

their flocks, they are merely following practically in educational matters the principle which is nominally that of all Christianity, namely, the subordinating of this life to a future one. Said Hon. Robert Lowe in a speech delivered years ago: "The Catholic religion is of all others . . . the best calculated to induce men . . . to refrain from attempts at the improvement of the material, in the belief that they will lead soft and easy lives in another existence. This is the principal reason why I always oppose the extension of Catholic education."

Remembering, then, what are the views of the Catholic clergy as to the relative value of secular and religious education, it is not surprising that the schools so thoroughly under their control have failed to do well the work of our Public Schools, much less that of the High Schools, which, here and there, they make a feint of performing. The consequence of this can only be that while Separate Schools exist the Catholics of Ontario will be as a whole inferior in education and intelligence to the rest of the community. This granted, there cannot be two opinions as to the desirability of doing away with the Separate Schools, in the interests, first of all, of the Catholics themselves, and, secondly, of the whole community. But, while admitting this, it seems to me very improbable that they are destined soon to disappear. It is evident already that in Archbishop Cleary's diocese Mr. Meredith's agitation is only serving to give the Separate Schools a "boom;" and so it will probably be elsewhere. They are guaranteed, as we know, under the British North America Act; but were they even the creation of the Provincial Legislature it should seem that that body would scarcely move to abolish them in opposition to the expressed wish of a majority of the Catholic people. And whatever be the private sentiments of the Catholic laity, no wish of theirs has yet been expressed loudly enough to be heard in Parliament that has not passed the ordeal of clerical approval; and the relations of priest and people must change considerably before it will be otherwise. We know how a late Archbishop used the thunders of the Church to silence the voice of disaffection on school matters. One here and there was ready to hold on his way disregarding all menaces. If those independent individuals should come to be a majority their voice on Separate School matters will prevail, for it is obvious no Archbishop could afford to excommunicate a majority of his flock—not even a large and influential minority, perhaps.

One thing is certain, on the other hand, and that is that the Catholics would never consent to cast in their fortunes with their separated brethren in school matters except on condition of a thorough secularization of the schools. To talk, as many do, of abolishing Separate Schools and introducing more definite religious teaching, based on the Bible, into the schools of the united people is to display a spirit neither conciliatory, tolerant nor just. If religious instruction is given at all it should be given in Separate Schools, and would require as many varieties of schools as there are of religions. Non-sectarian religious training is impossible—it is a contradiction in terms. Non-sectarian moral training, however, is not merely attainable but attained, as anyone acquainted with our schools can attest. But the effect of the plan urged by the Protestant clergy here and in Manitoba of introducing the Bible as a whole or in selected parts as a text book would be, unless it remained a dead letter as it often would, to make the schools of our Province Protestant schools. I fail to see how anyone who advocates the separation of Church from State can favour such a scheme. To grant the privileges of using the Douay version where Catholics are in a majority would be no concession whatever; for Catholics do not teach their religion by means of the Bible. It is in their system a book of reference merely, not a text-book; to be used by the teachers of religion, not by the learners. Were any such regulation enforced it would have the effect of driving the Catholics to form Parish Schools, supported by private funds, as they have done in the United States under much less justifying circumstances; and it would give them a grievance which would be recognized as a substantial one by any Protestant not completely blinded by bigotry. C.

IMPERIAL INDIA.—I.

THE most fascinating of all subjects of historical research; the most vivid and dramatic pictures of ancient power and splendour; the greatest of modern political problems, as well as the most picturesque and peculiar of the nationalities of the world, are found in the curious combination of peoples known as our Indian Empire.

The brightest jewel in the crown of England's past military fame and present legislative greatness; the grandest dependency ever ruled by a foreign power; with its mighty multitudes of diversified races, populating a teeming and fruitful soil; the ancient home of mystery and the source of a magnificence unknown to Western lands, India has always had a vague and speculative interest for European nations, but until the end of the eighteenth century was little thought of or regarded by civilized peoples and powers, except perhaps, as being a country where—in a vague and shadowy manner—great empires rose and fell; where endless bazars, teeming with the riches of the East, were held; where great cities and magnificent buildings were as numerous as the population was great; and, in short, as a country virtually closed to European civilization, having religious and customs and manners unique in themselves and distinct from anything known in Christian lands; while being possessed of countless wealth in gold, jewels and silks.

