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RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. IV.

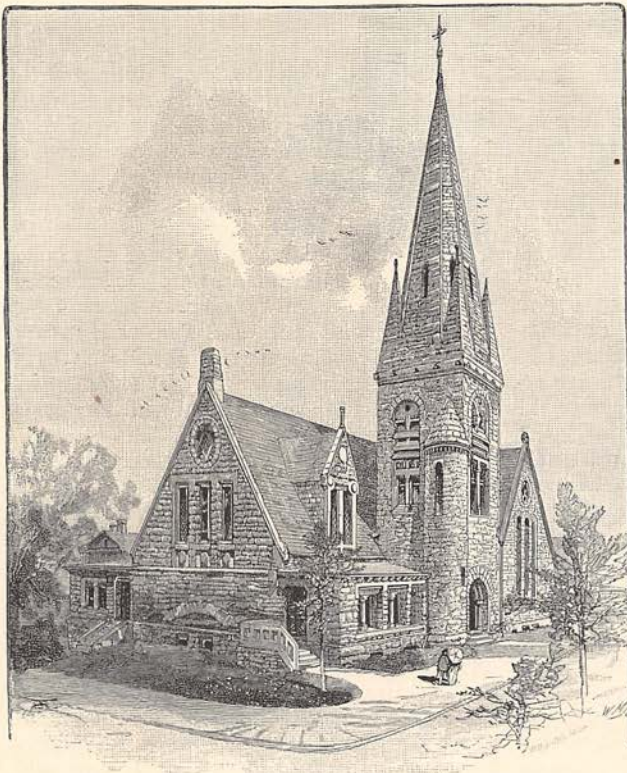
CHURCHES.

It is still too general an idea that his ecclesiastical work must be the easiest part of a modern architect's activity. It is still too commonly supposed that the mediæval styles offer him a multitude of models which, exactly copied or but slightly modified, will answer all his purposes,—that he must be able to imitate discreetly and skillfully, but need give no thought to the fundamental problems of his art, since these were fully worked out in ages past and settled once for all. Such belief in the present adequacy of mediæval precedents—a belief which awhile ago was almost superstitious in its protests against the use of any other style or the desirability of modern innovation—is, I need hardly say, of but recent origin. Gothic art died with the dying supremacy of the Catholic church, and till our own day no one wished for its reanimation. As the various classic fashions succeeded one another, each in its turn was used for all ecclesiastical as well as for all secular constructions. In the seventeenth century the genius of Wren brought practical fitness, and often structural though not decorative beauty, out of the elements then in favor. Later on, when the pseudo-Greek temple was in vogue, no good end was attained. And then came the "Gothic Revival," bringing change where change was sorely needed. Its results, however, were not of unmixed good, for reason and common sense were ostracized from its early counsels. The newly recognized beauty of mediæval work so intoxicated a generation that had been fed on the dry pabulum of classic nullities, that its eyes were blinded to the change which had come over practical requirements, or else persuaded that this change was a misfortune to be deplored and disre-

garded. Nor, in its new-found desire for the "ecclesiastical feeling" so evident in Gothic art, did it reflect upon the necessity of *truth* in architectural expression—a necessity which robs "ecclesiastical feeling" of all but a dilettante, archæologic, superficially æsthetic value, unless it is the unforced voice of the actual devotional mood of those who build. Many of Wren's churches were far more appropriate to current needs than those of earlier days; but his inventions were despised and a distinct backward step was taken—the pernicious doctrine being taught that architectural "art" need not concern itself with matters of fitness and veracity.

For a while we in America accepted this view of church-building almost as implicitly as did our English brethren. And with less excuse than they; for where the Anglican church is preëminent, far less change has come in practical or expressional necessities than where, as is the case with us, a majority of the people belong to the extremest Protestant communions. For a while we believed in the entire adequacy of an imitated mediæval art to meet needs which in truth are modern in the full sense of the word. But of late this belief, though still, as I have said, both wide-spread and strong, is neither so universal nor so implicit as it was; and we may rejoice to note the fact. Not that Gothic art is of necessity to be abandoned for some other; and not that we need wish for that "new style" for which the lovers of mere novelty are longing. "Style" is not the question at all—only the rational or irrational use of whatever style may be selected. The thing that is most important, and that will best justify a hopeful looking toward the future, is—

here, no less than in any other branch of architecture—that we should *reason* about our work, should accept nothing on the mere authority of ancient precedent, or for the mere sake of artistic charm. If we do thus accept a style, we shall never work with it in a really vigorous way. We shall be copyists only, and, to judge by the average of modern work, not such successful copyists that even superficial beauty will result. But if our art is founded on reason and intelligent common sense, we shall learn to do *good* work at least. Whether it will eventually grow to be very beautiful work or not will depend upon the gifts with which nature sees fit to endow us. But neither fundamental excellence nor satisfying, vital beauty can grow from any other basis.



NORTH CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

But perhaps I should stop a moment now to prove that our needs are indeed quite different from those of Gothic-building generations.

It will hardly be questioned that the mediæval architect was inspired not by the *fond*, the basis, the essentials of Christianity, not by those things which the simplest of Protestant sects may claim to hold in common with the church of Hildebrand, but by the specialized

demands of this church. If we know the plan and features of a mediæval structure, we know how accurately they were fitted to the performance of the Catholic ritual. If we follow the course of architectural history, we know how they grew up and grouped themselves as that ritual expanded and crystallized into shape, absorbing a thousand beliefs, traditions, rites, and ceremonies with which fundamental Christianity had little enough to do and which Protestantism has cast aside.

It is true that such a church may be used for Protestant forms of worship. But we can say as much of any spacious interior; and the plea of partial appropriateness, which is valid with regard to existent and venerable structures, strikes below the mark when new creations are in question.

With those sects—dominant, as I have said, with us—that have abandoned ritual altogether, the whole character and whole intention of the service have been changed. It is no longer a sacrifice offered for the people by its priests, no longer a gorgeous ceremonial to be but vaguely seen, no longer an elaborate musical rite in a stranger tongue, but a common act in which the laity take a far more direct and personal share, and of which every word must be caught by all. It needs no chapels for a populous pantheon of saints; no spacious chancel for a numerous clergy; no broad aisles for processional pomp and show; and even the altar must change in place as well as purpose when it is called a communion table. Moreover,—and this is no unimportant point,—that love of physical comfort which is a peculiarly modern characteristic asks for stationary cushioned seats, for unobstructed sight and sound, for warmth and ventilation, and for thorough lighting both by day and night. Do such needs get rational

satisfaction from the old cathedral type, or even from that of the English parish church of other days?

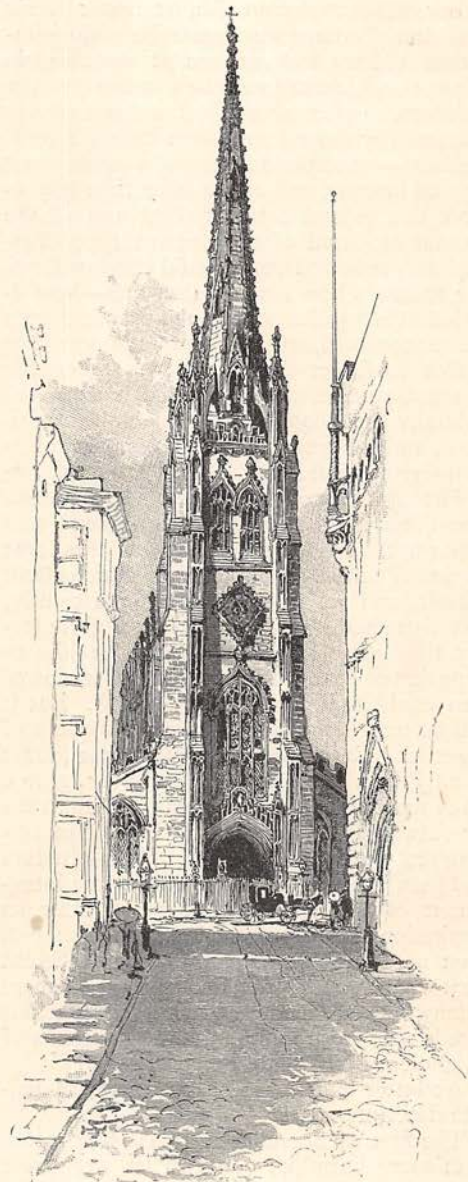
And it is the same with regard to our expressional necessities. The mediæval architect expressed not some fundamental sentiment common to Christianity as a whole, but the special sentiments of its mediæval phase, the peculiar mental mood and social state to which those sentiments owed their birth. The

church was then the one great social fact and influence that ruled mankind with undisputed sway. It inspired, demanded, and absorbed all the activity of man's more peaceful moods; took the entire tribute not only of his heart, but of his mind and hand and purse. And it absorbed nothing more wholly than art. In its cathedrals was expressed all that we now express in our public buildings, our charitable institutions, our civic adornments, and our sumptuous private homes. Into its treasuries went all those minor works which are now dispersed to a myriad secular ends. Hence the size and richness, the pomp and splendor, the magnificence in effect and the lavish care in detail of a mediæval sanctuary.

