fun. Nothing is more ignominious than trying to catch an offending puppy in order to punish him. Never go after him; he will certainly get the best of it if you do. If you are in your garden or anywhere where such treatment is possible, call the dog and wait till he comes up to take his punishment, though it's more than probable that you may have to wait some time. Therefore, if you are walking with friends or are in any public place when such a course would be impossible, wait until you get home, but don't let him forget in the meantime that he is in disgrace, for it is cruel to punish a dog for some naughtiness that he has forgotten. For such heinous crimes as chasing fowls or sheep or frightening children the punishment should be as prompt as possible and also severe. If this be done the first time, before the dog has acquired the bad habit, there is rarely any need for a repetition.

In the matter of cleanliness, so essential in a house dog, many a poor puppy gets branded as "dirty" when it is his mistress who should be branded instead as "lazy" or "inconsiderate." Few seem to know that, until a puppy is four or five months old, it cannot learn clean ways unless it is constantly put outside, especially after eating or drinking, or a long cosy sleep in his basket. I never care to bring any of my puppies into the house until they are six months old, then a week suffices to teach them the elements of good manners. Of course the puppy should always be put outside the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Of course, the severity or otherwise of the punishment must be regulated by the age, size and also disposition of the dog. No two are really alike. Our old collie, for instance, resents punishment, a sullen "glower" comes into his eyes, and he is long in forgiving; while one of my brothers once said of a bull-terrier pup, "What I like about that dog is, that he comes up and takes his punishment like a man and never bears any grudge."

An affectionate and well-trained puppy rarelyr requires the whip in later life. It is quite misery and punishment enough for him to know that he has offended you, for by that time he has learnt your point of view even though his own may not always coincide. I have a large white Pomeranian familiarly known as "Bobs" or "Bobby." Sometimes his spirits get the better of him, but he is annihilated and grovels at once if sternly addressed as "Robert!"

One word, before closing this paper, on the subject of training a dog to go on a "lead," an absolutely necessary accomplishment for any valuable pet dog in a large town. How trying to be rushed from side to side of the road by choking, spluttering Fido, or else to be obliged to drag the unwilling victim in your wake! Well, it is always better, if possible, to let Fido have a little scamper before you put on his lead. Let the lead be a light leather one and keep it quite short, so that he is kept in close at your side; talk to him, let him play with the other end of the lead, anything to prevent his feeling frightened and hanging back. If, on the other hand, he should jump up or rush forward, check him at once by putting your whip or umbrella in front of him. He will very soon learn to behave on the lead if you do not either spoil or frighten him.

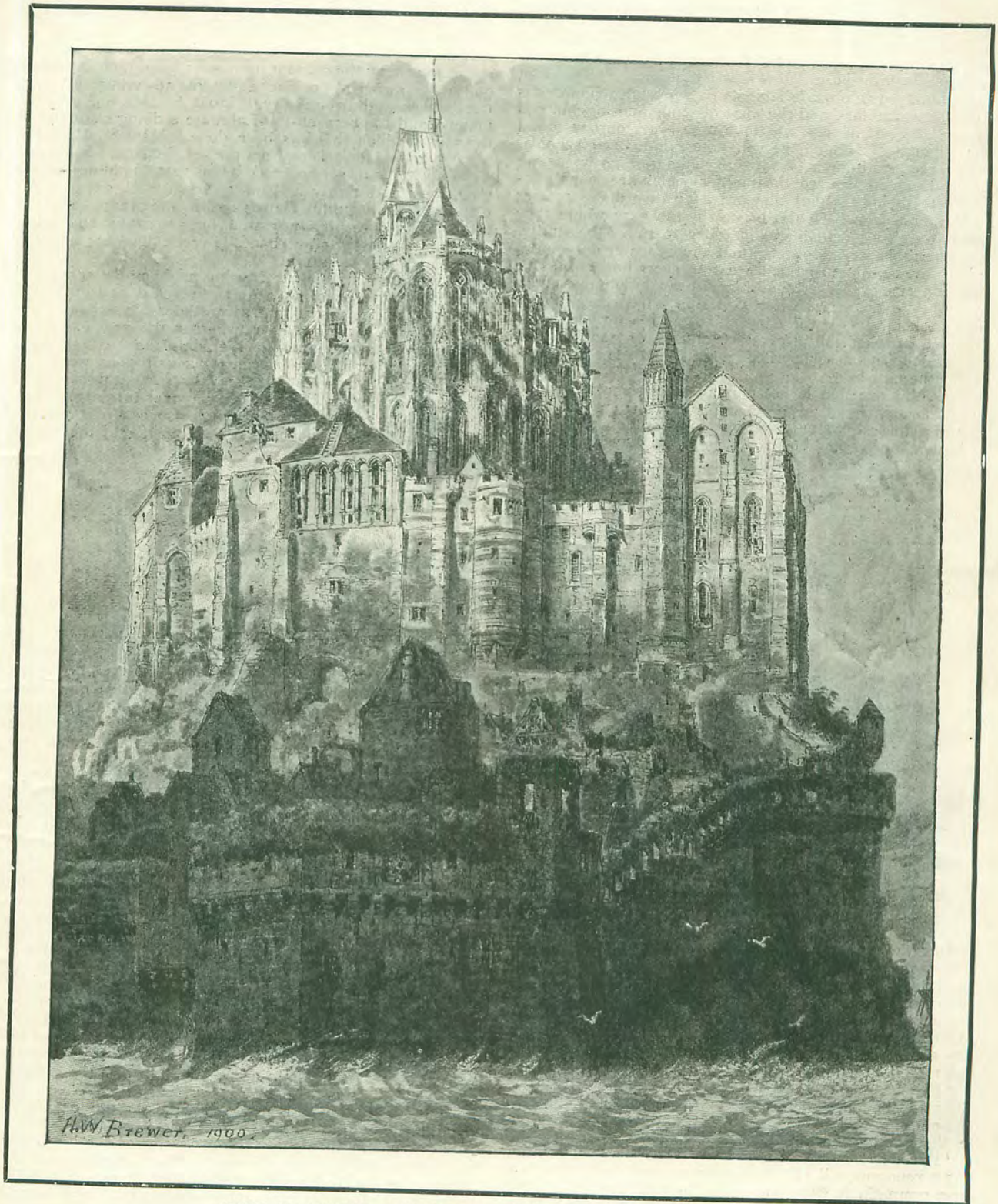
SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

PART I.

WHEN a building has to be erected it is always most important to consider the space it is to occupy, called the "site," and carefully to examine its nature, position, and characteristics. For instance, note well whether it is in a town or in the country, whether it is upon a hill, in a valley, or on a level plane. Now, this is so evident that we can almost imagine our "common-sense reader" laughing at so obvious a proposition, yet, strange to say, some of the greatest defects of modern architecture can be traced to the neglect of these precautions; and certainly very many beauties of ancient buildings were undoubtedly suggested by careful attention to the peculiarities of "sites." Nay, more than this, those very irregularities which so puzzle the modern builder, in the hands of the ancient architect added interest and grace to his works. Nothing is more common nowadays than to find a regular town house built in the country or a would-be country house set up in a town, or to see a building which would have been appropriate if placed on a hill set down in a valley or on a level flat.

So frequently is this the case that some architects and builders have been accused of "cooking up designs" made for one kind of site to suit another of a different character. Do we not frequently see great gloomy-looking terraces in seaside places which would be far more suitable to Tyburnia, Belgravia, or Bayswater? What, for instance, is more common than to find marine residences with kitchens in the basement, lit from areas, with huge flights of steps leading up to street doors? Such things may be a necessity in a London house, but they are entirely out of keeping in



MONT ST. MICHEL, NORMANDY. (*Mediæval treatment of site.*)

the country or at the seaside. Nor is it alone in private houses that we find such architectural anomalies, but the defect is more glaring in churches and public buildings. We could point out expensive and pretentious edifices erected upon commanding hill sites, where about half the hill has had to be removed to accommodate a building which is totally unsuited to its situation. The loss of money and waste of materials incurred in such structures is almost incalculable, and the want of study and ingenuity is lamentable. If anyone will take a railway journey round the suburbs of London, he will notice industrial schools, infirmaries, institutions, lunatic asylums (not, so far as we know, designed by any of the inmates) which are so inappropriate to their sites that they are a positive disfigurement to the landscape. This is especially the case where they stand on hilly sites, where, in order to ruin the locality, huge terraces are thrown up and the graceful outlines of nature are mutilated by accentuating every horizontal line and converting the surroundings into an ugly monotonous space. We do not suggest that this is the case with *all* modern buildings of the kind. Holloway's College, near Egham, caps its hill admirably, and is consequently an ornament to the neighbourhood; but in how few instances is this the case!

Now, this question is not only an artistic matter, but is an eminently practical one, and is a case in which an appropriate design may save large sums of money.

An architect, a friend of ours, has just saved his clients £7,000 by discovering upon the site of a building he was about to erect part of an old foundation. Now under ordinary circumstances this would have been removed to make way for the new building, but the architect saw at once that by modifying his plan he could make use of this discovery.

If we study an old building on an irregular site, we shall see at once how the ancient architects fitted their buildings on to the *natural* position and took advantage of every unevenness and irregularity. Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, and Limburg-on-the-Lahn are striking examples of the way in which this has been done. Mont St. Michel is a great conical rock rising from the sea, fortified, surrounded with walls, and surmounted by a vast building partly monastery and partly a kind of residential castle. An elaborate and beautiful church crowns the group. Most of the buildings are plainly treated, but are grand and solid. The church, on the other hand, is very elaborate; and the whole is cut out of granite.

Our illustration is from a drawing made on the spot some years back, and does not show the recent "restorations." These, although carried out at considerable expense, are by no means *improvements*, whereas the new causeway connecting the Mount with the mainland (so protested against by Victor Hugo) is simply a barbarous work. It will be noticed at once that the walls rise straight out of the water or the rock, which they appear to clasp. How different is a modern building, which seems to proclaim the fact that there is no connection between it and the site it stands upon!

THE ORGANIST AT ST. OLAF'S.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER II.

A REBELLIOUS CHOIR.

MR. GASCOIGNE lost no time in advertising for an organist. He was anxious that the post should be suitably filled before Easter, in order that the services of that festival might be marked by an improvement in the psalmody. He had little difficulty in attaining his object. From various candidates he selected one whose credentials were highly satisfactory, and who was ready to enter upon his duties without delay. It was necessary to raise the salary somewhat in order to secure this eligible young man; but Mr. Gascoigne felt that it was well worth while to make this pecuniary sacrifice.

It was with painful curiosity that Ruth Nankivell sought for tidings of the appointment. Her soul was filled with bitterness when she learned from the churchwarden's wife that the new organist was to receive a salary of seventy pounds a year. It seemed an insult to her father to offer this sum to a young fellow, when he had patiently served during so many years for less.

"I've heard my father say that he began with forty," she said, "but that's the way of the world! Get all you can out of people at the lowest cost, and when they are old let them go to the wall."

"Prices have risen all round, my dear, since your father was a young man," said the churchwarden's wife, who was more sympathetic than discreet; "but don't you think that this new organist is going to have an easy berth. Why, the choir are all mad at your father's being made to resign, and they declare they'll sing in his way or not at all. 'He ain't going to learn me any new tunes, if I know it,' says Joe Blewitt. 'Let them as wants fashionable music go down to the grand new church. The old tunes are the thing for St. Olaf's.' And you may be sure Joe'll be as good as his word, and most of the choir will hang with him."

Vexed though she was, Ruth laughed at the idea of the sturdy blacksmith, who was very proud of his deep bass voice, refusing to sing to order. She knew that Joe could be very obstinate when he liked, and she was glad to think that the new organist was likely to have some trouble with him.

"Of course, Mrs. Hoskin, I shall leave the choir when my father gives up the organ," she said; and it pleased her to hear the outcry Mrs. Hoskin made, and her declaration that the choir "would be good for nothing without her beautiful voice to lead them."

A few days after this talk had taken place, Miss Gascoigne one afternoon turned her steps towards St. Olaf's Library. Ostensibly she was going there to change her book; but she had another object in wishing to see Ruth Nankivell, and one which caused her considerable misgivings. She felt much sympathy for the girl, and had a real desire to help her. She understood better than her brother could that the cessation of his salary might be felt as a serious loss in the organist's little home. Yet she knew too by many a token that Ruth resented the Rector's action in dismissing her father, and regarded him and his sister as her enemies. With this knowledge it was hardly wise of Miss Gascoigne to approach Ruth with the suggestion she wished to offer, but she saw so clearly its advantages that she hoped to persuade the organist's daughter to entertain it.

She found Ruth alone, taking charge of the library as she often did of an afternoon. She attended to the business of the books with civility; but there was a coldness and aloofness in her manner which might have warned the lady. Conscious of the kindest intentions, however, Miss Gascoigne ventured to explain the real purpose of her visit.

"I daresay you have heard, Miss Nankivell," she began rather nervously, "that the new organist whom the Rector has engaged is coming to us next week. His name is

came upon the *tapis*. She wore a white book-muslin over white silk, satin shoes, and a very pretty gold wreath in her hair, and well, very well, she looked. She came forward with Sapio to sing her first duet, her heart, she said, jumping into her mouth, but not very much frightened. I suppose I felt as everyone else would do on such an occasion, but I can scarcely analyse my feelings. A strange inclination to cry, and a wish to restrain it, a stranger beating at the heart and stoppage in the throat, in short, all kinds of feelings, which I got great credit for repressing so well. I was, from the first two notes, sure of her, as she soon gained her voice. She sang it exquisitely, and was clapped loudly. The second thing she sung was, "They Bid Me Forget Thee," so beautifully that there was an universal encore. The second time was better than the first. Again, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" was lovely beyond measure. They half encored her again, but thought it too much for her and stopped. She was so completely carried away by the novelty of the accompaniment that she actually lost her place, and recovered herself by only missing a bar. Such a brilliant *début* I scarcely ever heard of, and such is the universal opinion.

We were greatly amused by hearing the remarks of a French party behind us, who were apparently good judges of music. "Elle demeure dans une famille distinguée, à ce qu'on me dit; elle n'a jamais chanté hors de son salon avant, et n'a reçu de leçons que trois mois, c'est à dire de Sapio. Si elle fait ceci en si peu de temps, que fera-t-elle dans des années? Comme elle le sent! C'est magnifique, superbe. C'est un vrai ange"—in singing "Angels ever Bright and Fair." Such were the general opinions, by what we have since heard, of the whole room. As to the musical part of the society, it was beyond belief all that they said. Sir George Smart declared her wonderful, said he would not yet say she was perfection, but she would be; that she was a very nice girl; that, though he was now retiring from the profession, he would do anything he possibly could for her; and that he never saw anyone promise so much. Machin, the great bass singer, said as much. That for years he had not heard anyone sing "Angels" at all like her; that there was no one now singing comparable; and finally begged her to sing at his concert at Birmingham, in rooms that would hold more than three thousand people; that her voice would more than fill it. She was told by others that she stood well, that her appearance was in her favour, that—in short, so many, that any other girl's head would have been turned. She considers it, however, in the right light—as a gift, and nothing to be proud of. Puffs were in the paper, and very flowing ones. The editor heard her rehearse, and another editor who was at the grand rehearsal declared himself struck dumb, so I expect plenty of paper paragraphs in praise.

March 31.—I have just received a letter from dear Bessie enclosing one from mama. Such events as have been happening to the former have raised a torrent of emotions in my heart. The *soirée* went off well, and she sang well. Mr. Whitman, the manager of the Worcester Music Festival, went to hear her, and was charmed with her voice. After having praised it highly, he said London was the place, and if she went there for the season he could promise her an engagement. There she has now determined to go in the end of April, under Sir George Smart, who, God grant, may become her friend. She is to pay him two guineas for three lessons, and how the money is to be raised I cannot tell. Mr. Whitman advised a concert at Worcester, which she is actually going to give next Wednesday. I am almost afraid to trust myself with the hope of its being a very good one, for she knows no one there, nor is she known, but as yet it promises well. It may at least assist her in her London expedition. I have written to Annie Watson to know whether she can board with her or not, and hope I shall soon have an answer. Mama's letter was enclosed in hers, and contained rather unpleasant news. She was suffering in bed from influenza, but wrote in good spirits. She intends letting the house to Mr. Brown, and will, I suppose, go to Uncle James, who was down to see her the other day, took her to Burleigh, where she spent the day, and all were kind as ever. What she will do if dear Bessey does not get on in her profession God only knows, for I cannot save much for her, and besides the twenty pounds a year for the house she has nothing. Oh, may a merciful Creator, who has promised "that He would never see the seed of the righteous begging their bread," grant that the children of him who is now an angel in heaven may be preserved, and enabled to keep their beloved mother from want. His hand is indeed conspicuous through all our goings and doings as yet, for everything in Bess's life has seemed but a train of circumstances leading on to this end to which she is attaining.

