

THE
MERCERSBURG REVIEW.

JULY, 1857.

ART. I.—IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

First Impressions of England and its People. By *Hugh Miller*. Edinburgh and Boston. 1851.

De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre. Par le *Comte de Montalembert*. Translated from the French. London. 1855.

English Traits. By *R. U. Emerson*. Boston. 1856.

AN American can hardly approach the shores of old England without a deep pulsation of heart. As he walks through her cities and villages; as he hears the familiar sounds of his native tongue, more musical to him than "Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty"; as he converses at the fire-side, and listens to a speech in the court house, or to a sermon from the messenger of God, he feels the charm of sweet associations of home and kindred. His first love and duty belong to his mother, the Anglo-Saxon republic of the West. But this should not prevent him from paying due homage to that venerable and still vigorous grandmother, who gave birth to the Pilgrim Fathers of the Bay State, and the cavaliers of the Old Dominion. Our country is made up, indeed, of all the nations of Europe, and seems destined, on that account, to produce a nationality still more comprehensive and cosmopolitan than even that of Great Britain. But the stem of the American people is the noblest shoot of the royal oak of England, and it will never deny the Anglo-Saxon type, though it should ultimately far outgrow the parent tree.

cause of the greatness of England. Blot it out, and her glory is departed, her civilization and refinement would rapidly degenerate, and her liberties perish. True Christianity, the Christianity of the everlasting Gospel is the guardian angel of Great Britain and America, and the only hope of the world.

Mercersburg, Pa., May, 1857.

P. S.

ART. II.—CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE has been well defined, "an act of devotion symbolically uttered." If to this be added, "through forms and arrangement of rocks and stones resulting in the temple," the definition will be complete, including the whole of Architecture, from the rude cromlech to the great cathedral, and excluding all that ought to be excluded, all structures of wood, iron, clay, brick, in a word of any material different from rock, or that which may be cut with the chisel, and of course excluding all buildings except the temple. Domestic architecture, so called, is a thing not known in the world before the times of the Roman empire. If the palace-temple of Egypt were such indeed, it was so to the same degree in which the Gothic Minster is a dwelling-house because the sexton lives in one of its cloisters. In like manner is it of the essence of our definition to deny positively, even as it were a very article in the matter, that any building made of other material than stone can belong to Architecture. Buildings of wood, iron, plaster, are no more to be included under the term, than figures moulded in wax or glass are to be included under Sculpture. We have here chosen an aesthetic parallel. The true reason, however, why none but the rock

or stone building, and no building but the temple, or the church, is properly architectural, lies deeper, and is embraced in the statement that the first building erected by man, or nations, the last building, the great building—in a word, *the building* erected by man, is the altar, and it grew out of the inevitable nature of the case that it should be of stone.

Not because the rock would resist the action of fire, not because the log-temple would not answer every economic purpose of a temple, but simply because it was not possible, in the circumstances of the case, that men, out of trees or timber, should make an altar. The first altar—all celtic architecture, we mean, is manifestly of the earth, earthy—the tree was far too nigh to the Heaven he had abandoned for the man to begin with it. It must be something inorganic—something not genial—something hard and remote, without passion or fruit. Men could, afterwards, as they did, build their altar within the forest, but men, that is men who were sinners, worshipped through rocks and stones, long before they could dare to worship through organic nature, which at so many points is in sympathy with the true man; whereas he had denied his own law, and the growing tree was a reproach to him, he dashed into that which was no law, but holds as a brooding presence, an impersonal power. The first thing sinners laid hold of after the deluge, was the boulders which the deluge had left, and the quarries which the deluge had made. From the heights of Paradise man fell, even as into the abysmal caverns of the places underneath the earth, and thence drew his architecture. It was the rock, the most pertinent impersonation of the abnormal and abhorrent condition of his own heart. Whoever has been in the midst of the cavernous earth, or stood alone at the foot of some vast frowning rock, and has given but a moment's thought to the work wrought in the heart of the natural man by sin, will be at no loss to perceive how natural it was that out of the midst of earth's bowels it should bring forth both the material and the elements, wherewith to

build up its guilt-begotten image, its altar, its temple, to its god. But even so it is, that while this temple is a form of demon-worship, it is also through the same, and it is even from the quarry itself, that the man is to work his way upward again; as if sent to the very roots of the earth which he had caused to be cursed, and from its deep foundation of rock to work out his own and the earth's regeneration.

We have, thus far, only been saying that man was made an artistic, or poetic, religious being—that he fell into sin, and that coming to his bad consciousness in the pit of his degradation, he rose up to build, carrying with him the elements of nature into which he fell—most fearfully symbolized in the brooding spirit of the rock, and the darkness of the cave. There may be religious beings who do not build—such are the angels who have kept their first estate—they need no forms, they project none—they are a form to themselves. If there be temples in Heaven, they are temples with a resurrection body. But every fallen being must go on to build—he must project in visible form the image of his heart, as a propitiatory image for the god of his imagination. It is an irresistible quality of sin which constrains the transgressor to erect some image of his guilt, to enjoy at its feet the sympathy of loss and misery. At this point there is a sense in which we may say that the earth's face and the ocean's surface, all the forms, structures and products of civilization, as the work of the natural man, are architectural; for architecture, that is to say, the highest reach of man's works, is but the broadest illustration of that great law and appointment that under grace, the race of mankind is to be delivered from sin, and at last sanctified, through the labor of the flesh—through the subduing of the earth.

Thus we are reminded again, how the effects of the fall are overruled, in an unspeakable wonder of mercy, so as to help man back to perfectness. A fallen being must go on to build, but except under a purpose of mercy and restoration on the part of his Maker, must go on to build

to no purpose—even as Milton has well depicted the works of those lost angels in that lowest of worlds, where every work must come to nought. Man fell, not into so low a depth—not into the very midst of chaos, full of positive riot, as well as shapelessness and unreality. He would have so fallen, as the inevitable result of the violation of the great law of his being, had not peculiar mercy interfered. He fell into inorganic nature—he fell into the earth, not below the earth. Thus, had he kept his law, he would through the Spirit have kept his whole being, would have drawn his body nigh to God. Having denied the Spirit, he fell under the dominion of the body, and that body was made of earth. He made himself one with the lower creature. And now we behold him first building as in the caves of Ellera, then in Druid pillars and circles, then in Egyptian pyramids, obelisks and pylones, and at last, and in a regular, though, long-progressing order, in the perfect beauty of the natural man as revealed in the Doric temple.

