

CANADA, OUR OWN FAIR LAND.\*

**N**EATH western skies—two seas between—  
A beautiful land far-reaching lies;  
Whose sons are bound to Britain's Queen,  
By fast-linked fetters, loving ties.  
Thy Canada, our own fair land,  
The home of freemen strong and brave;  
Each wins his fame with mind and hand,  
A lord by birthright—ne'er a slave.

With honest pride aloft we sing  
Our virgin banner to the breeze;  
In lands where wooing zephyrs sing  
Or borne by winds of northern seas.  
Nor dread we what the future brings;  
A goodly heritage is ours;  
In Nature's bosom hidden springs  
Hold needful blessings, veiled with flowers.

Through hopeful hearts there ebbs and flows  
The gift of stars beyond the sea.  
Here blends the thistle with the rose,  
The shamrock and the fleur-de-lis.  
A loyal race, a noble Queen  
Whose feet are guided from above;  
Her life, in light or shadow seen,  
Reveals the heart her people love.

O! Thou whose wisdom never errs,  
Whose goodness sometimes seems unkind;  
Forgive our thought, that ill infers,  
Create in us a constant mind.  
Give strength to honest hearts and true  
Who strive to wisely shape our laws;  
Give strength to daily toilers, too,  
Whose hands help on our Country's cause.

Sustain and guard our Gracious Queen,  
Bless Thou the lands o'er the sea;  
Thy brooding love, thy bond between  
Their hearts and ours, our hearts and Thine.  
Guide him whose hand our sceptre sways,  
His Consort keep, nor ill betide;  
Grant them Thy grace through happy days,  
To love and serve Thee side by side.

Eternal God—in faith we pray—  
Breathe Thy blest spirit o'er our land,  
Throughout our nation's brightening way  
Let peace and love lead hand in hand.  
Still may Thy fit will in hearts be true  
Our Country's work ever prove;  
Our children will Thy name revere,  
Till "rolling years shall cease to move."  
W. J. TORLEY,  
Ottawa, 1882.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

MR JOHN MACDONALD, the Missionary Lay Treasurer of our Church, thus describes in the *Gazette* on the opening of the Colonial Exhibition by the Queen.—Ed.

One, who, like myself, had never seen Her Majesty, could not help realizing that they were about to look upon the head of the royal house the most ancient in Europe, who rules an Empire on which the sun never sets, and whose subjects comprise members of nearly every race and every creed on the habitable globe, a prominent place on the Exhibition walls announcing the fact that the area of the British Empire is 9,126,999 square miles, and that its population is now 305,337,294 souls.

And now she comes. She is in a black silk robe, adorned with black beads, her bonnet of black being relieved by a silver grey feather. She is passing to hear the singers intone those stirring words of the poet Laureate:

"Shall we not thro' good and ill  
Cleave to one another still?"

And the close of them:

"Some be wadded, each and all;  
Into one Imperial whole—  
One with Britain, heart and soul—  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.  
Britain had your own,  
And God guard all."

What is it which gives the Queen

\*Copies of these verses were sent the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, who forwarded a copy to the Queen. Her Majesty kindly sent word that she was much pleased with them.

that wondrous hold which she has upon the hearts and the affections of the English people! What is it which awakens in her children those strong, stirring feelings of loyalty and devotion whenever her name is mentioned, which, whatever be their differences, unites them in a common brotherhood, whether their homes be in Canada, Australia, or amid the islands of the sea? What is it which instinctively leads all her subjects to uncover and stand, and heartily join the National Anthem whenever and wherever it is sung? What is it which makes the genuine American forget for the moment that he is a Republican when the well-known anthem brings out its familiar sounds? What is it which makes this woman the one woman to-day upon whom the eyes of the world are turned, so that all peoples, whether they be Russian or Turk, Jew or Barbarian, join in the prayer, "God Save the Queen?" Is it her beauty? It cannot be; for if she ever possessed that it is gone. Is it her figure which stamps her as a queenly personage? Anyone in this, as in the other respect, who have had fancied pictures of her appearance, will be greatly disappointed. Is it in the strength and purity of her character? Is it in the true womanliness of her nature as the representative head of pure English home life? Is it in her love for all that is noble and true and pure and good, that this attachment for the Queen is cherished and manifested upon all occasions by the English people? Is it because her court is purged from the improprieties and indecencies which have disgraced even the English court of former sovereigns?—that it is, indeed, a model for every court in the world? These, doubtless, are among the reasons why the English people feel proud in acknowledging her sway. In the glad years when, as a confiding wife, she leaned upon the strong arm of her husband—among the reasons why they have sorrowed with her in the long years of her widowhood. But there are other reasons. She is the representative—the honored representative—of a land upon the shores of which the oppressed of any nation, so soon as their feet rest, are free! Of a land which leads the van in the march of civilization. Of a land of charities—charities so vast and so diversified that the poor and helpless and afflicted and oppressed find in it a home—find in it succour—find in it relief. Of a land whose homes are pure and peaceful and contented and happy. Of a land in which the British and Foreign Bible Society took its rise, and is carrying on its benign mission, circulating from this great centre of the world not less than 4,000,000 copies of the word of God annually. Of a land whose language, we believe, as well as its Bible and its Christianity, is destined to cover the earth. These are among the reasons which make the Queen of England to-day in so many respects the most remarkable woman that ever trod on earth.