(*To be continued.*)

SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

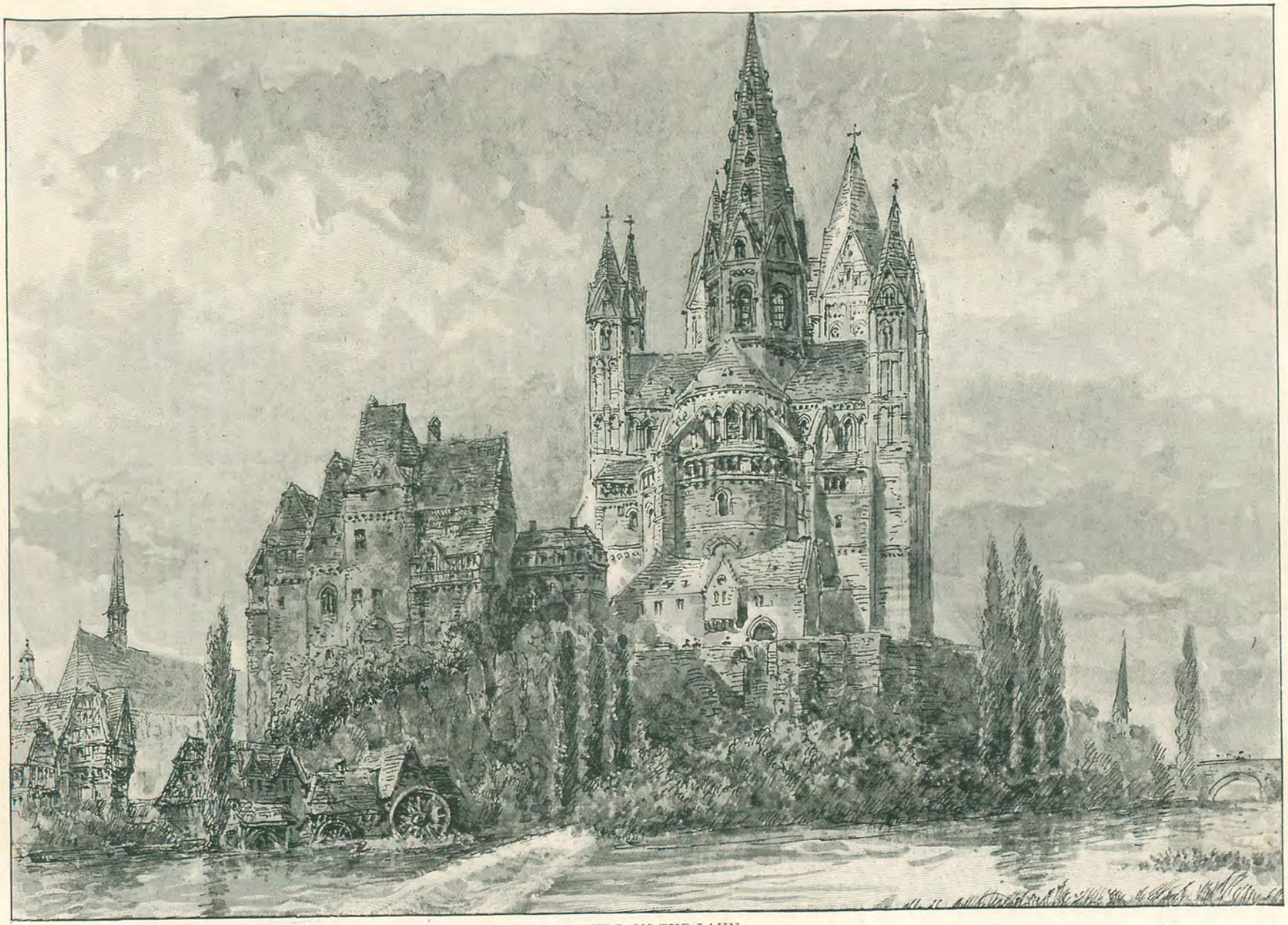
PART II.

AT Limburg-on-the-Lahn the rock rises up partly from the river and partly from a meadow base, the enclosing walls have disappeared, but the rock itself is crowned by a fine cathedral and castle. The cathedral soars aloft into the air, with seven spires, overlooking to the north a rocky precipice rising sheer out of the river, and on the south dominating the quaint old town. The buildings rise one above the other, and, with the exception of one or two modern structures, which fortunately cannot be seen from the river, the whole forms a lovely group in which nature and art have joined forces to produce a picture of remarkable beauty. How often are such chances ruined by that thoughtlessness which never attempts to suit buildings to a site made by nature so attractive!

As an example of the kind of thing which the modern builder can accomplish, a very talented Scotch architect in his work upon modern house architecture tells us of a case in Edinburgh in which a builder, erecting two rows of houses facing one another in a street, found his buildings brought to a stop by a great precipice commanding a magnificent prospect. It never suggested itself to him that by turning the two last houses at right angles, their windows would command this fine view. No, he just went on as before and stopped the terraces with the usual chimney-breast and blank wall.

The officers' quarters at Edinburgh Castle are as bad; it is sad to see such a magnificent site sacrificed to such a hideous building; it is true it was erected some eighty years back, when art was at its lowest point, and things were as bad in England as in Scotland.

There can be no doubt that the extreme dulness which is such a marked feature about the suburbs of our modern towns is to a very large extent to be traced to this utter inability of builders to make their structures assimilate themselves to their surroundings and natural objects which environ them. Many of the London suburbs were so



LIMBURG-ON-THE-LAHN.

favoured by nature that a very moderate amount of judgment would have rendered them remarkably attractive; yet how thoroughly unattractive they have been rendered! Why, for instance, should Notting Hill, Kilburn, West Hampstead, Kentish Town, Camden Town, Kensal Town, Somers Town, etc., etc., be ugly places? We can remember most of them before they were built over, and several of these districts were extremely pretty and attractive. Probably our surveyors could tell us something about this. We should like to ask these gentlemen why, in laying out new estates, do they go out of the way to get the greatest possible number of acute angles and triangles? Looking out of the window here, the writer can count two triangles and six acute angles. Most of these spaces are not yet built over, and in others the houses are awkwardly placed.

All this, of course, comes about because our surveyors will never plan a curved road, and it is, we suppose, for the same reason that in hilly places the roads are carried straight across the hills, although it is obvious to everyone that the rises and falls are too steep to allow of omnibus or carriage traffic. An omnibus driver was saying to the writer a few days back, "The gentleman who planned these roads did not know what sort of hannimal an oss was! Why, these roads is only fit for Hälpine mules!"

Now, the old cart-tracks and footpaths were far better planned, and in some places their lines have been preserved as the sites of back streets, mews, etc. Another source of the disfigurement of our London suburbs is the unnecessary and wanton destruction of trees. There is a kind of idea in the surveyor's or builder's mind that when an estate is to be laid out it is necessary "to clear it," that is, to cut down and root up all the trees. Now, why should this be done? Looking from the windows, the writer can see a road with a blank space on one side. Twenty years ago a double row of elms stood on this space; but not a single brick of building has been set up on their site, which is now little better than a waste! Why could not the trees have been left until now?

There is a district near at hand which twenty-five years back was covered with market gardens. They were all done away with, and until some five years back the place was "a howling wilderness."

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Yet we are supposed to believe that all these operations are practical and economical, but in this case at least £20,000 must have been lost in rent alone, and all for no conceivable reason that we could ever discover. We want to know why all the timber should be destroyed when an estate is set out, instead of the timber being kept standing at least until it is found to prevent the proposed development of the property; that this can be done is distinctly shown by Bedford Park.

Of course, directly the builders get hold of a district they have built over, it is at once called "a park." In this locality everything is a "Park," or a "Grove," or an "Avenue." It had plenty of trees when it was simply called "fields," but directly it bloomed with lamp-posts and the trees were cut down, it was dubbed a "park." It seems that "roads" and "streets" are far too vulgar for our suburban tastes; we must have something to remind us of the stately demesnes surrounding the houses of our ancestors.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET HETHERTON.

CHAPTER V.

"THERE, mother, everything is packed now, and I feel ten years older at least," observed Margaret dolefully, as she turned the key in the lock of her modest trunk.

"Nonsense, child. Go and write your labels and bring the gum-bottle upstairs, it's in the left-hand corner of the kitchen-closet; and ask Rob if he called at the station; and look at the clock while you are downstairs, and if it's near tea-time just tell Lily——"

"Oh, mother," Margaret interrupted with a laugh, "don't issue any more orders or my head won't hold them. What has Lily to do? Set the table? All right."

She ran lightly, but with an unusually sober face, downstairs and into the parlour where Rob stood at the window, looking sulkily at the dreary prospect outside, drumming with his sturdy fingers on the window-pane.

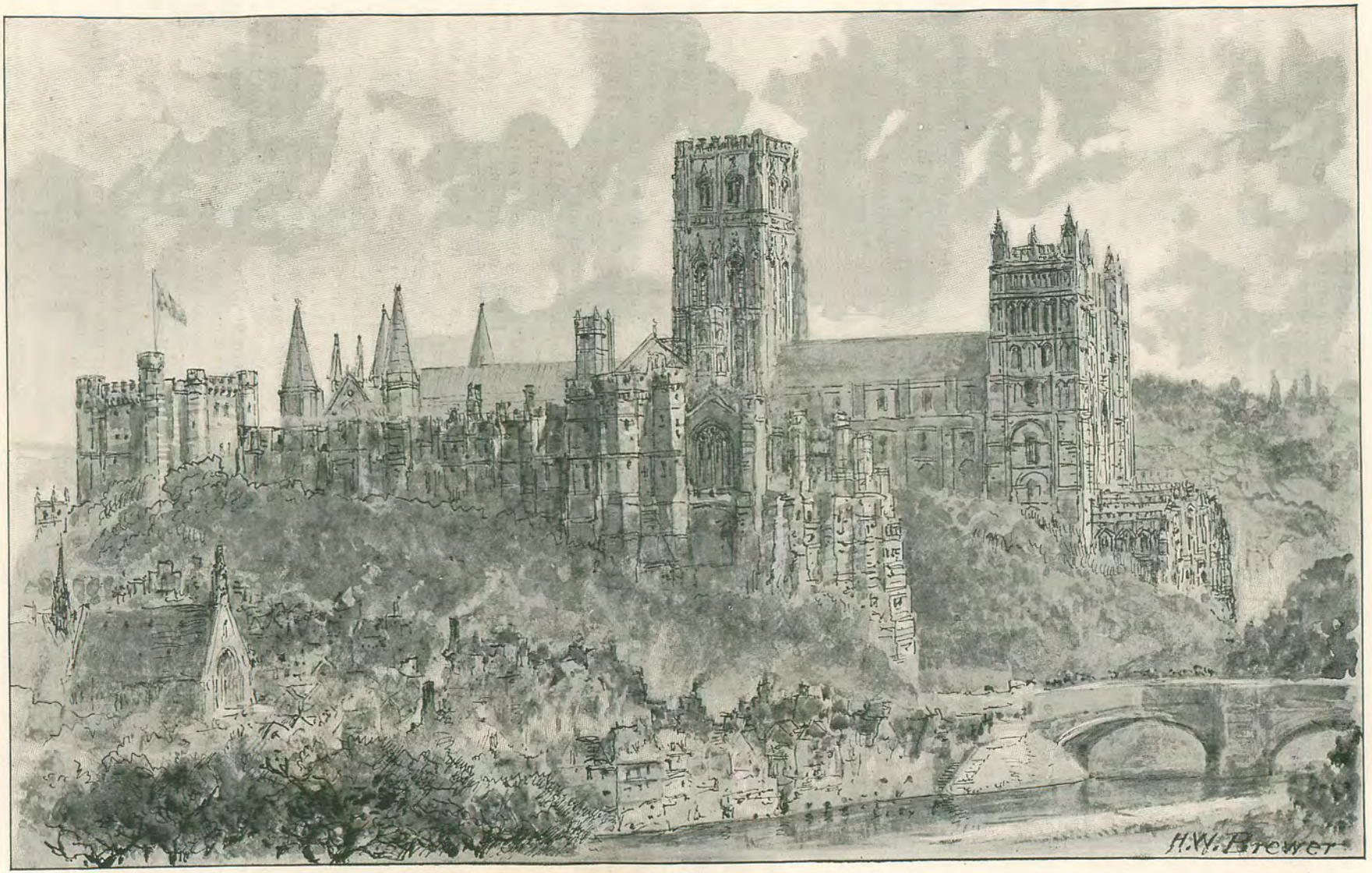
"Rob, dear, did you call at the station?" asked his sister on entering.

"Yes, I did," the boy answered gruffly, without turning his head.

"Thank you, old fellow," Margaret answered lovingly, knowing full well that the gruff tone was adopted in order to hide certain emotions considered derogatory to the dignity of a British schoolboy. She laid an arm about his shoulders and stood for a few seconds quietly beside him.

"Lovely view, isn't it, Robin?" she said presently, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "I don't *think* we have ever properly appreciated it."

Rob shook himself free from the encircling arm and marched to the fire-place, looking the very essence of bad humour.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

please mother, I'd die I think. Beethoven is sitting near me; he's composed a song all about me and the sea calling me and all that sort of thing, and he's making up the tune to it now on his fiddle. It's awfully sad, and what with the fiddle and the wind in the chimney and the rain, it makes me feel as though I were drowned already. Father and mother and Lily are all well, and so are Dr. Milworth and Mrs. Sutherland. Mrs. Sutherland says my mouse-trap is as good as any she ever had. The three of us were there to tea lately, but it wasn't half so jolly without you, Maggie, though there were piles of cake. Dr. Milworth was so quiet, I thought he must be ill, but he said he wasn't when I asked him. Mrs. Sutherland told us ghost stories by the fire afterwards and that was jolly. Oh, by-the-by, Dr. Milworth told me to ask you if you had met the prince yet? I asked him what he meant, and he said Margaret knew. Good-bye, dear old Mag, write soon to your loving "ROB."

Margaret heaved a sigh as she laid the letter down. She had long known of Rob's passion for the sea and had always lent a sympathetic ear to him when he poured his heart out, but ever since the stormy winter when her mother's brother had been drowned she had viewed the plan with something of horror. It was to be, however, and after all, Rob's happiness was a thing more to be considered than her own fears.

"I'll write a letter to the dear old boy at once," she said, and rose to go to the table. As she did so, the second letter, forgotten in her absorption, fell from her lap.

"Oh, by-the-by, I had forgotten this one," she said to herself. "Why, it's like Dr. Milworth's handwriting, how kind of him to write!" She sat down again and opened the letter.

"My dear Margaret," the doctor wrote, "perhaps you may remember a promise I made to you last autumn to come over to Germany to see you should circumstances permit. The accounts I receive of you are so cheering that perhaps you are not so much in need of someone 'from home' to brighten you up as you thought you would be then, but I know you too well not to feel sure that you will give me a welcome all the same. I have arranged my affairs so as to enable me to stay a few days. I shall leave on Saturday and arrive on Monday afternoon probably. I am now going over to Cromwell Road to tell your home-people of my departure and to receive their messages for you. Good-bye, dear Margaret, and believe me,

"Yours sincerely,
"PAUL MILWORTH."

"Why, Misschen," cried Anna, "how happy you look over that last letter! I've been watching your face all this time, and it's quite beaming."

"Dr. Milworth is coming, Anna. Just think, isn't it kind of him?"

"Who is Dr. Milworth?" asked Anna with lively interest, immediately scenting an engagement in the air.

"Oh, did I never tell you? He's a friend of father's and used to help me with my Latin. I am so glad he's coming!"

"Oh," said Anna, with a very evident diminution of the interest, "then I suppose he's quite an old gentleman?"

Margaret laughed. "Oh, no, not old exactly, middle-aged, you know, forty or thereabouts. He was always very good to us, and often used to ask us to tea, and is so clever, you can't think what a lot he knows!" Margaret concluded with what was to her one of Dr. Milworth's chief recommendations.

"Well, Misschen, I am very glad you are going to have a treat, but I wish your doctor had been younger, then I should have teased the girls and made them all wild with curiosity."

Margaret slipped her precious letters into her pocket, looking worlds of scorn at her frivolous companion.

(*To be continued.*)

SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

PART III.

SITES OF ENGLISH TOWNS AND CHURCHES.

ILLY sites both for towns and churches were far less frequently selected in England than on the Continent, and it is quite remarkable how very few of our cathedrals are situated upon hills. The only ones erected upon the highest ground of their respective cities are Lincoln, Durham, Carlisle, Exeter, and St. Paul's, whereas Salisbury, Norwich, Canterbury, Wells, Peterboro', Worcester, Gloucester, Winchester, and St. David's, are upon the lowest sites that could be found. Of course, to a certain extent this selection of low sites is dependent upon the situation of many of these towns upon the banks of rivers, but this certainly does not entirely explain it, because why should the cathedral of Lincoln be situated upon the only hill of the city, and almost the only one in the county, whereas the general site of the city is at the base of the hill? And at Norwich the greater portion of the city is upon the high ground, and the cathedral upon the very lowest.

The reasons for this singularity in the situations of English cathedrals is very difficult to explain or trace, though some reasons for it may be advanced.

In Norman times it was of great advantage to build upon the banks of a river which had direct communication with the sea, so as to be able to import stone from Normandy; in fact, all through the Middle Ages, the architects and builders had great belief in Caen stone (called in old documents "French pierre"); but this will not explain the selection of such sites in Saxon times. It has also been advanced that as most of the English cathedrals were monastic, the convenience of being close to the river influenced the choice of site; but this cannot wholly explain matters, because Salisbury, which was always a secular church, is as low down in site as Canterbury or Norwich. It will be noticed that whereas in France and Germany the cathedrals are almost universally in the middle of the town, in England they are always at the extreme end of the town—in fact, only just within the walls. The only other country in Europe where this appears to be the case is Spain.

All English cathedrals are surrounded and enclosed in a "close"; but this feature is not common to foreign cathedrals, which were probably established in Roman times, and erected in the capitol or the forum, which were usually situated upon high sites, or towards the centre of the city. In England, however, the cathedrals being

established at a later date, it was not considered necessary to erect them upon either of these sites.

