

most advanced commercial unionist. Some may have desired that ultimate result, but none have dared proclaim that desire to the public; and that fact alone is sufficient to prove that they know as well the hollowness of the cry and the universal Canadian opposition to its methods and object, that they dare not brave the opinion of a whole country by admitting their faith in annexation. We are told that one man—Count Mercier—has spoken emphatically in favor of annexation; but, after his fiasco on the public stage no one will call him either a "prominent" or a "reputable statesman;" in fact he seems to occupy a place not unlike that which, in the following extract, is ascribed to Goldwin Smith, at least in as far as his ramblings and instabilities are concerned. On two or three occasions we referred to Mr. Smith as a literary adventurer who was disappointed at home and abroad, and whose extraordinary egotism has led him into more than one foolish act, especially when he allows his vanity to be worked upon by men who know how to manipulate fulsome praise, with a view to making a dupe of the one they intend to use. In all that we have ever read concerning the learned professor, nothing has ever surpassed in exactness these words of the keen and observing writer of the letter above referred to. He writes:

"This Mr. Goldwin Smith might know if he would; but he is a recluse, almost without human sympathies, who does not make friends. He is, therefore, at the mercy of his aberrations and any unscrupulous adventurer who knows his vanity. His adoption of the annexation cry is hailed with laughter by Canadians, for his name has never been associated with a successful movement, political or social. His splenetic temperament, soured by the successive cold-shoulderings he has received in England, in the United States and in Canada, has made him extremely pessimistic, and he has become a man of abiding discontent as well as a man of no country. I defy him to produce evidence of the truth of his statement that Canada to-day favors annexation to the United States. It is entirely untrue."

The fact that Canadians do not seek, nor do they want annexation, by no means suggests the idea of antagonism toward the United States. Because a man's neighbor does not find it convenient or suitable to his interests to enter into a partnership with him does not necessitate an enmity existing between them. In fact they may be all the better friends for keeping apart, and each one minding his own business, pursuing his own course according to his own peculiar desires and methods. Nor does the absence of an annexation desire point in any way to an absence of admiration for American institutions and a faith in the grand future of the great Republic. It simply means that Canadians, as a people, find that their own constitution, institutions, methods of working out their destiny and aspirations are more in accordance with the requirements of Canada than would be those of our neighbors. In a like manner can the honest American argue, for decidedly, after one hundred and some odd years of a republican form of government, with the experience of the giant strides made by the country, no reasonable American would for a moment dream of changing their constitution or of living under any other flag than that of the stars and stripes. American institutions, customs and manners are most suitable to the progress of the flourishing Republic; in a similar way, Canadian institutions, customs and manners are best adapted to the needs and the future of Canada.

WE PUBLISH in this issue a most interesting and fair-minded contribution from a Protestant missionary to the African Catholic Missionary Magazine. It is one of the most honest statements that we have yet read upon the vexed Uganda question. We would invite all of our readers who have followed up that subject to read that article; it comes over the signature "Philo-Africanus."

LEO. XIII.

Sunday the 19th February, was the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. Although this is the jubilee year, and is especially dedicated to the joyous duty of celebrating the Golden Wedding of the Holy Father, still the particular day upon which the future Pope became Archbishop of Damietta is the one of the greatest importance. It is the duty of every faithful child of the Church, not only to rejoice with the Vicar of Christ upon such an exceptional occasion, but to pray fervently for the intentions of the Holy Father.