Is it possible, we wonder, that the pure and good Spirit could have had anything to do with works reeking in the airs of the earth-spirit, and demon-worship, such as those that still haunt the plains of the Nile? Yes, it is possible and it is certain. We know not how, but we do know that the good Spirit, for Christ's sake, did not forsake the man into whose nostrils He had breathed. The history of natural Architecture, that is of the Architecture of every nation except the Jewish, whose Architecture was the Ceremonial Law, is a history of the progress of the world's preparation, in some way, under the good Spirit, for the Incarnation of the Son. We may get nearer to the conception of the truth as thus corroborated in the facts of the world's great works, by the aid of the thought already intimated. The disciplinary process of the race began with the command, "Subdue the earth." In order to this, the man—the natural man—the typical man of the nations as yet without the covenant—was sent to the foundations of nature—was sent where his perverted heart took him—sent

to the nearest opposite—to the spirit within him which he had denied, that could be, this side the state of the lost. Now, at this point we recollect, that if man had kept the Spirit he would have kept the whole creature, at whose apex he stood, with him; that when he fell he dragged the creature with him; and that when his redemption is perfected, he will raise the creature with him. When he shall have subdued the earth, out of which his body was made, then will come the resurrection body, and then will the “earnest expectation” be realized in the “new heavens and the new earth.” What more forcible, nay what more painfully forcible an illustration of the fact of the curse on the earth, and the law of the appointment to man—through suffering, through agonies, through labor, through manifold pains of flesh and spirit, reach the goal—than a Stonehenge circle, or an Egyptian Pyramid? They are altars, altars to demons, altars that have devoured like a Moloch, raised in pain, covered with blood, built in the midst of sighs, and groans, and howlings—which yet the men that built them were happy in rendering. There is not one of them, but the ghosts of thousands and thousands of our fellow-men lay thick thereon as the air that envelops them. And was all this for nought? Had there been no purpose of mercy for man, it were; but otherwise, a work has been done which, in the perverseness of sin, was needful for the subduing of the earth. It was a work completed for the natural man, in Greece, disseminated by Rome, inherited by us. We cannot tell how the good Spirit overruled this work, but we know the fact, we are reaping the benefit, and we feel our safety in the inheritance when we rightly remember our Creed—“He descended into Hades.”

The Cathedral, that is the great artistic exponent of the Catholic Church, could not (speaking after the manner of men) have been, without that work of the nations. That Cathedral is seen to include and absorb, under the progress and law of its aesthetic evolution, every line of every preceding architecture, not excepting that of the false prophet, made into one through and over all. The Architecture

(the Ceremonial Law) of the chosen nation even, could not be, it seems, without the work of Egypt. And even thus is it, that the nations, while building their demon-temples, were commencing and doing their part in the great work of subduing the earth. They fixed the spirit of the rock, the cave,—the brooding genius of earth's foundations,—in the terrible and overpowering forms of pagan architecture, which we, with the better faith, have taken hold of and conquered, through the Spirit. The Grecian temple is the natural man conquering the demon of earth by mental power and ideal beauty; the Cathedral is the Egyptian temple laid hold of by a far more daring hand. It could not have been done, had not the great work of the Greek been done; could not, had not the physical daring of the Roman come in. But such being the case, the Crusader went into the Nile-temple, holding the cross in one hand, and with the other commanding out and sending to the Cathedral, every element of the heathen work he saw fit and forceful. He took captive the pyramid, he took captive the towns, he took captive the darkness—he conquered all through the Spirit—and the Cathedral stands the grandest of all visible witness, that the work of the world has been for a contribution to that Church, which has now, in turn, become the mother of all nations.

And this is the reason we hold it of the essence of Architecture, considered most ultimately, that it shall consist of the rock; the work of which it is the great ethnical witness, necessarily, as we have seen, and according to the Divine appointment also, beginning at the foundation of the creature in the rock. Had this work commenced with the tree, a product of the soil, possessing a genial law, the most important stage would have been left out, it being the earth that is to be subdued; vegetable forms come in, at the proper time, to give beauty and sympathy, when the man was ready. Still, however, the first appropriation of growing nature will be of that known to geology, the first tree known to architecture will be the trees and foliage impressed in the sand-stone strata. Even so far as to the

roots of the mountains do we deem it from the truth, that the heathen temple ever in its origin had knowledge of the log-cabin.

Whether this reasoning be correct or not, here is the fact, that all architecture has begun with the rock, the earth-mound, the monolith, and so proceeded to the cut stone, to the sculptural column; and in ornamentation from inorganic forms to foliate enrichment. Every family of the building Art has had its Celtic period; and all Celtic style, even to its details, has had its period of struggle in the inorganic nature. The architecture of the perfect natural man, the Greek, begins at an archaic point above all others; its ornamentative reveals the inorganic world only in the forms of the chrystal, and its "abstract" is of vegetable nature arrested at a point where nature *would* have produced flowers in stone, had the rock gone on to do so. The Greek Honeysuckle is a mental flower, wrought out by those whose mission it was to bring the rock to the confines of the glad and human day-light world of growing nature. And what the Honeysuckle is, such is the Grecian temple, even such as the marble rock would have grown into had it been endowed with organic law, the law of mental beauty. The Pentelic quarry would have cropped out in the Parthenon. But even the Gothic itself, which is the architecture of the "*natura naturans*," takes its beginning in the "*natura naturata*," just as the Ceremonial Law had a certain beginning in the pyramid. The Lombardic, Norman, Romanesque, or by whatever other name the Gothic base may be called, reveals, in its mouldings, the forms of the chrystal and the shell, before it goes, with the Psalmist, into the fields to bring in the flowers, in Christian fidelity and love.

Thus far, then, we find in the Architecture of the pagan nations plainly revealed the singular mercy of the Christian dispensation, which permits and causes that the work done by fallen man, shall be work done to purpose; not the work of a self-wrought chaos, not the work of the lost; but an appointed world-work, which has brought up the gran-

ite ribs of earth and death, to pave with all in groans and tears and blood, the way for Him who came to save the world. The obelisk and the minaret, the colonnade and the Roman Bridge, are pointing and bridging the way for the nations to come to their healing, the Church. The fallen race of man, being constrained by their fall, to build, to build mightily, to build in their wickedness, even as Babel was built; building from the deep places of the earth, and striving to reach the heavens thus, even as all merely natural civilization builds—this man is, through the unutterable mystery of the purpose of Redemption, permitted even thus and so to build himself up towards a new perfectness, and to draw that nature, which is his instrument, with him. No abiding work of the nations, then, can have been in vain. The Church, departing for the land of promise, was required to demand of the heathen people the loan which was afterwards found in the materials of the true Tabernacle; and so, to this day, does the Church borrow of the man. In the Cathedral, by the Pentecostal Spirit, do we most religiously inherit those gifts of overruling grace and mercy, which we have properly received through the media of Babylon and India, of Egypt and Greece and Rome, and directly through the great Christian people of the Middle Ages, which is the sanctified nation, the Church.

