

for Wealth," and the reckless heartlessness of unprincipled speculators as well as the inevitable Nemesis that follows at last, attracted universal attention, and it may be hoped that some, at least, would profit by its moral. Mr. Reid's Canadian picture of "Foreclosing the Mortgage," well known here, must not be forgotten among the pathetic pictures of the Exposition. A striking canvas, "The Curse of the Family," presented a vivid picture of the curse that over-shadows so many homes, and, in connection with this, one could not but class among the pathetic aspects of the Fair the immense trophy of bottles of malt and distilled liquors that formed too conspicuous a feature of the Ontario exhibit. Considering that it is generally admitted that two-thirds at least of our crime and poverty, not to speak of undermined physical powers and premature deaths, are caused by the contents of these same bottles, one need not be a very extreme temperance advocate to feel that this is indeed one of the pathetic aspects of the Fair, and that people as well as individuals sometimes "glory" in what ought to be "their shame!"

One more exhibit, which now awakens the most pathetic associations, must be noticed, the magnificent model of H.M. war steamship Victoria. This fine model, costing \$20,000, gives a complete and good-sized reproduction of the superb but ill-fated steamer, which so needlessly went down with her precious freight of lives. There she is, with her wonderfully complete equipment of life-boats, scientific appliances and munitions of war, the most complete, as it was thought, that ship had ever possessed, and yet all could not save her from the destruction wrought in a moment by the seeming caprice of one human will! The model has answered a purpose never contemplated when it was first placed there to show the glory of Britain's navy, in bringing before the minds of millions, more vividly than any words could ever have done, the affecting details of that tragic event which will doubtless be to future generations almost as memorable an incident of this year of our Lord as has been the great Columbian Exposition itself.

FIDELIS.

MY OWN COUNTRY.

Yesterday and all last night, I was travelling by train through an alien country; at day-break I crossed the frontier and awoke in my own. Yesterday was dreary; the road ran through a wilderness of rock and scrub and lingering snow overhung by motionless grey cloud. But this May morning the sun is shining brightly in a sky of fleckless, stainless blue. Through the car-window I look out upon white villages and farmhouses dotting broad acres of cultivated land. Between yesterday and to-day, the contrast is complete in weather and in landscape; but that alone does not account for the joy in the air or for the song chanted by the noisy car-wheels.

Every feature of the peaceful landscape I have seen a thousand times before. In little has it changed since the time that I can first remember it. Its aspect is as friendly and familiar as the face of my mother. It is the face of my mother. There is the tidy farmhouse just showing its roof and chimneys or a window and a bit of wall from amid a tuft of filmy orchard boughs. The season is early as

yet, but soon the clump of apple-trees will be a cloud of white blossom and then a wall of green around the homestead. At one side are the stables, the huge wooden barn and the stack-yard. One farmhouse is much like another. All wear a look of thrift and comfort. From each a long green lane runs through the broad fields to the back of the farm. The fields are all divided by the same fantastic zig-zag fences of blackish-grey rails. The maples and elms in the lanes and fence corners are not yet in leaf, but the grass is showing its first most tender green. The strong sunlight shoots it through and through with yellow tinges giving it the brilliant color of some strange gem. Most often the lanes are unbroken ribbons of green dividing the dark loamy fields; but here and there the heavy waggon-wheels have passed and scored the ribbon throughout its entire length with two parallel earthy lines. The long fields show dark yellow and dark brown, almost black, rich in promise of harvest. This morning, they are stirring with men and horses; for this is May-day and the farmer goes a-planting. Sometimes it is the red-painted drill which does the work; but more often the man takes the place of the machine. The sower goes forth to sow as he has for a thousand years in a hundred lands. With his sowing-sheet on his shoulder, he strides across the furrows, and flings the grain broadcast on the mould with a rapid spreading motion of his right hand. The jumping, twitching harrow follows and the field is sown. Mile after mile is swiftly passed, and the scene, though perpetually changing, is perpetually the same. The sight of it refreshes the eyes that have grown accustomed to another landscape; and the spirit of gladness so plain in earth and sky has touched my heart and stirred my pulses. In my ears is a new-old song, which never sounded so clear before.

The loud insistent clunk and roar of the train shapes into a sort of never-ending chant; and clearer and clearer come words like these:

My country! Mine, mine, mine! my own. This land brought me forth, bred me, gives me the means of living. However poor, it is still mine. I am part of it and of no other. My country, mine.

My country, mine! Within the shadow of a little church in this land, at rest under the sod lie the bones that took the pains for me. She who held me to her breast and saw her own face in my childish eyes, lies at rest in this land. It is my own by the graves within it. My dead are here. My country, mine!

My country, mine! In this corner of the earth was my child's Eden, my paradise. Here I knew the days that were all sunshine, the years that were all summer. Here I knew the first true comrade hearts. In this land the mother of my child grew to womanhood. In a home in this land she nurses her baby at her breast. I cannot live my life again. By the joy that it has given me as well as the sorrow, this land, this and no other, is mine and mine forever. My country, mine!

Over and over again do words like these sing themselves into my brain in a roaring anvil chorus of iron wheel on iron rail. No one but a son of the soil knows the music of that chant; or the pride and love which it awakens in his heart, as he looks out upon the broad, bread-giving fields of the old province.

Nor is the song without its accompaniment and loveliest of obligatos. The iron road is laid along the river bank. Beyond these happy fields, I catch glimpses now and

then of the great, blue river. The music of its unheard rhythms is sweet; I can read it, though I cannot hear. The noble river is meeting me; and I must travel by it for half a day. Its presence is revealed now in a glimpse of blue water or torn white rapid; now in a broad sheet of glittering wavelets; again, only a line marks where the river bluffs stand high. It also is a friendly face. That very water that I see has flowed past many a lake-port, past many a river-town I know. It has flowed past the town in which She lives; it has flowed past Her door. She has looked out over it at this moment; the sun is shining on it before Her door, as it is shining here. And every turn of the wheels brings me nearer and nearer Her.

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JOTTINGS FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.

Monday, Sept. 18th.

The occurrences of yesterday are not worth noting. I spent the day with friends, and slept at my friend Tripp's house.

At ten minutes past two a.m., we were aroused by a terrific cannonading, which with one intermission lasted until nearly five o'clock a.m. The rifle firing was heavy during all that time.

Of course no one could tell what was going on, as we could not see the ships and forts on account of hills between us. We could only surmise that some of the ships were forcing the bar and had been discovered.

When I reached town at about ten a.m., it was said everywhere that the Republica, a torpedura (the *Marcilio Dias*) and two of the merchant steamers which have been incorporated with the fleet, had succeeded in passing out of the bay, in spite of the tremendous cannonade. These vessels may proceed to Rio Grande de Sul and bring up troops, in which case Meilo will easily win.

The city is in a pretty state of funk. In the afternoon.—It is now said that the ships which tried to go out were all sunk. This is a Government lie.

A friend who saw the shooting from the forts, said it looked as if hell had been opened.

The state of siege will expire on Wednesday, but in all probability will be renewed. The affair will not be finished for some time.

There has been no more fighting since this morning. There are seven dead National Guards in the morgue, and a shell from the Republica killed eight more in Fort Sao Joao.

Everyone (?) in the town has had a narrow escape from death by shells, etc. I have not had a narrow escape, although I have been quite near where shells were passing. A number of people have picked up pieces of shell which have fallen in the city and exploded.

Tuesday, Sept. 19th, 5 p.m.

Some exchanges of shots occurred this morning, otherwise all seems calm. I have just learned from an officer of the *Sirus*, that the vessels escaped all right.

Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

The Aquidaban and Trajano are again