

Review of the Times.

The year which has just closed has been one for which the people of Canada have good reason to send up ascriptions of thankfulness to the Giver of all good. First, it has been a year of peace, which, in these stormy times, is in itself a matter of blessing. Continental Europe is in a condition of armed truce, and elements of tremendous disturbance are accumulating in almost every State. The Jesuits are working with their accustomed energy to realize their old ideal—the Church to rule the world—the Pope to rule the Church, and the Jesuits to rule the Pope. They have found no great difficulty with the two last; but the first is a knotty problem. The world wants to rule itself, and even in Catholic States, now as of old, it is extremely loth to let the Church be master. As for other States the bare idea of such a thing is provoking the bitterest feeling of dislike and antagonism; and not only this, but preparations for conflict. Immense hosts of men are withdrawn from active industry and kept ready for deadly strife, and the whole political atmosphere is one of doubt, disquiet, and apprehension. We, on this side the Atlantic, if we have the disadvantage of being removed from the great centres of international and political life in Europe, are, at any rate, free from the agitation and apprehension which are their concomitants at present. We have fought our constitutional battles and now live at peace with one another. Men of different races and creeds are working together to fill a common destiny and build up a common Canadian nationality. We have made immense material progress during the last few years, and we are filled with hope for the future. Our young men are growing up under the powerful influence of free institutions. They are learning to consider the name “Canadian” as one to be proud of, and Canada a country to be loved

and gloried in. Nothing is more striking than the prevalence of this spirit in our young children. Born on the banks of our great St. Lawrence, or the shores of our vast inland seas, reared up with a knowledge of the great races from which we sprang, and the glorious Empire of which we form a part, they are pervaded through and through by the spirit of true patriotism. They love their native land. No land is like it to them—even old England is not what Canada is. And certainly there can be no healthier or more hopeful feeling, for love of native land is the spring of every noble political aspiration.

During the past year we have made progress in developing the vast outlying regions which now have fallen to our lot to govern. A few years ago Canada meant only a narrow strip of country along the St. Lawrence Valley. Now, by a succession of remarkable events, a Confederation has been formed, embracing the sea-bound communities of the Atlantic Coast and stretching across the immense regions of the centre of the Continent over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. This development is one of the most marvellous in history. If it had been the fruits of conquests, the whole world would have been interested in looking on. But it has been peaceful; hence it has been little noticed—but the result is not the less decisive. Canada now has vast regions in the North-West, all her own; and during the past year she has taken energetic steps in the way of bringing them under the sway of civilization. The capital of this region—the town of Winnipeg—has nearly doubled in trade and population during the last two years. Domestic troubles have been quieted; Indian tribes have been amicably arranged with; a Governor, who is a native of Canada, has inspired confidence in the wise and faithful administra-