

But no, the tourist who uses Paris for a moment and abuses it, he is no real friend of France. What would it mean to him if France disappeared? And yet if he is of the English-speaking people, real France, is just what he wants and needs. "We have forgotten the lost art of gaiety," Hawthorne said. We are sinners by omission; and the man without a generous impulse, and living in a barbarous individualism, thinks total abstinence, pedantic truth-telling and a sloppy sort of vulgar flirtation, the *ne plus ultra* of civilized morality. Now the French do not; they are irritating by their interest in humanity, if you like; but at least, as Heine said, "they aim at bringing justice and sympathy to all men, and my countrymen think only of themselves." They have, more than we, a positive enthusiasm for a society not bounded by themselves. And in what civilization will you see simple and laborious life more often or more constantly and almost naively brought before you? Where will you find a more ready response to noble ideals?

W. F. STOCKLEY.

TO MISS ———.

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.
—Goethe.

A GIRL at last, a girl unspoiled,
As Nature wills her girls should be.
'Mid rapid throngs, all fashion-soiled,
I turn for rest to thoughts of thee.

In but not of the world: how few
Of these, His own, our vision bless;
Keeping their souls unspotted through
The perils of this wilderness.

And happy they who recognize
These forms too few and far between,
And on them rest their weary eyes
With faith renewed in good unseen.

Type of that blessed influence,
Deemed by Germania's mighty seer
The saving power that lifts us hence,
Toward our spirit's native sphere—

Gazing upon thy face, I deem
I read his meaning written fair;
And many a dim but blissful dream
Finds its interpretation there.

Ottawa, April 14, 1891.

T. C.

THE RAMBLER.

WHATEVER else the compiler of the C. P. R. guide-books may be, he is not a pessimist. His intentions are, that nothing that can possibly be said shall be left unsaid, and if his glowing perorations do not bring settlers galore to Alberta and Assiniboia, nothing will. The "advantages," under the several heads of minerals, coal fields, climate, natural gas, building materials, and the "Manitoba Hard," are graphically depicted in the words of an artist of the pen, but it is perhaps when our enthusiast reaches the flora of the North-West that his full power asserts itself. We are told that the first of the prairie flowers is the pale lavender crocus, "which in nature's floral book is the opening leaf." I should like to know the botanical name of the prairie *crocus*. In July he finds the pale anemone and the cyclamen, and is moved almost to tears over the contemplation of that "elegant floral gem," the orange red lily. The laburnum and sunflower are both represented, and the classic bank whereon the wild thyme grows.

It is usually the poets who excel in floral enumerations, often getting the facts deplorably wrong. Thus—lilies of the valley are found growing all over the universe, quite irrespective of climate or soil, wherever there is a valley, in fact, and are frequently bound up with the heroine's flowing tresses. Anything more uncomfortable than the large and slightly stiff leaves and stems of the lily of the valley worn in the hair can hardly be imagined. Then the rose and the lily are often mentioned as growing in the same place and at the same time—botanically impossible. Any white flower is a lily, any pink one a rose. The snowdrop, too, is a "property" flower which serves to be worked in anywhere and everywhere. So is the heartsease, and the pansy, and the marguerite.

All this in the face of the modern scientific poetry of Tennyson and others. The careless generalization of a Thomson or a Cowper should be laid aside forever. We are heirs of better things and expect—not data giving habitat and all information—but at least accurate description and allusion. The forget-me-not of science and the forget-me-not of sentimental verse are separated by a vast and awful chasm which not even generosity can bridge over.

But I must not be botanical. It is, they tell me, unpopular. I took a young lady into my house the other day and showed her four or five blue hepaticas for which I had gone five miles, and her contempt was too genuine to be affected. She could not understand my reasons for undertaking so long a walk, and I think—I am not sure—but I think she despised me. However, I mean to go for

some other and larger specimens this week, and I will not ask her to be my companion. A child, or a score of children, would be better, livelier, more interested and interesting. We will skirt the valley of the Don, passing Drumsbun on our right, and return—not laden, for the blooms are not many yet—but still with something to show.

