

the shop doors—Smith, Brown, Robinson; O'Brien, O'Donnell, Daley; McDonald, Fraser, McGregor—here are English, Irish and Scottish names repeated over and over again.

Here, again, is an English Church, and there a Presbyterian; Methodist, Baptist, or Roman Catholic places of worship are not far off. So it is, we shall find, over a large part of our widespread British world.

From Ocean to Ocean by Rail.

The last thing we took on board at Moville was the mails; they are the first to be landed at Halifax. At the railway station, not far off, a special train is waiting to receive them. Soon they are all on board, together with such passengers as have been ready to transfer themselves with their baggage at once from the steamship.

The train starts off. The line of rails over which it moves stretches away to the westward without a single break for more than 3,500 miles. It runs by thousands of fertile farms, through cities and villages, through gloomy forests—over wide, rushing rivers spanned by some of the largest bridges in the world, across prairies which seem to have no end—along the edge of precipices—over the summits of lofty mountains, and then down again through sunny valleys till it has reached the waters of the Pacific. All this time it has been on British soil. At each of the cities where the train stops it leaves some of the mail-bags taken on board at Liverpool and Moville. The letters and newspapers which they contain are soon