But to-day we have no "church" in the same sense of the word. We have a number of different communions, banded together for the simple purposes of common worship and moral teaching, which are without direct secular influence or importance, and absorb but a part of our mental activity, our artistic energy, or our superabundant wealth. Consider, too, the devotional temper of mediæval men. Consider their blind unreasoning faith in a thousand things we have long since questioned and denied; consider their mysticism, their love of symbolism and allegory, their passion for the gloomy, the obscure, the terrible, the grotesque, the vague, intangible, vast, and supersensual. Is this the devotional attitude of our time? Can their huge interiors, their vanishing perspectives, their soaring vaults, their dim religious light, their wealth of symbolic detail, their throngs of forgotten saints, their expression of the insignificance of the individual and the supremacy of the priesthood, their testimony that man should approach his Maker through the medium of a sumptuous allegoric ceremonial—can these things be in harmony with the mood of a Protestant brings to the house of God to-day?

I do not forget the profound emotion that an ancient church must still excite in any susceptible breast. We need not try to analyze it at the moment; but when our future building is in question, then we must. Then we must ask ourselves how much of this emotion is really religious, how much artistic or historic in its promptings; and further, how much of its really religious portion is genuine and personal, how much sympathetic and imaginative. We must ask whether such a structure would be the natural results if our own needs and minds and hearts were given full and true expression.

We are gradually groping our way, I think, to a perception of these facts and a belief that we should respect them in our practice. Already we have acknowledged that in prac-



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

tical ways the ancient ecclesiastical type is not so entirely adequate as we once supposed. And if we do not so definitely question its expressional fitness, at least we no longer strictly limit the architect thereto in his search for "ecclesiastical feeling." Very rightly we demand that such feeling should exist, and neither unnaturally nor irrationally we believe that it may be wrought through the adaptation of some mediæval mode more easily than in any other way. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that as free an adaptation as is necessary should as yet be within the power

of our artists to accomplish, or of our public to desire. Perhaps we should be unduly impatient did we feel surprise at the illogical attempts which are so often made by the architect, so often prescribed, and not merely tolerated, by those from whom he holds commission — attempts to secure a quite new type of interior, and at the same time to preserve the general exterior effect and all the decorative detail of the ancient type. Perhaps only repeated unsuccessful efforts will suffice to prove how illogical they are — how illogical it is to disassociate the practical from the expressional, artistic side of any art; how foolish to forget that the charm of Gothic was not abstract and superficial, but resulted naturally from convenient structural dispositions, and the true expressional impulse of its own day and land.

The problem our architects here have before them is as novel as it is difficult and important. Nothing just like it was ever proposed before, since other generations built naively, and we must build self-consciously, and distracted by the very richness of the legacy they have left us. It would be idle to hope that any one man or any one generation of men could fully master such a task. But it will be treacherous if any shirks his quota of the work. Each must do his little part, for it is only thus that architecture ever grows. Each must study his problem from the center outward, and not from the outside in, settling first the bones and sinews of his structure and then trying to fit them with a true integument of beauty. This may well draw its inspiration from mediæval precedents; but, even so, it will be something very different from what we most often find to-day — a mere patchwork of attractive but mendacious shreds stripped from the trunk and limbs of an ancient body quite unlike the new.

And now let us pass at last to a little definite description.

The first of our churches that were more than mere barn-like conventicles were built in the days of "good Queen Anne," and for more than a century the modern-classic styles were the only ones we knew. Mr. Grant White showed some of our earlier examples to my readers not many months ago, and did full justice to the finest of them all — St. Paul's in New York. But upon one important point, it seemed to me that he hardly laid sufficient stress — upon the interesting variety that resulted when wood was the chosen material, and the colonial architect intelligently modified the English model to suit its new requirements. This was a time when simple convenience was the architect's chief aim in his interior, when the public seems to have

had no conscious craving for "ecclesiastical feeling." Yet, nevertheless, some of these interiors — Trinity in Newport, for example, and King's Chapel in Boston — have a certain grave dignity, simple sobriety, and homely, cheerful stateliness, which are, perhaps, more truthfully expressive of the temper of modern Protestantism than is a dim and shadowy, elaborate and sumptuous Gothic church. But of course when I speak thus I leave all purely *artistic* considerations out of sight. These sensible and attractive if not eminently beautiful structures were succeeded by pseudo-Greek temples, and then we, too, came in for our share of the Gothic revival.

Its first eminent apostle was the elder Upjohn, an Englishman by birth, but American in his artistic life. Trinity in New York was his masterpiece, and is still the most beautiful church in the city. When I add that it is an orthodox, scholarly reproduction of a simple type common among English parish churches, the admission must not be made to prove too much. The conclusion need not follow that it would be best for us to cleave faithfully to the same kind of work; for what we have not yet been able to do is hardly a conclusive argument to decide for what we ought to strive. Trinity proves that our inventive efforts have not yet produced anything in all New York as satisfactory, from an artistic point of view, as Mr. Upjohn's imitative skill could build. But the artistic point of view is not the only one that should be regarded. In spite of Trinity's beauty, it is far from impressing us with the belief that here is the ideal modern church with which we should rest content. It answers fairly well the needs of its own congregation — an Episcopal congregation with High Church leanings and a choral service. But turn to one of Mr. Upjohn's less conspicuous structures, and see how badly even his hands succeeded in fitting the same type to the needs of other communions. Take, for instance, the Presbyterian church on the corner of Tenth street and University Place. Look at the long nave divided into three by rows of massive columns, that inconvenience materially the occupants of the outer pews; look at the deep galleries which cut the long windows in twain, and the support of which is unprovided for in the structure of the walls from which they project; look at the lofty vaulted ceiling, which absorbed so much light that it had to be spoiled by a coat of pale-hued paint; look at the high-paneled wooden screen which fills the east end, but so palpably does not belong there, and at the way the pulpit clings to it without constructive rhyme or reason. Is this a good way to build such a church — this way which results in

something that is neither a copy nor an adaptation, but merely a mutilation of the ancient type, unsuccessful alike in the way of practical fitness and of architectural coherence?

Mr. Upjohn's exteriors, though not always in strict accord with his interiors, are sure to have much beauty of the best because most architectural kind. They all exhibit in a less degree the peculiar excellence of Trinity—an excellence which springs from harmony of proportion, strength and grace of outline, well-regulated size of feature, and discreet employment of very simple decoration. They point a lesson which might well have been regarded by our later Gothicists, who have too often quite ignored the claims of these prime elements in architectural success.

