

For this state of affairs there must be a cause. Since 1865, Yale, under the jurisdiction of Drs. Woolsey, Bacon, and Porter, has clung firmly to a conservative system. Until 1881 her Arts' course was a purely compulsory one, and even to-day, in the first two years of the course, there is not an optional study. The Harvard system has been of an essentially progressive nature. The substitution of elective subjects for compulsory ones has been going on slowly but steadily, until now the whole of the last three years' and more than half of the first year's studies are purely elective. Again, while in 1874 the proportion of matriculants who graduated in Yale was smaller than that in Harvard, to-day the reverse is true. From this we see that making courses more optional has not rendered it easier to win your degree.

Let us see then, if from these facts Dalhousie cannot draw a few practical lessons. In this University a most optional course has been recently adopted. We have lately heard rumour, which we hope is but the baseless fabric of an empty dream, that the freedom which we at present enjoy is to be somewhat curtailed on account of the inconvenience which it causes to the Faculty. In this connection, we might point out that, by adopting the Harvard method, which was described in an article headed "New Education," recently published in the GAZETTE, the choice might be regulated and yet left just as free as ever. We earnestly press upon our college authorities the necessity of, in this respect, keeping Dalhousie in the foremost position which she now occupies.

There is one more point of difference between the two great Universities, which we think might well be considered by our Governors. An effort was recently made to give the Alumni of Yale some feeble voice in her government. This measure has been coldly treated by the authorities. In Harvard, on the other hand, ever since 1865, the funds of the college have been admin-

istered by a Board of thirty Overseers, chosen entirely by the Alumni. The results of this policy have produced for the University manifold and great advantages.

It has been the effort of our Alumni of late years to exercise a greater influence at the councils of the Board of Governors. Such a sweeping change as that in Harvard we do not countenance for a moment. Yet we think that our Alumni have not hitherto exercised the influence which is their due on the actions of our Governors.

ALL our readers should, and we have no doubt do, feel highly delighted with the intelligence that was announced to the Governors of Dalhousie on Friday, the 2nd inst. Dalhousie's many friends have been moved many times with deep gratitude towards her benefactors; but seldom have they had cause to feel more deeply gratified than in the present instance.

We have often heard the remark, and from prominent persons too, that all Dalhousie wants to make her the foremost of Canada's educational institutions is suitable and becoming buildings for a University; buildings that will correspond with the talent and high course of training represented. And we might add here that we have heard the next remark to be: "Why don't she have them?" Different reasons were always given. Some said, want of enterprise and enthusiasm, or lack of interest in future welfare. Whilst the more charitably disposed contented themselves with answering—want of funds. But all these matters have been disposed of by the announcement of Friday last, that the city had granted the site for, and Sir Wm. Young $20,000 towards, the erection of the new University buildings. This along with the amount which the city authorities have agreed to give for the old college, may not be quite sufficient for the buildings required, but those who are interested need have no fear, we take it, on that score; for men who can so successfully launch themselves on such a worthy enterprise, will complete the undertaking in a manner consistent with its inauguration and indicative of the ability of those at work.

Submitting our architectural knowledge with becoming diffidence, we crave pardon for suggesting—that plans and specifications for a larger building than will at present be required, could be drawn up, so that the building now to be erected could be enlarged in accordance with the requirements of time and necessity.

To the kindness and generosity of Sir Wm. Young we will not attempt to do justice, but let us rest assured, with the pleasant conviction, that he shall be amply rewarded by being able, before many years have elapsed, to look upon a University foremost among the universities of Canada; with a noble pile of buildings raised in his native city, and standing as a monument to mark our country's love of legitimate liberty, which is the ultimate result of cultivated natural talent.