Of all the English cathedrals, Durham has the most magnificent situation. It is built upon high rocky ground across the neck of a peninsula; the west end rises almost precipitously from the water, there being only a narrow path between the rock upon which the church stands and the river. The cathedral and monastic buildings occupy the part of the peninsula cut off by the castle, so the river nearly washes them to the west, south, and east. Immediately to the north of the cathedral is the noble ancient castle, and nothing can be finer than the combination of the two in the same view. The banks of the peninsula are covered with fine trees, and the river is deep and rapid. The encroachment of coke ovens upon this beautiful neighbourhood is greatly to be regretted. The view we give, which was sketched on the spot, shows the cathedral and castle together with one of the bridges.*

The site of Lincoln Cathedral is exceedingly fine; it is situated at the top of a very steep hill, which is approached by a great flight of steps from the town in one direction, and by a winding road in the other. The close is cut off from the rest of the city by great gates, and occupies the whole of the upper portion of the hill. The three towers rise up gradually from the hill-top; the lead spires which formerly crowned them were stupidly taken down about a century back.

The Cathedral of St. David's in South Wales is a most remarkable contrast to these two foregoing churches. It is literally "down in a hole," so that one might pass within a few yards without knowing it was there at all. And although internally interestiug, it is so little attractive externally that it would scarcely tempt one to go out of the way to see it.

Although the sites of most English cathedrals are level and on flat ground, yet some of them are extremely beautiful. Salisbury seems to stand in a park surrounded by noble trees. Wells is lovely, with vast gardens, beautiful springs, and water-courses. Canterbury is amongst a rich combination of ancient ruins and beautiful gardens. Norwich has the largest and most beautiful cloisters in the world, with the most picturesque surroundings of ancient gates and trees. Gloucester, with its wealth of rich Gothic architecture and exquisite lawns, stands in that disagreeable town like "a lily amongst thorns."

The surroundings of our English cathedrals are amongst the most beautiful and attractive things in the country. Art and nature seem to have vied with one another to make these spots exquisite, and the combinations of architecture and lovely gardens are nowhere to be seen to greater advantage than around and about the old English cathedrals.

* Called "Framwellgate Bridge."

WANTED, A LITTLE LESS GRUMBLING.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

"WHAT'S more miserable than discontent?" says Shakespeare. What, indeed?

It might be put up with, however—like some other disagreeables—if it paid in the end. If a grumbler could grumble herself into a success, and by peevishness secure, say, a nice little house and a comfortable income, together with the esteem of everybody worth knowing, then it would be a mental condition with an excuse for itself. But that will only happen when the world is turned upside down.

Girls who are grumblers are really enemies to themselves, interfering with their own success and taking the edge off their own abilities. And a pretty state of things it is if we cannot find contentment in our own minds. Even a little head can see how that is, and if discontented girls—should any such have read as far as this—will only take thought and mend, this number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be cheap to them at a guinea instead of their having only to put down their penny.

Let them smother their dissatisfaction and consume their own smoke. That will not only do good to themselves but be a blessing to their neighbours. There is a great deal of happiness to be got out of one's own life and a great deal to be imparted by us to others if we only set the right way to work.

With some the inclination to grumble seems to be inherited, derived with other doubtful blessings from their ancestors. They take to it naturally, and have a passion for it, as others devote themselves to wisdom, or art, or money-making. Whatever wind may blow, they are dissatisfied. Always with an ill twist they rise out of taste with the day, and go to bed in even worse taste with the night.

It is a temper that runs in families sometimes, father, mother, and children being all of the same sort, the father perhaps grumbling at the daughters, the daughters at the father, the boys at the girls, and all at the poor mother. A nice household, truly, to be connected with!

In other cases people, and especially young people, are grumblers because unkind fortune has thrown them amongst those of that description, and, without intending it or realising either what they are about, they have taken on the colour of their surroundings, as is natural for young folk to do. And in this lies a splendid opportunity for those who are grown-up—the opportunity of setting an example of contentment, whereby the world may be rendered hopeful and happy to a degree that it is not at present.

Health also has much to do with grumbling. From good health comes cheerfulness and from cheerfulness good health, and where both are present the word "grumble" is not even understood. She who has not health has nothing with which to battle against depressing influences and soon falls a victim to her own peevish inclinations. If then, girls, you want to take calm and correct views, to have an unruffled temper and a happy spirit, be careful of your health. A great deal lies in your own power, as has been shown over and over again in the medical articles that have appeared in these pages. Some of our ailments being beyond our control, their results must no doubt be submitted to with patience, but it is a very different story with sulks and stupidity and a tendency to grumbling when these arise from errors that could be avoided by the exercise of common-sense.

Suppose we are not grumblers either by inheritance, or through our having caught the infection, or by reason of disordered health, but just want to be a trifle discontented by way of experiment, it is not difficult to fall on a something with which to make a start.

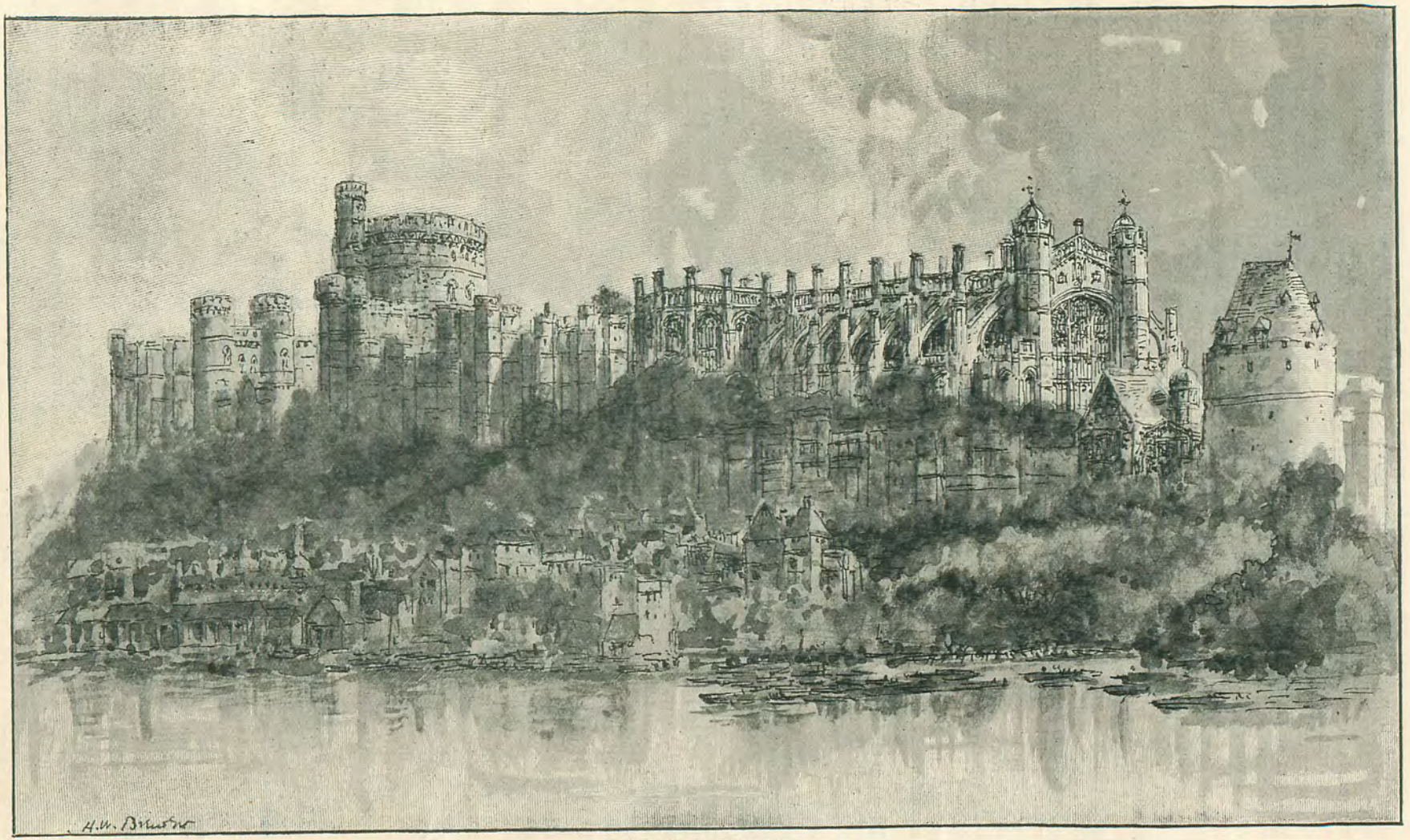
We may begin with this promising subject, that we are not what we should like to be—an admirable basis for a good grumble. And if what you want to be is unattainable, it is better still; you are sure then of a long-lasting subject.

It may be suggested that desire to be something different should be a spur to make us exert ourselves, but that would spoil all the grumbling. The sure way is to sit discontented and do nothing but complain.

A famous poet once said—

> "Vain man! what would'st thou be?
> Be thyself, covet no higher gift,"

but it is to be remarked he said "man," and a girl may



WINDSOR CASTLE.

SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

PART IV.

ENGLISH CASTLES.

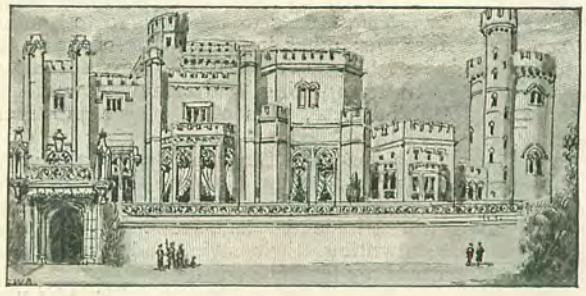
ENGLISH castles are, as a rule, seated upon hills, but this is not by any means a universal rule. Newark, Carnarvon, Tattershall, Oakham, and many others are complete exceptions, and in several cases the towers and walls rise from the moat or some river.

Windsor Castle is most justly praised for its fine site and magnificent situation, and although it has been to a certain extent modernised, it presents quite the aspect of an ancient fortress when seen from any point of view except the east; this side is entirely modern, and the work of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville for George IV. Wyatville must not, however, be blamed for this, as the building had lost its ancient characteristics long before Wyatville's time, and had been faced with brick. Far more interesting is the view from the north-west, showing the graceful pinnacles of St. George's Chapel, the Curfew Tower, the horse-shoe cloisters, the "Norman Tower," "Wykeham's Tower," and "Elizabeth's Buildings," with the beautiful river foreground. Windsor is most remarkable for its chapel and cloisters, which impart quite an ecclesiastical air to the "Lower Bailey" of the castle!

Dover, Bamborough, Corfe, Framlingham, Kenilworth, Warwick, and Raglan are finely placed, and most interesting examples of buildings of their class.

One thing, however, is quite evident, and that is that castles are quite inappropriate for modern revival. All modern castles are thoroughly out of keeping with modern requirements. They are and must be shams, and as such are defective and unsatisfactory. Look, for instance, at Belvoir, Eastnor, Fonthill, Kingsgate, and Cassiobury, or at the modern additions to Carlisle, York, Lancaster, Chester, and Oxford. What failures they are, and how thoroughly unconvincing! The reason is not far to seek. In all modern dwellings large windows are required. Where such buildings are utilised as prisons, one sees at once that the object is to prevent the inmates from *getting out*, not to keep outsiders from *getting in*. But of all unsatisfactory buildings some of the modern German residential castles are the most absurd-looking structures. We give one from the neighbourhood of Potsdam which illustrates the subject thoroughly. Oranienburg, Callenbach, and Reinhardsbrunn are equally unsatisfactory. Why anyone should wish to make his house look like a castle nowadays very much puzzles us to imagine. It makes the most uncomfortable dwelling possible. I was staying in a castle of this type a few months back, and I found that the only way to dress my hair was to lie down on the floor, because the "loop-hole" which lighted our bedroom would not afford any light higher up than my waist. Of course, there were terraces everywhere about the outside, with little flower-beds much resembling "fancy salads," but the most curious feature was the conservatory with its glass roof and frowning battlements, suggesting the idea of Cœur de Lion in chain-armour and patent leather dancing-pumps!

I have spoken of terraces; now don't let it be supposed that I denounce "terraces" in general. In many positions they are most appropriate, but as surrounding a building which pretends to be erected for purposes of defence, they are decidedly out of place, and it must always be remembered that when a terrace is designed for a building placed upon a hill, it should convey the idea of uniting, not of separating the two. When a building upon



A MODERN GERMAN CASTLE NEAR POTSDAM SHOWING EVERY POSSIBLE DEFECT THAT A CASTLE CAN POSSESS.

level ground has a terrace round it, it may be treated in such a way that the terrace forms its base, but care should always be taken to avoid the absurd effect of the building standing upon the top of the parapet instead of upon the ground of the terrace! This was not considered when the modern terraces were erected round Cologne Cathedral, and the result is that the vast church appears to be supported upon the flimsily-treated parapet, and suggests the idea that its poor little columns are bearing up the great structure, which gives it the effect of an elephant standing on caterpillar's legs! It is absolutely necessary to treat the base, whether it is buttressed, arched, or terraced with solidity and dignity. In some very elaborate buildings the base may be panelled with good effect, as we see in some English "Perpendicular" buildings and French flamboyant works; but the panelling should be kept flat, so as not to destroy the effect of solidity.

VARIETIES.

NO NAVY.

A Swiss sportsman was found shooting birds in Hayti without leave. He was taken before the magistrate and asked who he was.

"I am a foreigner," he said.

"What nationality?"

"Swiss."

The magistrate at once turned to his secretary and asked if the Swiss had a navy.

"No," was the reply.

"Then put the brute into prison."

SURE TO HAPPEN.

If you are too fortunate you will not know yourself;
If you are too unfortunate nobody will know you.

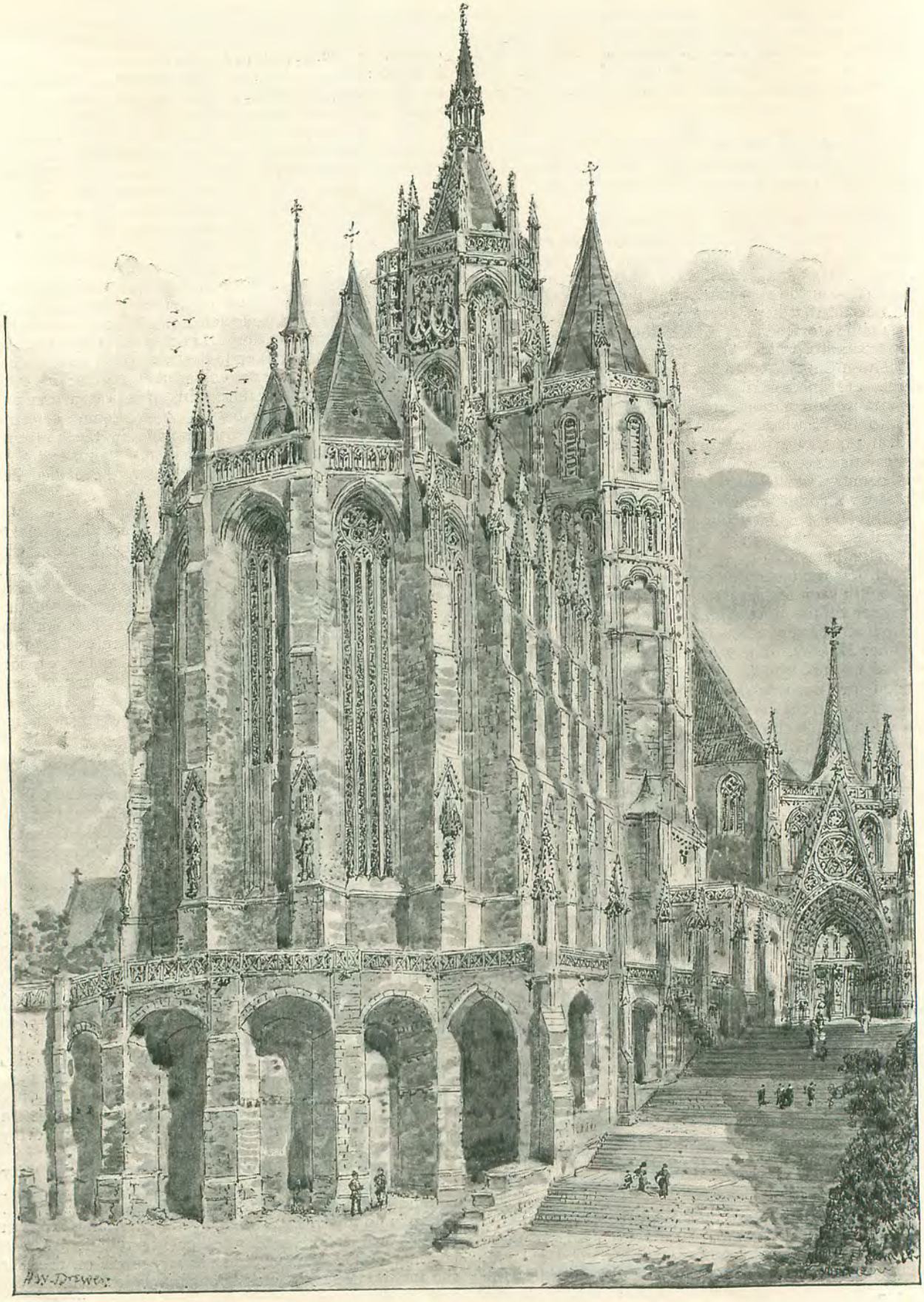
TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

One of Mahommed's followers said to his master one day, "I shall turn the camel loose and trust to Providence."

"Nay," said the Prophet, "tie it up as well as you can, and then trust to Providence."

THE CRITICAL EYE.—A drawing of one of the angels in St. Mark's at Venice was shown to a young woman who was a dressmaker. She looked earnestly and silently upon it, and at last remarked, with a sigh, "How nicely its skirt hangs!"

SOMETHING LIKE A HAIR-RESTORER.—A man in Chicago claims to have invented a hair-restorer of such wonderful strength that if you only dip the end of a penholder in it, it will grow rapidly into a shaving-brush.