Examining now more closely the theology of the Egyptian temple—for the temple, let us remember, is but the greatest and most authentic image of the heathen man's faith, far more (and worse) than the Creed to the Christian, since it is the actual embodiment of the dark spirit of his mythology—and we find his conception of the Deity represented altogether in the two elements of physical size and mystic darkness. The idol of the temple is in an adytum as dark as a cave, dark as only Egyptian darkness is dark. This adytum is the final cause of the building; placed at the remotest point from the vestibule, forming the interior of the apex, as it were, of the obelisk laid on the ground; for it is a noticeable fact that the ground-plan, and side-elevation of every Egyptian temple shows that the

building is included within the lines of an immense obelisk laid upon the earth. This dark adytum has then its approach through vast avenues composed of the colossal Sphinx,—that riddle of the rock, that revolting embodiment of the genius of the granite, taking on a living form which is neither human nor divine, but essentially pantheistic. There is no more forcible or potent impersonation of that fearful being, or power rather, which is the “thrice-untold darkness of the nature-worshipper’s god,” and of all pantheism, than the Egyptian Sphinx. It is a personification of the mere physical intellect; a conception which would be relieved, to the Christian mind, by the addition of a heart, though it might be that of a fiend. Dagon or Moloch or the bloody god of the Druid circle, is a far less chilling conception than is that of those stolid, ruthless, passionless abortions of the carnal mind, those basilisk embodiments of the unknown power that broods at earth’s roots and in the abnormal airs of earth’s caves,—in a word, those daimon-endowed figures of geometry, which line the way to fascinate and devour, without biting, the man that approaches the temple of the Nile.

It must have been, in effect, as a night-mare, under which the victim not only could not give forth a sign, but in which he must consent to feel that it behooves him not even to make the attempt. At the end of this avenue he is met by the obelisks and the colossal guards of the temple—then is drawn under a gate-way which seems to have disemboweled a quarry, then through pillars, columns and osirides, which in their vast proportions and mystic forms, do but take up the sepulchral whisper of the Sphinx, a whisper that would break into ten thousand thunders if the man were competent so to dare it—next through quadrangles filled with the sculptured typhon, and Isis, in her mock mildness, more dreadful still—beneath roofs that could crush a nation, and more and still deeper drawn into the darkness all so endowed, he reaches at last the climax, or the bathos, of this huge wonder, in the sacred adytum. This vast temple of the Nile is one tremendous monolith,

laid down by the Pharaoh-nation as the Egypt-nation's god. It is also still farther not unlike the solid obelisk, inasmuch as its interior is all the more solidified by the astounding exorbitancy of its characteristic Art. This is the penetralia of this first world-temple, made to be the darkness which may be felt, and in which "moveth the spirit amid worlds not realized," but, as we can predict already, most surely to come to pass.

We conceive the analysis so important to Comparative Architecture, that we must run the risk of becoming tedious by repeating that the Egyptian temple is the inorganic nature, in its own case the granite, the foundation rock, reconstructed in the sciential mind, the understanding, the lowest of the mental nature, under the abnormal law of sin. It is, as it were, that nature put to what, but for its ulterior and overruled working in the great Economy, would have been an unstable "set" of the laws of forces, and hence, liable, as has been said, to crash back into chaos at a touch. It is of the earth, earthy. Its geometric forms are not without beauty, but it is the beauty of geometry, not of the heart. Its embryonic foliage grew where fishes without eyes or blood grow—in the stifling gloom of the cavern. There is little about it with which the Christian man can sympathize—he can feel the physical glory of its fatiguing vastness, and verily we can feel the dreadfulness of its demon power and spirit. The Grand Hall of Karnac, which has collected the entire beauty of Egyptian Art, must ever pale the spirit and curdle the veins of every being that has a heart. No man should enter it without the sign of the Cross. The one great element of the power of Egyptian Art is that of its preposterous vastness, both actually and artistically represented, in size, proportion, darkness, and dread—all operating to the oppressing of the understanding. Of course unity cannot be predicated of it. It is a mere unicity, a simply monstrous isolation, and hence mistifying, as mere number without unity always is. So far as it is applicable to modern purposes, it should be confined to prisons, and to the houses where Rationalism

draws its votaries to their gatherings. It is utterly without the Spirit, without intuition, a lifeless and bloodless solidification of no mystery, but of a mere logical mistification.

Nevertheless it did its work, it did an indispensable rudimentary work, it helped to prepare the way. The Christian child's idea of power is associated first with physical greatness, and results in the mysticism of the ungeneralizing understanding; and then as the faculty of unity in the reason is developed the child begins to ascend to the conception of mental and spiritual power; and so from a mere arithmetical notion of vastness and multitude, which is mysticism, it rises through the Spirit, which by the new man gives the highest generalization and the most universal unity possible to any creature thought; and so by faith comes at last to the intuition of the true mystery, which is, through the coming of the Lord, the highest experience of the created being. Hence this Art of Egypt, huge shadow that it is, becomes an infinitesimal atom to the Christian man, who has beheld in spirit, the unity of God and of all things, in the Person of the Incarnate Son. Hence it stands to Greek Art, in the natural world, under a somewhat analagous parallel as the Mosaic economy, the Sinite revelation of the Deity stands to the revelation of God in Christ, through the Incarnation by the Spirit. Greek art is, in its own way, the incarnation of the Egyptian. It reduced the elements of size and darkness, and not only retained, but vastly magnified its power, by humanizing it. There is no demon about the Greek temple, it is all man, the perfect man of this world. It is a purely mental creation, not supernatural in any sense. Wherever the mere mind of man is, there a Grecian temple may be and will be beautiful. It is in no sense provincial or conventional, it is the absolutely perfect work of the natural mind. It is the climacteric flowering of the development of that wonderful race, whose commission it was to perfect the uninspired process, to finish the work of the nations, and to bring them in to the coming of the Lord. The Doric

temple stands to Christianity as the words of the Greek language stand to the revelation they contain.