For many years after Mr. Upjohn led the way, the style of our ecclesiastical work was almost always Gothic, though there were occasional reversions to a classic type, such as we see in the Arlington Street Church in Boston and the "Brick Church" at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street. But the Gothic was of every imaginable and unimaginable variety,—"natural, unnatural, and preternatural." Sometimes it was carefully and dryly "correct"; sometimes it aimed at correctness in a stupid and blundering way; sometimes it was plain to meagerness, sometimes lavishly but inartistically elaborate. In our villages we had poverty-stricken and ludicrous specimens, which were only "Gothic" because their windows were pointed and their eaves were bordered with a jig-saw ornament that looked like paper fringing for a pantry-shelf. Sad contrasts must such things have seemed, even in the eyes of the most devoted mediævalist, to our wooden relics of a former century—so simple, so straightforward, so unpretentious, and yet so far from bald or inartistic. And we had (and still continue to produce, alas!) Gothic in stone which is less immediately funny, but far more distressing to the eye and contaminating to the taste: Gothic like that shown in some of our most conspicuous up-town churches—a mere accumulation of features which are false to the interior they purport to explain, which have no force or grace of outline and no proportion or harmony among themselves, and which are not helped by a profusion of showy ornament as monotonous in design and as hard in execution as though its substance were cast-iron instead of stone. Simple, conventional, almost undecorated Gothic work is better than such work as this, as is proved by Mr. Upjohn's two churches on Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth street, and by Mr. Renwick's Catholic cathedral, which is faulty in many points, but still dignified, intelligent, and at-

tractive. And "classical" work may, I think, be better, too, even if it is not so good as that of the last century, even if it is only discreet and commonplace like the "Brick Church" already mentioned. We cannot call this a beautiful ecclesiastical monument, but it has at least the excellence of repose, honesty, and dignity. It looks at least as though its author knew what he wanted to do, and knew how to use his chosen style to reach his ends. And this is more than we can say for the riotous yet mechanical effect of our most glaring Gothic failures. And its expression, too, is it not more in keeping with the simple, severe, non-mystical rites of the Presbyterian faith, than the bastard, pretentious mediævalism of many a fabric which houses sister congregations?

But if we search we can find much good Gothic work, as well as bad. Especially in our smaller towns there are many churches that are sensible and charming. It is natural that success should have come more frequently here than in our crowded cities, since site and surroundings are usually more felicitous, and since enforced economy often acts as a wholesome check on that vaulting ambition which is so apt to o'erleap itself when unrestrained by the drawing of the purse-string. Listen to what so good a judge as Mr. Edward Freeman has written:

"I found the modern churches of various denominations certainly better than I had expected. They may quite stand beside the average of modern work in England, setting aside a few of the very best. All persuasions have a great love of spires, and if the details are not always what one could wish, the general effect of the spires is very stately, and they help largely toward the general effect of the cities in a distant view. But I thought the churches, whose style is most commonly Gothic of one kind or another, decidedly less successful than some of the civil buildings."

And we learn from Mr. Freeman's context what we might have guessed on general principles—that the better results of secular work have come because here the effort has not so often been made to say one thing while in reality we are meaning quite another.

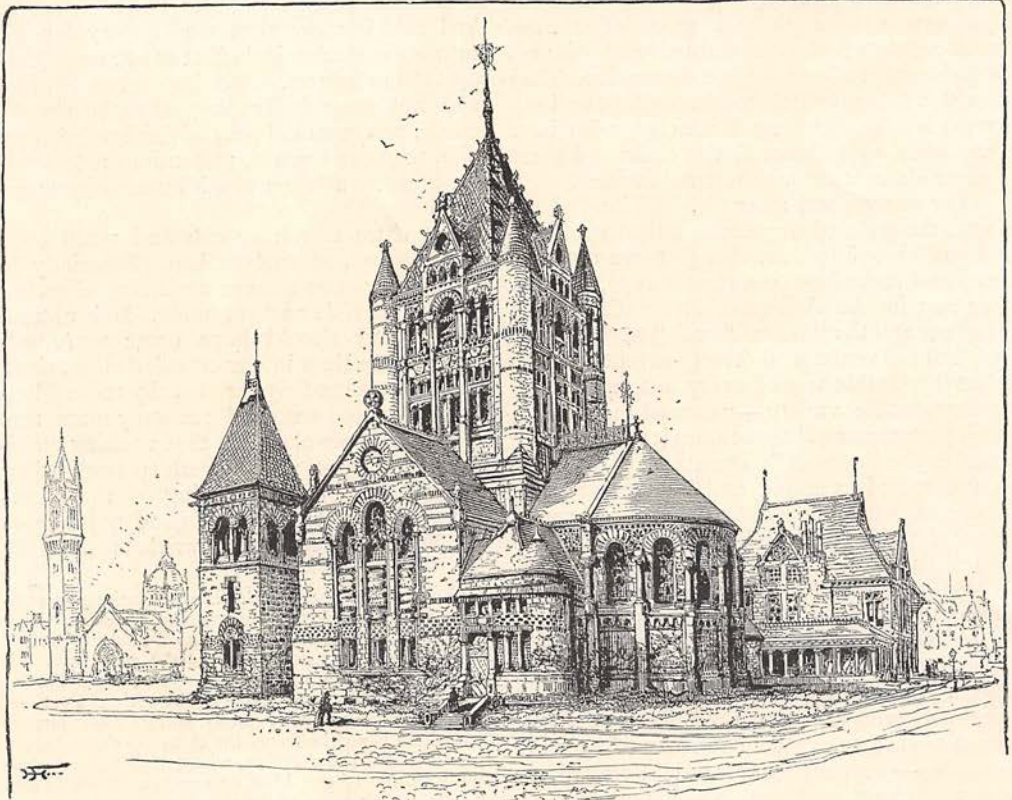
But of late years many of our architects, breaking away from the trammels of convention, and unseduced by the cheap charms of willful novelty, have built churches where the desire to secure *fitness* shows in a marked and interesting way. This is true, however, of their interiors rather than of such structures as a whole.

Our new needs, let me premise, are not of a single sort. No one type of church will now answer every want as it might if one communion ruled our land. There must be varying solutions of a varying problem. Each

will require the adaptation as distinct from the imitation of former fashions, and some will necessitate a process of thought as distinctly creative as can be any which concerns itself with architecture in this late age of the world.

Let us speak first of one or two of our new Episcopal churches, since here, of course,

to approach this work in a mood of sober criticism, for it is very unlike any of our previous efforts, as well as very striking, imposing, and beautiful. Certainly we have no church that from an artistic point of view we can admire so heartily. Only Trinity in New York is worthy to be named beside it, and the two are so entirely different that actual compari-