IT is not long since we called attention to the kindness of Dr. Waddell in offering a prize for the best prose article in the GAZETTE next year. And now another old graduate has come forward to aid the GAZETTE in another way. Rev. Samuel McNaughton, M. A., of Preston, England, offers a prize of the same value as that offered by Dr. Waddell, for the best *poetical* contribution which may grace our columns during the session 1886–'87. Mr. McNaughton was a member of class '67, and is therefore one of our first graduates. We only hope that our students will take full advantage of the opportunities thus offered them. We publish in another column the conditions for both prizes. Both the donors wish it to be distinctly understood that one student may contribute as many articles or poems as he or she chooses. We hope that, if any brilliant ideas occur to any of the students during the summer, they will jot them down and embody them in essays that may give promise of an Addison or a Steele, or in sonnets that may promise a rival of the "Avon's bard."

ILLUSTRATED lecture in General Chemistry. Prof.: "I will now treat, &c." Smith (who has been dozing under the influence of recent potations, half aroused by the familiar sound): "Good f'r you, ol' boy."—*Mich. Argonaut.*

IS A BELIEF IN DARWINISM CONSISTENT WITH A TELEOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE NATURAL WORLD?

"Let there be light"—so went forth the creative *fiat* before time was. And so a gradual development has ever since been the peculiar characteristic of the universe. Now, for the first time the lamp of Reason shed its rays in the surrounding gloom of our little sphere. Clearer and purer shone the torch ignited by the breath of the Supreme, until the dim sparks, weak but unquenchable, displayed in man—nature's noblest product—a steady flame unmistakeably an image of the Infinite. On through the aeons of his existence man gathered the material which, being slowly absorbed, rendered brighter and brighter the flashes of his genius. Presently, through the ever-enlarging channel of language a stream of Phlogiston, emanated from the foliage of the sharply pruned but ever green, ever growing tree of Experience, fanned the flame which grew with passing ages. And now, as the human species emerges from the struggle for mere existence, triumphant, the Lord of creation, a new power appears. Guided by the rays shot into the darkness by intellect, man wields the mental pick in the immensurable depth of Almighty thought, and thence brings forth Reflection, a source of inexhaustible fuel for the neverdying fire kindled on the altar of Reason.

Soon came to light that peerless gem which was destined ever to be, in countless ages yet to come, the cheerful handmaid and faithful picture of Reason's self. Philosophy was born. At first it was but a feeble germ compelled to struggle with conflicting errors, but as best fitted to promote the growth of Intelligence it survived. And it itself has grown. Ever and anon it has crushed the giant of Superstition which, by stripping from the tree of Knowledge its abundant leafage, has lessened or befouled the stream of life-giving wisdom. And again, as the blighting hand of secular tyranny or of ecclesiastical dogmatism has striven to confine, in narrow limits, Reflection, what but Philosophy has rent asunder the strong fetters imposed by Church or State?

During the brief period in which we can follow back man's history in the written page, how steadily has been his development. An Aristotle, in summing up the wisdom of his time, could speculate on the possibility of a development from ἡ πρώτη ὑλη to τὰ εἰδη. Then, when the mighty revolution of the sixteenth century shivered the icy barrier of scholasticism, a Newton established a law which not only affixed the stamps of truth to the discoveries of a Copernicus, a Galileo and a Kepler, but by combining with these and the hypotheses of a Laplace, was soon to offer to the mind of man a reasonable theory of the origin of the Cosmos. And in our own day the persevering toil of an indefatigable Darwin has done much for science in presenting to the world a probable account of the development, from the simplest form, of the complex organisms of our earth.

During the middle ages the view of creation held by the schoolmen was that at some time (about sixty centuries ago) an omniscient, omnipotent, eternal and infinite Divinity brought this Universe into being by the breath of his power that, sustained thereby, it might continue its course until, by the expression of His will, it should shrivel up and again relapse into the void whence it emanated. According to this view, there was but one brief creative period, during which all the forms of life now or ever existing were produced solely to redound to the Glory and Honor of the Creator. A grand theory! Incomprehensible and marvelleous, its very wondrousness gave it such a hold upon the human mind that, despite the revelations of Astronomy and Geology, men clung for centuries to their old untenable beliefs. But although the majority of thinking minds were at last constrained to acknowledge the great age of our Universe, and the great antiquity of our earth, no sooner did the deepest scientific research promulgate the evolutionary theory, as applicable to the entire organic, as well as the inorganic universe, than a great "hue and cry" arose that forsooth the Architypal principle was about to be subverted. In this connection it is worthy of note that, with the lapse of the past twenty-five years, many of those who objected to Dar-

winism on theological grounds, have come round so far as to write books to show that "the Old Faith can live by the New."

