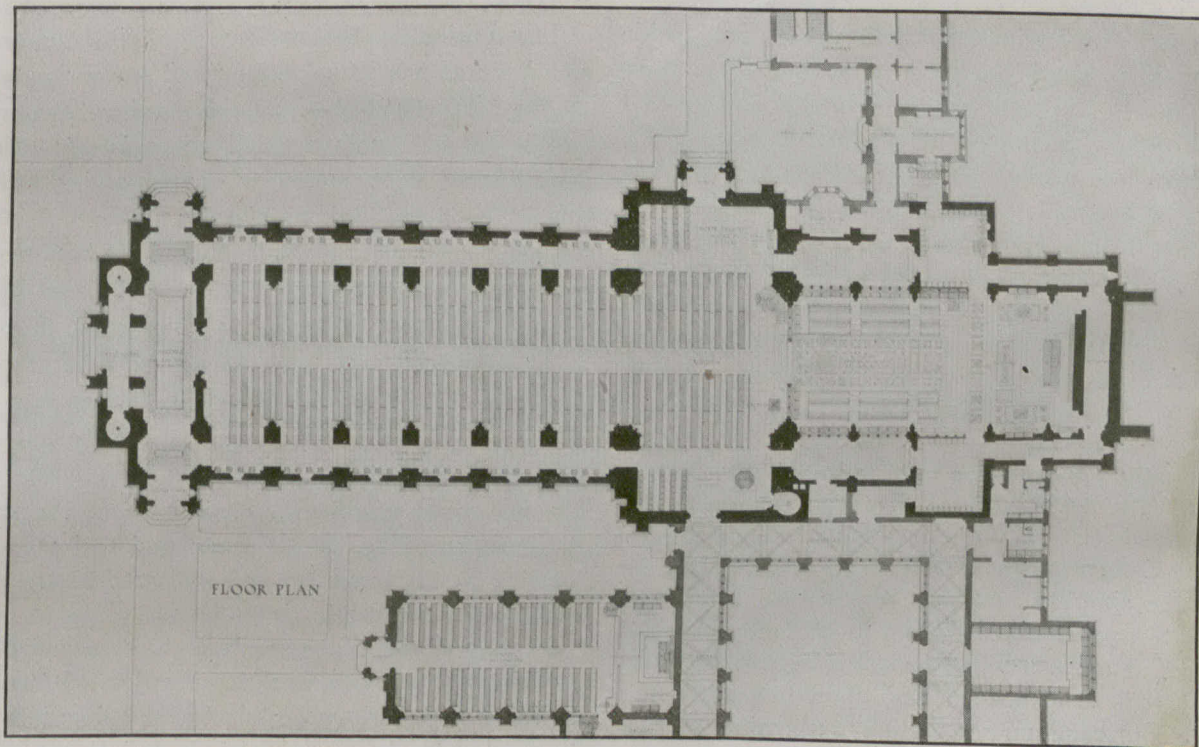


usual state of affairs need not be faced. The city is an old one, splendidly set upon a splendid harbor, its grey buildings climbing a rugged slope that terminates in the citadel. Everywhere amid the activity of the present, an honorable past makes itself felt. The dusty grey and age-begrimed walls of the citadel, the arsenal and many another building of the period stand for something more than the happenings of to-day, and the passenger in its extensive and busy streets is at intervals brought face to face with the lion, leopard and harp of the mighty mother overseas.

Amid such surroundings any attempt at such glittering splendors as are gathered in, say, the Basilica of Saint Mark at Venice or such sombre glories of carving and metal as are everywhere present in the cathedral of the debonair city of Seville, would be wholly out of place. Even the unruffled sunlit calm of the English cathedrals may hardly be attempted, much less attained.

done, for these should rest upon solid earth and only in a land where the forces of frost are but puny can this be done, while the same force it is that forbids the employment of any fanciful becrocketed spirelets and pinnacles, every stone of which must, even under the softer climatic conditions that obtain in Europe, be pinned to its fellows with dowels of copper.

Finally modern conditions and modern methods set a ban upon the hearty and exuberant play of fancy, that of old found its freest expression in the churches. This, alas! is now true of every land and place. The grinning gargoyle of to-day is not the product of the brain and chisel of some faithful and well trained craftsman thinking and expressing his thoughts in healthy individual fashion, but of the architect's misdirected endeavors to imitate at least the letter if not the spirit of the past, even his rather feeble original impetus growing fainter and fainter and more and more lifeless as it



The city is a northern one, the land one of long winters and deep snows, and over all blows the keen air of the salt sea, that singles out each unprotected bit of masonry, every weak cranny of construction, for attack. Only the hardest and most enduring of materials can undergo such a searching test as the old builders of the town well knew, and much that gives charm to similar buildings of the old world must be frankly dispensed with; the parapets for one, that in every period of the Gothic style as built abroad, heavy and castellated in early work, pieced and lace-like in later times, are almost an integral feature, for these would form pockets for great piles of drifted snow that melting in the spring would surely creep up and into the slate and woodwork of the roof. And the heavy floors of irregular flags that so charm the traveller abroad, must perforce be aban-

passes through a long series of other minds and hands, those of the draughtsmen, contractor, sub-contractor, modeller, etc., each intent that no expense shall be needless, until at last the workman raises mallet to chisel, even he, perhaps, forbidden by the laws of his guild to make a thing that shall surpass those of his fellows.

The olden time has been called the age of faith, and whether this term seems to cast a needless implication upon to-day or not, it is certain that men were once wont to give more ungrudgingly to aid the church in its good works than they do now. The cost of the medieval cathedrals was lightly met by the people of the past, but the funds that would be incurred in erecting even such a lifeless and soulless replica as we are only capable of to-day would be far beyond the capacity of any diocese, even perhaps of any country, to gather together. There-