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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

| THE WEEK ENDING | | | | Corresponding week, 1880 | | | |
|-----------------|------|--------|-------------|--------------------------|--------|-------|--|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | | Max. | Min. | Mean. | |
| Mon... 48° | 29° | 38° 5' | Mon... 38° | 24° | 31° | | |
| Tue... 47° | 28° | 37° 5' | Tue... 34° | 14° | 24° | | |
| Wed... 45° | 29° | 37° | Wed... 42° | 23° | 33° | | |
| Thur... 53° | 33° | 43° | Thur... 41° | 22° | 34° 5' | | |
| Fri... 49° | 31° | 40° | Fri... 56° | 27° | 42° 5' | | |
| Sat... 56° | 36° | 46° | Sat... 57° | 30° | 43° 5' | | |
| Sun... 54° | 35° | 44° 5' | Sun... 45° | 35° | 40° | | |

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—Masked Ball at Munich—Sibouettes—The Earthquake at Ischia—The Transvaal—Alexander III. of Russia—The Assassination of the Czar—The Cotton Press at Charleston—The Man-of-War "Italia"—Rescue of the Balloon "Gabriel."

THE WEEK.—Death of Lord Beaconsfield—The Salvation Army—The Parsonstown Incident—Where is Sir Charles Tupper?

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dean Stanley on Christian Institutions—Review and Criticism—Our Illustrations—International Copyright—Miscellany—Varieties—Contrast—The Professor's Darling—The Dreamer's Home—Fatality—Echoes from London—An Etching—Madrigals, Glee, and Part Songs—Hearts and Home—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 23, 1881.

THE WEEK

As we go to press comes the news of Lord BEACONSFIELD's death, too late for more than this casual mention.

THE Salvation Army has been getting into trouble in England. There is, no doubt, a certain attraction in the material notion of the church militant, which finds vent in processions and banners and warlike music. Most of all, perhaps, in the latter department, there seems a strong feeling against surrendering to the Old Gentleman the exclusive property in so-called profane music. If "Tommy, make room for your uncle" is better to march to than the Old Hundredth, obviously it will be a gain to the church militant to adopt its strains in defiance of antiquated notions and prejudiced objections. So far as this goes, the Salvation Army may very well be left to their own tastes. But, unfortunately, that is not exactly the thing which they desire. Perhaps the natural inference from their title is that an army must have something to fight, and as the great enemy is not always available, at least in a sufficiently tangible form, the Army have to fall back on their fellow-men, presumably the followers of the gentleman above-mentioned. Indeed, the weak part of the Salvation Army seems to be that those who are not for it (and it is not everybody who has a call to march along the streets with psalms and banners) are too obviously against it. Such, at least, seem to have been the feelings of the Basingstoke worldlings. To Mr. de Rutzen, the Magistrate, is attributed the remark, justifiable it would seem under the circumstances, that people should not march about in places where they had reason to suppose that they would provoke a disturbance. But the Basingstoke rowdies put an interpretation on this dictum probably never intended by the Magistrate. "If they know there is likely to be a row," they argued, "the law says they should stay at home," and, acting upon this principle, they got up a row to order. An opposition army, with tin kettles and tooth combs and hymns of the "Sandhurst" type, were too much for the martial spirit of the Salvation leader, and

a cheerful Sunday was the result. The moral of all of which is that the best of causes loses rather than gains by injudicious partisanship, and that street parades, undertaken in the spirit of the new military organization, are apt to have their physical, as well as their spiritual, prowess put to a sufficiently rough test; while the breaking of heads does not in itself constitute a peculiarly felicitous mode of spending the Sabbath.

THE incident of the commanding officer marching the force under his command out of the Roman Catholic chapel at Parsonstown, on account of the utterances of the priest, has occasioned a good deal of comment, but is by no means without precedent. In the Fenian riots of some years back, standing orders were given to officers in command of detachments attending service to march their men out immediately upon the utterance, then not uncommon, of any treasonable sentiments from the altar, and we ourselves remember this being done on more than one occasion in Cork and elsewhere. Of the propriety of exciting such feelings in a Christian place of worship there can be no two opinions, any more than the duty of the officer can be doubtful who refuses to countenance by his presence and that of his men any treasonable utterance which it may not be possible or politic to put an end to by any other means.

