

It would perhaps be an undertaking as foreign to the present character of our Government as the system of agriculture it contemplates is to the good old methods we have inherited from England. But with the future in view, the growth of population, the filling up of all the countries which now welcome colonists, the consequent dearth of land, the impossibility of desert-reclamation by private capital, it is not altogether visionary to say that Governmental interference on the largest scale will be the inevitable result.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

By H. C. Bunner.

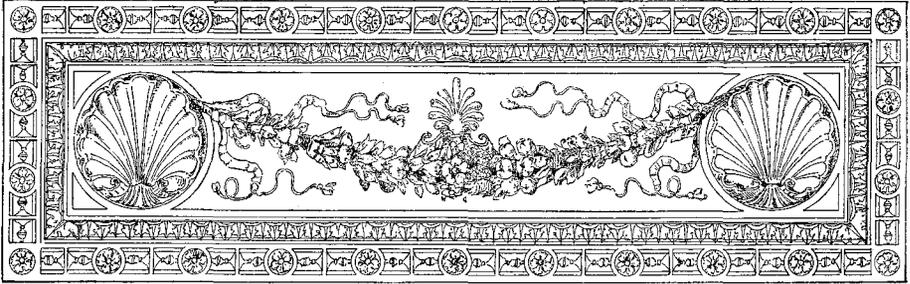
TELL me what within her eyes
 Makes the forgotten Spring arise,
 And all the day, if kind she looks,
 Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks ;
 Tell me why, if but her voice
 Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice ;
 Tell me why, if only she
 Doth come into the companie
 All spirits straight enkindled are,
 As if a moon lit up a star.

*Tell me this that's writ above,
 And I will tell you why I love.*

Tell me why the foolish wind
 Is to her tresses ever kind,
 And only blows them in such wise
 As lends her beauty some surprise ;
 Tell me why no changing year
 Can change from Spring, if she appear ;
 Tell me why to see her face
 Begets in all folk else a grace
 That makes them fair, as love of her
 Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
 Alone across the fields of snow,
 All fancies of the Springs of old
 Within a lover's breast grow bold ;
 Tell me why, when her he sees,
 Within him stirs an April breeze ;
 And all that in his secret heart
 Most sacredly was set apart,
 And most was hidden, then awakes,
 At the sweet joy her coming makes.

*Tell me what is writ above,
 And I will tell you why I love.*



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS.

By W. C. Brownell.

I.



IT was fitting that one of the very greatest events of modern history should be celebrated by one of the greatest spectacles of modern times; but it is a little curious that the political should exceed even the spectacular interest of the latter. This was, nevertheless, true of the recent Paris Centennial Exposition, I think. At least its political importance was very great, and that a mere world's fair should have had such an importance is a phenomenon positively unique. The Exposition, in fact, appealed to the mind as forcibly, as brilliantly, as it did to the eye. Its significance was as salient as its splendor, and it was very splendid indeed. It was a great national reassurance, the embodied triumph of the Republic at home and abroad, the witness of the present Republic's soundness and strength, and the attestation of the practical puissance of, in general, the republican ideal.

The Republic and republicanism were very fortunate. The commemoration of 1789 is a very different thing from a commemoration of 1793. Only to a pedant, one would say, can even the fall of the Bastille seem typical of anarchy, and really the celebration might have been taken as the apotheosis of constitutional gov-

ernment—a fête in which every nation of Europe, but that of Russia, might, one would think, cordially join. Every cabinet of importance, however, held aloof; and the effect of the monarchical abstention was very dramatic. It gave France at once a position of relief and distinction. Her isolation in reality placed her on a pedestal. It gave her the same position in the impartial imagination that she occupied a century ago, when she was preaching the emancipation of "the people" everywhere, before she had begun to enslave the nations they composed. European hostility, in a word, did her the very great service, in this practical age of politics, of rendering her politically interesting. And republicanism shared the benefit of this service with her.

The opposition and the lukewarmness of the monarchical world, moreover, gave a distinctly French aspect to the Exposition. It was not so much universal as national. Except the exhibits of South American republics, and the sensational Oriental contributions, there were in the general and cursory view of the grounds and buildings, almost no elements that were not French. Speaking loosely, wherever one wandered idly, or whatever department he inspected closely, the most interesting and admirable objects were French. And, of course, in mere mass, French preponderance was overwhelming. In this way a very strong