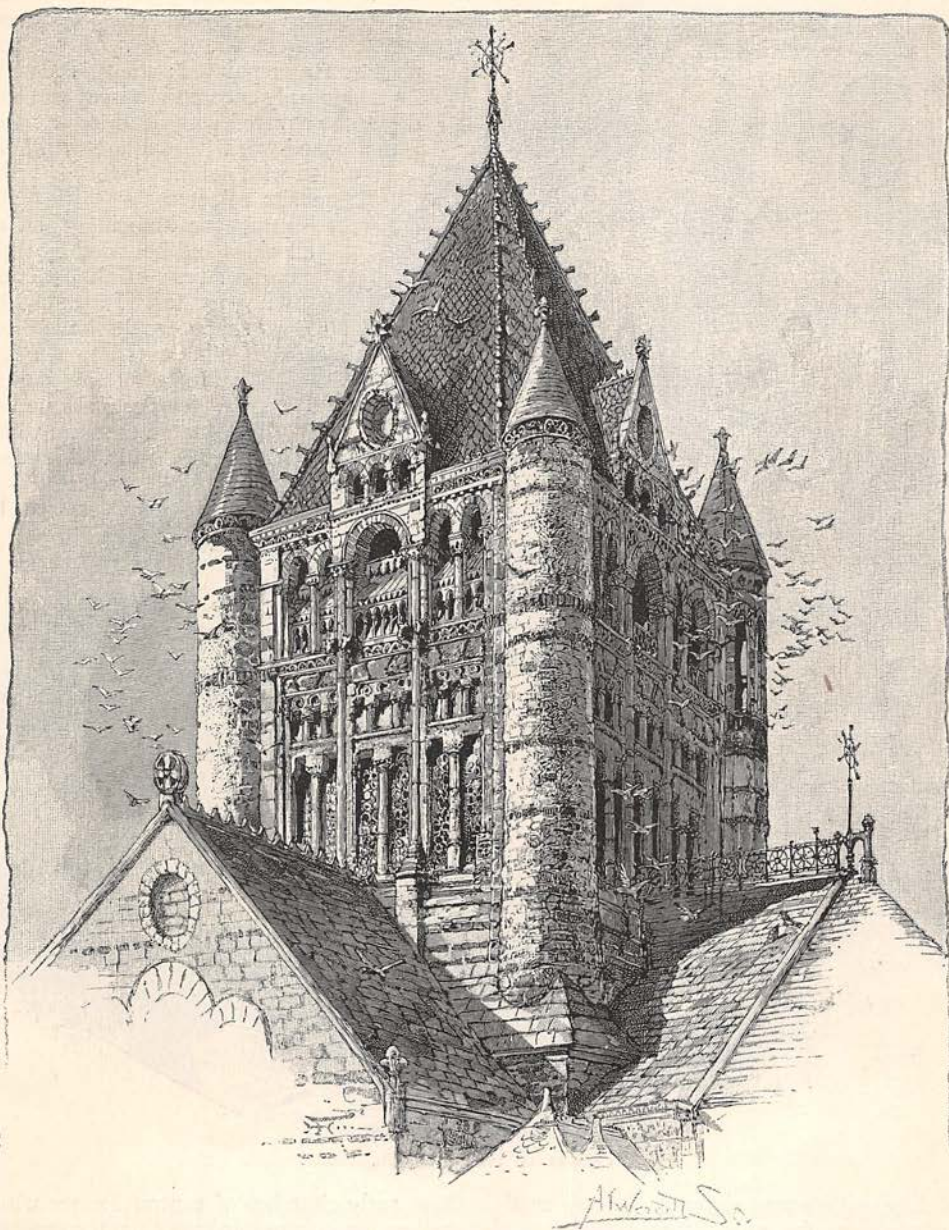
TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

there has been a less radical divergence from ancient precedents than when other Protestant sects have housed themselves. But even here we are not surprised to mark a growing impulse toward innovation, a growing tendency, for example, to abandon the old elongated proportions of the nave and to do away with obstructive rows of columns.

Mr. Richardson's is, I am very sure, the first name I should cite in this connection. Several churches for different communions—among them the sensible "North Church" in Springfield, Mass., and the interesting, if not wholly admirable, Brattle Street Church in Boston, with its finely effective tower—were among his earlier efforts. But none of them predicted what he was to do when he should come to build Trinity in Boston. It is hard

son is impossible. I must try to describe it before we can ask whether it is as right as it is delightful.

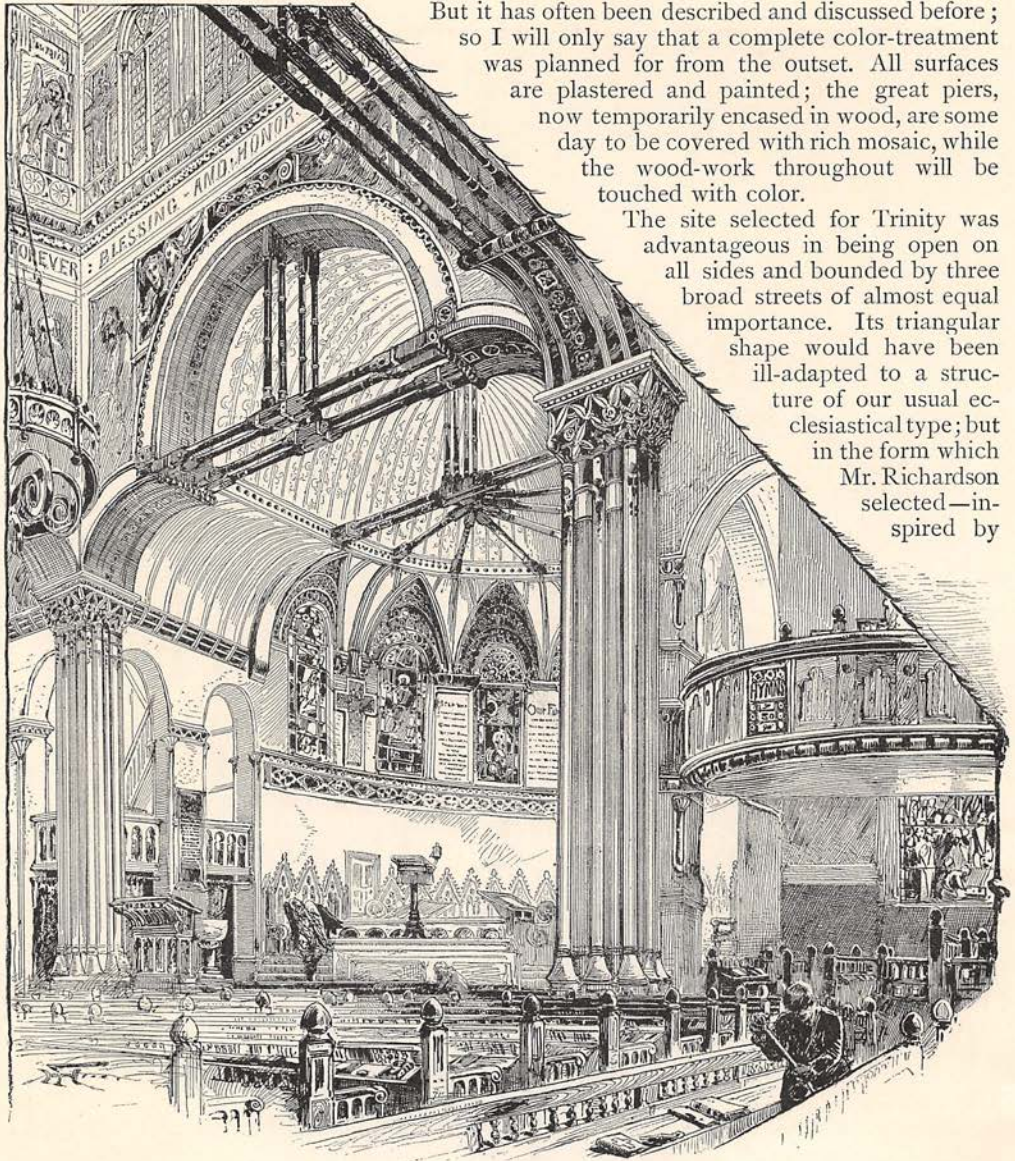
Looking first at its interior, we find a Latin cross, the arms of which are very broad in proportion to their length, thus affording far better accommodation to modern worshippers than the old type gave. There are no rows of columns, and the four great piers which support the tower over the intersection of nave and transepts are placed close to the angles of the structure, so that they offer no obstruction to the sight. The so-called aisles are mere passageways beyond the seats, and above them is a gallery so shallow that it also is scarcely more than a passageway connecting the galleries proper, which fill the ends of either transept and of the nave above the



TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

vestibule. The eastern arm, which forms the chancel, is prolonged by a semicircular apse of equal breadth. The ceiling of the nave is sixty-three feet in height, but in the center, under the tower, it rises to a height of one hundred and three feet. That a flat finish was adopted, instead of the more beautiful and architecturally appropriate vaulted form, may probably be attributed to those acoustical considerations which are so important now. Great round arches, forty-six feet in span,

connect the piers and give dignity and structural expression to the whole. The chancel and apse of this church are certainly in harmony with the other proportions of the interior, but are much too large for the Low Church service performed therein. This fact is clearly proclaimed by their bareness and emptiness, wanting as they do the choir-seats and screens, the splendid altar and elaborate desks which the eye demands. We hardly know whether we blame the architect for not