WHERE is Sir Charles Tupper? The *Globe* is convinced that he is up to no good, and is only in doubt as to whether he is engaged in winning the ear of the Syndicate or drinking brown sherry at the "Criterion" on his own account. The *Mail* on the contrary weeps tears of joy over his recovery from a long and painful illness, and commends his modest retirement in his Irish home. We have, thank Heaven, no politics, and are consequently not concerned to prove Sir Charles either Saint or "the other thing, don't you know"—but we do confess to a certain pardonable curiosity as to the relative truth of the somewhat conflicting statements as to his whereabouts. If we were Sir Charles Tupper we do not hesitate to say that London at the present season would present greater charms than Newbridge, especially since the Kildare hounds have had to give up hunting in consequence of the attention of those patriotic individuals who see in the maintenance of a kennel the endeavour of a pampered aristocracy to override their vested rights, and have proffered them (the hounds, not the aristocracy) from time to time morsels of food calculated to disagree with them, being highly flavored with arsenic. But perhaps Sir Charles cares for none of these things, and the *Mail* may be right after all. In any case speculation is futile, and we must leave the two authorities to fight it out amongst themselves.

DEAN STANLEY ON CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.

The Dean of Westminster has been wont ever to find more supporters outside the church to which he belongs than in its ranks, and his utterances are supposed to appeal to a large circle of sympathizers amongst Non-conformists. The title of the present work would seem to encourage this view of its object, and may modify the mode of treatment suitable for it. It is evidently not to be considered as a propaganda of Church views or Church principles. On this head, then, it is only necessary to warn such as may be disposed to read it in the light of an official utterance. There are, of course, many outside the Church of England who, from not understanding the Dean's anomalous position of irresponsibility, may be inclined to give to his somewhat peculiar views of Church doctrines an authority, to which they certainly have no claim.

* "Christian Institutions." Essays on Ecclesiastical subjects, by Arthur P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

As I said, however, it is upon general principles that I propose to make some remarks upon the work in question. It were easy to prove Dean STANLEY unorthodox, unfaithful to the traditions of the Church to which he owes his honours and dignities. But the world at large do not care whether this is or is not the case, and are disposed to take a man's words for what they are worth, Church or no Church.

Viewed, then, in this light, it must be said that, for a Christian minister (for by that position, at least, the Dean must stand or fall) there is throughout the book a curious tone of apology for the institutions about which he is writing, even be it said, of the New Testament itself, which is, to say the least of it, undignified to the last degree. Listen to this, for example:

"No other work of equal authority with the New Testament has ever issued from mortal pen. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and Hegel may be of wider range. Yet they do not rise to the moral dignity of the best parts of the New Testament."

Surely this is but a lame defence of a book which we have been accustomed to think needed no such apology. The famous utterance of Crabbe's "Learned Boy" on the subject did for the Old Testament what the Dean might propose to do for the New:

"It is a good old book, and I protest I hate to hear it treated as a jest."

I have taken the liberty of italicising some words in the above-quoted passage, and had I space I might point out the significance of those so treated in the first sentence, but the whole dictum may well stand upon its own merits or demerits. Shakespeare has had many extravagant admirers, but it has been reserved for a leading Christian divine to place his "moral dignity" on a par with the teaching of our Saviour.

Those who have appreciated the full significance of this position of the Dean's, will have no difficulty in believing that a carelessness as to the correctness of facts should accompany such very lax utterances in the matter of moral criticism. And of this there is at least one gross instance, the more dangerous, as it occurs in relation to a matter on which the Dean would be likely to be taken as an authority by the world at large, a question, in short, of the liturgy of his own Church. On page 186, speaking of the position of the Pope in celebrating Mass, who stands "behind the table with his back to the wall and facing the congregation," he goes on to compare this position with that in use in different churches, and, finally, makes the remarkable statement that this position of the Pope is the one

"Still directly enjoined by the rubrics of the English Prayer Book."

That such a misstatement is intentional it is hard to believe, but it stands on page 186 as I have written it. Not only does this direction not occur in the rubrics, but the position is absolutely incompatible with the plain directions of that rubric. With this, however, we have no concern. This fact remains. *It is not true.*

I do not propose to deal with the various essays contained in the volume critically at this time or in this place. I apprehend the two instances I have given will be at least reasonable grounds for the warning with which I commenced and for the few general remarks upon the character of the work which I have to offer.