What an extraordinary man! what a wonderful career! Let us pause for a moment in presence of this venerable figure, the sublimest that rises out of the great plane of the nineteenth century. When young Pecci was born the world was in a state of turmoil, it was shaken by the iron hand of the greatest prodigy of genius that the human race had as yet ever gazed upon. While in the hamlet of Carpineto, on the 2d March, 1810, the wife of Count Pecci presented him with a son, and the neighbors for miles around were expressing their congratulations, the eagles of the conquering Concan were "flying from spire to spire until they rested on the towers of Notre Dame." The nations of Europe were trembling in presence of that apparently invincible character; already had he crushed every opponent: Wagram, Austerlitz and Jena were talismanic battle-cries cheering on the conqueror to seeming immortality and omnipotence. But strange to say that the last hour of his triumph and the first of his decline was that in which he struck at the venerable head of our religion and dared to raise the immortal cross amidst his perishable trophies. He dragged the venerable Pius VII from his Roman See and carried him prisoner into France. It seemed as though the fate of the Church was sealed: that Napoleon was the "fiery horseman," foretold in the Apocalypse; that he was raised up expressly to destroy the power of Christ's Vicar on earth; that no power existed that could check his mad career; and that the ruins of the Vatican and the Church of Rome would soon be heaped upon the debris of the Cæsars' palaces and the shattered grandeur of the pagan temples.

"But Providence was neither dead nor sleeping. It mattered not that impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after those ensanguined banners, that his insatiate eagle as he soared against the sun seemed to replume his strength and renew his vision, it was only for a time, and in the very banquet of his triumph the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall, and the diadem fell from the brow of the idolater." At that very period, and in the midst of all the darkness that surrounded the See of St. Peter, "the light from heaven" was quietly appearing upon the horizon of the future. A meteor arose in the town of Carpineto that was destined to flash across the darkness of our sphere, to shed its glories upon the last half of this eventful century, and, after its ever upward flight, to finally settle over the throne of Peter, and thence to chase away the clouds of uncertainty and peril.

The hero of a hundred battles has long since bent before the whirlwind of human and Divine vengeance upon the slopes of Waterloo; he has occupied that lonely island with its still lonelier grave in the far off Atlantic; his ashes have mouldered beneath the gold dome of the Invalides, and all that remains of his power and glory are a few tattered

flags that droop above a poor remnant of mortality. The Church has long since emerged triumphantly from the fiery furnace. The word of Christ has been made good, for He has been with His Church as He had promised. The tyrant that chained His Vicar is no more, nor are any of his works to be seen, while the successor of that venerable Pontiff is to-day looked upon by all France, and by the whole world, as the great arbiter of her destiny and the assurance of future greatness and peace to the other nations.

Thirty-three years after his birth, on the 17th February, 1843, young Pecci, the brilliant and promising ecclesiastic was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta. From that day forward his extraordinary public life commenced, a life that we cannot possibly touch on in detail, so deep and so varied has its current been. As poet, philosopher and theologian he had already made his mark, but half a century was reserved for him, in which he was to attain the highest point in the art of diplomacy, and to reach the very acme of statesmanship. From the day of his consecration he made three giant strides forward and upward. At each stride he appeared more and more conspicuously before the eyes of an astonished world. The first event following his consecration occurred on the 19th January, 1846, when he was transferred to the See of Perugia. The second move took place ten years after his consecration, when on the 18th December, 1853, he was proclaimed Cardinal by the venerable Pius IX., of immortal and sacred memory. The third and final step was taken on the 20th February, 1878, when he was elected Pope and successor to the glorious old man, the martyr-lived victim of the boisterous period just passed. On the 3rd March, 1878, Cardinal Pecci received the tiara and grasped for the first time the helm of the bark of Peter.

With a vigorous and skillful hand he seized upon that lever wherewith the successors of St. Peter during eighteen centuries and more had guided the sacred vessel upon the tempest-lashed ocean of time. In his sixty-eighth year, yet powerful mentally as well as physically, he commenced the stupendous work of steering that Divinely-built ship over the breakers, past the quicksands, through the shoals that were in her track, and to guide her into a haven of security. He had experienced the sorrows of that period when infidelity swept over Europe, when Pius IX. suffered imprisonment, exile and every degradation that could be heaped upon him by his enemies. Pecci had been schooled in the university of tribulation and warfare; he had graduated after beholding all the terrors of 1848, of 1868, and of 1870. He came upon the throne with a full knowledge and appreciation of the situation; he could not be deceived by the most subtle of hypocrites nor frightened by the most menacing of blasphemers. He knew the workings of the societies, he had seen them in all their worst aspects, he beheld the effects of the socialism, communism, and rampant infidelity of the world. His master mind had long grasped the situation, his eagle eye had detected every phase, even the most minute, of the great problems of the day and he at once set to work to change the face of the political and social world. He had studied deeply, and on emerging from his contemplation into the field of action, he saw that the great secret societies of our day were the enemies of every national and social stability, and he concluded that the vital question of the hour was that of Labor and Capital—the rights and privileges of both and the duties and obligations that they owe to each other. And in those

