

with painting—or rather imitations of painting. So with music. So, above all, with the newspaper press. "It is no longer possible," says the *Critic*, "to hope that this journalistic degradation is temporary or accidental. Every indication, including the cowardly and dangerous treatment of the labour question, points to a deliberate determination to secure large circulation at all costs, even by pandering to the depravity of the lower and more numerous classes. Instead of attempting to set a higher standard of public taste, the newspapers have resolved to make what profits they can by lowering themselves to the level of the lowest taste that exists. The policy is as foolish as it is disgraceful. Circulation is not the measure of a newspaper's prosperity, as they will discover when they have alienated the support of intelligent and refined readers. The cultivated classes are now looking for newspapers which can be taken into their homes."

"Lowering themselves to the level of the lowest taste that exists"—that is the secret of the deterioration of the modern stage.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE STATE.

MR. A. F. MARSHALL, in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, contends that the Church of Rome, while she has apparently been losing ground in Catholic countries, has in reality been gaining it. That she has lost the State in France and Italy he cannot deny; but he argues that what she has lost in ostensible numbers and power by the withdrawal of State patronage, she has gained in the sincerity and fervour of her adherents. In that case he will find it rather difficult to maintain her infallibility; since nothing can be more certain than that she has clung to State patronage with all her might, and broken all the rules of human morality in her efforts to keep the State upon her side. If, as Mr. Marshall thinks, the favour of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon was more noxious than the enmity of Gambetta and Paul Bert, it is a pity that this was not perceived when, through a Jesuit Emperor, Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon were being instigated to exterminate the French Protestants. It is a pity that the late Pope—the very Pope who caused himself to be declared infallible—should have called in an Irish army to uphold the Italian despots and his own temporal power against Italian liberty. As to the temporal power, if Mr. Marshall thinks that, in a spiritual point of view, the Church is well rid of it, why cannot he impress this conviction upon His Holiness, who continues to protest, as his predecessor protested, against the sacrilegious abolition of the temporal power? Clearly enough, Mr. Marshall's view is calculated for the meridian of the American Republic, not for that of the Vatican. It is totally at variance with the Encyclical. In what he says as to the increase of sincere religion within the Roman Catholic Church, there is a measure of truth. In every European Church of late there has been an increase of sincere religion, caused partly by reaction against scepticism, partly by the fresh activity which a sense of peril and the bracing influences of emancipation from State patronage have produced among the clergy. That the Roman Catholic Church has gained by conversions to any considerable extent, we do not believe. In England she has gained hardly anybody but Ritualistic clergymen and imaginative ladies; on the middle and poorer classes, who are not touched by poetic reveries about the Middle Ages, she has hardly made the slightest impression. The revival in England, which in the cities especially has been notable, is almost entirely Anglican, and has been largely due to the propagandist zeal and energy of the High Church clergy. With the general sentiment, however, which underlies Mr. Marshall's presentation of the case on behalf of his Church, we most heartily concur. Let him suggest to the Pontiff the expediency of adding to the ambiguous quotation which encircles the dome of St. Peter, these wholly unambiguous words: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Mr. Marshall's line of argument furnishes the best answer to those who pretend that in guarding against the political encroachments of the Roman Catholic priesthood we are attacking the Roman Catholic religion. We are, on the contrary, doing the Roman Catholic religion, and religion of every kind, the best service in our power. What did the Roman Catholic religion gain in the net result by the course of priestly intrigue in Switzerland which brought on the secession of the Catholic cantons from the Federation and the civil war of 1847? What did it gain in the net result by the course of priestly intrigue at the court of the French Emperor which, using the devout Empress as its tool, plunged France into the fatal war with Germany? What did the Roman Catholic religion gain by the efforts of the Papacy and the Italian clergy to strangle Italian liberty, and keep the Bourbons on the throne of Naples? Has not the effect in each case been a violent revulsion of national feeling, and a fatal identification in the minds of the people of Christian belief with political reaction?