ERFURTH CATHEDRAL.

SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

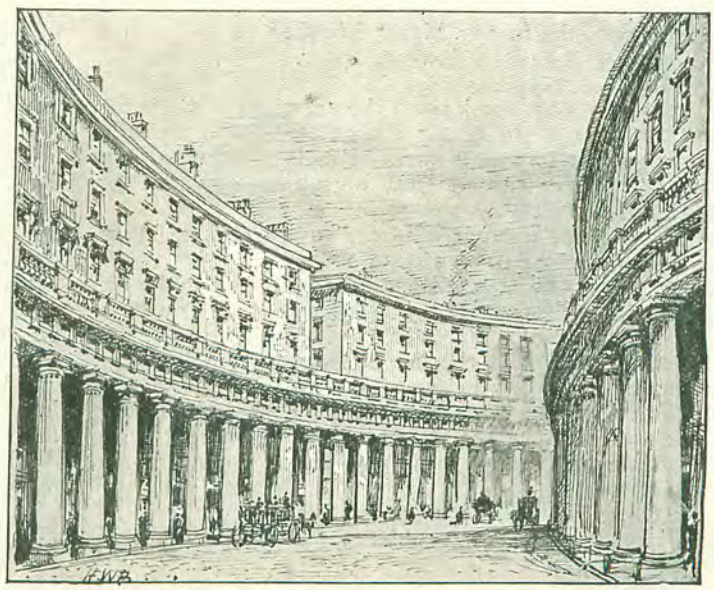
PART V.

As we have already pointed out, the base or basements of buildings are sometimes artificial, sometimes natural, and sometimes partake of both characters. Of this last description, one of the most magnificent examples is Erfurth Cathedral in Ducal Saxony. Here two great churches stand side by side. They were evidently originally erected upon a platform of natural rock, but at the commencement of the fourteenth century it was considered advisable to enlarge the cathedral by the addition of a noble and very lofty choir. The platform upon which the building was originally erected was too small for the purpose, so the builders added on to it a stone platform, partly supported upon a solid mass of masonry, partly upon very plainly treated open arches and buttresses. Probably this is the grandest work of its kind in Europe. Our sketch shows the effect of the cathedral with its vast base, beautiful triangular north porch and great flight of steps leading from the "Platz" to the porch and platform. The noble single choir with its long windows, and well-designed buttresses is one of the finest examples of fourteenth-century work in Germany, and internally its interest is greatly enhanced by the old glass which is in a very perfect condition and fills every window. The choir stalls are also very good. To the west of the choir are three towers and a portion of the old romanesque nave. The transepts and fifteenth-century nave are a singular contrast to the graceful choir and elegant porch, and are rather ugly work. The aisles, which are each double the width of the nave, are covered externally by a single huge "hipped" roof. The church of St. Severin, which stands close to the cathedral, has a nave much better managed, with narrow, lofty double aisles. Between the nave and very short choir are three square towers terminating in curious metal-covered spires. The rest of the great platform is occupied by the cloisters and residences of the clergy attached to the cathedral. What this rock platform was used for in early times it is difficult to say, as there is another huge rock platform close at hand crowned with a church and fortress. Probably in Roman times one was the "Arx," and the other the "Prætorium," but this is uncertain. In the view of Erfurth given by the Nuremberg Chronicle, the two eminences are inscribed "Mons Beatæ Mariæ" and "Mons Sti. Petri," but no doubt this simply refers to the two churches which they sustain. What the church of St. Peter is like I cannot say, as no one is admitted within the fortress surrounding it. I was told that it is used as a "military chapel." The towers shown in the Nuremberg Chronicle have disappeared, and looking from the cathedral it now appears like a heavy romanesque church.

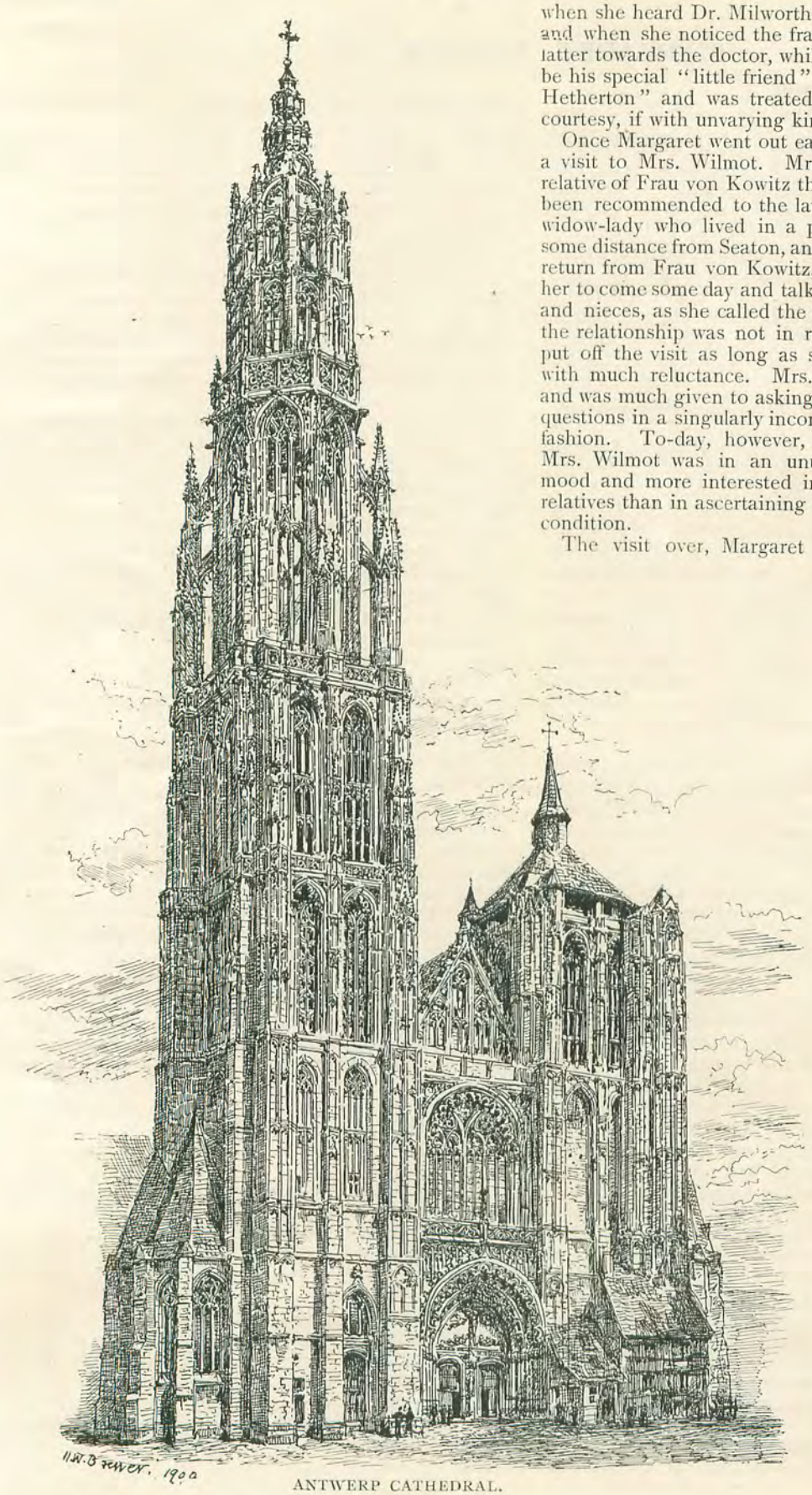
The Cathedral of Ratisbon has a very finely arranged base, consisting of a stone platform about four feet high and the same in width, following the plan of the walls and buttresses. The latter are pierced through to allow the gangway or passage to pass all round the church, but there is no parapet to protect the edge of the platform. Of course it would be too much to hope for that the boys could resist such a chance for a game of "hide and seek," and the police have quite given up the dispute. Fortunately German boys don't throw stones, so the fine stained glass windows have remained undamaged!

Of course the absolute necessity for a base to support a building is difficult to arrange in town houses with shops, and a different plan must be had recourse to. If the house is of brick or stone, the open space on the ground floor storey must either be arched over or the upper storeys supported upon pillars or bold corbels projecting from the solid "party walls." If the house is of timber, very solid moulded wooden beams may sustain the upper portion, but the modern practice of supporting the front of the house upon huge sheets of glass is quite destructive of all architecture, and nothing can be contrived to reconcile such an absurdity with art. The practice of supporting the iron frame-work upon iron columns coated over with looking-glass makes the matter worse still. Of course the shopkeeper wants to show his wares to the best advantage and here comes in the difficulty. Many plans have been suggested, but none have proved quite satisfactory. When Nash built Regent Street, he placed two covered colonnades projecting over the pavements in front of the shops in the quadrant, and the effect was fairly good when seen from the roadway, but there were several defects about the scheme. In the first place these covered colonnades rendered the shops dark and the footways gloomy and damp; secondly, the columns occupied space which was required by the pedestrians, and as the columns did not support the upper storeys of the house, no compensating additional space was added to the houses themselves.

Attempts were afterwards made by glazing the roofs of the colonnade to get rid of some of these inconveniences, but the result was so far from satisfactory that about the year 1850 the colonnades were entirely removed. We give a sketch of these colonnades as originally built.



THE QUADRANT BEFORE IT WAS SPOILT.



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

when she heard Dr. Milworth calling Lily by her name and when she noticed the frank, playful manner of the latter towards the doctor, while she herself, who used to be his special "little friend" had developed into "Miss Hetherton" and was treated with much respect and courtesy, if with unvarying kindness.

Once Margaret went out early in the afternoon to pay a visit to Mrs. Wilmot. Mrs. Wilmot was the distant relative of Frau von Kowitz through whom Margaret had been recommended to the latter lady. She was a rich widow-lady who lived in a pretty old manor-house at some distance from Seaton, and, on hearing of Margaret's return from Frau von Kowitz, had written to her asking her to come some day and talk to her about her nephews and nieces, as she called the young Kowitzes, although the relationship was not in reality so close. Margaret put off the visit as long as she could and went at last with much reluctance. Mrs. Wilmot was very peculiar and was much given to asking probing and embarrassing questions in a singularly inconvenient and objectionable fashion. To-day, however, Margaret was fortunate. Mrs. Wilmot was in an unusually mild and friendly mood and more interested in hearing about her little relatives than in ascertaining her young visitor's mental condition.

The visit over, Margaret set off at a good pace through the fields which lay between the Manor and Seaton. She did not acknowledge to herself why she was hurrying so, or rather she persuaded herself that it was because she wanted to give Lily a music-lesson.

As she entered the house, Lily met her, saying, "Dr. Milworth was here for ever so long, Maggie. He has left a book for you to read. I told him where you were. Am I to have my music-lesson?"

"Yes, Lily," Margaret answered rather wearily. She had walked very fast and was tired, and now, after all, the music-lesson did not seem to her of such desperate importance.

"What book is it, Lily?"

"Oh, I don't know—it's French," Lily answered with insular contempt.

"Montaigne's Essays," Margaret said to herself as she went upstairs to take off her things. "I wish I had seen him," she thought; "it is four days since he was here."

(*To be continued.*)

SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

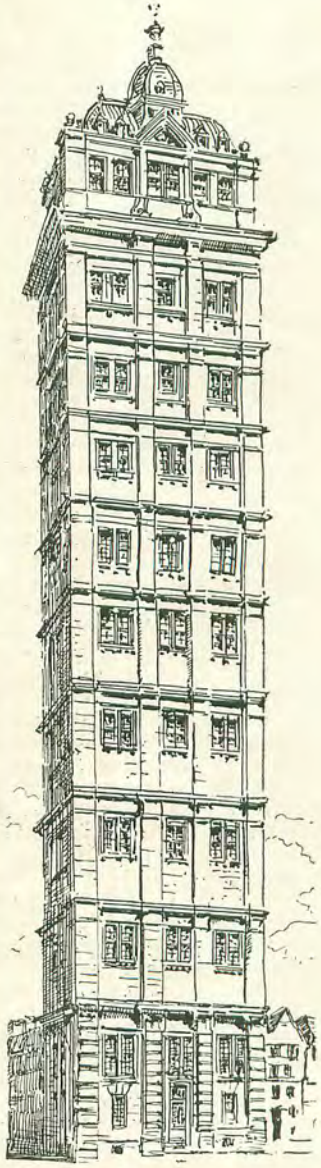
A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

PART VI.

So far we have only been considering the horizontal supports of buildings, such as the base or basement, the ground floor, etc. We must now say something of the vertical or upright supports of buildings. Of course, in ancient classical structures they did not trouble themselves much about vertical support, because, as their buildings were rarely more than one storey high, the columns or pilasters were usually sufficient for the purpose; if not, they could have a basement on the ground floor and an attic or small upper storey at the top. But when, as in modern buildings, you require storey over storey and run up to a vast height, what are you to do? Well, what usually is done is to repeat what you have done below, to place portico over portico, entablature over entablature, column over column, until you reach the required height! Now could anything be weaker or more ineffective? And would not the slightest knowledge of mediæval work show how at once to master the difficulty? Why are these modern buildings so unsatisfactory? Because no vertical support is provided, and the consequence is that the upper portions of the building are in no way connected with the base, and the more you accentuate the horizontal lines and features the worse the effect becomes, until you arrive at the appearance of a number of buildings piled one on the top of the other, so that some of the very lofty buildings in New York look more like a series of houses stuck up on end than a single edifice. Yet the towers of mediæval churches never suggest such an absurdity, because the mediæval architects knew that when you have a very lofty structure to deal with you must accentuate the vertical lines and supports and keep down or even ignore altogether the horizontal ones. Every portion of a building should at any rate give the idea of its being supported from the base and not only standing upon the storey immediately beneath it, and, of course, this is far better in construction. Some modern lofty buildings look like a piled-up plate of sandwiches. But take one of the loftiest structures in Europe, the tower of Antwerp Cathedral. The whole thing rises up from the base, and is buckled together by upright buttresses, the horizontal lines being quite kept in subjection. There is no suggestion of one or two of the top storeys sliding off or wobbling over one side or the other. The earliest ideas of lofty buildings were probably castle towers, which were constructed of immensely thick walls without any horizontal features and few piercings, but as times went on and large windows were required, vertical supports became more and more necessary, and this neglect of upright support has become a serious danger in our modern buildings.

Unfortunately iron, which enters so largely into our building, has undoubtedly led to much false construction; in fact, many modern shops and warehouses consist of iron frames with brick, stone, or terra cotta ornaments hung on to them. We do not blame the use of iron in buildings. It has great advantages, and may fairly be used instead of wood for roofs, floor, girders, etc.; but solid stone and granite should be able to support themselves, and if they cannot do this their whole constructive value has gone. If iron is doing the work, let iron have the credit and come forward and show itself. We like to see "the man who is doing the work," and do not respect the individual who is simply posturing for admiration. It may be said that one would not like to see a man walking about with his "bones outside his skin." No, we don't desire to see such a ghastly spectacle, and for this reason. The skin has its own important functions to fulfil, and is not stuck outside for mere ornament simply to conceal the bones and muscles. The human skin is not intended for nor does it give the idea of support, but marble, stone, and brick do, and are consequently out of place where they cannot even support themselves.

When iron is used simply and constructively it looks all right, provided it is not made to represent stone or brick. How very fine, for instance, the piles of the Tower Bridge looked, when they showed their construction! What a handsome bridge Southwark is, and how ugly Westminster, where the arches are made to represent stone, which they do very badly. Iron might have been a great help to modern architects if properly treated, but it has become a snare and a stumbling-block, and unfortunately it becomes more and more so, and as long as it is used simply to construct frames or cages to hang stone and granite upon it will never assume its proper position as a building material. With regard to terra cotta in combination with iron, it is a very disappointing material. It shrinks in casting (or rather firing), it splits and does not keep its colour, and there is a great question whether a building erected of iron and terra cotta is not in the long run quite as expensive as one of brick and stone. With regard to all buildings erected to a great extent of iron, their durability is really quite experimental. Who can say how long they will last? Time alone can show, and the great deterioration which has been noticed in several which are but a few years old does not strengthen hopes for the future, but very much the reverse.



MODERN AMERICAN TALL HOUSE.

earlier. A single step carried him to the pavement, and there he drew a great breath as if he flung off a load of oppression.

"How clean and caller it tastes," he said speaking aloud, as was his absent-minded way.

"Doesn't it?" said a cheerful voice in his ear, and then an audacious hand was slipped within his arm.

"Beth!" he said; then, his tone gathering sternness, "Bethia Bethune, what's the meaning of this?"

"I'm meaning just what you mean," she answered, resisting his attempt to wheel her round and march her up the steps again. "Come along before there's a hue and cry after me! They were so busy fussing over Aunt Anneys, that I just jinked behind you and got away."

"I've a great mind to take you back again, you little limb!"

"That will be punishing yourself more than me," she said tranquilly, "for you know you hate cordial and a smothery room, and when you're fussed over by strange women you just get 'red wudd,' and lose your manners."

"We've lost them now, the pair of us."

"Let's be philosophical, then, and enjoy ourselves, and I'll do the 'fessing afterwards. I'll exonerate you from any share in the conspiracy. Come along under the Pend and see if that second-hand book shop is still there. Do you remember how we used to glue our noses to the window, and how shocked Miss Ann was because you would always stop to rummage over the twopenny box?"

"She doesn't know the joy of hunting for hidden treasure, Beth."

"Or the disappointment of never finding it. Oh, Uncle John, it's like old times, just you and me together, and no Miss Ann to look distressed because it isn't 'genteel' to loiter and glower! What a pity it's dark, and even our shop closed, or we might have had a real, good country-cousin stare now."