Grecian Art is a proper unity, a real ideal *one*—not a gigantic singleness, a mephitic ice-berg split from the totality like the Egyptian; nor is it the far worse-glinted berg of the modern unitarianism, falsely so called, for since it is without the constitutive three, it plainly can possess no other one, than the primitive arithmetic possesses, which can only count by heaping. Such a miscalled one, is but a fragment, pretensive as in its nature it must always be; is but a “*this, a that, a here, a there.*” Inasmuch, however, as the Grecian temple has not as yet attained to the spirit, it has not by any means, so high a unity as the Gothic. It is a multiplicity in unity, for such is the civil man; it is not a multitudinousness, a universe, in unity, like the Gothic, for such alone is the spiritual man. The human race could no more have represented itself in such architecture as the Gothic, without Christ and the Spirit, than they could have risen from sin to holiness of themselves. The Greek temple is the world, the mental world, accessible to the natural man, it is all that Plato was—the cathedral is the universe, known only to the spiritual man, and is what St. Paul was without his inspiration, what Augustine was, what a Kempis was. The Egyptian is mundane at the lowest, and geometrical at its highest point. It is the human representation of that earth which to the Egyptian was the abode and the form of that spirit, or power, not person, that brooded in the depths, endowed the rock-mountains, rested on the desert, and had its secret places in the atmosphere of the land of the Nile. It is the embodied silence of the first-born Pantheism.

The Greek temple represents a person, an individual. It is to the Egyptian what an angel is to a ghost, what a cherub is to a geni, what the real man is to the spectre-man of the Brocken. It is the work of a people who, through civil freedom, had come to the consciousness of the individual man. It is, therefore, the work of the State, not of

the hierarchy, and it is, therefore, human, as opposed to demoniacal—and, at the same time, of course, it is, therefore, altogether mental. It stands the witness that the man had conquered the earth-spirit, the nation hath the victory over the powers. Jupiter Ammon has become “ambrosial” Jove, the remote Isis has become the genial Minerva, the oppressive Sphinx has become the far-darting light of Apollo. The temple stands on the hill-top; no more burrowing into rocks, no more the earthly darkness, no more the crushing mass of mere physical Art—but a far higher power, a far nobler development, the beauty of the mind. If man had not sinned, and had gone on to build temples in Paradise, they would have used the Pentelic marbles, and built as that people built who were the last originators before the coming in of the new day for the race. The Parthenon of Athens is the unmistakeable sign that the work of the nations is done. When a people were found who could cast out the demon-gods of the old world, could place the human Jove on the seat of the Titans, and fill Olympus with deities like men—then we may be sure is the time approaching for the true coming, of which the Greek mythology is, indeed, a travesty, but it was a wonderful travesty, and it was, as far as the nations could go, in its own way, a type of the true. The Grecian people say, at every point of their development, that if there be an universal Father to men, He must declare Himself in the form of the man. The Grecian temple means the same. It represents the point of natural, or civil perfectness arrived at through a mental incarnation. The Grecian column differs not from the Grecian statue, vase, poem, or thought; it is a thing with which the civil mind of man in all ages must sympathize.

To trace, then, from the age of Pericles, the progress of our Art, we find that during those last four hundred years before the Christian era, a two-fold work was going on. The nations were becoming Judaized, and at the same time becoming Hellenized, and that through the same people, the Romans. The Roman people had its mission, to dis-

seminate what in the Greek had been concentrated and elaborated of the heathen world, and to consolidate the nations. As they originated nothing, so they originated no architecture. The Corinthian columns scattered every where throughout the world, while they show that the Roman conqueror has been there, show also that the Greek thinker had gone before him. The single thing originating with the Romans, in the way of Art, was the application of the circular arch to the building of bridges. It is significant of the people and their work, to make a high road for the nations to come at last to the true law, to the true unity. *Populus Romanus* is the *Pontifex maximus* of the race. This arch, it is true, became the Dome, as in the Pantheon, but it required another people, and other conditions, to transmute the dome into Art. The dome is the world, and nothing short of faith can overcome that dome in an aesthetic victory. The Roman nation has well left itself represented as in the literal circle, and bridge-like ceiling of the Pantheon, having its main architecture in stolen Greek columns. When the perfect mental incarnation of the horizontal Grecian, has come to be consubstantiated in the literal fragmatism of a building, whose plan is a flat circle, and whose sign is the bridge—an enclosure tangible at every point, and imprisoning on all sides, except one breathing hole in the top—we may be certain the man is degenerating, and that nothing now can save him from relapsing into the tomb of Atreus or the pyramid of Egypt, except a peculiar interposition from above. That which is above nature must come down to him, or the whole work of the world shall have been to no purpose. That which is supernatural is revealed. The Spirit *does* come down, and comes at the very time when the world declares, even at the climax of the four thousand years of forbearance, that it cannot get back to God—that the help of man is vain.

Down to the time of Constantine, the Christian temple, the Church, is to be found in the saints of the Most High. Its Architecture must be sought in its creeds, perhaps more

accessibly represented in men. Let a Christian artist sculpture a Jerome, or a Cyprian, an Athanasius or a Chrysostom, and we should have the spirit of what the architecture proper of the period would have been. But it is obvious to remark that a development so distinctively new as the Christian, could not commence in an artistic representation. Even the Jewish did not so commence—the Patriarchs preceding Moses. So also the civil nation does not begin with Art, for Art is a development out of the nation. The American people, with all its favorable antecedents, has not yet expressed itself in Art, unless our ships and steamboats are so to be considered. Much less could Catholic Christendom, in its early periods, have come to that degree of self-consciousness which begins to reveal itself in the forms of Art. Its place of worship was indifferently the cave, the catacomb, the upper-room, or the mountain-glen. Its place of worship was the world. But Christianity must, of all things, show what it judges of the world, what it feels concerning itself, what it hopes for as it respects the life to come. It has done so in the Cathedral; but the process has been a long one.