CHANCEL OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

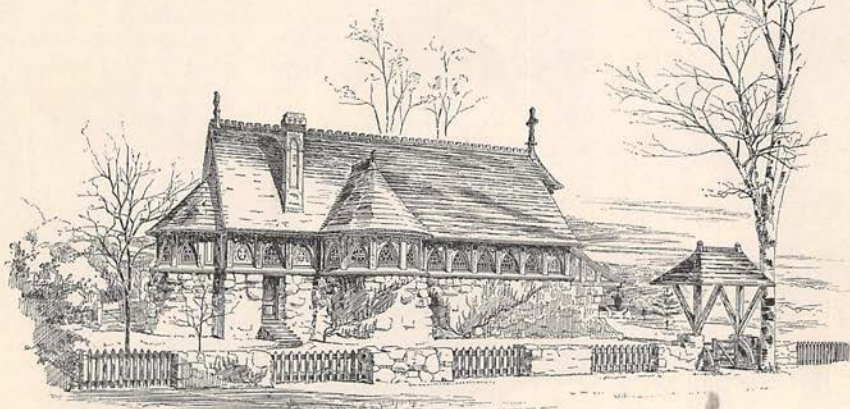
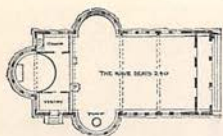
But it has often been described and discussed before ; so I will only say that a complete color-treatment was planned for from the outset. All surfaces are plastered and painted; the great piers, now temporarily encased in wood, are some day to be covered with rich mosaic, while the wood-work throughout will be touched with color.

The site selected for Trinity was advantageous in being open on all sides and bounded by three broad streets of almost equal importance. Its triangular shape would have been ill-adapted to a structure of our usual ecclesiastical type; but in the form which Mr. Richardson selected—in-
spired by

building with more rigorous fitness, or the congregation for not utilizing their architectural opportunities, for not furnishing their chancel properly, and inaugurating a sumptuous High Church service. Theoretically considered, it seems as though Mr. Richardson's interior must have been less harmonious and less beautiful had he built more appropriately in this particular. And yet fitness is the fundamental law, and when Mr. Richardson seriously tries he can usually compel it to a finely artistic result.

It would be interesting, were space not so limited, to describe the decoration of Trinity.

those early churches of central France which are less familiar to our eyes than the products of northern Gothic—Trinity looks as though its site had been planned for its sole sake. A great central tower dominates a composition which is pyramidal in effect, and includes, besides the church itself, a chapel with open outside stairway and connecting cloisters. Each point of view offers a different perspective of much vigor, beauty, and picturesqueness, and from each the tower retains its due preëminence and composes well with the lower masses, excepting from the front, whose flanking towers are brought by the short nave



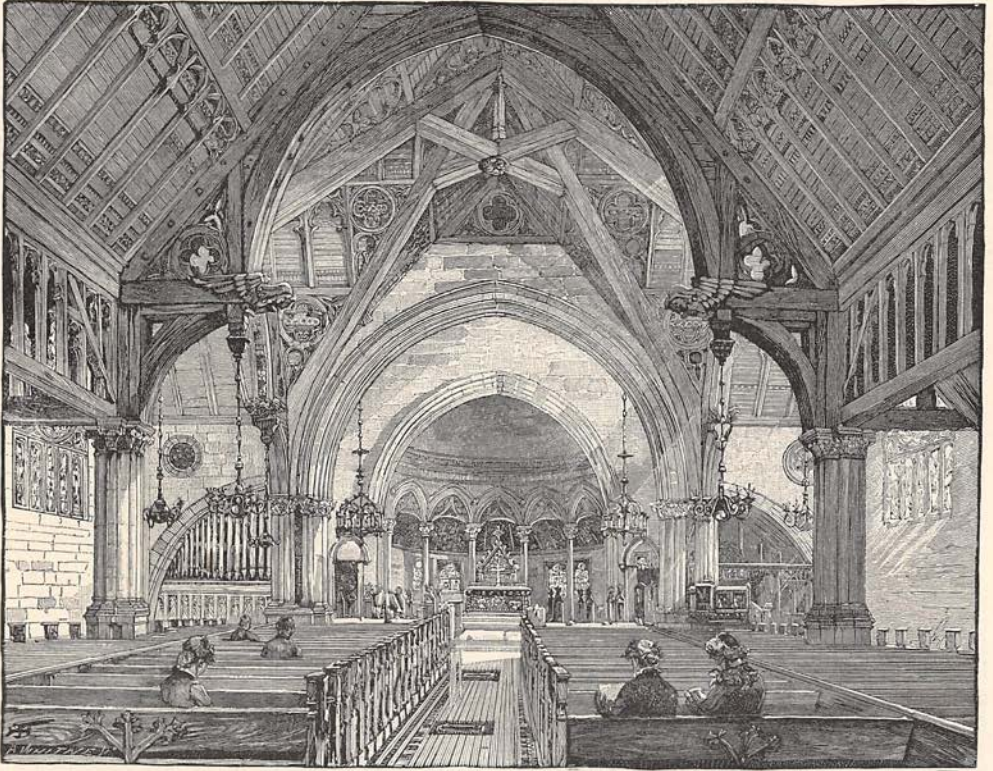
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

so close to the central tower that the effect is somewhat confused at this point. However, the present effect will be much improved by the addition of the proposed porch.

The central tower is not only the most important, but the most beautiful feature of the whole. It seems to have been prompted by the tower of the old cathedral of Salamanca, which is built in the Romanesque fashion which came to Spain from France, and is essentially the same as that from which the main inspiration of the church was drawn. But it is a free treatment of its original, not a literal copy. To me it gives an impression such as one constantly receives from actual mediæval work, but which I have never felt so forcibly in the presence of any other modern essay. It looks, that is to say, entirely spontaneous and living, distinctly non-mechanical or labored. It looks like the result of a genuine, powerful impulse, not like a lesson learned and then repeated. We accept it on its own evidence, and care little to ask whether it had a definite prototype, or to judge it by any standard of comparison. In the arrangement and proportioning of its features it has that felicity which we instinctively call artistic rightness, and that mystery which is one of the chief charms of ancient work, and the one we most rarely find in the cut-and-dried rigidity or the willful yet labored license of modern art. It does not become tame and commonplace on long acquaintance, but has the perennial novelty and freshness which always mark results that are artistic in the highest sense. The detail of Trinity's exterior is rich, and, for modern work, un-

usually artistic in design and in execution. We are promised that the sculptures planned for the western porch shall owe their chief features to Mr. St. Gaudens—a happy augury that in the future architectural sculpture may come to be regarded (as it always was in the great artistic ages) as the very noblest work to which the artist can devote his chisel. Nor must I forget to note the important rôle that color plays outside as well as within this church. Much of Trinity's beauty is due to the happy selection and arrangement of the yellowish granite (which looks, in truth, more like a sandstone) used in the walls, and the warm, red-brown Longmeadow stone lavishly employed for the trimmings and decorative features. And the red tiles add greatly to the general effect.

And now we must inquire into the *rightness* of Trinity, ungracious as the task appears in presence of such indisputable beauty. Is it throughout a good *type*—is it a good model for the inspiration of our future work, as well as a thing to be admired on purely æsthetic grounds? In many points I think it is. The ground plan is a very excellent one for an Episcopal church—convenient, “ecclesiastical,” and architecturally fine. The arrangement of the galleries is a vast improvement on our past practice when galleries have been a sad necessity. And the color-treatment—the entire dependence upon the brush to the exclusion of the chisel—seems to me as sensible as in this country it was novel. The brush is with us a better-understood instrument of decoration than the chisel. Its results



INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, LYNN, MASS.

are well in keeping with the nature of our climate, and in their greater warmth, cheerfulness, and definiteness give, I think, a more appropriate expression to the home of a modern congregation than would such results as the chisel wrought in northern Gothic work.