"The shop's gone. I mind looking for it last spring, and being told the man had shut up for want of custom. In what was once one of the most learned cities in the world, Beth, a man can only come to starvation, now, by the sale of books. Not new books, mind you, wishy-washy trash, but the old wine, the fine vintage of fine minds. We're fallen on evil times, lass."

"But we've still the good old days behind us!" she cried. "Nobody can take them from us. Oh, when I'm here, I'm glad I'm a Bethune, with a hand in the making of Edinburgh's history."

"Scotland wants no history written by prelates and persecutors, Beth."

"Now, uncle, I won't have you 'lichtlie' the great Cardinal! He's a beautiful splash of colour on the dim horizon, and his tragic death atoned for a good deal in his life that you don't approve. Besides he did his country one good turn. He persuaded King James to make war on England——"

"And got a licking for his pains at Solway Moss!"

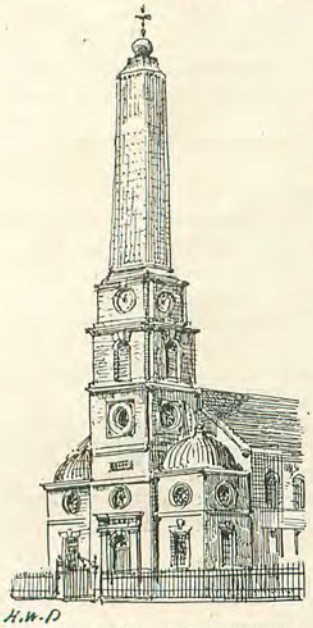
"You're in one of your bad moods, Uncle John. I'll take you back to Miss Ann and Miss Martha and Mr. William. Mr. William will take my part, for he's always very pleased to disagree with you!"

"'Deed, and I don't get on very well with the creature, and I'm sure I don't know why, for he's a very worthy lad."

"They're all worthy. I think it's their vaunted goodness that disagrees with us—it's such a stuffy kind of excellence! How pleasant it is here under the stars! Uncle, promise me we'll have many walks these last days. Oh, remember, there's only one little wee week for us to be together!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.



ST. LUKE'S, OLD STREET.

PART VII.

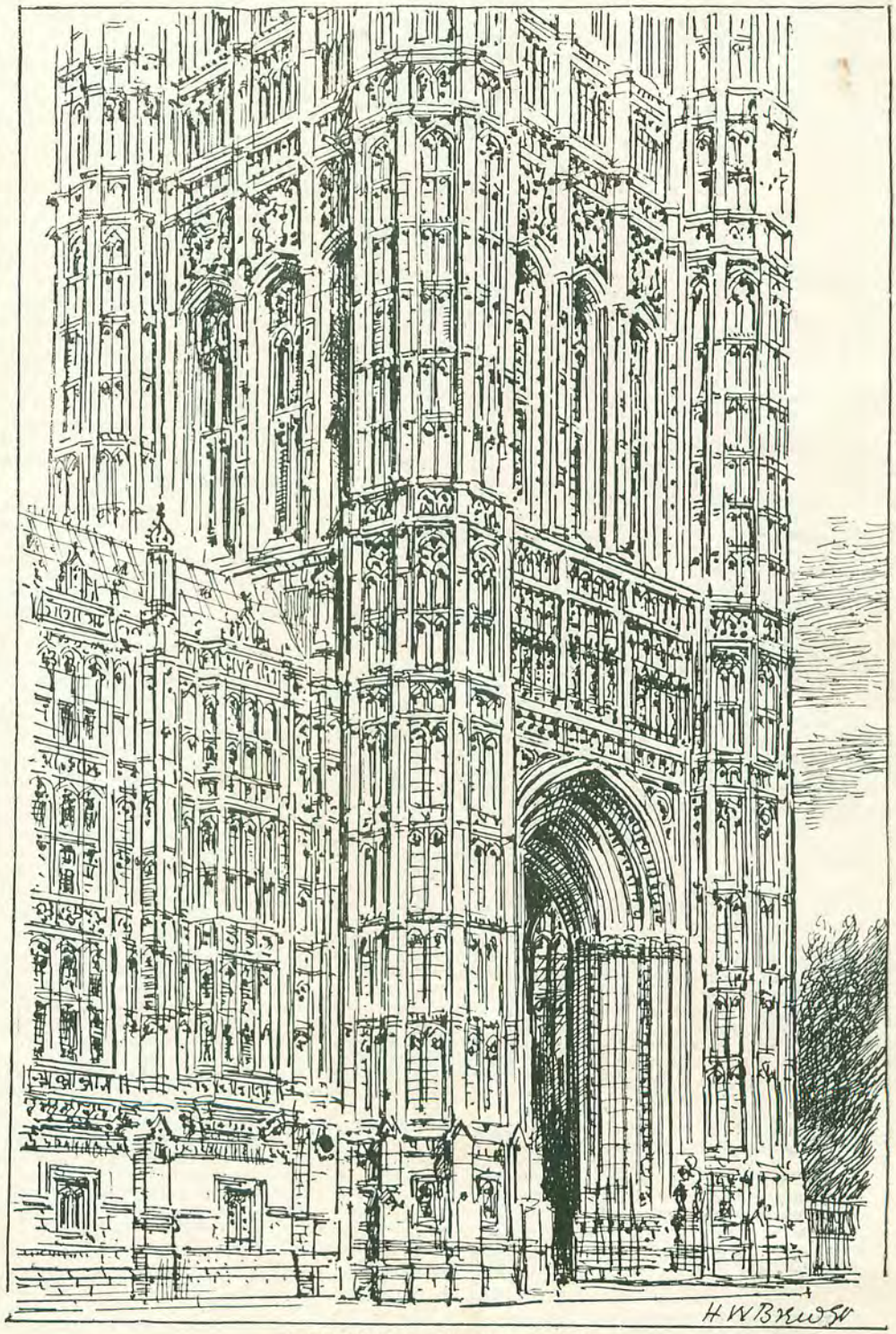
SUPERSTRUCTURE.

In considering the lateral or vertical supports of a building, the relations between the supports and the objects to be supported must never be lost sight of, because the vertical supports serve two purposes. In the first place they prevent any inclination towards spreading out or bulging, and in the second place they have features to sustain, pinnacles, spires, turrets, parapets and the like. Now if these objects are too large, the vertical supports will look too weak, whereas if on the other hand they are too small, the support will look exaggerated and clumsy. In that very fine building the Houses of Parliament, we cannot help thinking that it was a mistake to heighten the pinnacles of the Victoria Tower (they are shown shorter in the earlier views and plans of the stately edifice), but the additional height given to the pinnacles and the pagoda-like erection which supports the flagstaff seems to weaken and bring down the scale of the otherwise remarkably fine tower, which looks a bit top-heavy, and if seen from any position where the top is concealed (as shown in our sketch), the effect is more pleasing than when the whole tower is seen together in one view. In very many, in fact, in nearly all, old towers this defect was avoided by gathering in the upper features of a tower. At Magdalen College, Oxford, the buttresses and even the pinnacles lean inwards slightly. It is a pity that this was not done at the Victoria Tower.

If the object supported is too small for the support provided, the effect is equally bad. At St. Luke's, Old Street, a huge truncated Doric column surmounts the tower and supports a globe with a vane. Nothing can possibly be worse or more absurd than the effect. Every possible canon of good taste has been violated. Here is a tower supporting a huge column, and a huge column supporting a globe and vane. Of course we know that the column is simply a sham, because anyone can see that a solid column this size could not be supported by such a miserable tower. And why such an object as this should be hoisted into the air to support a wretched vane, which probably a man could hold upon his hand, is unintelligible. It is one of those "original" ideas which some eighteenth century architects occasionally indulged in.* At St. John's, Horselydown, is another example of the same idea, though better in design, because its detail is not so hideous as at St. Luke's; but a column never has a satisfactory appearance unless it is supporting some object, and that object should suggest weight. The architects of the Renaissance used columns occasionally to support vases and statues; possibly the Romans did the same, but we

* St. Luke's is dated 1732; St. John's 1733.

have never seen a statue hoisted upon the top of a column which looked "comfortable," and certainly Nelson in Trafalgar Square, although he is tied down to his lofty perch by a huge rope, presents an unsatisfactory appearance, whereas the Duke of York, with a huge lightning conductor passing through his head, looks anything but comfortable. For the opposite reason, a statue never looks well on the top of a spire or pinnacle. These objects diminish too much to bear up such an object, and suggest a much lighter terminal, such as a Gothic finial or metal vane. They always require something on the summit. The result of the omission of such a feature is shown by All Saints' Church, Langham Place, Regent Street, where the spire is made to run up to an acute point, and the effect is exceedingly disagreeable. On the other hand, the attempt to convert a spire into pyramidal flights of steps with a statue on the summit, as is to be seen at St. George's, Bloomsbury, is thoroughly unpleasing. The fact is, the mediæval architects mastered the science of spire-building, and knew exactly what could be done and what could not be done by the proper treatment of this, in their hands, most beautiful object; and the moment attempts are made by Renaissance or modern architects to depart from their treatment, by substituting columns, obelisks, pyramids, or other features, the result is certain failure. The reason is obvious when you are designing a spire. You must consider the entire composition from the ground upwards; but an obelisk, a column, or a pyramid are objects which, by their construction and nature, are made to stand upon the ground, and when they are hoisted up on to the top of a tower they look out of place and inappropriate; whereas a spire was from the first a roof to the tower, or a series of lanterns diminishing one over the other.* Make what combinations you like of these objects. You may use nothing but lanterns super-imposed, or you may crown your lantern with a spire, or place lanterns over your spires, as at Burgos; you may, of course, combine domes with your spire, as at Frankfort-on-the-Main, because a dome is a roof. But no one yet has succeeded, or ever will succeed, in placing an object which ought to stand on the ground on the top of a tower, and to place a heavy would-be solid object on the top of a tower is vile construction. Let it be understood that, for a thing to be good construction, it must look good construction. To build what ought to be a heavy, solid object light and hollow is simply creating a sham, and a sham which does not even answer its purpose.



BASE OF THE VICTORIA TOWER.

* Antwerp is a magnificent example of this treatment.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.

PART VIII.

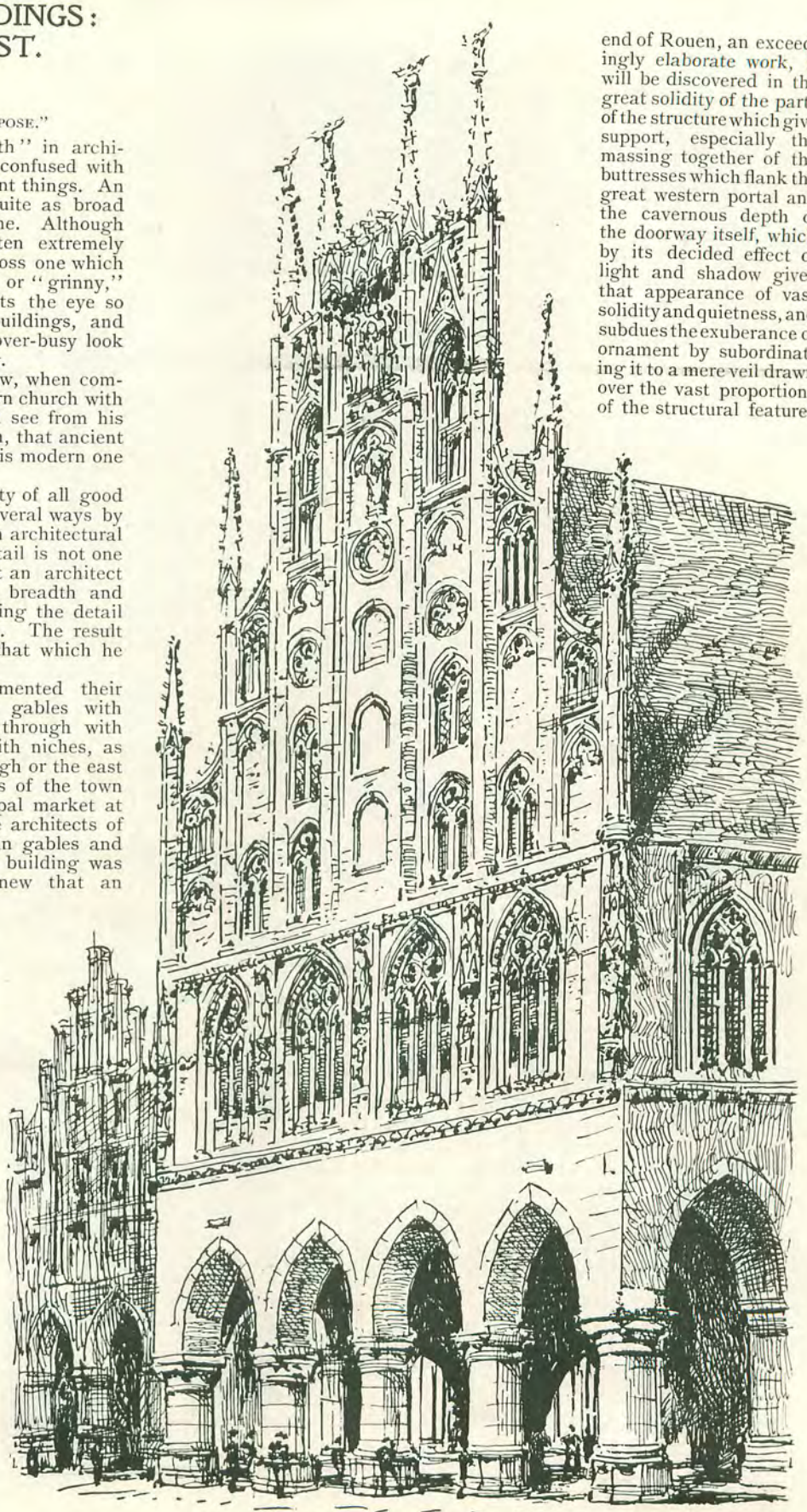
"BREADTH" AND "REPOSE."

WHAT is known as "breadth" in architectural design must not be confused with "plainness"; they are different things. An elaborate building may be quite as broad in effect as a perfectly plain one. Although we find ancient buildings often extremely elaborate, we rarely come across one which looks what is called "cut up" or "grinny," a terrible quality which affects the eye so strongly in many modern buildings, and produces that unrestful and over-busy look which is so terribly distressing.

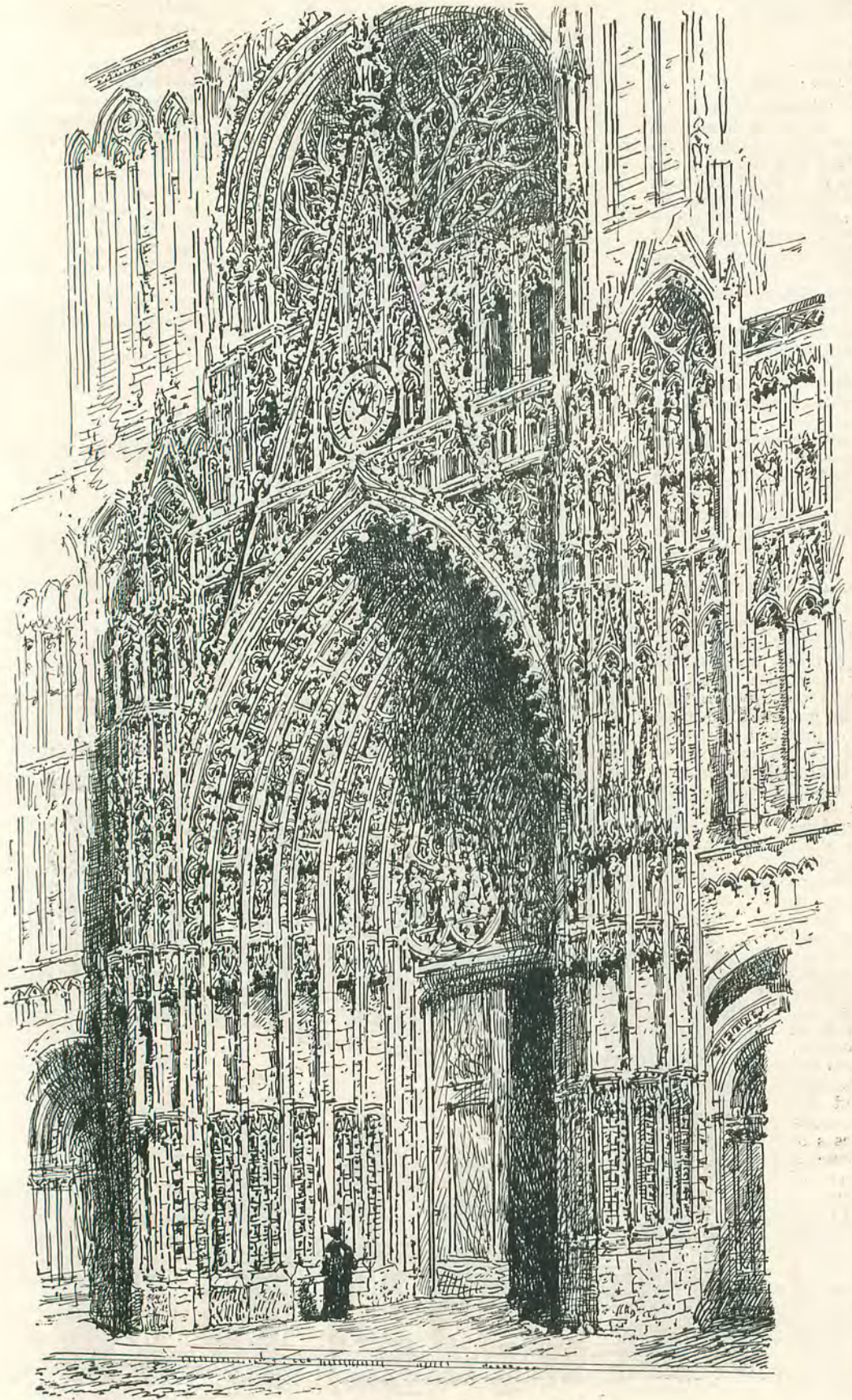
A clergyman whom we know, when comparing the designs for a modern church with a fine old one which he could see from his study window, exclaimed, "Ah, that ancient church is a giant in repose, this modern one a tall fellow on tiptoe."