Latin Christianity went into the Basilica. It was essentially a Romanized Greek building, under the empire, the place of administration of law. Not by accident did the Roman Church enter there, for Rome is still the executive power in the world. This Basilica now forms the nave, or the whole west end of the perfect Cathedral. It is that part of the building which is for the gathering of the people, the congregation. Grecian Christianity went into the cruciform, dome-covered, St. Sophia of Byzantium. It reached forth its equal arms to all points of the compass, it invited all nations, but had not room sufficient for the congregation. Under the shadow of its vast dome we find the christianized descendant of the race that did the final thinking for the heathen world. That dome is not the Roman, nevertheless the Patriarch is indebted to Rome for it, even as Rome is indebted to the East for the forms and columns of the Basilica. It is an aerial dome in suspen-

sion, it is a dome and two semi-domes in plan, and it is pierced for the light of heaven to enter. It is the place where thought, meditation, reflection is done—it waits the Basilica, the executive, to distribute, to enforce, to consolidate its work. The Patriarch elaborated the Creed, the Pope gave it to the nations. To this time it had been the period of origins, the shaping era scarcely commenced till the age of Justinian.

We have distinctly, then, the Basilica, a Romanized Greek building, the chosen place of Western Christianity; and a Graeco-Roman building, the product of Eastern—these united, give the full Cathedral. There is, under Christianity, a commutual interfusion of the two peoples, which, under heathendom, wrought more apart, but had, under that dispensation, an analagous work to do in the way of the first preparation. We find these elements perfectly united in the ecclesiastical buildings of the early Middle Ages. The Cathedral of St. Marks at Venice, the Cathedral of Worms in Germany, the Duomo of Florence, are formed simply by adding the Basilica to the West arm of the St. Sophia of Byzantium, or the St. Vitalis of Ravenna,—thus giving the nave proper to the building. And this has continued without alteration, to be the great ground-plan of the Cathedral; the nave, with its side-aisles, and close-story, the transept, the dome developed into the tower, the choir and the chancel. We have by no means as yet, however, the full Christian Art.

It will be necessary to look at the details. The interior of the great buildings mentioned, is heavy and oppressive. There is a certain archaic spirit about it that reminds us of the elemental airs of the early heathen styles. The classic nations have become mingled with the Gothic—though the buildings are still in the hands of the classics. It is a transitional period necessary for catholicity, but shows us of the natural man. Moreover, we find the identical zig-zag, and scroll mouldings, which mark the Egyptian, the Pelasgic, and indeed all Celtic architecture—the whole showing that the Christian nation also is in a ferment, in a great formative process.

It will be instructive, then, to compare this Norman, Lombardic, Byzantine, or Romanesque, with its Graeco-Roman prototype. Looking down the side of the nave of the Basilica, we find it composed of a series of classic columns with circular arches springing from their capitals, and above these arches the old horizontal cornice. That member, the cornice, is a characteristic member of classic art—it must give way, if art is to be liberated, that is, if it is to become aspiring, aerial, heavenly, as opposed to that which is definite, mental, and worldly. If there is to be a Christian Architecture, its lines must no longer rest horizontally upon the earth, nor must it be defined within any actual limits, certainly not bound by the circle, which is the palpable line of this world. Now we do actually find that the full Christian Art develops itself in the final triumph of the infinite line—that is to say, in a line based upon earth, which is one end of the infinite for man, and tending, without limits, upwards toward heaven.

The process begins with that very circular arch of the Romans, that arch which is their sign as the world-conquerors. The interior of St. Sophia, or of St. Vitalis, reveals already the work begun. In the Pantheon we have the solid dome, resting upon a strongly marked horizontal ordinance. In St. Sophia, the aerial dome, with the multiplied side-domes, arches, and piers, showing a decided triumph of the perpendicular tendency. In St. Vitalis, still more decided. In the succeeding growth of the Byzantine into the Norman, or Romanesque, the victory is complete—the entablature is gone—the cornice is bent into the archivolt mouldings, and there is nothing wanting but the abolition of the circular arch, vault, and dome, to cause the Cathedral of Worms to take on the full glory of the Cathedral of Cologne. The palpable commencement of this stage of the great growth, that is of turning the Romanesque into the Pointed, is due to the people of North Germany. It began with the elevation of the old lines of the Pediment into the high lines of the gable. The Portico of the convent of Lorsch shows, as in a picture, the

work done. Above the lower tier of Romanesque arches in that most instructive façade, we have an ordinance of lofty pointed gables, the elevation, as it were, of the zig-zag moulding into an integral portion of the upper mass. Here is already then a base, a frame-work, for that pointed arch which is to complete the development, and liberate the building from every limiting line.

But whence came the pointed arch? It came unquestionably from the Orient. It is the contribution of the false prophet to the Christian Church. It was indeed a great contribution when come to the hand and faith of the Christian; but the Moslem had already stolen the idea of it from the Church of the Eternal Wisdom, had elaborated its idea, as far as it was ever possible for him to do, sooner than the Goth could have done, and had produced in connection with it only the factitious brilliancy of his sentimental Arabesque. The Church was in need of it, and the Crusader brought it. If he did not gain the sepulchre, he gained that which became to the waiting Cathedral the occasion of its final perfection. Instantly and coinstantaneously over Christendom, arises the Pointed, the so called Gothic, the perfect Christian architecture. The building is still the cross, but no longer the cross resting upon earth, it is the cross, it is the Holy Catholic Church, rising and rising and ever rising towards heaven. In the triumph of the upright line lies its boundlessness. It is inexhaustible, illimitable, never-ceasing, like the procedure of the all-growing nature, which is the sign of that Spirit which garnisheth the heavens and reneweth the face of the earth. And this nature is its aesthetic parallel. No more of the earth, no more of the cave, or the rock, it goes side by side with the nature that grows, that is organic, that has life, that is genial and human, and that is to us an especial sacrament of the only life-giving Spirit, not to be apprehended apart from the Incarnation. Let us suppose it possible the Jewish nation had been commissioned to represent in stone the feast of Tabernacles, typical in the products of the field and forest, of the Incarnation through the life-giving Spir-

it, and it would have resulted in the Gothic building, with its heaven-tending lines, its indefinite boundaries, and its exquisite foliage ornamentation.