Why does the French peasant look upon the clergy with suspicion and hatred; he is not a sceptic; from scepticism he would be guarded by his ignorance, if not by the firmness of his conviction; but he thinks, and with reason, that the Church is always working in the interest of the Legitimist party and against the Revolution, from which he derives his title to his lands. Did not the eagerness with which the clergy rushed to the feet of Louis Napoleon on the morrow of his perfidious and murderous usurpation, and the servile rapture with which they chanted their *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem*, scandalise and repel from the Church even the most religious friends of public morality and freedom? Let the ministers of religion of all denominations freely exercise their rights as citizens; the better Christians they are, the more desirable it is that their influence should be felt; though in this also there is a measure, and nobody respects a clerical demagogue. But the interference of Churches with politics is pernicious alike to the Church and to the State. To pretend that the Church of Rome does not interfere actively and systematically in politics on this Continent as well as in Europe, is to pretend that we are all insane or dreaming. Not a book on the perils of the American Republic comes forth which does not give the political action of the Roman Catholic Church a prominent place in the list. The connection between the Hierarchy and the Democrats was notorious as the existence of either. The other day an ecclesiastic advised the Irish Catholics, instead of hiving themselves in the Democratic party, to divide their force between the two parties that they might control both. Australian writers on politics complain that elective institutions will not work if the Catholics continue to act, not as members of the Commonwealth, but as a flying squadron with separate objects of its own, hovering between the parties, and trying to enslave each of them in turn to its interests. In the case of this Province, party spirit in an election controversy may have exaggerated this or that instance of Palace meddling, though the existence of a cabal for the removal of Warden Massie seems to have been clearly proved; but the general fact is indisputable, and is treated as such by people who can have no party interest to serve. The party which now, having for strategical purposes formed an alliance with the Catholics and Rielites, upbraids with bigotry every one who raises his voice against Roman Catholic encroachment, has only to look back into the files of its own leading organ to see how much at variance with its own traditions, and with its own former representations of fact, as well as with the attitude of Liberals throughout the world, is its present position. The plea of religious tolerance is a cloak for political subserviency, and is secretly derided while it is joyfully accepted and utilised by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy themselves.

SAUNTERINGS.

A CITY set at the base of a mountain, kneeling rather at the feet of the mountain for its perpetual benediction, a benediction that falls in summer with its great shadow, with the silence of its leafy solitudes, with the tremor of its wind-stirred branches, with the soft outcries of its bird inhabitants; that rises with every warm pulsation of nature in its mighty breast, and diffuses itself as a cloud might, in half comprehended blessing. A city the hem of whose garment is bordered by the broadest, bravest green ribbon of a river we Canadians find in any water-system of any land, yet serenely shimmeringly blue sometimes, and sometimes wrathily white. A city that raises many a cross against the evening light, that flaunts many a tricolor in the river breeze, that echoes often to the Marseillaise, yet thrusts stern steeples into the sky, and waves the Union-Jack and sings most loyally "God Save the Queen!" But now it is winter in the city, and the mountain wears the patriarchal snow that befits it, and the heaven the church-spires point to shines very clear and cold above them, and the great river vexes itself under strong bonds. Winter in the city, and that mad, merry time of the winter when its sober inhabitant putteth away from him his sobriety, and his dignity, and his ulster, and his boots, and goeth forth in a spirit of unaccountable hilarity, a blanket-suit and moccasins, his snowshoes on his shoulder, his toboggan trailing after him, to do homage to the King of the Carnival.

And we shall saunter this week, as deliberately as the weather will permit, in his jovial wake, marking his splendid muscular development, catching now and then a refrain of the merry *chanson* with which he beguiles the way, breathing the ozone that supplies his vigorous lungs, and speculating by the way upon the probable destiny of his robust young national entity, already written large in some book of Fate's large library. Be sure the revellers have provided themselves with a moon. Behold her, as we step forth in the fresh tracks of these rollicking fellows, high, indulgent, and serene, impressing the full beauty of her presence with the massed