Repose is a necessary quality of all good architecture, and there are several ways by which it may be gained in an architectural design, but "cutting out" detail is not one of those ways. We recollect an architect who thought he would give breadth and repose to his design by omitting the detail from the gables and parapets. The result was exactly the opposite to that which he had intended.

Mediæval architects ornamented their parapets and crowded their gables with detail, often piercing them through with tracery and covering them with niches, as at the west end of Peterborough or the east end of Lincoln, or the gables of the town hall and houses in the principal market at Münster, in Westphalia. The architects of the middle ages only used plain gables and parapets where the rest of the building was very plain, because they knew that an effect of heaviness or plainness was undesirable about the upper portions of a building; but it is different with the ground-floor or intermediate storeys. Treating these simply may and often does bring about an effect of repose. Sometimes, however, the intermediate storeys are very richly treated, as at the Hôtel de Ville at Rouen, at Ghent, Souvain, etc., but in these cases the ground-floor or the basement is treated simply, and this has been copied with excellent effect at the Houses of Parliament. Of course a somewhat plain treatment of the ground-floor at once gives the idea of a base to the building, and is of all schemes the most certain and safest to adopt; yet in some churches the west front of the great French cathedrals, Rouen, Amiens, St. Maclou, Rouen Beauvais, etc., this is entirely ignored, and we look elsewhere for the necessary breadth which is certain to be found. Now, in the west end of Rouen, an exceedingly elaborate work, it will be discovered in the great solidity of the parts of the structure which give support, especially the massing together of the buttresses which flank the great western portal and the cavernous depth of the doorway itself, which by its decided effect of light and shadow gives that appearance of vast solidity and quietness, and subdues the exuberance of ornament by subordinating it to a mere veil drawn over the vast proportions of the structural features



RATH-HAUS, MÜNSTER, WESTPHALIA.



WEST PORTAL, ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

of the design, and what is important to notice is that even when the portals are later works than the rest of the building the importance of this effect is never lost sight of.

In Henry VII.'s chapel, where external ornamentation is carried almost to superfluity, the effect is rendered broad and solid by the great size of the buttresses and that quiet and subdued panelling of their lower portions. The same thing will be noticed at Beauvais Cathedral in France and in an earlier style at Amiens Cathedral and Notre Dame, Paris.

Perhaps of all the qualities which most strike us in mediæval buildings that of breadth and repose, united to richness, is the most pleasing. It is as a rule in modern buildings lamentably absent, especially in Gothic works; often in the latter we feel that there is something wanting, but we cannot tell exactly what; there is too much ornament or too little, yet when we compare it in our minds with old buildings, we see that they are often far more elaborate, or that they are far more plain, yet in neither case do they give us that impression of uninteresting dulness with which some modern buildings always depress us. We often find in these works excellently designed detail carefully studied, yet somehow it fails to interest us, and why is this? Either because the detail is not sufficiently concentrated or is not properly contrasted, and consequently there is a want of breadth and repose.

the table—we never seem to be in when she calls, but then we haven't a 'day,' you know; and that will be the end of ceremony for twelve months. But you must come and see us."

"Yes, if mamma will let me."

"We'll get mother to ask her. Look! she's getting up to go. Poor mummie! what a dreadful acre of drawing-room to cross all alone! I think I'll shirk it; I'm sure Aunt Alice won't mind, for I'm certain to trip over those silk and satin trains. We're quite near the door. Let's slip out, and then you can talk to the motherie."

The girls escaped unseen, and on the landing where the bronze Hebe held up her globe of light, Beth found herself facing a shy little woman with a small pale face and kind eyes. But the pressure of her little hand was cordial, and she said very sincerely, "Do come; we shall like it."

"Come by omnibus," said Isabel, "and I'll walk back with you. Mother, you'll ask Aunt Alice——"

"Yes, dear." Then, with some hesitation, "Should you like me to go back now?"

Beth, though marvelling that anyone grown up and married could be shy, yet divined the effort this would cost, and said—

"Thank you, but if you would write——"

"Did she think that I was condemning her to that ordeal!" said Isabel, putting a protecting arm within her mother's, as if their relations were reversed. "Why you'd as soon face a whole field of bulls as go among those grand dowagers again!"

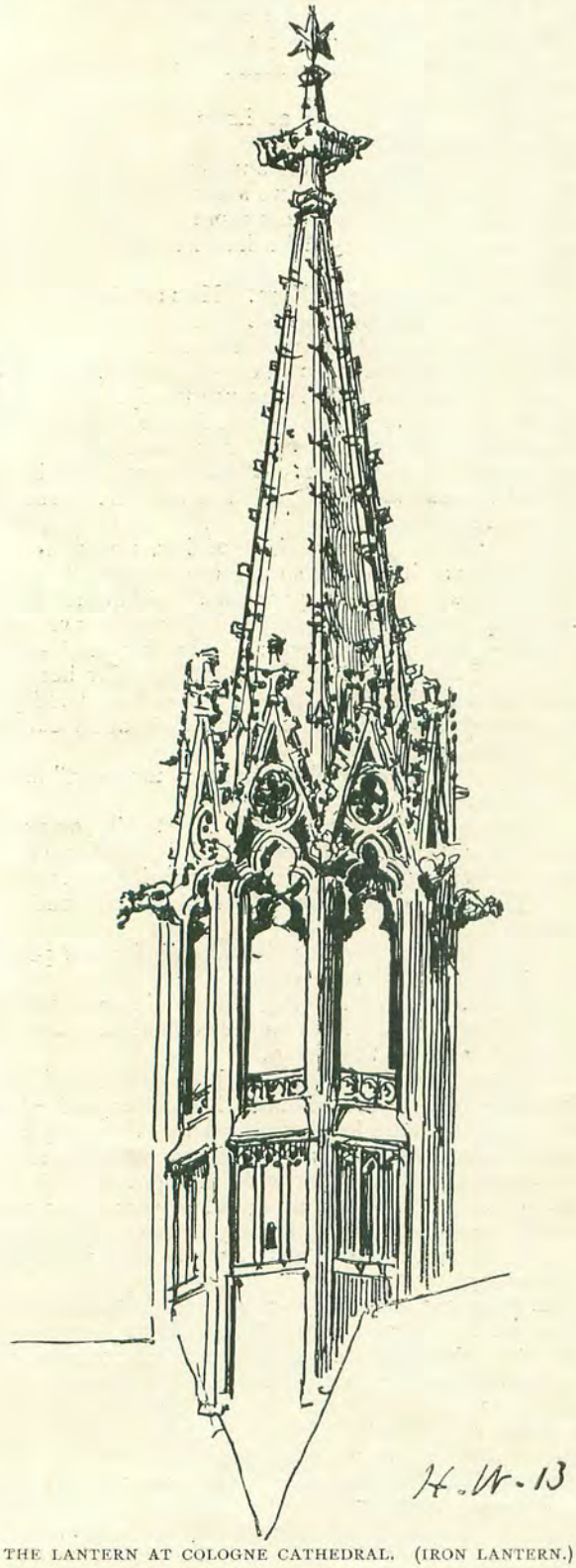
"She'll write." The promise was given again as the new friends shook hands.

Beth looked a little curiously at the pair going downstairs together—the small skimpy figure, scarcely five feet high, in an old-fashioned dolman, and the big, clumsy young one, protectress, child, friend, and comrade all in one. They were the shabbiest visitors she had seen enter her father's house, and yet her heart went out at the front door with them into the bleak black night.

She went back with more content than she had felt for weeks to the drawing-room, where she could sometimes make herself useful in handing cups of tea, or in talking to insignificant people.

She had thought the world a desert, and behold! flowers not of her own sowing were springing up at her feet.

(*To be continued.*)



THE LANTERN AT COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. (IRON LANTERN.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.

PART IX.

PROPORTION.

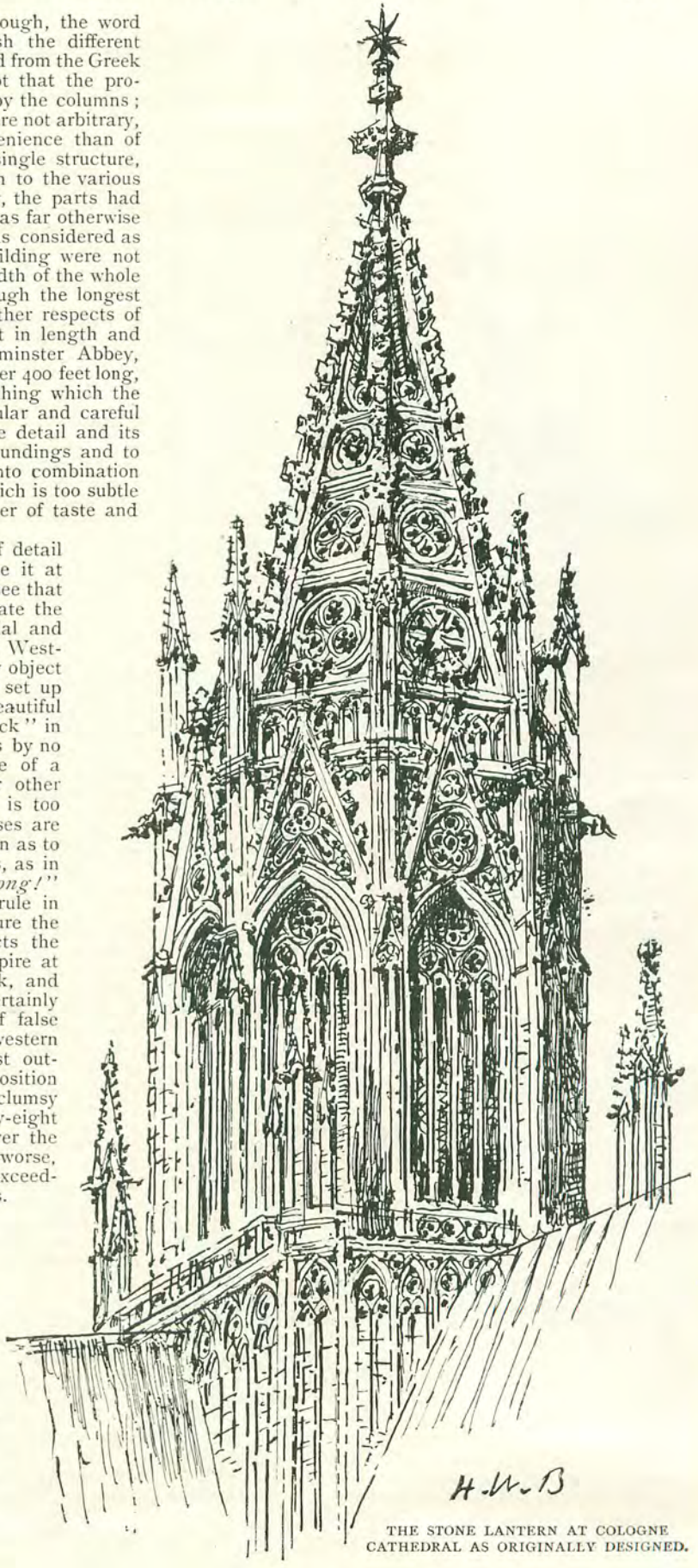
Of course, the "proportions" of a building are so important that when they are thoroughly unsatisfactory the building cannot be regarded in any way as a successful work. Yet it is advisable to understand exactly what this means, for in classical structures it means one thing and in Gothic or Mediæval works it has a distinctly different signification, and nearly all the seventeenth and eighteenth century writers upon architecture involved themselves in the greatest errors, because they would insist upon judging Gothic buildings by Classic rules, just as some strict grammarians will insist upon condemning Mediæval Latin because it is not Ciceronian! Of course, Mediæval architecture follows certain laws and rules, just as Greek and Roman style do; but it must at once be understood that the rules are not the same. In a Greek building, for instance, the columns must be a certain distance apart; the columns so many "diameters" high, their width must be determined by their height measured by "modules," the frieze must be determined by the height of the columns, the cornice must be regulated by the measurement of the columns, etc. To such an extent are these laws binding, that the very name given to the different variations of the architecture are called "Orders," from the word *ordo*,

the Latin for a column, and, strangely enough, the word "style," which is now used to distinguish the different "periods" of Gothic architecture, is derived from the Greek στῦλος, which also means a column. Not that the proportions of Gothic buildings are regulated by the columns; in fact, the proportions of Gothic buildings are not arbitrary, and are more a matter of taste and convenience than of rule. Greek buildings were treated as a single structure, and the whole had to bear a strict relation to the various parts, or perhaps it is more correct to say, the parts had to be in proportion to the whole. But it was far otherwise with Gothic buildings, and each portion was considered as a whole. The proportions of a great building were not much considered as to length, height, breadth of the whole structure. Thus, we find St. Albans, although the longest church (or cathedral) in England, is in other respects of very moderate dimensions. It is 555 feet in length and only about 40 feet high, whereas Westminster Abbey, which, without Henry VII.'s chapel, is under 400 feet long, is 100 feet high! There is, however, one thing which the Mediæval architects were extremely particular and careful about, and that was the proportion of the detail and its correct scale, both with regard to its surroundings and to other details with which they may come into combination or contrast. Of course this is a subject which is too subtle to lay down any rules for, as it is a matter of taste and consummate judgment and skill.

It is not difficult to see when a piece of detail is out of scale by being too large, because it at once looks coarse; but it is not so easy to see that it is too small, nor is it possible to illustrate the latter fault. The coarse and hideous finial and canopy formerly over the north doorway at Westminster Abbey is a fair example. This ugly object has been now removed. It was probably set up about the end of the last century. The beautiful canopy finial from the tomb of "Crouchback" in the Abbey is an instructive contrast. It is by no means uncommon to find the whole scale of a building ruined by some panel, shield, or other device introduced into the design which is too heavy and too deeply cut in. Gable crosses are often too large, and vanes so heavy in design as to look as if they must fall down; and in this, as in other cases, "*that which looks wrong is wrong!*" And there can be no exception to this rule in architecture; even a finial may greatly injure the effect of a building. The writer recollects the new finial being added to the top of the spire at Norwich Cathedral some forty years back, and has always regretted this addition, as it certainly injures the spire. But of all examples of false scale the huge finials which crown the western spires of Cologne Cathedral are the most outrageous. When they were first placed in position they weighed fifty tons each! but their clumsy proportions were reduced to about thirty-eight tons! The cast-iron spirelet or *flèche* over the centre of the cathedral is perhaps even worse, because a metal *flèche* should always be exceedingly light and elegant, as we see at Amiens.

The drawing for the completion of the cathedral shows a light stone lantern in the centre, which would, no doubt, have had an excellent effect, and might have given scale to the spires if its detail had been refined and elegantly designed, but, of course, not if they used huge coarse finials.

Our sketch shows the original design for the stone lantern and the present cast-iron spirelet which has been substituted for it. Like much of the modern detail at Cologne, it is singular, with the old work as guide, that there should be such a want of refinement in some of the detail, whereas nothing of the kind is to be found in the old work itself.



THE STONE LANTERN AT COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED.

women any day by spending an hour in the Park. But in other parts of the country it is not so easy. The fashions that are mostly in evidence there are those that are becoming *passé* in town, and these are useless as inspirations.

An occasional week-end in London or Paris is no longer a formidable undertaking to the country girl. It can be accomplished with little cost and with still less trouble. Under the auspices of some reliable "personally conducted" tour a girl can go abroad, even alone, with perfect safety. And hundreds do so, coming back to their work freshened in body and brain, and full of ideas and novelties; these are the girls who make a financial as well as an artistic success of their calling. She who says she has not time to spare is invariably the girl who has the least to do. What she lacks is not so much the time as the enterprise. Without enterprise, and a small initial outlay, no one nowadays can hope for big returns in any business, and dressmaking is no exception to the rule.

As an instance of what can be achieved in this direction. A country girl came to London about six years ago, being suddenly left penniless. She obtained a very subordinate appointment in the establishment of a fashionable West End modiste. Quickly realising that there was a demand for brains in addition to manual work, she set herself to develop ideas. Spending every available holiday in Paris, she speedily enlarged her experience and cultivated her taste. Her ability soon secured her promotion, clients were pleased with her suggestions, and would specially request that she should attend to them. She saw her opportunity and started a business of her own; the customers followed her. Her present income is about £5000 a year.

HARMONY.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

He wooed her; she was young and gay;
He was a scholar, grave and stern.
They wedded; then they found one day
They had each other's speech to learn!

He, thoughtful, spake of men and books,
When she desired he'd speak of love.
She, thoughtless, talked of dress and looks
And things he wished she'd rise above.

And so the couple drew apart.
(They loved each other all the same!)
"Is it my fault?" she questioned, tart.
He sadly asked, "Am I to blame?"

And thus one evening in their room
They silent sat and suffered much,
Till from the organ in the gloom
The music woke beneath his touch.

He played; and through the twilight came
A sunbeam from the earlier hours;
A whisper, like her old pet name
Breathed as they stood amid the flowers.

He played; the music sighed and said
A something words could never say.
(And Love awoke, the sleepy head!
And Love resolved to have his way.)