The Royal Society announces its annual meeting in Montreal May 27th, the session lasting one week. In the words of the preliminary circular, which has been mailed to me: It is anticipated that the meeting will be attended by many distinguished persons, eminent in Literature and Science, from Europe and the United States as well as from the Dominion of Canada. The ordinary sessions of the Society will be held in the buildings of the McGill University, and the popular evening lectures will be delivered in the Queen's Hall on St. Catherine Street. The Museums and Art Galleries, with the educational, industrial, and other institutions of the city will be opened to visiting members and associates. Local excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood will be arranged for, and receptions, garden parties, and entertainments of various kinds will also be provided. It is also proposed to keep a Directory, wherein the names and addresses of all those attending the meeting will be registered, and thus members and associates will be enabled to communicate one with another without delay. The Committee are engaged in the preparation of a Hand-Book, for gratuitous circulation among intending visitors, which will include an historical account of the Society, together with other interesting scientific and local information, a copy of which will be sent on application. Sir Donald A. Smith is Chairman, and J. A. Beaudry, C.E., and W. J. Smyth, Ph.D., Honorary Local Secretaries. All persons interested in Literature and Science may become Associates for this meeting, and are cordially invited by the local committee to be present thereat.

A very pleasant feature of literary New York is the "Authors' Club" and the "Authors' Reading Association." A correspondent of mine was present at a recent reading for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Gilder, of the *Century*, presided. The readers were R. H. Stoddard, H. C. Bunner, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Habberton and Frank Dempster Sherman. There will be another reading shortly, at which Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, John Kendrick Bangs and others will read, and Frank Stockton may also appear.

I wish I could present my readers with a proper portrait of Mrs. Louise Sheldon who has just left for Central Africa, with a large consignment of sewing-machines, portable baths, clocks, and stockings and underwear for the female natives. She is to travel through the dark continent in a palanquin of stout wicker, which is a new kind of special car and is to be propelled by coolies. By the side of this heroic woman the exchanges tell us Mrs. Judson's memory will quickly fade. Mrs. Louise Sheldon has an array of pots and pans and hats and rifles and primers and charts and needles and tape and ink-bottles and brooms—in short, she is a kind of moving *caravanseerai* of army and navy stores and cannot fail to impress the Zulu wives and mothers. She has been photographed in her forage cap and accoutrements and her portrait is in most of the London and New York windows. But we need not pine. Before very long she will be passing through "the Canadas" at the rate of six thousand dollars per night under the care of Major Pond. Oh! Major Pond—what becomes of the immense sums you net yearly with your big, big fish mostly caught abroad and brought over here at enormous expense for the benefit of us aborigines?

Apropos, here is a sample of British opinion and a new light on Russian customs as well: Dr. F. W. Baedeker, of Weston-super-Mare, who left England last April, and who has just travelled across Siberia, taking the Bible to the prisoners there, thinks the prisoners in Siberia are treated with kindness by the Russian officers, of whom he speaks highly. "I have travelled much in Russia," he said, "and most of the criminals sent to Siberia are better off there than in their own homes. If a convict behaves well, he may become a free labourer and receive wages; and in course of time he may become an independent farmer and even accumulate wealth." Apart from the convict life, the Doctor speaks enthusiastically of Siberia as a *second Canada*, possessed of immense resources, which might be turned to profitable account if the Russian Government were only more liberal in its policy of development.

HE who determines to love only those who are faultless will soon find himself alone.—*Vihischti*.