This perpendicularity is now the ruling law of the Art. Not only does the pointed arch lift up, and abolish the circular vault; but it multiplies into groinings and cross-ribs, so as to make a limit above, which yet is not a limit. It cannot open the roof to the air, and, therefore, it will enchain and multiply and consecrate the air under the ceiling. The only caves about the Gothic are the caves of the groinings, turned into heavenly chambers, bounding the upward view only with an atmosphere of glory, with angelic cells that do but take up and prolong in choral echo the grand music of the whole temple. And thus at last, too, is the imprisoning dome abolished. We must here say again, that we hold it a settled fact of Architecture, that the circular arch has its function wholly in the bridge, the aqueduct, the civil and domestic building. It consists in a line that returns upon itself. It starts from the earth, and it returns into the earth. It can only become continuous in the arcade, and cannot there become a unity. It is not one, it is again a singleness, an unicity. Two lines leaning against each other, as in the gable, or the pointed arch, make together one, and that one is a resulting third, namely, the idea of relation between the two. It will always require three elements to produce a unity. Thus the Romanesque nave, taken by itself, was but a continuous repetition or heaping of a single thing;—the true Gothic nave is the growing reproduction, the real running into one another of distinct individualities, all collected into a general unity. Look at an isolated circular arch—and it is nothing. Look at an isolated pointed arch, and it has a decided character of itself. So, too, the circular dome, even that of St. Peter's, we hold to have its effectiveness mainly as the Egyptian has,—it is the mere exaggeration of a single element, it is of the nature of the giant.

But how did the pointed arch modify the circular dome? First by pointing and greatly elevating it, as at Pisa, and

Florence. Though here again the frame-work had been prepared, as in the other instance of the gable. A single glance at the aerial domes of the Byzantic architects, will show a vast Christian improvement upon the world-dome of the Pantheon. It is lifted into air; it is multiplied, striving to gain a unity; it is enlightened. All this, however, is by no means sufficient; the actualness of the limiting line must give way, as was done by the groinings upon the nave ceiling; else, after all, it can only result in the dome of India, or of the Saracen. The upright line must conquer the circular, the spirit must rise through the dome to heaven. The palpable dome is accordingly transmuted into the central Tower—the enclosing and crushing horizon is concentrated in the zenith of the building, which is thus the never-finished norm and climax of the style. No greater mistake could be committed upon the Gothic building than that of bringing the central tower to anything like an actual finish, as in the spire or eupola. It forms the invisible flower of the whole style, the pledge and sacrament of its perfect worldly emancipation, and its true marriage with the skies. It was the last great work of the Christian nation, when faith was enabled to realize its final unity in the Heavenly Head, seen in the building by the bodily sense, seen through the building by the spiritual. The actual dome, thus taken captive by the spirit, *must* not be brought over again, till faith is turned into sight, till the Lord shall come to His temple on the regenerated earth, till the day when matter shall no longer be an obstacle to the body.

Once more looking along the side of the Pointed nave, we find not only that the entire horizontal order above the columns has disappeared, but the column itself is gone; it has become the deeply channelled pier, the clustered shaft, the continuous line; the rush of the perpendicular current has enveloped the style; it starts now from the pavement. And this rush is upward, it is not the element of any earth current, it is not galvanism or geometry, or intellect;—it is spirit. The stone is so cut and dug into and channelled,

that not merely the line and the plane are brought into requisition, as in all previous styles, but air, space, and shadow—it forms the representative element of the holy and awful mystery, of the Church. It is at this point we find the Gothic Interior endowed with a certain living spirit, apart from its sculptured ornamentative, which is essentially distinct from that of all other styles. The Egyptian has verily a living spirit about it. but it is a living death, a choking silence, a dreadful brooding. The Greek has its own life, but it is the life of this world. The Roman has power, but it is the power of the arena. The Gothic has a life which is new and wholly peculiar; it is the life of the Christian man, the life of the Church, the life of the Spirit. In the Cathedral at last the earthly Christian man is within an artistic embodiment, which taxes, fills and satisfies his artistic nature to its utmost capacity, and at the same time does so in a salutary way, because it does so through and for his spirit. In the Cathedral he may feel safely, worship safely, hope safely, and breathe peacefully. He is not in danger of having the truthful action of his heart distorted, as under the terms of the Egyptian, or of becoming enamored of this world's beauty, as before the Grecian, or of being drawn into the rush of animal enthusiasm as by the Arabesque or Roman. He is in the grandest, most beautiful, and most safe place, when in the Cathedral, that the world has yet produced, and for this reason, namely, because at last *he is under the shadow of the cross*,—we mean he is in a style where artistic finish is seen to coincide with its religious development in a final, that is the final type for both. As the Cathedral starts with the cross in plan, so it finishes, so its art finishes in the Final-Cross, and thus Art and Faith have at last become a representative one.

There is no such unity among the race's works, as the unity of the Cathedral. It is incomparably the highest, the broadest, the fullest of all. Now, again, we know that such a unity is possible only in connection with the world of the spirit, the supernatural. Here it is man's faculty, for

the infinite finds its expression—and this, of course, for the sinful man, can only be through revelation. And thus are we able to perceive how the Cathedral, that is Christian Art, has come to be the incomparable miracle that it is among the race's doings, and that every Cathedral constrains us to feel that it is. It is not long wonderful that man could build as the Egyptians did, or as the Greeks, but it is a never ceasing wonder how man could build as the Gothic builders did—until we come to recollect that it was not of man. Let the perpendicular line be given, that is, the line that once started takes on its own growth, even as the fields and forests show us, and the style must develop, it will of itself carry the builder's hand with it. Not so the Greek, in which the man must elaborate every step. But how came this perpendicular line to be started? What but the good Spirit could teach the sinful man to dare to urge the growth of his temple into heaven itself? Mentally, therefore, on the ground of the mere natural man, the Doric building is the greater work, even as Plato was a greater man than Clemens;—spiritually, and thus drawing the man, reason, intellect, imagination and all, as the instrument of a higher Power, the Cathedral is incomparably the greatest work of the ages,—even as the Church is the greatest of all. The Cathedral thus shows us what the Christian Faith has done for the natural and civil man. The transition from the forming period of Byzantine Art, to the flowering of the true Gothic, was almost instantaneous. Not only did the style become grander, but at the same time became most beautiful. We shall find the base of a Cathedral in the heavy forms of the Norman, with crude Celtic enrichments, and the exquisite lines of the Greek elements debased into actual grotesqueness, and, as it were, in a moment, shall see the order above the base, flowering into the most exquisitely beautiful forms of the Christian Pointed. The power was not of man, it was a Higher Power guiding the man. It was a Power, it was the Holy Spirit of God, leading the man of faith at once into the world of genial nature. But how then is it that

the perfect Cathedral still retains something of an Archaic element, as in its animal sculptures? The reason lies in all the difference between being compelled to do a certain thing, and daring to do so. The Gothic could appropriate the Egyptian Sphinx, should it choose so to do. Indeed the Cathedral has, distinctly, as we have seen, the architecture of the world within it, but then all is appropriated to the Christian spirit, all is one through the faith. Hence, precisely as that Faith can dare to use the bones of the man as the death-emblem, because it knows assuredly that the whole body, soul, and spirit shall rise again, or rather has risen again, so the Christian Church can turn that "abstract," which is the sign of death to the heathen, into an emblem of life and resurrection beauty.