The player paused; his wife arose,
With hands outstretched, and whispered low,
"Husband of mine, your music knows
You love me, and it tells me so!"

"Of course I love you, dear," he cried.
"There's no 'of course,'" she sweetly said.
(Love gave a mortal blow to Pride,)
And wedded hearts anew were wed.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.

PART X.

REFINEMENT.

In all works of art, whether painting, sculpture, or architecture, refinement is an indispensable quality. An architect may design in any style—Greek, Roman, Gothic, or Renaissance—but refinement there must be, because art precludes the very notion of vulgarity. The artist must be a man of education and refinement, and these qualities must appear in his work. Whether his work is original or founded upon something which has been done before, vulgarity must be avoided or absent. Now what in art is vulgarity? Vulgarity is ostentation, unnecessary display, pandering to bad taste, and attempting rather to appeal to the wonder of the uneducated or ill-educated, instead of producing that kind of work which will be appreciated by people of taste and culture. It may be said, "But suppose you have to build for those who have 'popular tastes,' what then?" Well, of course, there is a difficulty in the matter, but it does not follow that what is "popular" is absolutely bad, and work may be executed in a popular style which is neither coarse nor vulgar. At the present time a great deal of art work is turned out which is remarkable for repulsive ugliness and eccentricity. We see in many pictures faces which are positive deformities, figures which are absolutely repulsive, and from which the mind recoils with loathing. Now the excuse put forward for this kind of art is that the artist should not attempt to attract by "mere prettiness," and that more ability is shown in depicting an ugly face than a pretty one. But as an artist of great experience said once to us, "It is so much more difficult to paint a pretty face than an ugly one, that one is apt to suspect that the men who always paint these monstrosities are incapable of representing beauty!"

And in architecture it is the same thing. Why do we see these short stumpy columns bulging out as if they were squeezed out of shape by the weight above them, with vast floppy capitals like badly-baked muffins, or segmental arches depressed as though some very fat man had accidentally sat upon them before the "casting" had set firmly? These are things which popular taste naturally condemns, and rightly so. Mere ugliness should always be avoided. We have seen a design for a modern church in which every arch is formed of a very flat segment. Of course, segmental arches may be used and must in some places, but whole rows of segmental arches supported upon round columns produce a hideous effect.

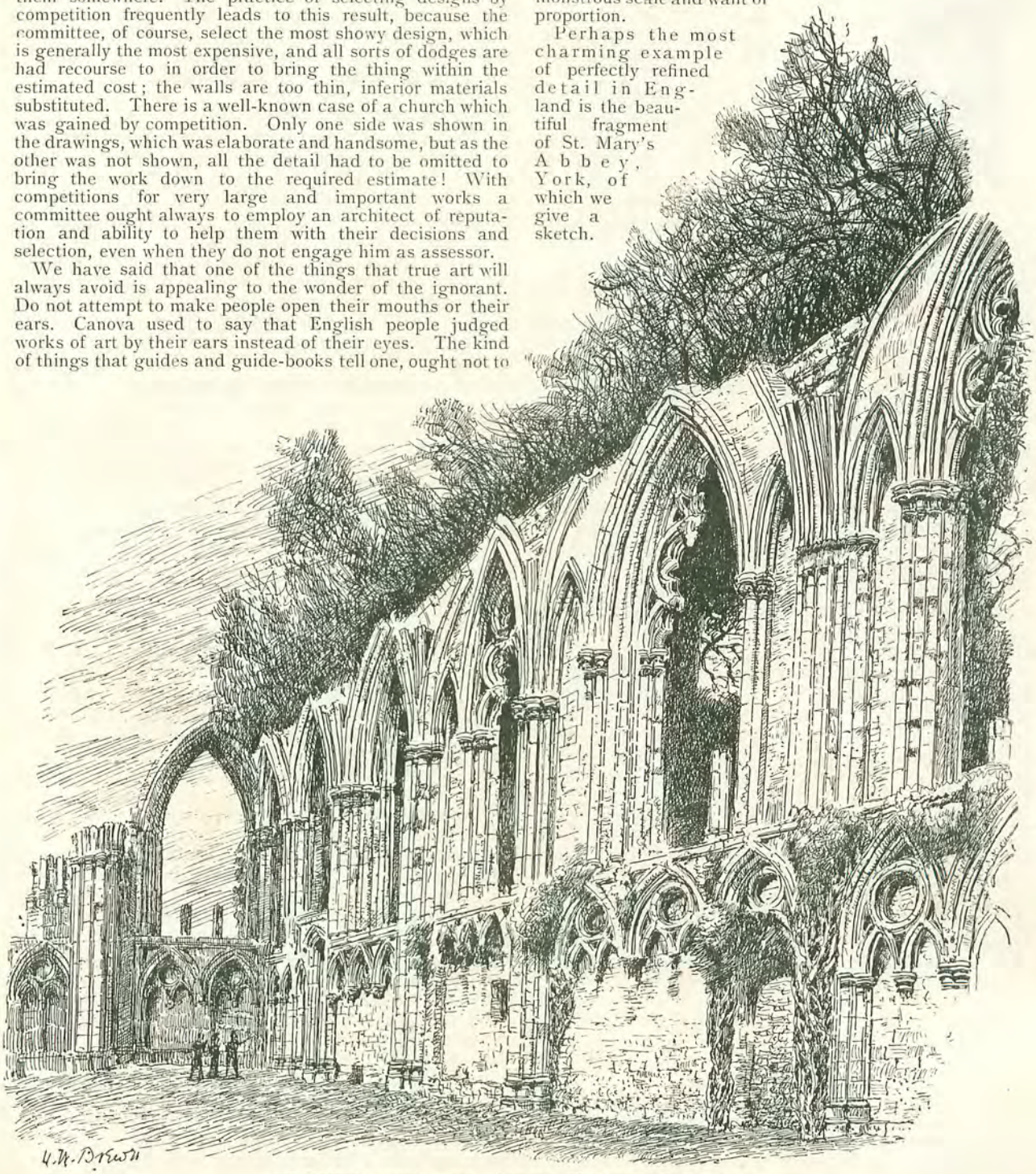
Ostentation or unnecessary display should always be avoided. Of course, buildings may be as elaborate as circumstances and means will allow, but if it is attempted

to carry out a highly-ornamental scheme too cheaply, the result will certainly be unsatisfactory. Good work may be executed cheaply, but it must be plain, or it will be bad. A very rich man may keep many servants, and it may be quite right that he should, if he can pay for them and make them behave properly; but if a poor man keeps a large establishment, the servants are badly paid and disrespectful and the household uncomfortable. The very ostentation and display used to conceal the absence of means, makes the thing more contemptible. This is exactly the case with elaborate buildings erected with insufficient means. There is certain to be something shabby or unsatisfactory about them somewhere. The practice of selecting designs by competition frequently leads to this result, because the committee, of course, select the most showy design, which is generally the most expensive, and all sorts of dodges are had recourse to in order to bring the thing within the estimated cost; the walls are too thin, inferior materials substituted. There is a well-known case of a church which was gained by competition. Only one side was shown in the drawings, which was elaborate and handsome, but as the other was not shown, all the detail had to be omitted to bring the work down to the required estimate! With competitions for very large and important works a committee ought always to employ an architect of reputation and ability to help them with their decisions and selection, even when they do not engage him as assessor.

We have said that one of the things that true art will always avoid is appealing to the wonder of the ignorant. Do not attempt to make people open their mouths or their ears. Canova used to say that English people judged works of art by their ears instead of their eyes. The kind of things that guides and guide-books tell one, ought not to influence your judgment. For instance, when you are told that the finials on the spires of Cologne Cathedral weigh fifty tons and are composed of twenty-four different lumps of stone fastened together to look like one, such a statement ought to excite contempt rather than admiration, because a finial ought not to weigh fifty tons, and ought not to be composed of more than two or, at the outside, three pieces of stone!

Some of the huge figures which crown modern buildings are quite absurd in such a position. They might look well enough upon a solid pedestal, or a rock, but they crush a building by their monstrous scale and want of proportion.

Perhaps the most charming example of perfectly refined detail in England is the beautiful fragment of St. Mary's Abbey, York, of which we give a sketch.



ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK. (*An example of most refined detail.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Swindles.

The Tanquerey "Free Portrait" Scheme is a swindle.

It has been constantly exposed in the newspapers.

But is always cropping up in a fresh place and under a different name, and presumably therefore catching fresh dupes.

One of his aliases is F. Schneider, Rue de Constantinople, Paris.

Girls in search of employment and ladies requiring domestic servants and governesses should beware of many of the so-called "Registry Offices."

Which are simply places for extorting fees.

Do not go to them unless you know something about them.

There are several highly respectable Registry Offices but many that are not; the latter predominate.

Do not pay preliminary fees for having your name put on their books.

For the matter ends there, they do no real business, you will get no employment out of them.

But they will get what little money you have out of you.

The advertisements which appear in the papers offering home employment to ladies are mostly swindles.

They promise ten to fifteen shillings a week for a few hours' labour.

Do not deceive yourselves; it is not to be had.

If it were there would be no need to advertise the fact.

There are thousands of young women, and men too, for the matter of that, who would jump at such an offer.

If it were *bonâ fide*.

To make ten shillings a week you have to work very hard in these days of competition.

Even if you have brains and are industrious.

These advertisers require you to send them four or five shillings before they send you a number of useless articles which you have to sell at a profit to your friends.

If you are poor you will probably not have many friends.

Even if you have a large acquaintance, you would soon lose such friends as you may now possess if you were to be continually bothering them to buy something which they could have no possible use for.

The home employment generally consists in knitting an impossible number of socks.

For which you are to receive so much per dozen pairs.

When you have deducted the cost of the wool, the time you have expended, and the number of pairs rejected on the ground of being imperfect, you will wonder where the profit comes in, so far as you are concerned.

The lady, the wife of a general, who is going to join her husband in South Africa and has a piano which she is willing to dispose of at a sacrifice, is a person to beware of.

She is always going to South Africa or some other place to rejoin her husband, but she never starts.

He is a general dealer.

Her advertisements appear in the papers regularly day after day.

She has always got something to sell.

She is not a swindler, but she makes a trade of selling things retail which she purchases at wholesale prices.

It is an objectionable way of dealing.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.

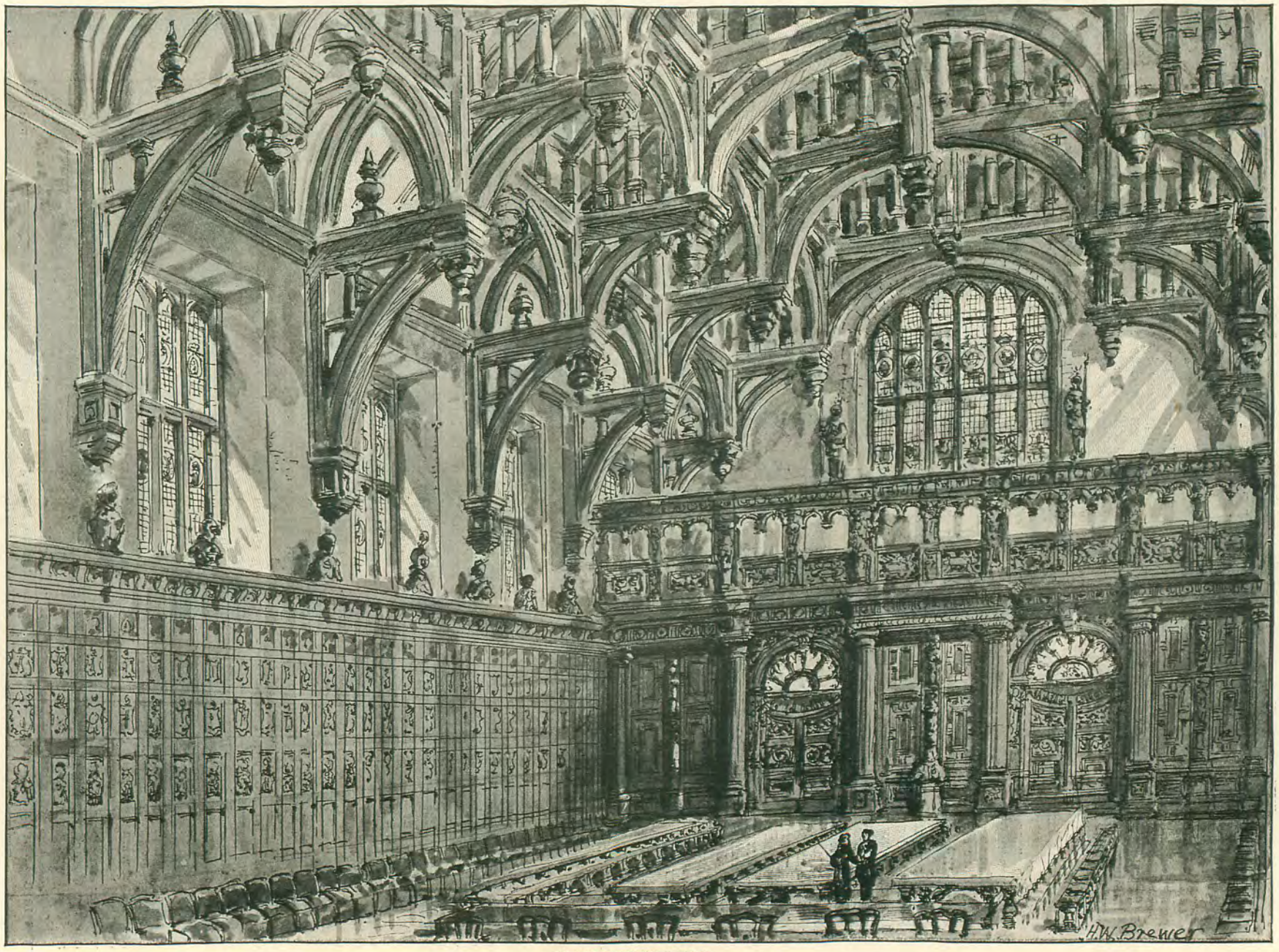
PART XI.

When we come to draw a comparison between the works of ancient and modern architects, it is but right to point out the fact that the modern architect is thoroughly unable, on account of his professional engagements and occupations, of bestow the same amount of attention to the artistic side to his profession that men in olden times could give. The ancient architect (*Cementarius, Magister Operum*, or *Lapiscida*) as a rule had rarely more than one or two works in hand at the same time, and he was paid a fixed salary, usually by the week, provided with a residence close to his work, and in some cases, as we read in old records, supplied with clothes for himself and even at times for his wife and children. At Barcelona Cathedral the thirteenth-century architect complained that only one hat had been supplied to him, which he considered insufficient, and at Wells the architect complained that the materials allowed for his wife's dresses was not good enough! No doubt the mediæval architect acted as builder also, and hired the workmen, though there was often a kind of general superintendent who acted as pay-master, somewhat equivalent to the "Commissioner of Public Works" in Government contracts. This man was often an ecclesiastic, and this fact has given rise to the notion that mediæval architects were generally churchmen, which was certainly not the case. Thus we are told that William of Wykeham was the architect of the completion of the nave at Winchester Cathedral, whereas we know as a fact that his architect was a certain William Watson.

From all this we shall see that the mediæval architect was in a somewhat different position with regard to his work from a modern one, for as his income was fixed, and his wants supplied, he was placed above anxiety and in a position of comfort, so that he was in a superior position to a modern architect with a small and uncertain "connection," but, on the other hand, he could not undertake many works at the same time, so that he had not the chance of making the large incomes that some modern architects do. Probably the modern architect has a good deal more business to get through than an old one, but, on the other hand, he has to employ a large staff of assistants, and has to have a knowledge of a much-extended range of subjects. For instance, he is expected to understand all about the Metropolitan and other Building Acts, the questions about what is called "Ancient Lights," the requirements of the County Council, and conditions laid down by fire insurance companies. Then he must know all about sewage, drainage, gas and many other subjects.

In going over a modern building erected for business purposes, the last thing that one will consider is the artistic qualities displayed in the design. One looks at the ingenuity displayed in lighting the basement, one is astonished at the ease with which the huge windows can be thrown open, at the facilities afforded for escape in case of fire, the ingenious methods of ventilation, the satisfactory system of drainage; but one gives only a casual glance at the art displayed—it seems so unimportant, especially as nothing could relieve the dull monotony of the dreary back street and ugliness of the surroundings, and anything beautiful seems as though it would be out of place! Of course, this impression is in reality thoroughly wrong, for, however unlovely the locality may be, beauty can never be out of place, because appropriateness is an essential element of the beautiful. Nature teaches us this lesson. How often do we find graceful plants growing upon a rubbish heap or soft mosses adorning a stagnant puddle!

Another difficulty architects nowadays have to cope with is that of erecting a number of buildings in different



MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

styles, whereas the mediæval men could only build in the one style in vogue in their day, and this continued to be the case long after the introduction of classical features into architectural design. Middle Temple Hall is an excellent example of the mixed style which was introduced in the latter half of the sixteenth century. We see here that all the windows are Gothic, but the woodwork has thoroughly Italian details. The effect is in no way incongruous or disagreeable, althought it shocked the "purists" of the last century.

Another difficulty in the present method of carrying out architectural works is the prevailing manner of paying architects by percentage upon work. Unfortunately it has been found impossible to introduce any other method which does not involve other difficulties, but it is manifest that it must injure the cause of art because it means paying by quantity instead of quality, and offers a temptation to use costly materials rather than devote time to careful designing. And it is not infrequent to find designs carried out in costly marbles and metals which scarcely deserve being executed in brick and plaster. There are certain advantages in the plan of paying by percentage in such a period of competition and beating down everyone to the lowest farthing as obtains at the present time, but it is obvious that modern architecture is quite as much a business as an art, and this has led to the outcry about "commercialism."