CHARLES LAMB, the essayist, was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle, says *Harper's Magazine*. "Why d-d do you s-s-st-t-teal?" he asked. "Because I am starving," returned the housebreaker sullenly. "Are y-you re-re-al-ly ver-very h-h-hung-hung-gug-gery-hungry?" asked Lamb. "P-per," replied the burglar, turning away. "Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow!" said the essayist, "h-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for y-you." And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street, and, locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterward that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. EDWARD HARRIS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The firm Will to persist in a reasonable course of action once chosen, and a manly courage to assert the Right in the face of dominant Wrong—conduct pure and noble and just, with no desire to be relieved from labour—are the constituents of the best specimens of modern civilization."

Very good indeed, my dear sir, for the subjective view of the case; but let us not quite forget the objective! All reforms have their relative order in importance, in life-values and in money-values.

Now, all Christian economists know that the life-values should be considered *first*, and that money should be viewed chiefly in its power to promote human welfare, the welfare of our fellow-citizens taking the first place, while maintaining the individuality of the man who earns.

When we are doomed in horror to behold the body and bones, the muscles and nerves of our fellow-citizens being needlessly crushed and rent asunder, we should leave for the moment our studies of the happiness of the greatest number, and rush to the rescue of those citizens. Such tragedy is what is almost daily happening, in one form or another, in connection with the railway systems of the northern continent, the United States being the great offender, Canada following in the same lines.

While we in Canada are far from wishing to become one with our neighbours in Government, there is, necessarily, a strong action and reaction of these two adjoining railway systems upon one another. The roads themselves are connected, and the methods followed in each country exert a strong influence upon the other.

While we wish to see the railway managers of the United States following the newest and best models (as, indeed, when money is not in the way, they very often strive to do) for the protection of life, our first duty as Canadians is to attend to our own railway operations, and to root out defects—defects so murderous in their nature and results upon the social life of the land we inhabit.

When your perfect statesman is found his hands will be tied, if he be not supported by his fellow-citizens in his efforts for the common good. The model statesman will in such a case only be wringing his hands and glancing up to Heaven for relief. Whether the first idea of saving a life upon a railroad has ever occurred to Mr. Blake, for example, it is not for me to say. He has actually done, in this department of effort, no more than others.

A "sea of mountains" left in their primitive wilderness would save us all trouble. Those great enterprisers, Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald Smith, and the others of a like courage, have not left the mountains to themselves. It is imperative upon them and us, and the General Government, that the great work of communication should be followed by earnest and immediate work for the public safety.

X.

DR. BOURINOT'S "COMPARATIVE POLITICS."*

THE people of Canada are greatly indebted to Dr. Bourinot for the interesting and scholarly works which during the last few years have appeared from his pen. He has, continuing the work of Dr. Todd, by his writings added to our system of government a literary status; for now everyone who treats upon questions of constitutional government is compelled to notice what has been done and what is still being done here in those profoundly important problems which are being worked out by free communities everywhere. In this, his last work, Dr. Bourinot points out that Canada is "the heir of all the ages," for on our soil the free individualism of the Teutonic races meets and flows along with the stately order of the Roman civil polity. We, who live so near, are apt to overlook that fact. The interminable belittling of our own country, in which so many think it patriotic to indulge, blinds us all to the fact that our statesmen of all parties—even those very men upon whom the political press has delighted to pour whole dictionaries of oburgation—have been compelled by the peculiar history and racial conditions of our country to handle questions which have taxed, and are still taxing, the resources of the most eminent statesmen in Europe. That they have performed their tasks creditably is evidenced by the interest shown all over the world in their work, and it is here where Dr. Bourinot's writings have been especially valuable.

The present work is divided into three chapters. In the first the author insists upon the fact that our system is based upon English, not upon American precedents. In the second he develops the contrasts and similarities between our federation and that of the United States; and in the third he compares with both the Swiss finally adopted in the historic confederation of the Swiss people. The subject of this last chapter has not before been presented to the Canadian people in any easily accessible form. Our minimizers have rung infinite changes upon the fact that a large proportion of our people are French and Roman Catholic. We are wearied with the reiterated assertion that a "wedge," fatal to our unity, is driven in between the eastern and western fragments of the English

* "Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics." By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.