The historical method employed in dealing with the various institutions will convey a great deal of valuable information to the student of Church History. It is, moreover, the only fair and honest way of ascertaining the real pretensions of such practices as are claimed by this or that party as essential, on the ground of Apostolic sanction and the like. It is curious in this connection to trace the process by which many of these have been diverted, if not from their original purpose, at least to a somewhat different method of fulfilling it. Ingenious, too, very, is the chain of reasoning by which the Pope's own practice is made an argument for Protestantism in ritual. Indeed, of clever argu-

ment and scholarly diction there is no lack in any work to which Dean STANLEY puts his name. It is his own fault if we feel that occasional mistakes render a verification of his statements necessary to those who have a weakness for historical accuracy.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

IN "Lost in a great city," (1) we have a tale in which those who delight in "arrowing up their feelings" will rejoice without stint. It is always questionable how far the horrors and injustice which are practised in our midst are the legitimate material of novelist and playwright. The pleasure which the ordinary reader of fiction derives from their perusal is at best a most unhealthy form of enjoyment, while rarely indeed can it be said that a novel has produced any real effect in suppressing an existing evil or directing public opinion towards it. Neither is the present tale apparently written with any such intention. The story of a lost child, kidnapped and cruelly ill-treated in training for the stage presents a picture, drawn it may be true to the life, but only attractive to those who, as I said above, take pleasure in horrors for horrors sake. Moreover, though no stroke of the whip is omitted, and the cruel details of the child's suffering are insisted on with a conscientiousness worthy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, yet the climax of this part of the tale devolves itself into the unreasoning devotion of the child for her brutal master. It may be true in fact that

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you beat 'em the better they be."

But the acknowledgment of the principle which underlies it, we submit, contrary to the recognized teaching of the weak-minded moralists of the nineteenth century. The story of Bill Syke's dog only does not offend us, because it is a dog. Were the animal in question endowed with a soul and reasoning faculties its devotion to a brute would be a degradation in place of a virtue. I do not wish to find special fault with "Lost in a great city." The tale is strongly told and the characters present a consistent if in parts slightly exaggerated individuality, but I do say that the principle of such works is artistically wrong. Nevertheless, the book will be read, probably with an extra zest for what I have written.

THE fields of Art have been gleaned so often that a new comer, (2) whose professed object is merely to pick up what the careful harvesters have left, has a poor chance, unless he pull many an ear from the sheaves which they have already gathered. There is little that is new in Mr. Cheney's work, and much that he says over again, has been better said before. Nevertheless, the story of the growth and progress of Art is so absorbing in its interest to all who have in themselves a true perception of the beautiful in God's universe, that much is forgiven to whoever may tell the tale. It is said that no actor ever failed in Hamlet. The greatness of the part itself will appeal to the audience, let the player deliver his lines never so ill. And so it is with Mr. Cheney, whose story we cannot but listen to, though we occasionally are at variance with the narrator. And we are at variance with him chiefly on the score of want of scrupulous accuracy, which after all perhaps, one can hardly expect from an gleaner. To take an instance—"A new form of church was built called the Basilica." This does not seem to have been taken from the beautiful Greek temples, but from Roman buildings. When we remember the hatred and contempt felt for the Greek religion, and that Greek Art had long ceased to be valued by Christians, this is not surprising.

It might or might not be surprising, were it in any sense true, but surely any schoolboy could put Mr. Cheney right, as to the origin of the Basilica, which certainly was not in any sense of the word "a new form of church," and was used by the early Christians for the purpose of their services *faute de mieux*. A point on which we are less prepared to speak with decision is Mr. Cheney's description of Benjamin West's visit to Rome, and the "crowds" who "followed him to see the effect of the famous statues and other works of Art on his untutored mind."

This may possibly be an accurate description of what took place, but we are inclined to exclaim with Macaulay.

"Heaven send Rome one such other sight,
And send me there to see."

We have said enough to warn readers to accept Mr. Cheney's dicta "cum grano salis." For the rest the book is certainly nicely gotten up and artistic in style, and reflects credit on the publishers.

ALL that Miss Muloch ever writes is readable. Her peculiar charm of style never deserts her, and she has a way of telling a story which disarms criticism, at least until the end is reached. The present volume, however, (3) is some-

(1) "Lost in a great city," by Amanda M. Douglas, 1881; Boston, Lee and Shepard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Gleanings in the fields of Art, by Edwin D. Cheney, Boston, Lee and Shepard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(3) "His Little Mother," and other tales and sketches, by the author of John Halifax, gentleman; New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The same—Franklin Square Library.