Here she is, within ten feet of where we stand. Her face is broad and full in features—a regular Guelph. Her face is red, very red. In this respect her photographs convey no idea of her appearance—very short, very stout, yet carrying herself with great dignity, and every inch a queen. I felt that it was worth my passage across the Atlantic twice told, and all my expenses in London, to see the woman

now passing so near to me. As she passed by the Canadian court, cheer after cheer went up with great enthusiasm; to every one of which she turned towards the court and bowed to her Canadian subjects.

Two thoughts struck me as she passed through the Canadian court to make her way to the Albert Hall. First—Here is a woman who has been living amid the manifestations of the loyalty of her people for fifty years, and yet she is not indifferent to the expressions of loyalty of her colonial subjects, but every cheer receives befitting acknowledgment. Does this not bespeak a Queen? Second—She occupies a position the most difficult for anyone to occupy—viz., that position of distance from all others—that no one dare toll her of any weakness; that no one dare chide her for any inconsiderateness; that no one can tell her of any incompatibility of temper. In these respects is it not true that her position is a more difficult one (taking all the circumstances into consideration) than that of any mortal upon the face of the earth to-day, man or woman? For if we have no one to correct us, no one to counsel us, no one to reprove us, are we not too apt to believe that we need no correction, no counselling, no reproof? And is not this, after all, one of the great secrets of the Queen's wondrous power, that such a condition does not invest her of sympathy, for she can read from God's own Bible by the bedside of her afflicted subjects; and she can and does keep her eyes and her heart upon everything which is calculated to promote the happiness and well-being of her people?

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was on a bright sunny day that I drove from Mount Vesuvius to Pompeii. The city, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet of volcanic ashes and pumice stone just eighteen hundred years ago. About the middle of the last century it was rediscovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. A large part has now been dis-interred, and the result is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life such as is exhibited nowhere else. The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are carefully preserved. It induces a strange sensation to walk the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the rats made by the cartwheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, with the marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shopkeepers can, in places, be seen, and even the stains of the wine-cups on the marble counters. A barber shop, a soap factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use.

The dwelling houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "Salvo," "Welcomes," or the figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor, with the words, "Cave canem,"

"Beware of the dog." Within was an open court surrounded by bedrooms, kitchen, *stercoraria* or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colours, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc. In public places will be read election placards and wall-scribblings of idle soldiers and schoolboys. Opposite one shop is the warning, in Latin, "Ihu is no place for lounging, idler, depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests, the theatres with their stage, corridors, rows of marble seats—one will hold 5,000 and another 20,000 persons; the public baths, with niches for holding the clothes and toilet articles, marble basins for hot and cold water, etc; the street of tombs, lined with the monuments of the dead, and the ancient city walls and gates, may all be seen almost as they were when the wrath of Heaven descended on the guilty city. About two thousand persons are supposed to have perished in its ruins. In the house of Diomedes the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiators' barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison, with iron stocks on their feet. In the museum are preserved several casts of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side, with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture of the dress may be seen. The sight of this dead city, called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.

A DOG AS A POLICEMAN.

In Alleghany, N. Y., there is a policeman who owns a rare dog. The poor animal was starving when the man took pity on him, and the dog has never since been able to do enough for his friend. He follows him everywhere he goes after dark. He is a help to all the policemen, for when one of them raps for assistance the dog rushes to him at once, and barks till help comes. When the officers are obliged to chase a man, the dog marks the man, rushes after him, and catching him by the pantaloons, holds him till the officers come up. He never makes a mistake about a drunken person, but when he finds one wandering about alone, he howls till the police come. They always follow the bark of the dog, and he never cheats them.

In course of a conversation on the practice of abbreviating name, a young lady remarked: "I have been vainly trying to get my friends to call me Katharina. I have been called Kitty from a child, and it sounds so silly and significant." "Yes, that is so," said one of the group, "but somehow the name has always seemed to me just to suit you."