

galleries or by generous private owners, collected in London by the Exhibition Association's private agent, and shipped direct to Toronto. Among the galleries from which the collection is drawn are those of Glasgow, Bristol, London, Liverpool, Preston, Bradford and Nottingham.

Just here it may be noted that almost every city of importance in Great Britain has its civic Art Gallery. So have Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburg and Buffalo. There is not a single such gallery in Canada, and it shows how far we have yet to go in this country before we may claim to be as highly civilised as our sister Anglo-Saxon nations.

THE COMPLIMENTS AT COWES

THE meeting of King Edward and the Czar of All the Russias at Cowes is a confirmatory circumstance in connection with the Anglo-Russian *entente*. The Persian Gulf no longer divides the interests of Britain and "the most easterly of western nations." King Edward has seldom shown his native tact more felicitously than in his evident desire for friendly and hospitable relations with the ruler of Russia, while Queen Alexandra is said to regard her nephew's visit with feelings of warm satisfaction. In their international social relationships, King Edward and his gentle consort appear to have only the kindest attitude and ambition. Not many potentates have understood more fully than the present King of Great Britain and Ireland the amiable art of making allies, or have been more ready to supplement socially the policy of the Foreign Secretary.

To the comprehending reader of the holiday doings at Cowes, there is something of a delicately monitory order in the review of the fleet. It was a compliment, of course, a mighty naval greeting to a visiting monarch. But if the Czar of the melancholy countenance is in possession of a sense of humour, he must have seen a warning, as well as a welcome, in the long lines of ships, ready for defence or attack. Such a review is a pleasantly emphatic mode of combining "So delighted to see you" and "You'd better look out." It is a real comfort to the colonies, even such as do not contribute to the group of *Dreadnoughts*, to feel that any stray European Sovereign who drops in, to enjoy afternoon tea with King Edward, is assured of a cordial welcome and the spectacle of a line of British men-of-war. However, the Russians like a slice of lemon in their tea, and Czar Nicholas, no doubt, blandly approved of the pomp and splendour of the naval display at Cowes.

SIR ROBERT HART RETURNS

IF we may place what faith the hot weather has left to us, in the reports of the daily press, that splendidly active Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, is thoroughly weary of the retirement he has enjoyed for more than a twelvemonth and has agreed to return to China. The Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China is practically the creation of Sir Robert Hart, who, as the Inspector-General, was the Power behind Peking. The initials "I. G." were more potent than the Order of the Garter and Sir Robert knew, for a lifetime of hard work and heavy responsibility, an appreciation which the toiler does not always receive. The return of Sir Robert to his beloved Orient is another proof that the born builder is not happy away from that which he has founded.

The faith and effort which go into the best work form a bond between the man and that which he makes which is mightier than many waters. A holiday is all very well, but a retirement is another matter, and is too much like a retreat to please an active spirit. So Sir Robert, they say, will once more enter the service of the government of the Great Eastern Empire and continue the work which was his life, among the people who found him a friend indeed. He belongs to a race which does not retire until the final "taps."

A BLESSED OPTIMIST

THIS month marks, not only the Tennyson Centenary, but that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the most delightful autocrat who ever presided over the breakfast table. The Holmes centenary reminds us of that wonderful group of New England writers and publicists who left an enduring mark upon the civilisation of the Nineteenth Century. This summer has seen the passing of the last of these, when Dr. Edward Everett Hale closed a record of eighty-seven years, such a lifetime of good service to State and humanity as few have known. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who replied, when he was asked concerning his age—"I am seventy years young." The

same reply might have been made by the man who has just gone from the earthly sphere of activity, for to the very last, the spirit of Dr. Hale was that of eternal boyhood. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he was the veriest Optimist, chose always the sunniest side of human nature for contemplation, and left all who ever met him or read his works the happier for contact with his cheering presence. The debt we owe to such a personality is greater than that due to brilliant talent or literary achievement and most of us are willing to acknowledge it.

The courtesy, which we are too apt to characterise "old school," belonged to this light-hearted publicist in an eminent degree. One of his nearest friends, of the younger generation, tells: "One day when he was about eighty years old he and I boarded a surface car in New York. The car was crowded, but a lad promptly arose and gave him his seat. 'Thank you, my boy,' said Hale with great heartiness. 'I'll do as much for you some day when you are eighty—if I'm around then.'"

It must be admitted that this kind of public man is rare to-day, but, to follow Dr. Hale's own example, we must hope that his mantle has fallen on some aspiring young statesman or author, who will cherish the same belief in a coming Golden Age as characterised the man who radiated hope and good-will.

FRITH.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

THE London *Spectator* continues to talk solemn commonplace about the government of India. It revives the old arguments about the diversity of races and the strength of caste. "England remains to hold the balance fairly and evenly between warring races and creeds." But surely after our experience of Japan we no longer insist upon the permanence of caste, or with Turkey before our eyes dwell upon diversity of races as an insurmountable barrier to constitutional progress. The same sense of finality marks the attitude of the *Spectator* towards Eastern ideas of government. "The East does not desire self-government, but strange as it may seem to us regards it with contempt. . . . If the people of the East whether in Chaldaea, China, Persia, or India had really desired the government of the people by the people for the people, it is unthinkable that the experiment would not have been made, and have succeeded. . . . Therefore in trying to make the people of India fit for self-government we are trying to fit them to do something which is contrary to their nature and which they do not desire." The *Spectator* is one of those who, in the words of George Eliot "think that nature has theatrical properties and with the considerate view of facilitating art and psychology makes up her characters so that there may be no mistake about them." All current conceptions of historical development or evolution seem to have escaped it. It forgets that there may be other kinds of self-government than Lincolnian Democracy. It stubbornly refuses to regard present tendencies in Persia, Turkey, China and Japan as disproving these generalities about Eastern temperament and character.

The government of India is to be conducted not to fit the people for self-government, but "in the interests of the governed." No more deceptive phrase could be found than "in the interests of the governed." It depends entirely upon who determines the interests of the governed, the governors or the governed themselves. In his famous speech at Ardoath Lord Morley tried to escape from this dilemma. Our government of India, he argued, is really a democracy, for it rests upon the people in England. But the judgment of the Clapham voter upon Indian affairs may not be as intelligent as that of an Indian peasant. In fact England must make up her mind on this question, and the sooner the better. As the correspondent of the *Times* recently admitted Indian civil servants wish to know definitely what ideal they are to pursue. Are they to hold India for England, or to prepare for self-government? It is easy to see what a difference the answer makes. If England intends to remain, the wisest course is to talk like the *Spectator* and do everything to perpetuate racial and caste prejudices. But if England rules for India's sake, she will try to break down these barriers and to broaden her subjects' view. Isn't it after all only a matter of experience and education with the Easterner as with any other individual? It will not do to say that the present agitation comes only from a handful of educated Indians, that the mass of the people is content. If education is synonymous with unrest, the outlook is not promising. Probably too even in our democracies we may more safely trust the educated few than the unintelligent many.

In India sympathy and tact are still the essentials: the leaving unsaid what the *Spectator* utters. England's government of India as of every place else has been the record of *Spectator*-like folly corrected not always in time by wise statesmanship. The Marquis of Ripon and Lord Curzon represented the two sides of Indian policy. The English in India hounded the former from the country. But everyone knows now which of the two was the true friend of India, which caused the present troubles.

EDWARD KYLIE.