Outside, now, we find that the notable picturesqueness of Trinity is not willful and mendacious, but truthfully expressive of its interior. The place and size of the great tower, for instance, and the way in which the other masses depend upon it, mark the position and the shape of the body of the nave and the lesser importance of its wings. Only in the tower itself do we find a slight violation of truthfulness. Its extreme solidity and the strengthening turrets at its angles might lead us to expect a vault within; and this, as I have said, does not exist, though possibly it was contemplated in the original design. But how is it with the artistic voice of this exterior? Beautiful though it is, does it correspond to the distinctly modern voice of the interior? Is it thoroughly appropriate to a Protestant church in the New England of to-day? Does it affect us as being not only beautiful, but, so to say, inevitable in its accent? When we stand in front of the Lexington Avenue warehouse in

New York, for example, our wonder is that the same thing had not been done long before; we marvel how any one could ever have considered such a problem without finding just such a solution. Of course thoughts like these are instinctive, not really rational; but they are the thoughts which always come in presence of a perfectly appropriate architectural creation. What is really the discovery of a peculiarly gifted intelligence always looks like the mere course of nature, like a logical, unescapable deduction from the given premises. But do such thoughts come when we look at Trinity? Of course I am not trying to compare these two buildings, with which comparison would be utterly impossible. I am only trying to contrast, not the strength nor the delightfulness, but merely the *character* of the impression they produce. Do we feel that Trinity is the sort of thing other men ought to have done before? Do we wonder how such a solution could so long have escaped the ecclesiastical builders of to-day, and decide that here they now may turn for valuable hints and lessons? Or do we not wonder, rather, that any man should have attempted to build such a church in just this time and place, and, attempting, should have triumphed

in the task? Does not Trinity strike us as a splendid anachronism, bewilder us with an exotic charm? Do we not feel that though all men must admire, none should try to rival it? And if a work of architecture, no matter what its beauty, so affects us that the last advice it prompts is, "Go thou and do likewise," are we justified in calling it the most helpful or most promising we might have had? For, be it remembered, architecture is not, like some of the sister arts, a means toward mere *personal* expression. Whenever its average results have been fine, they have represented

helpful, onward effort; a seductive glimpse opened for us toward the past, not a prophetic outlook toward a possible future of general success.

We find many other recent Episcopal churches with plans more or less akin to that of Trinity, and in every case at least the practical result seems good. As an example where the artistic result is also fine, I may cite St. Stephen's at Lynn, Mass., built by Messrs. Ware and Van Brunt. Here the pointed style is used throughout. We have again a central square marked off by great



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

not an individual, but a national mind and taste and temper. When it has developed, it has been by the assistance of a thousand, often unnamed, hands, all working with a common impulse and a common aim. I know that in this age of the world individuality everywhere plays a larger part than it did in ages past. But it is most probable that it will be *in spite* of this fact, not because of it, that our architectural progress will be made—if, indeed, Fate holds such progress in her hand for us. In building Trinity Mr. Richardson gave us the most beautiful structure that yet stands on our side of the ocean, and far be it from me to wish that he had built it otherwise in any of its parts. And yet we cannot but consider it (I speak now of its exterior only) an intensely individual, not a broadly characteristic, piece of work; a fascinating example, but one which stands apart and aside from the most hopeful current of our art. It is a splendid *tour de force*, rather than a natural,

corner columns, which are connected by powerful arches and support a ceiling that rises high above that of the subordinated parts. The nave is prolonged to the west, but is short in comparison to its width. Beyond the eastern arch is the large chancel, this time appropriate in itself, and appropriately furnished, as the service is High Church; and out of the chancel, under a smaller arch, opens a semicircular apse, where the altar stands in proper state. There are no true transepts, but the wall to north and south of the central square is lightly recessed and treated like a transept end. Not only is dignity thus attained, but space is given for two great windows, which, with the one at the west end, amply light the church. The plan seems to me very good, and the execution is unusually rich, with a richness well subdued to artistic harmony. The two eastern arches, similar in outline and different in size, offer a beautiful perspective, closed by a rich

arcade with marble columns that divides the apse itself from the ambulatory which encircles it. The elaborate wooden ceiling is another fine feature, and its lofty central portion is not only very effective and beautiful, but, so far as I know, novel in design as well. Adjoining the church is a chapel, and the two are connected by a small cloister surrounding the burial-plot of him to whose munificence the structure owes its birth.

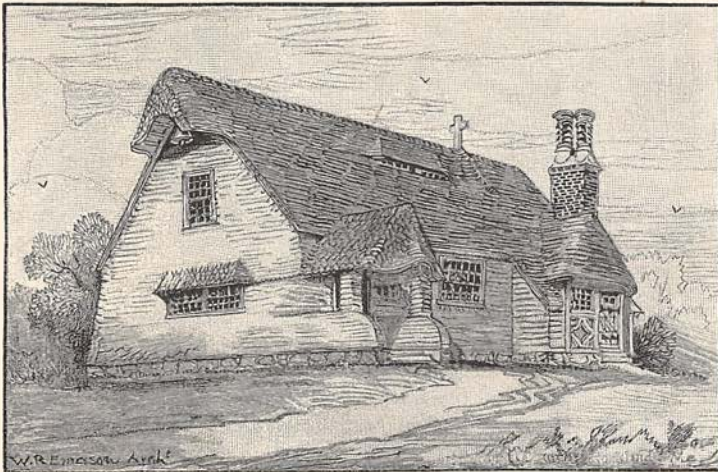
The exterior of St. Stephen's does not seem to be so wholly admirable. Some of its features are beautiful, but it is broken and unquiet in effect. And yet, if we examine, we find that this result has not come from a superficial striving after picturesqueness, but, on the contrary, from an effort to express the interior with more definiteness than are often the objects of desire.

In many of our other recent churches—Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and Presbyterian—we find a much greater degree of novelty than any Episcopal interior shows. We find the "long-drawn aisle" and the cruciform plan alike abandoned, and a simple rectangle frankly utilized. In Mr. Cady's

which are painted throughout, appear to be of iron, and the spandrels above are filled in with an open net-work of turned wood. The effect is therefore too fragile to be architecturally fine. It is not a very beautiful interior, but it is very convenient, and I do not think its purpose could be mistaken. It looks certainly not like an ancient church, but still not unlike a place for religious use.

But we have other churches which are still more unlike all past examples of ecclesiastical architecture—which, in truth, have been inspired by the secular lecture-room or concert-hall. One of the first among them was Dr. Hall's church on Fifth Avenue. We can hardly be surprised if the architect who essayed to treat so immense an interior on so novel a scheme has failed to satisfy the eye. Convenience he has secured, but no particle of beauty can be found in his vast, bare galleried room—no expression of structure, and no more ecclesiastical effect than Steinway Hall exhibits, unless, indeed, we are to find this last in the Gothic detail of his woodwork. Others coming after him, and working on a smaller and therefore less difficult scale,

have done a good deal better. Much more successful, for example, is Mr. J. R. Thomas's Calvary Baptist Church, on Fifty-seventh street near Seventh Avenue. The interior is about one hundred feet square, but an amphitheatrical effect has been given by slanting the floor somewhat steeply, curving the rows of seats, and also giving a curvilinear form to the face of the shallow gallery which runs around three sides and even along a portion of the fourth. A



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Methodist Church, on the corner of Park Avenue and Eighty-sixth street, for example, we see a square interior with deep galleries running around three sides. At each corner of the inner square marked out by their face stands a column. Round arches connect these columns, and are thrown from them to the outer walls. Above the inner rectangle thus formed, the ceiling rises higher than it does above the galleries. At the east side (one can no longer say east end) is the large pulpit platform, behind it are the seats for the choir, and behind these, again, the tall organ pipes. Unfortunately the columns and arches,

great rose-window opens above the gallery opposite the pulpit, and there is another large window group on one of the sides. The other side unfortunately shows no opening, as subordinate rooms here adjoin the church. The choir seats are again behind the pulpit platform, but the organ pipes are disposed in two groups to right and left, and a window is pierced between. Light is also admitted in the center of the ceiling, where rises what I may call a little clear-story of metal. Decoration in color is alone possible in such an interior, and here it is deep-toned and sufficiently harmonious, though not artistically

