

had, and even if the writer had possessed the experience of it which she lacked when the book was written, her fatal fascinating habit of idealization would rob it of all fidelity, except to her own graceful conceptions. Oddly enough, while the book has created an ideal Washington for thousands, many times more refined and beautiful than the actual Washington, it is most unpopular here. Its condemnation is its lack of truth. Washington declares that it does not know a Bertha Amory, a Laurence Arbuthnot, a Philip Tredennis, with all their artistic qualities, and will have none of them.

If you pin your faith to the hem of Mrs. Burnett's beautifully embroidered garment therefore, you will be disappointed. Greater, perhaps, will be your elation if you attach it to the coarse habiliment of the author of "Democracy"—a book which cannot be too severely condemned as an exaggeration of the vulgar phases of life here, to the total exclusion of all—and there is a great deal—else. But if you come to Washington expecting to find a people of high average culture, of independent opinions, of wide hospitality, of a strong literary and scientific bent, of quick appreciation, and of that charming but indescribable characteristic that is the result of the friction of widely differing personalities with the common basis of a high order of intelligence—if you look for neither the refined dilettanteism of "Through One Administration," nor the outrageous vulgarity of "Democracy," your expectations will be abundantly realised.

Washington, Aug. 2.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

CALGARY, eight hundred and forty miles west of Winnipeg, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Bow River, and is the largest town in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, whose snow-clad summits are always distinctly visible in clear weather, rising away on the western horizon. They seem to enclose the valley with its low foot-hills in a species of amphitheatre circling from north to south. The town, which is daily growing in size and importance and spreading over the prairie in all directions, has a population of about 1,200, possesses several busy streets, a number of ambitious shops, besides a private bank—now doing such a flourishing business that its proprietors have just erected a new and commodious building—and a very good hotel, the "Royal" by name, which is also undergoing an extensive addition. I should say from my own experience that its courteous manager deserves all the custom and popularity he has evidently secured. The accommodation is at present somewhat limited, but when the new wing is completed, the "Royal" will compare very favourably with what Winnipeg can at present offer to the traveller in the hotel way.

Calgary promises to be the centre of the great cattle, horse, and sheep trade of the future. There are now 90,000 head of cattle in the district and 30,000 more on their way into the country from the East, West, and South, besides 10,000 horses breeding upon the ranges. At Cochrane, twenty-four miles west of the town, the Calgary Lumber Company have built an extensive saw-mill at a cost of \$60,000. It has the most complete system of machinery in the country, is worked by an engine of seventy-five horse-power, and can turn out 20,000 feet of lumber per day. The mill is beautifully and advantageously situated on a small tributary of the Bow River, which is dammed for the purpose of floating the logs brought down by a tramway from the large limits owned by the Company, who employ forty men steadily all the year round, and do the largest business in the country, as they can ship their lumber either by water or rail to the town.

At Calgary one has a first glimpse into the reality of Western life. A large body of Indians have come in from their reserve, not many miles distant, and are encamped upon the prairie opposite the town; their smoke-browned tepees and droves of horses dotting the plain form a very picturesque element in the landscape, defined against the low foot-hills which enclose the valley of the Bow, with its background of everlasting hills.

The first walk I took the morning after I arrived at Calgary will not soon be forgotten. The day was overcast but clear. I wandered over the prairie, carpeted with lovely flowers, for a couple of miles; mounted the highest hill I could find; took my first look at the Rocky Mountains, rising like a rampart in the distance and glistening in some reflected light that did not catch the valley below. I know I sat down on a grassy mound, and lost all record of time till I was roused from my dreams by the sun coming out and beating on my head with a power and intensity peculiar to the West, which soon warned me homewards, with hands filled with red lilies, hare bells, and giant roman flowers.

Another picturesque element of Calgary was the number of cowboys to be seen at all hours dashing about the streets, clad in the unconventional costume which has been generally and typically adopted by them; namely, broad trimmed felt hats, flannel shirts, and leather leggings, in the parlance of the country "chaps" (an abbreviation of chaparel, a word meaning "thick brush," as they are used to protect the nether limbs in riding through the woods). They are mounted on small wiry ponies, as a rule in such poor condition that they strike one as hardly equal to the weight of the riders and their clumsy Mexican saddles with enormous wooden stirrups and broad girths covering the animal like a harness. I believe experience has proved that the Mexican saddle, with its deep seat and roomy stirrups, is the most comfortable and best adapted article for the service required of it; and in point of comfort, its neat and compact English brother offers no comparison with it. Unfortunately, like a good many other invaluable things, appearances are against the Mexican saddle. It has a most unbusiness-like air, very suggestive of a circus or a side-show; though it certainly indicates that wild adventurous element which is now so thoroughly associated with the class it represents.

Indians, too, ride in and out of the town all day on their small weedy ponies, chiefly remarkable for their diversity of colour. I never could have imagined so many odd combinations of shades, from cream to smoke-colour, through all the gradations of coffee, tan, and slate, piebalds (called pintos), included; but a good solid brown, bay, black, or white pony was not to be met with. I heard this peculiarity of colouring accounted for by the fact that the Indians sold all their so-called whole coloured horses, only retaining those which from this very peculiarity I have referred to were unsaleable. They rode and walked about attired in bright blankets and in most cases devoid of any head-gear, except the natural growth of their coarse black hair, which hung down over their eyes and was shaken back occasionally with wild tosses of their unkempt locks. I must confess that to me the red man is a most unattractive species, and the more I saw of him the less I liked him.

Calgary is the most orderly, well-regulated town I was ever in, considering the wild reckless character of many of its inhabitants. Liquor laws are most stringently enforced by the Mounted Police and with good effects; for though living in one of the principal streets of the town, and sleeping at night with the windows open, I never heard the slightest noise or disturbance of any kind; I saw no rows or fights and certainly no drunken men.

I drove every afternoon for miles over the prairie, which is here intersected in all directions by admirable roads. However, roads about Calgary are a mere matter of detail, for no one hesitates to turn off them and drive at random over the short wiry grass wherever the spirit prompts them. The grass offers apparently no opposition to wheels, and a carriage moves just as smoothly and easily over the prairie as along a made road. The horses too are all accustomed to the country, and pick their way so cleverly amidst the gopher holes that they may be safely left to their own devices.

I saw all the country within driving distance of Calgary very thoroughly, and always found the fresh prairie breezes most invigorating after the heat of the day. Like the rest of the North-west, Calgary is entirely devoid of trees, except along the bed of the rivers Bow and Elbow, which unite their waters to the east of the town, and it is a deficiency very much felt by a resident of a more sheltered region.

E. S.

ANSWERS TO HUME.*

THE wiser Christian apologists have never disdained the assistance of philosophy in making answer to the assaults upon the faith of Christ. The foolish cry, raised by extremely thoughtless Christians, and repeated, parrot-like, by multitudes equally thoughtless, that the Christian faith has no need of human reason, is ridiculous and absurd. And hardly less absurd is the protestation that philosophy can never be the handmaid of religion.

When, in the vigorous language of Dr. Johnson, we "clear our mind of cant," we see at once that without reason no revelation would be possible, and, when we go a little further, we see that philosophy is only the right use of reason. Certainly, we shall do no good to religion by affecting to despise reason. "God," said the eloquent Lacordaire, "has given us reason, to show that he has no fear of reason;" and the thoughtful Vinet has remarked, "If reason can do nothing, then it cannot even prove its inability to do anything. If, then, reason must be used, it is

* Scottish Philosophy: a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. (Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1886.)