It has been suggested that a new style of architecture is required, and that it might give us more original designs; but that does not follow at all, because it is quite improbable that a man who cannot do original work in one of the existing styles which he has an opportunity of studying, will design better in a style the principles of which cannot be studied. And we have never heard architects who can do really original work clamour for a new style. This cry reminds us of a speech of "Jeames" in *Punch* years ago.

"I don't know, Chawles, what your hopinion is, but it seems to me that it's time some new hanimal was invented. I am sick of these everlasting legs of mutton and ribs of beef!"

A SCOTS THISTLE.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "'Lisbeth," "Cynthia's Brother," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE maid's presence was an undoubted comfort and protection to Beth, and gave some sanction to her hurried flight. Ball had certain qualms about her own share in the matter, but reflected that, since she could not forcibly detain the young lady against her will, the next best thing was to see that she set out under proper protection. Beth was the only one of the family who had showed the dependent any kindness or consideration, and Ball thought it no part of her duty to warn Miss Hazlett of her step-sister's intended journey.

"If there's them in her own country that loves her better, let her go to them and welcome," was Ball's private judgment. "There's none but me will miss her here, though they'll spend her father's money fast enough."

The two made their exit silently and unseen, securing a cab at the corner of the street. The servants, released from the necessity of cooking or waiting dinner, were below enjoying themselves; Jane's door was fast shut, and no ray of light streamed from under it. Beth spared a pang of pity for the pain that racked the strong nature seated there in the darkness. For surely it must be the worst pain of all to love and be deceived.

It was a strange dream to Beth to find herself whirled through the gaily-lighted streets, leaving London behind. Only six months since she had come, and every month had been a lesson in endurance. We forget the pleasures so easily, and have so long a memory for hardships. Beth put her head out of the cab window and looked behind her, down the gleaming row of lights that tapered away to mere specks in the west that is too far west for fashion, and gave a thanksgiving for the one great good she had found in this teeming London—the gift of a friend.

At the station Ball sensibly fell in with her decision to travel third class, as offering a greater chance of respectable company, and as they were early enough on the scene to make good choice, they fixed upon a carriage where a comely young countrywoman and her little boy were already seated. Ball's lengthy explanation, or possibly Beth's timidly-offered half-crown interested the guard, and he promised that the carriage should be reserved for ladies and children.

"Maybe ye'll get it to yourselves, for we're not very throng yet."

How good the homely accent tasted to Beth!

"She's modest and respectable, if I know anything, Miss Betsy," Ball remarked about the fellow-traveller, "and she's going all the way. And even if the child does cry, better be disturbed that way than with the antics of people as you don't know what they'll do or say next."

"He doesn't look as if he would cry," said Beth, attracted by the pretty smiling looks of the little fellow. "I'd like to get him some sponge-cakes, Ball: we've half an hour yet."

They bought the cakes and a bottle of milk, and Ball suggested a liberal package of sandwiches for her young lady's consumption, and a little flask of cordial. Beth agreed to the sandwiches, and gave in to argument over the cordial.

"It takes no room to carry, and you never know whether you'll want it. If it isn't yourself, Miss Betsy, somebody else may be took ill as you would be glad to help."

As they were returning along the platform from the telegraph office, where she had communicated with her uncle, Beth saw a figure which she instantly recognised in spite of ulster and travelling cap—that of young Douglas, whom she had met six weeks earlier as her

ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS: A CONTRAST.

PART XII.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN we take into consideration the difficulties surrounding the modern practice of architecture, together with those which are inherent in the art itself and the thorough indifference of the public, and contrast these with the enthusiasm and excitement displayed in the erection of mediæval buildings, is it to be wondered at that modern architecture is in a languid state? Of course the public are not entirely to blame for this, and probably the grasping spirit of the age and the race for wealth, which is one of its distinguishing features, must bear some of the blame. We have shown, for instance, that mediæval architects had rarely more than one or two buildings in hand at the same time, yet an architect of the present day in what is called good practice, may have fifty buildings going on at once in different places all over the world. Of course it is quite impossible that he can design all these himself, and, consequently, a great deal is left to clerks and underlings. Now, however excellent clerks and assistants may be, they very naturally fail to put their best work into another man's designs, to fill his pockets or to add to his reputation.

Now, in olden times, the greater works only, and but a few of those, would have been placed into the hands of professional "swells," and the smaller men would have come in for the minor works. The advantages of this are evident. The big men would have more time to devote to important works, and the smaller men, working for their own reputation and emolument, would take infinitely greater pains than they do at present. It is, of course, too much to expect that architects themselves would initiate such a reform as this, but their patrons and the public might set the matter right by only employing men who have earned a great reputation to undertake important works, but giving smaller and less important works to beginners or less well-known men.

Unfortunately, however, we know of cases in which most trivial works have been placed in the hands of the great men in the profession. A gentleman, a friend of ours, wanted to expend ten pounds upon a monument, and placed it in the hands of an R.A., who at once handed it over to an underling, and the thing turned out a failure. When the individual asked us to sympathise with him, we said at once, "You surely could not have expected Mr. —— to have given up his time to designing such a very insignificant work, and your sole object was simply to boast that you had employed a man with a well-known name to carry out the work. You have really no cause to grumble if your work is not artistically satisfactory."

One point in which we may never again see revival of art is in that innate love of the picturesque for its own sake which is such a remarkable feature in old work. This is shown in a marked manner in the mere ephemeral works handed down to us from the Middle Ages. For instance, if they had to design or erect a temporary covering to an unfinished tower—a thing only to last for a few years—they managed to make it a pleasing or even a beautiful object, showing that the idea sometimes entertained—that old buildings are so much finer than modern ones because "our old architects built for eternity"—even if it be true, does not account for everything; because the few temporary works which have come down from their day to our own show that they were as happy in erecting mere temporary structures as in those which were intended to be permanent. One of the most valuable examples I know of this is to be seen at Schwäbisch-Gmünd, a little town in Würtemberg. The great church here, a magnificent structure of the fifteenth century, has no tower attached to it for the following reason. The old Romanesque building was pulled down in the fourteenth century, all except the towers, which were intended to be renewed and probably united with the existing church. Unfortunately they fell down in a great tempest, and as the church was towerless, there was no provision for the bells, and a temporary structure was erected on the other side of the street to accommodate them. For some reason or other the permanent tower was never built, and so the temporary work remains to the present day. It is a large quadrangular structure of timber, the upper portion covered with coloured tiles arranged in patterns—orange, green and buff. The general effect is highly ornamental, though in point of fact there is no purely ornamental work about it. We give a sketch of this remarkable structure.

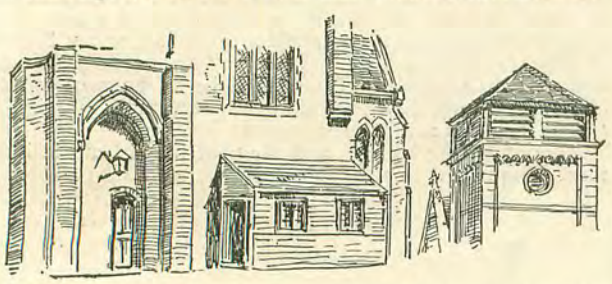
At Antwerp Cathedral, which we have illustrated in part vi., it will be seen that one tower is completed by the additions of its lanterns, and the other left incomplete and capped by a lofty temporary covering which is extremely picturesque.

Now as a contrast to the mediæval treatment of these temporary structures, let us turn to the consideration of the hideous temporary features of modern times. Do our readers remember what Lewis Carroll called the "Tintinnabulatory Tea-chest" at Christ Church, Oxford, a structure set up to contain the Christ Church bells while the tower was being constructed for them? Or has their attention ever been attracted by the structures which crown the unfinished towers of modern churches? We give sketches of several of these in our immediate neighbourhood!

Now the subject we have discussed and illustrated is of importance because it shows that the minds of mediæval builders naturally evolved beautiful objects, even when they were intended simply for cheapness and their duration to be ephemeral, but at the present day it is natural to do something ugly and ungraceful. Thus if a man now wants to produce good art, an *effort* is necessary, whereas in the Middle Ages such work came naturally to the mind, and in all probability this may account for the fact that their work was so superior to ours.

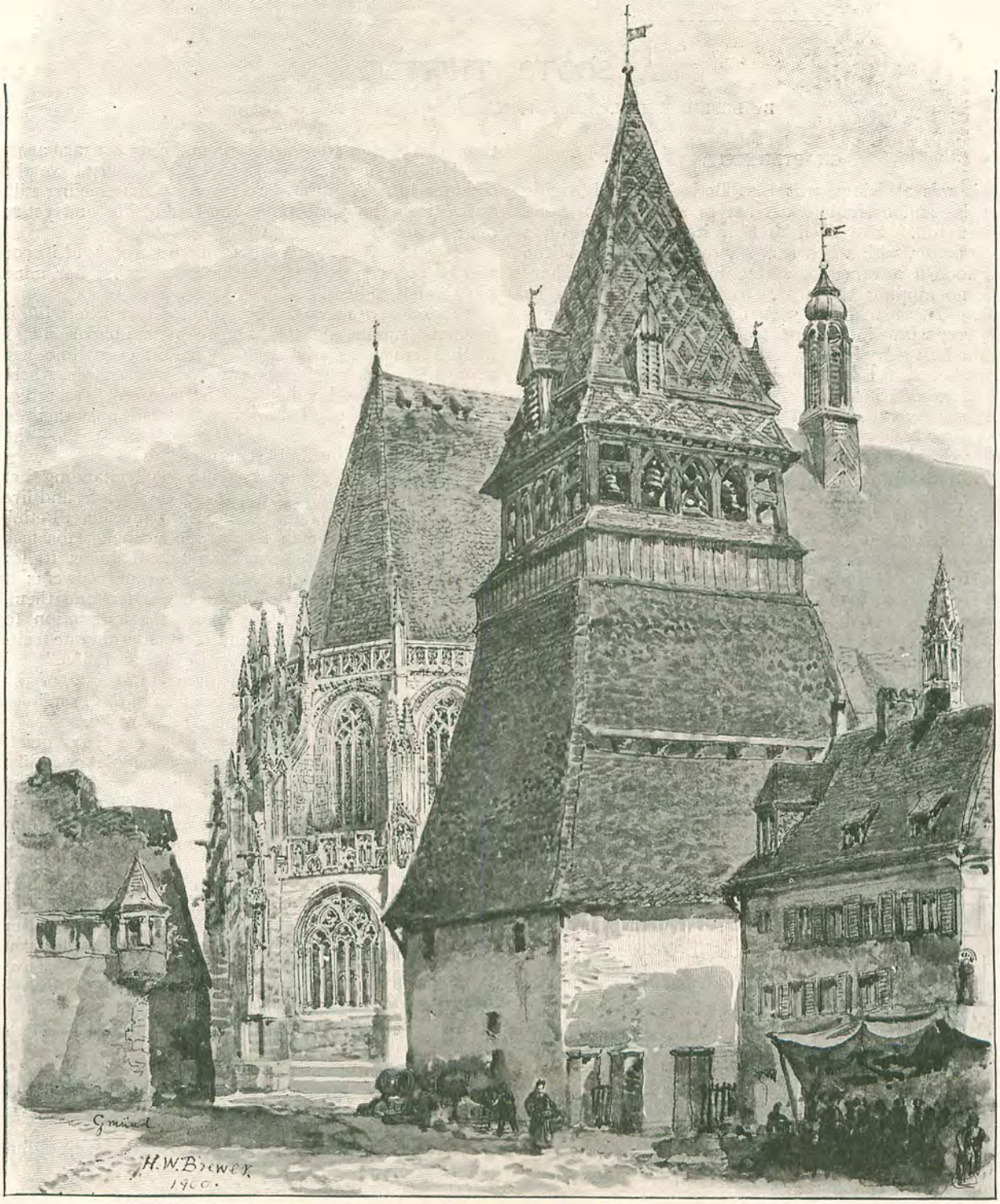
A question has been recently asked by more than one newspaper, "How is it that, notwithstanding the enormous sums voted for the London improvements, London still remains an ugly city?" We will attempt to answer this question by a few words. In the first place it must be remembered that money voted for London improvements is usually expended in pulling down or destroying. Now although such alterations are sometimes judicious, yet they do not add, as a rule, to the beauty or interest of a town. They are dictated by commercial or sanitary requirements or convenience. No doubt in some instances they also improve the appearance of the place, but that is not their primary object. Because you widen a street or pull down a building, you do not necessarily improve its appearance, however advisable the alteration may be. The fact is, the town should be more beautified by what is built up than by what is pulled down, and this ought to be the case.

Then again in regard to "London improvements," although well conceived in general, they are shabbily carried



CHURCH PORCH.

MODERN TEMPORARY STRUCTURES.



PICTURESQUE TREATMENT OF ANCIENT TEMPORARY STRUCTURES.

out, and the great open spaces on which we rightly pride ourselves are too often merely adorned by lamp-posts and other conveniences, whereas in many a second-rate Continental town such places are adorned with monumental structures, fountains, or statues.

Now there has been opened up a grand space at Whitehall, but what is going to be done there? It certainly ought not to be left to lamp-posts for its artistic completion. Why should there not be a fine monumental structure like the exquisite Gothic Schonbrunnen at Nuremberg, or the series of grand Renaissance fountains at Augsburg?

If our authorities are afraid of fountains, and they well may be, from the examples to be found in London, why not have monuments adorned by statuary? We need not look to foreign lands for such objects. "The Eleanor Crosses" and others are exquisite examples, but we do hope that we shall not be treated to any more thoroughly commonplace statues standing on pill or powder-boxes.

A SCOTS THISTLE.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "'Lisbeth," "Cynthia's Brother," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

So it was at Kingsbarns that Beth heard all Archie Douglas had desired to tell her in the wilds of West Kensington. She liked to hear it in her own wilds much better, with a February sky over her head and the first foolish advance of spring in the air, as if there were no nipping east winds to follow and punish its folly. The blackbirds were foolish, too—or perhaps only very wise—in making a chorus to the oldest and yet the best story in the world. Beth tried afterwards to remember that perfect gush of song coming from the old hedge of thorns on the side of the field, and the little star—very faint and very white—appearing above the yellow band of western light that were the setting of her romance—her first and last and only romance.

"I told Uncle John," she said at last. "I think I have always told him everything since I was able to speak at all."

Archie laughed.

"It wasn't any news, for I told him long ago, Beth!"

"He never told me!" she exclaimed naïvely.

"He wasn't going to infringe on my copyright," said Archie, who was behaving rather light-mindedly. "And he wasn't very keen for me to tell my story either. 'I suppose you want to be an honourable chap,' he said, 'and have something to offer the girl you love beyond the prospect of waiting bound until it pleases you to make an income? Work, and when you can keep her, come and take your chance.'"

"It was like him!"

"It was right, down to the ground. But it was a bit hard, all the same, to say nothing, and look nothing——"

"You did it very well." She flashed round on him with a smile. "Are you sure it wasn't just—friendship all the time?"

"You've become very frivolous since we were engaged, Beth."

"Half an hour ago," she murmured, and then blushed a right royal blush.

"Half an hour! I've been engaged for four years!"

"And now you are married to a magazine!" she cried, postponing the moment to be serious. "Isn't that the relationship an editor holds towards twelve monthly numbers and a bound volume—price, five shillings and sixpence at the stores?"

"The price of my wife is above rubies."

"I hope the public will endorse that opinion."

"All the public I care about will endorse it. Joking apart, Beth, you're not going to be jealous of my pen?"

"Jealous—no, Archie, but afraid—yes."

"Why afraid, my best and dearest?"

"I don't know," she said faintly, her brow troubled. "When I read books, even as a little girl, I used to think the people who wrote them must be a race apart—a kind of hierarchy by themselves—lifted above the common lot. A great book gives me that feeling still, as if it were the perfect flower of a fine life, and yet so often it isn't."

"If you've that feeling about it when you read it, you may be pretty sure it is," he interposed, but her mind was too full to heed.

"If you were to work here, Archie, here where life is large and simple, and the poor people are our friends, I think I could be glad and rejoice in every line you wrote; but London, where one can't be simple, where one must always be living other people's lives rather than one's own—oh, I think it is so fatally easy there to make Duty into the thing that one desires to do—the thing that brings in the best returns."

"Not always," he said gently, understanding her better than she knew; "a man can be straight and live cleanly, and fear God and do the right anywhere, Beth."

"Yes, but if the man is a writer he makes his task more difficult by doing it yonder. I know it, for society has only sympathy with his meaner powers; it crushes his greater because it doesn't understand them, and then—and then—there comes the temptation to write what is expected of one rather than what one feels, and that is—giving the stone and calling it bread."

"That may be true of some phases of society, of the worst and most frivolous. It isn't true of the best."

"Where is the best?" she asked dejectedly.

"Not in fashionable drawing-rooms. In quiet, unfashionable corners mostly, where people of a like mind are drawn to each other as magnet to steel because they can't help it. That sort of intercourse is the best help to a man, Beth, because it both lets him know where he stands and spurs him on to climb higher."

"Promise me one thing, Archie." She put her hands on his breast and held him away from her, her earnest eyes fixed on his. "Promise me, no matter how you are tempted, that you'll never write what you don't whole-heartedly believe. Oh, I would rather live on a crust—I would rather do without anything, everything, than that you were false to the best in you!"

"By God's help and that of my sweet wife, I promise, Beth."

She sighed, frowned and then laughed.

"That's only one of my troubles. I've got a big pocketful."

"Out with them."

"I don't know how I'm going to leave Uncle John and Aunt Anneys."

"He left his folk when he took a wife."

"Oh, but that was so long ago!" she exclaimed naïvely, and they both laughed.