Now all is changed. The onward march of British power, the spanning of the globe by the electric wire, and the creation of the vast network of steamship lines which makes the ocean a great connecting link between the countries and continents of the world, has made Hindostan the Mecca of the modern tourist; one of the objective points of British and foreign commerce, and the scene of Britain's greatest achievements as a civilizing and moral Power.

The history of India, through the vista of uncertainty which shrouds the early records of the peninsula, can be only distinguished as a medley of great rulers and powerful, though mushroom empires; of successful conquest and continuous pillage; of treacherous outbreaks and murderous rebellions; of robbery, massacres, and constant tyranny. It presents a strange contrast of mingled glory on the part of the rulers, and suffering on the part of the people; of proud Mahomedan tyranny and patient Hindoo endurance of strange creeds and sects; innumerable religious divisions and curious but most evil caste regulations, with an endless variety of races and languages.

The history of Hindostan is filled with vivid landmarks. Great conquerors emerging from out of the mysterious depths of Central Asia, leading immense hordes of hardy warriors, and pouring down upon the fertile fields and rich cities of the Indian valleys.

Alexander the Great, followed by the wild Afghan tribes under Mahmoud; by Genghiz Khan and his innumerable Mongol hordes; by Tamerlane, the Tartar, and by Akbar, the greatest of the Mahomedan rulers of India, and probably the most powerful as well as the most intelligent prince who ever held sway over the millions of ancient Hindostan.

Then we see Akbar succeeded by his son Aurungzebe, who so nobly upheld his father's reputation for magnificence, assumed the lofty title of "Conqueror of the world," and made his name known in the furthest corner of Europe. After his death, however, the power of the Mongol Empire begins to decline, and in the seventeenth century the Hindoo Mahrattas overrun the wealthy but effete monarchy of Delhi, pillage and ultimately conquer it, remaining the first Power in the country and a terrible scourge to the unhappy people, until the arrival of the English conquerors.

With the foundation of the East India Company in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the commencement of its great career in India, there opens up a new era for that vast and populous country. It is unnecessary here to do more than refer to the epochs of English ascendancy in the peninsula. The glorious career of Clive; the battle of Plassey, and the first foundation of British power; the brilliant administration of Warren Hastings, his genius and his misfortunes, the defeat of Hyder Ali and the salvation of all that had been won from the barbarous princes of those much oppressed provinces, his reorganization of the Government and his reception at the hands of an ungrateful Ministry and a careless people. Then follows the memorable career of Sir Arthur Wellesley and his achievements in the Mahratta Wars; the beneficial administration of Lord Wm. Bentinck; the establishment of steam communication with Europe, and the destruction of the miserable practice of Suttee; the lamentable Afghan campaign with its miserable mismanagement, signal bravery of soldiers, skill of individual officers and blunders of statesmen; the administration of Lord Dalhousie with its annexation of Tangore, Nagpore and Oudh, and the conquest of Scinde by the eccentric Sir Charles Napier, followed by the fearful Indian Mutiny of 1857, when all the wild passions of an impulsive, unreasoning and ignorant race boiled over and threatened to sweep out of the country every prestige of European life and civilization. The tide of that memorable conflict ebbed and flowed, the massacres at Cawnpore and other places occurred, but the murderous fanaticism of the masses was resisted by the untold bravery, skill and endurance of British soldiers and heroes led by such men as Colin Campbell, Havelock and Outram, and the siege of Delhi and relief of Lucknow bear ample witness to a bravery unequalled in the annals of war, of poetry or of song.

India was preserved to England, to civilization, Christianity and progress, and saved from hopeless disaster, endless confusion and intolerable tyranny. Henceforth its career is one of peace and prosperity, reform and loyalty. The government was taken from the hands of the East India Company in 1858, assumed by the Queen, and in 1876 Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India throughout the country to an apparently loyal and enthusiastic people.