At the present day many, perhaps the most of our scientists, hold that the development of the cosmological system has been and is of a purely *mechanical* nature, In brief, they claim that a development has been going on for aeons of aeons. This development has been advancing under fixed and unchanging laws for countless ages. Under these immutable laws certain forces, as old as the laws themselves, have been steadily at work. The result of the combined action of these determinate forces under these invariable laws is our Universe as it now exists According to this theory the same set of forces and the same code of laws will go on for ever, working out great changes. But the central point of this system is that these forces are working towards no definite end. They will inevitably produce great changes, but they do not produce them as their ultimate aim. Their work is of a purely *mechanical* nature, and the mechanism has been set in motion (*sua sponte*, perchance) without being intended to accomplish any fixed or premeditated purpose.

Certainly it does seem grand to think of this immense structure of the Universe, consisting of numberless worlds, extending through infinite space, as ruled and controlled by a few simple laws. As one looks forth upon the face of Nature and considers the seeming perfection of all her works, the human heart might justly swell with pride to think that, evolved as I am from the lowest form of organic life, yet by that very evolution I have been raised to such a pinnacle of intelligence that, looking thence, I can trace the development of myself back to the primordial germ of living organism; yet, further, I can explain whence came this earth, this sun, these stars, and all the worlds that stud the vault of Heaven.

When we turn our attention solely to natural phenomena in the objective world, we readily allow that given infinite time, infinite space and eternal matter, it is quite a plausible theory that, under the laws and forces shown to be active by Darwin, Laplace, etc., our Universe might have been evolved, as it is to-day. When the "Human Understanding" endeavours to grasp the idea of what might be accomplished in infinite time by such forces as affinity, attraction, the "mastery of the organism," etc., it is compelled to cry out that the harmonious exercise of their functions by the laws and forces of nature is the only assumption which the *mechanical* view of creation involves.

But let us return to the view of the Schoolmen already referred to. It embodies in itself those principles which are the outstanding features of the so-called Teleological view of creation. Let us assume the position of believers in this theory of design. Suppose that, after most careful scientific research, study and reflection, we are compelled to acknowledge the so-called theory of the origin of the Universe and the Darwinian theory of the "Origin of Species." Are we then compelled to abandon our theory of Design? When we study the eternal universe not merely by itself, but also in relation to the analysis of the human mind, we are compelled by this combined objective and subjective study to demand a First Cause. And further, we are driven by whatsoever train of Reasoning we may adopt in this investigation of the mind to require that this First Cause be a superior intelligence. And we cannot by any process of logic convince ourselves that such an intelligent potency can set our infinite series of co-related causes to work to produce in an aimless fashion infinitely continued but infinitely useless results.

That an evolved Reason should be constrained to seek for an intelligent originator and comptroller of the laws and forces by and through which the material Universe has been evolved, seems to me a strong argument for the existence of an all-powerful Intellect, which has set in motion the natural potencies whose developing action we read in our planetary system and in the Zoology, the Botany and even the Lithology of our earth. If then, we accept a Designer of the Universe, an all-wise Intelligence, of which, in some slight degree, our mind is a reflex, can we reconcile that belief with an acceptance of Darwinism? Far from it being otherwise, it seems to me that the evolutionary theory as applied to ths Natural World, forms a connecting link which renders the Teleological view of creation consistent with the conclusions of science and consistent with the Scriptural account of creation.