It follows that the Gothic is not yet universal for the world, only for the Christian world. A Grecian building is not out of place in India; the Cathedral would be, because the Cathedral presupposes so much. The missionary church to such a people should rather be the Norman; unless indeed it be necessary for the people of India to become civilized in order to their being christianized, and then the missionary should carry with his schools, the columnar Art of Greece.

We have now, alas, to say, that almost as soon as the Pointed Art came to perfection, we find it beginning to degenerate. The process commenced in the depression of the arch-point—till at last, at the up-breaking which went before the Reformation, it had become only a debased modification of horizontal art. Thus the way was prepared for the great relapse into certain portions of the ethnical Art through which our review has carried us, a relapse which has its grossest, vilest monument and stigma in the so called Renaissance. The church of St. Peters, at Rome, forms its bad glory. That church is the Christian cross overlaid with the Art of the Pantheon. It is a heathenized Cathedral, a carnalized Christian faith. It is one of the most mortifying monuments of the Art. It is the sign that the spirit of this world has overcome the Church.

Let us take that dome of St. Peters. We might equally take that of St. Pauls of London; but the deed was first done at Rome. We have seen through what tentation, what suffering, what long workings the Christian nation at last freed its heart of the world-lines of that imprisoning mass. We found it coincident with a purely spiritual process, so much so that the pointed Cathedral breaking through, and at the same time carrying with it the circular world-line, as the earthly basis of reality, cannot be explained except upon the hypothesis of the Catholic Church at last finding its unity in the spiritual Man, who is the Lord from heaven. How then could Christianity, had it remained Catholic, have gone back to the beggarly elements of the Roman bridge, the Pantheon? We hold, to the sight, that palpable dome of St. Peters, as the transubstantiated degradation of the spiritual glory of the true Cathedral unity, which as it was a spiritual result, though not the less but more an incarnation, yet not for the present seen. It is an attempt to impinge upon the senses, what can only be exhibited to the spirit. We hold, therefore, that the Pope who built that dome, ought to have made his home in it. If the head is to be seen, he ought there to show himself. The vatican palace should be in the dome of the church. And we also hold, that if there be truth in man or in history, that dome must be resolved again—those sad and most backward steps must be retraced, the world-spirit must give way to the spirit of the true unity, access to which in the Cathedral can only be in connection with the re-opening of the dome—both so that the spirit of man can ascend, and the Lord, the Head, come down. The bishop of that church will have to take his seat with all under bishops in the chair, or else that dome, by the very sign and token of its abnormal aesthetic "set," stands in danger of falling back to its own place, which is this carnal world, as we have already found the Egyptian in a like danger of doing, in its own way, but which was in mercy prevented, even by means of its reformation—disintegration, and better reconstruction, in the hands of the higher nations.

That the unity of the true Catholic Cathedral is a spiritual unity, having its Head in heaven, is palpable to the very logic of the building. Take again the lines which compose the gable, or the pointed arch. They are two—but their sustaining union and relation, have produced a third thing. What is that thing? It is the resulting thought, the idea. How represented? represented in the actual lines, in the resulting composition, but represented to the mind. That third thing, which after all is the main thing, is something felt, known, a created reality—but not seen; if seen, the glory of the Cathedral is gone. If that glory resides in the invisible cross created by the style over the central Tower; it is gone in the attempt at the actual representation of the unity of the style in the solid dome. It destroyed itself in the process. In seeking to represent to the sight an idea, which only remains such for the reason, it fell under the power of the previous element of the logical singleness. To require a man to look up, for example, under the solid dome of St. Peters, and say he sees heaven, is to require an impossibility. One can see heaven through the central tower, because he is in the representative world of the Spirit, which is the true witness of the Incarnation, and by faith he looks and sees all that the true Church tells him to see. But to see heaven through the solid mass of a heathen dome, or rather to see it in that solid mass, is asking too much of man. It is not asking of faith, it is asking it of the overpowered understanding of the natural man, in a way not altogether unlike that in which the Sphinx requires him to be still. It is our opinion, that few men, of late, have gone from Protestant religion to the Roman, upon the ground of the reason or of the spirit, but upon the ground of the overmastered understanding. The logic of the Church of Rome is a fearful thing, and so also is this huge dome of St. Peters, which is the very substance of logic itself. Angelo, the man that made the Moses, was the wild, wilful man to do the work. Probably most men feel something when standing beneath it, and so also most men will feel something under the

architraves of Karnac; but the right Christian man would rather find himself under that arch whose legitimate artistic finish is the cross, (and not the statue) under that dome (central tower) through which the holy safe and spiritual incarnation of the style leads his spirit with all certainty, even as through the waiting Church unto her waiting Head in heaven.

This thing at least we find to be the fact, and it is a remarkable and significant fact—that since the Church of Rome adopted the palatial Renaissance as the palace-temple of her visible head, in St. Peters—that Church has everywhere forsaken the Catholic Christian Art. In Mexico and South America, in our own cities, as well as in the old world, the Roman Church is still throwing up its Roman columns, pilasters, arches, and domes. It does not seem able to frame its speech to the Gothic, even when it makes the attempt. As in the Cathedral of Montreal, the Church of St. Patrick in New York, it will so mutter a little, grow ashamed, and stop. Its architectural doom was sealed in St. Peters, and St. Peters was built when the Jesuit had turned the Church into the papacy—the old Roman power of the crushing will. Far be it from our thoughts to deny the work of the Roman Church, so long as it was the true work of the Catholic Church; but to our view she became sectional at the building of St. Peters, and there we cannot follow. Her great work, her divine work, was the leading of the nations into the safe and glorious place of the Pointed Cathedral, and there we altogether prefer to remain. If another development of Christian Art is to come, that is of the Catholic Church, we are absolutely certain it cannot be by going back to the circle, and the columns of the temple of Agrippa. If the work of the Church is completed, then indeed might this physical return of the Renaissance Cathedral be somewhat legitimate; if the Church is still militant, it is false. The Renaissance has the world-definite lines of the Grecian Art, for the eye, without one spark of its ideality for the mind—what can it then have for the spirit and faith?