The British Empire in India, apart from the tributary States, has an area of nearly 1,500,000 square miles and a population of 256,000,000 millions. Its principal provinces are Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and the Punjab, with several smaller ones, each presided over by a Lieutenant-Governor. The wealthiest is Bengal, and in spite of Mussulman despot and Mahratta freebooter it was long known throughout Asia as the garden of the East. "With the Ganges rushing through many channels to the sea and bearing on its course the commerce of the East, carrying back the products of the West, passing through the wealthiest cities, the greatest marts of commerce, the most luxurious centres of population, the most sacred shrines and the most fertile fields" of the peninsula, it is little wonder that this part of our Indian Empire should be the admiration of the world. The produce of its looms, delicate in texture and difficult of manufacture, has long been in great request; but in spite of natural advantages, the people, enervated by the climate, debased by their religion, and enfeebled by superstition have become the most

despised of the many degraded races of India; timorous, ignorant, but exceedingly cunning and avaricious, they are equally despised, hated and feared, more especially by the brave and warlike Mahomedans.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

THE red flame flashes thro' the darkening air,
And fiercely revels in the storm king's blast;
Its food—the treasures of the storied past,
The hoards of science—volumes old and rare.
The night glides on, and, where the embers fall,
The grace and glory of the elder years
Glow in the ruins, melts and disappears,
Save where defiant stands her stately wall.
Thus girded round by loyal, loving hearts,
And minds enriched, ennobled by her hand,
Never in vain shall "Alma Mater" call.
In rural homes or crowded city marts,
In Canada's domain—or distant land
She holds her sons with love compelling thrall.

Toronto, February, 1890.

T. E. MOBERLY.

THE WICKEDNESS OF REFUSING COPYRIGHT.

AS between sins and sins moralists have always drawn distinctions of degree. The Roman Church divides sins into classes, venial and mortal. Without going as far as her casuists would take us, there certainly seems to be a difference between stealing a dollar from Mr. Vanderbilt and defrauding a washerwoman out of wages to the same amount. In her weighing of these offences Rome would declare the larceny from the millionaire to be mortal, and the fraud upon the washerwoman to be one of the sins which cry to heaven for vengeance. Measured by an absolute ethical standard, both acts are equally wrong, in both cases the offender has taken a dollar not his. Practically, in so far as the perceived effects of wrong contribute to its weight and colour, the theft from the washerwoman is vastly the more heinous of the two.

Somewhat the same difference obtains between crimes which defect of law allows to be perpetrated upon English authors by American reprinters. When the victims of piracy are rich men like Tennyson and Ruskin the anxiety to do justice can receive no impulse from sympathy. But the great body of British authors whose works teem forth from American printing presses are not in the fortunate case of Tennyson and Ruskin. When a half or two-thirds of their wages are withheld, they are not simply wronged, they suffer serious loss. Their themes may not be of a wide popularity, ill-health may restrict working power, their gifts may not be of the highest order, and the difference between what they should receive and what they do receive is often the difference between an easy mind and an anxious one—not seldom between comfort and penury. In these cases, and they are the vast majority, the refusal of copyright is not only wrong, but cruel. An example or two of this. Within less than a decade, a romancer has entered the field of letters to revive the best traditions of Scott, an author whose picturesqueness of style and imaginative power make him the peer of Hawthorne or Poe. Two winters ago when Robert Louis Stevenson, a man permanently out of health, went for rest and benefit to the Adirondacks he could enter no steamer, train or hotel on the way without having spread before him editions of his books which had never brought him a penny. Mr. Stevenson is far from as yet having earned a competence and he is naturally desirous to provide for those dependent upon him. In making that provision, is it not hard that he should be spurred to double exertion because half his wages are not paid him? That his American reader may be dishonestly saved a few dimes, this man who has informed and delighted him shall receive no hire!

At Dorking in England lives Grant Allen, a native of Kingston, Ontario, a city where his father still resides. Mr. Allen has for years been an invalid, yet despite suffering and anxiety has proved himself a writer of mark, both prolific and versatile. No author has with more clearness and charm told the story of botanical evolution to the everyday reader—the reader innocent of scientific lore. No author now living has done more to break up the bread of newly discovered truth and give it to people who are neither experts nor specialists. Mr. Allen's scientific field is not, however, a particularly profitable one, and because only half of it yields him a harvest, he must perforce resort to journalism and novel-writing to win a livelihood. And thus a thinker whose *Physiological Esthetics* show him to have the rarest philosophic gifts, a thinker who, free to choose his work, would undoubtedly broaden the lines of psychological inquiry, is condemned to do his second or third best work in the world.

The refusal of copyright not only deprives the world of good books, it often subjects an author to gross indignity. Every generation of Englishmen has had among its writers men of little education of the formal sort, but men of abounding natural ability, with experience and thought that came to their lips in nervous speech all the more telling because they had no choice between the directest words and any other. In our day one of these Englishmen is George Jacob Holyoake, now in his old age living at Brighton. Mr. Holyoake's story of the "Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale" is as vivid a piece of narrative as