We admire the beauty and perfection of the development of the Universe under "The Reign of Law." Nevertheless we demand a knowledge of that "*Esprit des Lois*" which Reason tells us must permeate and vitalize the entire system. And this we find by adopting a refined and purified Teleological conception of the Origin of the Universe. It in no wise impairs the validity of this view to ask why has an omnipotent God adopted such a roundabout way to accomplish His eternal purposes. Shall the created say to the Creator thus and thusly should'st thou work? It is not ours to inquire why the Eternal has so carried into execution His mighty plans. Enough for us that the Deity has permitted us to understand that He is the great Architect. If we then, by the exercise of a cool and dispassionate process of reasoning, are intellectually convinced of the truth of the Teleological view, how can we do otherwise than hail with delight every new discovery of science, knowing full well that it can but throw light on the worthiness of our belief?

It is not the province of this essay to discuss the effect of Darwinism on the belief in the soul of man—whether immortality is an inevitable concomitant of our Higher Intelligence, whether all intellect is immortal, or what not—these and such like questions would take up several essays of the length of this. Suffice it to say that holding the Darwinian theory as throwing light upon the theory of Design, we would say that on the principle of the survival of the fittest Christianity must stand or fall according as it is found to set forth a Religion fitted or not fitted to supply the spiritual wants of mankind.

SOME of "Mark Queucher's" philosophy:—"It's a long lane vat's got no silfer lining." "A rolling shtone is often darker pefore drawn." "After de sdorm comes a clam. Dherefore *Nil Desperado*." "Honi soi qui mal who dinks aboud it." "Always try to be nefer too late to mend."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE last GAZETTE before examinations.

WE have to thank Dr. Schurman for late New York papers.

THERE will be this year two valedictorians, D. Stewart from the Arts and A. G. Troop, B.A., from the Law School.

THE "WADDELL" PRIZE.—J. Waddell, B. Sc., Ph. D., offers a prize of the value of $5 for the best article published in the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE during the session 1886-'87. The prize will be subject to the following conditions:

1. All Registered Students of this University (whether in Arts, Law or Medicine) for the session 1886-'87 shall be entitled to compete.
2. Articles must be written in prose, may be on any subject and must not exceed in length three columns of the GAZETTE.
3. Articles intended for competition must be in the hands of the Editors of the GAZETTE before the end of the Christmas holidays of the session 1886-'87.
4. Articles entered for competition shall become the property of the Editors of the GAZETTE.
5. Should any student who has contributed papers desire to withdraw a paper from the list of competing articles, he may do so by notifying the Editors on or before April 1st, 1887.

Dr. Alexander, Professor of English Literature in this University, has kindly consented to be examiner. The prize will be presented at the spring Convocation of 1887.

THE "MCNAUGHTON" PRIZE.—Rev. S. McNaughton, M. A., of Preston, England, offers a prize of the value of $5 for the best original poem published in the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE during the session 1886-'87. The prize will be subject to the following conditions:

1. All Registered Students of this University (whether in Arts, Law, or Medicine) for the session 1886-87 shall be entitled to compete.
2. Contributions must be written in poetry, may be on any subject and must not exceed in length one column of the GAZETTE.
3. Contributions intended for competition must be in the hands of the Editors of the GAZETTE before the end of the Christmas holidays of the session 1886-87.
4. Contributions entered for competition shall become the property of the Editors of the GAZETTE.
5. Should any student who has contributed a poem desire to withdraw that poem from the

the list of competitors, he may do so by notifying the Editors on or before April 1st, 1887.

Dr. Alexander, Professor of English Literature in this University, has kindly consented to be examiner. The prize will be presented at the spring Convocation of 1887.

I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a woman's sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

—*Yale Lit.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

J. F. McLean, $4; G. W. Munro, B. A., Dr. Cunningham, $2; J. M. Davidson, R. M. Langille, B. A., W. McC. Thomson, Rev. D. McGregor, Robert Landells, D. H. Mackenzie, J. A. Proctor, A. J. Campbell, A. W. McLeod, Rev. J. K. Bearisto, B. D., W. E. Fulton, J. S. Trueman, B. A., F. B. Chambers, B. Sc., John W. McLeod, B. A., Frank S. Coffin, B. A., M. J. McLeod, Hon. S. Creelman, Rev. A. Simpson—$1 each.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, Corner of Sackville and Granville Sts., Halifax, N. S.