The Crusader went forth under the sign of the cross, warring against the world, the flesh, and the devil, on the plains of the Orient. He came back, the saddened and so triumphant palmer; and the Pointed Cathedral is developed. That Cathedral is the militant Church. And thus again reveals its authentic character in the Catholic faith. It is actually true that the effect of the Gothic interior is churchly in this respect; it is that of a certain sadness, that of a careful joy, that of a sanctified sorrowfulness—the work is not done—the mystical Body rejoices to fill up what remains of the afflictions of the True. It represents now the struggle of the whole creation yearning under the cross, and with a holy willingness, yet saying, how long, how long. Whereas the circular dome is a world-picture, where all is defined and set, but in the actual confusion of old elementary origins, not so much as marshalled into the unities of rank and motion. Had the Crusader come back the actual conqueror, he would have been conquered—the kingdom would have been of this world—and Renaissance Duomo, the Musæum of the Art of Greece and Rome, would have been his proper representative. As he came with the sanctified lessons of sorrow, toil, and pain, he shows us that the Church is still in the struggle, and he shows us, when he planted his cross above its arches, under what sign the warfare is to go forward. The true Cathedral should make every believer a more serious, earnest, stirring Christian—the dome will cause him to rest contented in the world. The religion of the Cathedral is that which is never satisfied with present attainments, which never as yet imagines the period of rest, which has never conceived of that self-satisfied feeling, which is one of the worst assumptions of the unchurchly spirit. It finds in the Pascals, of all ages of the Church, its truest disciples, and it finds its full warrant for the same in the life and teachings of the Lord.

It is this spirit of a churchly faith which is the especial want of Protestant christendom, and which we believe the good Master is now reviving among many portions of

his people. If the day is to come when there is to be the one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, and we know that day is to come, then must each of the great bodies of the now disparted sacramental host, move toward each other. A true development in the progress of the Christian ages does not long proceed in parallel lines. The Spirit now in the world is ever the Spirit of unity. The Greek, the Roman, and the Protestant host must come together, and make one new thing. The patriarch may hold back, the pope may utterly refuse, Protestantism may hear it with scorn; but we must come together, and we shall. As for us, we cannot in sense or faith, hold ourselves at the perfect reach. The work of the Reformation is still working, we can scarcely have entered upon the forming period. The fact that portions of the Protestant Church have come to a sense of the necessity of re-gathering some of the forgotten elements of Catholic Christianity, is for us a most hopeful token of good. With the view that imagines the Church of the Reformation bore the commission of perfecting in itself the work of Christianity, we cannot sympathize. It is not the way the Lord has dealt with the ages, and the result does not show that it has been other than a tentative process. Much less, of course, can we sympathize with the view that dares to look upon the work of the Reformation as not being the work of the Lord. The man is an object of pity who can look at the Church of Leo, and at the Church of Luther, and doubt if the Spirit of the Master were with the latter. But then we may as yet be but at the beginning of the end. Few great periods of the Church can be defined under shorter limits than five or three centuries. A part of the work which the Protestant Church has to do, in order to the unity of the body, is to draw nearer to the patriarch and the pope, in the fullest reappropriation of the Catholic faith, of which they judge themselves to be the representatives; and to show them in the spirit of love, that in all respects they are not.

Let us, in conclusion, indulge in a few words as it respects the Architecture of the future. Our review of the

progress of Christian Art to the period of the perfect Cathedral, has shown that while that great building does contain the world's work, the full contributions of all nations' Architecture, even as had before been demanded of the nations for the Tabernacle ; we also saw how the work was principally done through the parallel and commutual instrumentality of forms proceeding from the old world's last two great peoples—the Greek and the Roman. We also found the Roman the prominent element. The Basilica was a Romaic-Greek building. Its columns came from Athens, its arch was made by Rome, the resulting composition was hence far more artistically Roman than Greek. This is the germ of the perfect Cathedral.

Is it possible now that the Cathedral of the future shall reverse the process, and make the Greek element the predominant one ? Here we have to say for the Reformation work, that it is doing something in the Church like that which Greece did for man. It is proceeding upon the idea of the development of personality, as attained through spiritual freedom. In many cases it has gone too far, acted too roughly, as of course every fresh era must do ; has fallen in large portions under the isolating and separating sway of dynamic forces, and sometimes has in parts been found in danger of denying the Church, and the spiritual Power in the world. But if there be any truth in history, it is a great work going on under the good and merciful Providence of the great King. Then again, as it respects the probability of Greek Art becoming the prominent element in the Church of the future, we are to remember that that Art has never yet been thus appropriated, for which we have no sufficient explanation, on the supposition that it is not so to come forward. The Greek was the last natural man ; he was appointed to gather up and reconstruct the work of all nations in the behalf of the world for the coming of the Lord. His philosophy has been so appropriated, it did the thinking of the first centuries of the Church ; his literature is so used to this day ; his Art could not be so used because it fell into the hands of executors

who necessarily had no genius for Art. But then the Doric temple does, of all things, represent the Sabbath of the heathen nations. The grand repose of Greek Art is the four thousand years' struggle of the natural man come, in the Lord's mercy for the Church's sake, to its triumphant rest. Is this also a foreshadowing of the development of the Church? As we have in the Romaic Catholic Cathedral the Church militant, are we to have, in a Hellenistic Catholic Cathedral, the Church triumphant, at rest? We are by no means here wondering whether we should begin to build Christian churches in the Horizontal Art; we have done too much of it already. We see no Corinthian capital, we see no circular arch, in the true Cathedral, and yet it is the growth of the Romaic germ. Possibly some three or five centuries hence there may be a Cathedral which can then be equally seen to be the development of the Grecian germ. In the mean time we shall help forward the day of blessedness, by a loving, cordial, and reverent use of the Art which the Church Catholic has wrought out for us. Let us by all means leave for the present, the column and the circle to the world, to the State. The Christian State will also do its work of preparation; let not the Church act consciously in any attempt to originate. It would be the death-blow of every rational hope. It was done in the city of Rome in the fifteenth century, and it so resulted. Let us heartily re-adopt the Creed of the Church, the Liturgy of the Church; and the true Architecture of the Church must follow. This Architecture is capable of boundless modification; it is of its very essence to be so, if true. Let us learn to love it, and so shall we intelligently apply it. We may not build Cathedrals, it might not be advisable if we could. We may build in the pointed Arch, the perpendicular Line, the heaven-ascending Spire, and this is Christian Architecture.

Princeton, N. J.

W. A. D.