most wonderful encyclical letters, that have attracted the attention of the most advanced thinkers and the greatest statesmen of our age, Leo XIII. has carried into practice the idea that he had long conceived, and has done more for the benefit of our age and of the human race than any other man living, or perhaps, that ever did live—taking, of course, into consideration the very few years he has had at his disposal and the advanced age at which he ascended the throne.

It is the golden jubilee of that grand character, that wonderful Pontiff, that Venerable Father of the Faithful that we celebrate this year. True it is that Leo XIII. is a captive, that he is despoiled of his rightful possessions, that he looks out from the Vatican upon his enemies, who glance back their hatred for his pity; but away beyond the seven hills, beyond the brown Tiber, beyond the purple slopes of Albano, beyond the Papal States, beyond the limits that human hands have described for earthly potentates, the Vicar of Christ looks upon the world, and with telescopic vision takes in the furthest points of earth upon which the cross of Christianity has been planted, and with microscopic sight detects the most minute details of every question, political, social, scientific or religious that interests the world of Catholicity. It is before that venerable figure that we bow to-day, and thanking God for having given to the Church such a prince, a statesman, a saint, we join in that universal chorus of jubilation, which, arising from all lands, ascends to the throne of St. Peter's successor, and blending with angelic hymns, that the frontier hosts of heaven entone, reverberates through the aisles of Christendom up to the chancel where the Holy Father—under the snows of his eighty-three years—listens with joy and smiles his benedictions—the burden of that chorus is:

"Te Deum, laudamus,
Te Dominum, confitemur."

We learn by a London despatch that the "Thunderer" has been hauled over the coals and called upon to apologize for calumniating the Irish members. The following is an account of that portion of the debate upon the question, and will doubtless prove interesting to many of our readers, especially those who remember the anti-Irish brutality of the London Times in the past:

"Mr. Sexton then stated that the Times had used the assertions of Viscount Wolmer as facts, and had seized the chance to heap lying calumnies upon Irish members. According to the Times and Viscount Wolmer, Mr. Sexton said, Mr. Gladstone's majority would be wiped out if the Irish mercenaries did not receive stipends drawn from the Liberal party fund or from the private liberality of rich English partisans. Such statements as those, Mr. Sexton declared, were utter falsehoods. No Nationalist member was ever indebted a penny either to the Liberal fund or the generosity of a rich partisan. Mr. Sexton moved that the House declare the article in the Times a gross breach of the privileges of the House.

The Speaker suggested to Viscount Wolmer that unless he was prepared with proof of his statement he should apologize. Viscount Wolmer acted upon the suggestion. He curtly expressed his regret for making the statement and tendered his apology therefor.

Mr. Sexton then declared that the editor of the Times should be compelled to apologize at the bar of the House.

Mr. Gladstone said that he sympathized with the feelings of the Irish members. The publication of the article in question by the Times, in which corruption was distinctly charged, constituted a breach of privilege.

Mr. Balfour, the Opposition leader, said that he made no attempt to defend the Times for publishing the objectionable article, but he advised the House to avoid a conflict with the press. The article in question, he said, might be interpreted to mean that the result of the Irish members being a paid party might tend to introduce future corruption.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declined to accept any such interpretation of the Times article as Mr. Balfour said could be made, and the House approved a motion made by Mr. Sexton that the editor of the Times be called to the bar of the House to apologize for the publication of the article.

The Irish members have decided not to persist in their demand that the editor of the Times appear at the bar of the House to apologize for accusing them of corrupt practices. They will be satisfied with the publication of the apology in the Times."