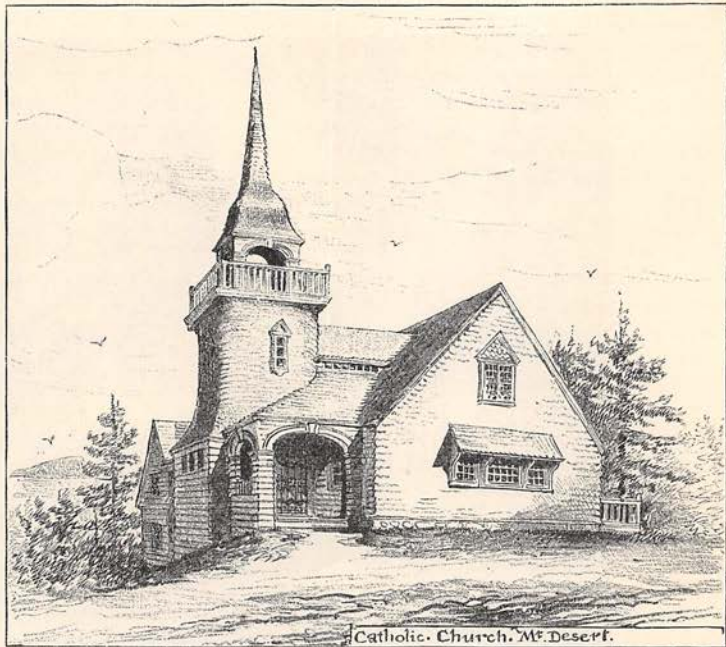
remarkable. In spite of its analogy in plan to a secular interior for public use, this church, too, looks not unlike a place of worship, for the difference is marked by the sober decoration, the low ceiling, and the ecclesiastical-looking windows with their colored glass.

Such churches as this (showing, of course, many variations of the same general idea) have rapidly grown in numbers during the last few years—so rapidly, indeed, that the type which is based on the secular concert-hall bids fair to be the most prominent of all in a future near at hand. There may be other examples bet-

ter than any I have seen, but I doubt whether a thoroughly good solution has yet been found. I doubt it not only upon the evidence of my own experience and the testimony of others, but upon theoretic grounds. It is almost impossible that so difficult a problem should have been mastered so very quickly. It is much more probable that we shall have to wait yet many a year before we see an amphitheatrical church-interior that will be architecturally faultless, unmistakably ecclesiastical in its expression, and beautiful in all its features.

But it need not be thought impossible that such a church should some day be developed—no, not though its parent be something as alien as a concert-hall. Was not the mediæval church itself derived from the secular basilica of pagan Rome? Architectural origins seem strange enough when we try to trace them out. Their history teaches that we may borrow where and what we will—even a plan in one place, features in another, and details in a third. Only—and this is the vital fact that justifies or condemns—we must blend them, so to say, *chemically* and not mechanically; we must make of them a new body, and not merely a patchwork.

I have already hinted at the fact that the interiors of our new churches exhibit, if not always more beauty than their exteriors, at least more palpable signs of the thought and intelligence and desire for truth which are the foundation-stones of excellence. Their exteriors sometimes show "originality," but this

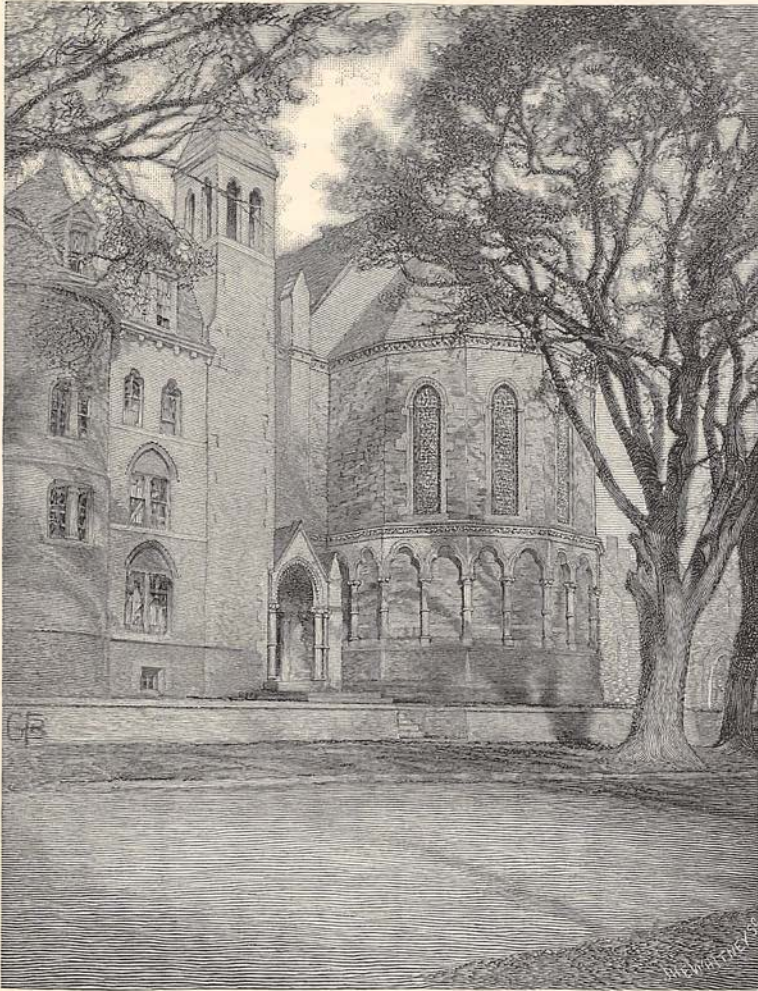


Catholic Church, Mt. Desert.

ST. SYLVIA'S CHURCH, MT. DESERT, MAINE.

seldom has veracity and common sense for its inspiration. For example, such churches as I have last described consist of the great rectangular auditorium, together, almost always, with a number of subordinate but still large apartments used for mildly festal congregational purposes—lecture, Sunday-school, and class-rooms, "church-parlors," and sometimes even kitchens too. Truthful external expression is often aimed at in individual features, but the composition as a whole is commonly most untruthful. We find it difficult to decipher, and when we think we have deciphered it, our imaginings have led us quite astray. I have yet to see or hear of any such exterior which frankly exhibits the size and shape of the church itself, and makes it evidently supreme above its dependencies. And a really good exterior we shall never have until this is done.

At Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue is a new church which, built by the Paulist Fathers for Catholic use, naturally follows the ancient plan, and yet is one of the most sensible and non-mediæval structures we have produced. When I last saw it, it was still incomplete both within and without, and its exterior was not remarkable except for size and solid simplicity. Inside it showed a huge-aisled nave, with a chancel of equal width, but without transepts. The aisles were divided from the nave by an arcade with very plain columns and lofty arches of slightly pointed shape. Above this rose a deep belt



YALE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

of unbroken wall, and then the clear-story with single windows of large size. The ceiling was a barrel vault of wood, slightly pointed in section. The walls still showed the same undressed, irregular stones inside as out, and the effect, though rugged enough, was so massive and imposing that one would almost have been content to know that no further finish would be given. But they are to be plastered throughout and decorated with color. If, as has been prophesied, Mr. La Farge receives the commission for the work, he will have in these vast fields a chance such as seldom comes in an artist's way. And the success he has hitherto achieved — in Trinity in Boston, and in the beautiful mosaic work that almost redeems the architectural nothingness of the interior of the "Brick Church" on Fifth Avenue — leads us to believe that he

may make it one of the most beautiful interiors of our day. It is already one of the very *best*. There could hardly be a more convincing proof than it afforded in its unfinished state that good architecture is a matter of *construction*, not of ornamentation; that from fine proportions and the artistically regulated size and shape and disposition of very few and simple features, may come the most impressive beauty, without the aid of a single decorative chisel-stroke or a single touch of brush. It proved, too, how unnecessary it is for us to aim at the literal imitation of ancient fashions; how much more important it is to build rationally than to build conventionally. I can hardly say with what "style" one should rank this church. We may call it Gothic, if we will, since its openings are pointed; but it shows no window-tracery

and no Gothic decoration, and its broad wall-spaces remind us of very different fashions of construction. Whatever its "style," its effect will certainly not be that of an imitated mediævalism.*

