

India, and those who have studied the subject are in hearty sympathy with it. But the question is too large for present discussion. One thing is plain, that if Christianity and education make the difference between Pundita Ramabai and her Indian sisters, England's wisest policy is to establish schools and mission stations throughout that empire, even at the expense of salaried nabobs and a standing army.

TORONTO is fast becoming the stamping-ground for pious mendicants from all over the world. Scarcely a week passes during "the season" but one or more takes his stand and shouts his wares. Not only the well-known lecturers and showmen who practice on the credulity of the public. We have our share of these, to be sure; but no one feels bound to listen to them, and if people insist on being gulled, this is as good a way as any. The present grievance is the religious or missionary impostor who turns up at prayer-meeting or faces you on Sabbath morning with some gigantic "top-boots-and-blankets-for-Hottentots" scheme. The man may be a stranger, agent for no society, responsible to no one. But he has testimonials from several clergymen and a basketful of press notices. Besides, the scheme is deserving—suffering humanity somewhere. "We will hear of the great work, after which a collection will be taken up. Please remember the collection." Next morning the papers report a "brilliant and instructive lecture." (Who wrote the notice?) He probably spends months in making a tour of the country. But what becomes of the collections? Please do not ask. It might destroy public confidence in all such work, good and bad, and then people would not patronize those worthy of support. Enterprising Orientals have learned how to open the big hand of American benevolence.

BUT no other mendicant "draws" just now like the anti-Popery. You are sure of a packed house whenever a realistic exposure of the immoralities of the convent and the confessional is to be given. The largest hall in Toronto will not hold the crowds whose mouths water for a mess of this highly flavored garbage. Oh, no, we do not say that the majority of the speeches delivered in the city during the past ten years by converted priests and travelling anti-Popery lecturers were indecent; because that would be a reflection on the several thousand people who evidently enjoyed each one; then, too, they were given in the name of purity and under the sanctity of religion. Of course we know that many not vile enough to be a contravention of the law of the land, were worse—as much as the significant innuendo of the French novel is worse than the dissolute ditty of the bar-room. We have no sympathy with the kid-gloved handling of the Romish question. It is confessedly one of the gravest and most perplexing. But we prefer to have it discussed in Canada by men whom we know, whose motives are worthy and whose hands are clean. Let our own ministers, patriots, philanthropists study the question and warn Protestant parents against the alleged education given in convents, and instruct the throne in the language of truth. Evil, and little but evil, can come from the glib-tongued mountebank's vulgar realism, the production of a fetid imagination and depraved taste.