It would be almost impossible, in this day and land, to build a cathedral that should be such in more than name, that should have the actual, not to speak of the relative, importance of the cathedrals of old—almost as impossible as undesirable. Look at an ancient example—at Durham imperious on its rock, or at Antwerp soaring from the human habitations that cluster like swallow-nests around its base, and dwarfing even the huge municipal palaces of a later century. Why should we wish to build the like? On our soil, would not such a cathedral be an anachronism of as palpable a sort as would be a Lanfranc or a Becket among the upper shepherds of our flocks? Even in old days such structures were raised only partly to the glory of God and partly to the glory of a dominant hierarchy. To-day we have no such hierarchy, and we have learned to glorify God in other ways. So, even when we pretend to build a cathedral, it is not such in the ancient sense. The Catholic cathedral on Fifth Avenue, for example, is only a parish church of not excessive size; and the Protestant cathedral at Garden City on Long Island is of very moderate dimensions indeed. It is a pity, by the way, that it is not more accessible to the public, so striking a lesson is it in the art of how not to build. Its plan is that of a true cathedral, but reduced to a size which robs it of all convenience and of all effect. Its exterior features are so large as to be out of keeping with the proportions of the composition. And the same may be said of the decorative detail, which, moreover, is not only out of scale, but applied with so indiscreet a hand that the general effect is hopelessly confused and overdone. Nor does the elaborate richness of the interior atone for the want of artistic feeling and of good taste it shows.

But it was not long ago determined to build at Albany another Protestant cathedral, and to make it more consonant with its name. It is to be erected by Mr. Gibson in a florid, pointed style, and, of course, after an ancient type. It promises to be larger and more sumptuous than one might deem appropriate to its time and place and actual practical purpose. But had Mr. Richardson's design for it been carried out, we should have had a cathedral indeed. So beautiful is this design that one is tempted to believe it must have been

chosen if the millions it demanded had been forthcoming—if, that is to say, our people had really desired a real cathedral. It was a learned, grammatical study in a sterner type of that southern Romanesque which Trinity in Boston exhibits. No effort after novelty could be traced in any part, and yet it was not imitated from any one original. It was a splendidly logical *résumé* of ancient precedents, hints, and intentions, all amalgamated into perfect harmony. On simply artistic grounds one could not but have rejoiced to see it taking shape. But for the reasons I have already mentioned, and also because we are sure that Mr. Richardson can do better with his life than to devote many years of it to what would have been an anachronism from end to end,—and most of all in the desire which gave it birth,—we are content that it should remain on paper.

Much good practical sense, and no little artistic skill as well, have of late been shown in our simplest country churches. Take, for example, Mr. Emerson's church of St. Sylvia at Mt. Desert. It is thoroughly suited to its locality,—plain, unassuming, and rustic,—yet has sufficient dignity to be in keeping with its purpose. We do not ask what "style" such a work belongs to, and should care not at all if it exhibited even less affinity with any we could name. The satisfaction it gives is evidence enough of its rightness. Only to one point must we take objection. To shingle the entire outside was a natural and pleasing expedient; but to shingle the *inside* too—walls and pulpit and all—savors more perhaps of willful eccentricity than of artistic discretion.

At Andover, Mass., there is a little church built by Messrs. Rotch and Tilden, which may serve as an example of how easy it is (presupposing intelligence) to build at once durably, prettily, and cheaply. The walls are of rough stone, which, at least in New England, need cost little more than the taking. The east and the transept ends take a circular form, and avoid all angles, since the careful trimming and shaping of stone is the chief expense connected with its use. The low superstructure, where are the small but numerous and sufficient windows, is of wood; and there is, not a little porch for ornament, but a sensible deep shed across the whole width of the front. Is not either of these churches, or Mr. Emerson's other example at Rockland, Maine, a vast improvement on the clap-boarded barn with jig-saw ornamentation we should have had in its place only a few years ago?

* I hardly know to whom the credit for this church should be given. I believe it is the result of the good sense of the Paulist Fathers themselves, aided with regard to certain points, such as the shape of the openings and of the ceiling, by the advice of one of our younger architects.

I shall be pardoned, I trust, if I conclude this article with a word of personal explanation. It is with regret that I note so few of our recent churches, and am forced to omit definite mention of some which I know very positively would have interested my readers. Among these are Mr. Russell Sturgis's college chapel at New Haven, and Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's church at Stockbridge,

Mass., both of which are illustrated here; and also one built by Mr. Cady after our most novel type at Morristown, New Jersey, which, I hear, is a much more satisfactory example than his Park Avenue church. But it has been my misfortune to be obliged to leave the United States before I had collected all the material I desired, and to finish my work far from the influences which inspired it.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A TALL, trapper-like man, with a swinging gait, dressed in plain clothes, and wearing a soft slouch hat; a canny face, bearded and tanned, and plowed into deep wrinkles and furrows; shoulders slightly stooping, as if supporting some great burden; eyes that see everything around them, and yet seem to be gazing inward or far away; voice sonorous on the rostrum, yet gentle in conversation; and the whole manner of the man breathing a compassionate helpfulness which both inspires affection and invites confidence,—such, in outward savor and effluence, is that hard-toiling preacher and author, Edward Everett Hale: a genuine democrat and typical American, if there ever were such; one whose wallet of stories seems as inexhaustible as Fortunatus's purse, and his activities as multifarious as those of a secretary of state or a superintendent of city charities. Reading his books, you get the impression of one working at a white heat; you see that he is an eager reader and a good stylist, that he quarries everywhere for unbookish words, and has a retentive memory, an almost Rabelaisian or Burtonian wealth of allusion. The central purpose of his life is *to help*; the dominant chord in his nature is compassion. The secret is dropped in his Alpha Delta Phi address of 1871: "*Noblesse oblige*," he says; "our privilege compels us; we professional men must serve the world, not, like the handicraftsman, for a price accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values, and confer benefits as freely and nobly as nature." With Milton, Hale has "a boundless scorn for those drossy spirits that need the lure and whistle of earthly preferment, like those animals that fetch and carry for a morsel." He urges his publishers to issue cheap editions of his books, and speaks slightly of gilt edges and costly covers,—saying of the publisher Phillips that the world was not worthy of him, because he put conscience before interest in his business. All of Mr.

Hale's writings show him to be a keen observer of the minute details of the daily life of men and women, boys and girls, and especially of the more intelligent artisans and workers of any sort. He is a believer in athletic morality; is practical—talks about what we shall have for dinner, how to sleep, a good appetite, exercise, economy, and happy homes; is humorous—kindling a slow combustion of good hearty gladness in you which finally breaks forth into laughter.

He is a preacher; but the preacher has not spoiled the author, because the author has been, in the main, but a preacher still: all his activities have revolved about the pulpit as their sun, and they have all been performed "in His name." In his Utopia, "Sybaris," he gives you the key to his own style of preaching. "The sermon," he says, "was short, unpretending, but alive and devout. It was a sonnet all on one theme; that theme pressed, and pressed, and pressed again; and, of a sudden, the preacher was done." His sermons are brief, terse, conversational; they are like the speech of a general to a trained army before the battle; for he is an organizer of activities in others, believes that "a church has its duties quite beyond and outside a minister's; and its history should not be the biography of the pastor merely, but the record of its own work, prayer, and life."

His people have caught the glow of his humanitarian enthusiasm. The echo of the guns of Sumter had hardly died away before the vestries of the South Congregational Church were crowded with ladies, met to provide flannel and other clothing for the three regiments that had been ordered by Governor Andrew to set out for Washington within twenty-four hours. From that day to the day when the decimated veteran regiments placed their tattered war-banners in the State House, and were served with coffee by the same ladies as they passed the church in their parade,