

us take up a few of these in succession, and try to throw them from some light into the sacred gloom of our cathedrals and churches:

The most important is the 'Lamp of Truth.' Whatever material we use should appear in its own proper character, with the natural strength or beauty it possesses; whatever mode of construction we indicate in our decorative features, should be the actual construction of our building.

The Lamp of Power refers to the sense of human strength and energy exerted in the erection of some great work. This is the origin of our wonder and admiration in contemplating the pyramids, or the rude Cyclopean masonry of the Pelasgic races. We gaze with satisfaction on some huge stone fixed firmly in a vault hundreds of feet above our head, because it recalls the labour and industry of the workman who quarried it, the mason who shaped and carved it, the zealous monks or bishop who raised it as the key-stone of their church, and spent their days under its shadow. These two lamps will probably be sufficient to illumine the Haligonic churches without calling for the other lamps of "memory, sacrifice, beauty, life, and obedience." The Cathedral of St. Mary's, although exceedingly plain and almost devoid of ornament on the outside, presents from its size alone, a very massive and imposing appearance, but most of the effect is lost from the confined nature of the site. In choosing a soft sand-stone for the front, the builder gave an excellent illustration of Mr. Ruskin's "Lamp of Sacrifice" which recommends, that of two materials equally useful and ornamental, the more expensive should be used for the sake of the self-denial involved. As regards St. Mary's, this must evidently have been the ruling idea, as our native iron-stone is prettier and more durable and—where there is little carving—in every respect preferable to the crumbling sand-stones of our eastern counties.

On entering the church, the inexperienced stranger is at first favourably impressed by the dim religious light from the richly stained windows, the height and lightness of the columns, and the massive stone roof with its sharply cut groins and gilded bosses. Much of this reverential feeling is soon turned into something like contempt and disgust, on discovering that the church is not vaulted at all, but covered with a wooden roof painted and jointed in imitation of stone. In fact, the slender pillars and unbuttressed walls would collapse under a heavy stone roof, like the salary of a Governor's Private Secretary before a disconcerted Assembly. But some practical individual may suggest, that as all architectural pleasure is derived from the eye, the appearance of a vaulted roof gives the same amount of pleasure, no matter what the material may be. We deny *in toto* that architectural objects are to be judged by the eye alone. For instance—when the organ of sight fails to distinguish between true and false granite or marble in porch or pillar, we are in the habit of applying the practical test of a pocket knife.

The charm which some great master-piece of Gothic or Classic art inspires, is not so much sensual as intellectual. We estimate it as the work of a man in overcoming mechanical and mental difficulties, besides the moral one of diverting so much wealth and labour from purposes of temporary enjoyment to spiritual uses or the benefit of posterity. When the massive stone becomes resolved into plank, and painted spruce takes the place of clustered marble columns, and the architect is changed to a carpenter or scene-painter, the whole building becomes a sham and an imposition, the more odious from its connection with a religion which professes to honour honesty and truth. While we are obliged to condemn the church of St. Mary's as false and pretentious in the style of the roof, we believe that had sufficient funds been forthcoming to complete the superstructure in the same substantial manner as the external shell, or if the builder had been content with an honest open timber roof, the Haligonic would have had one respectable and substantial church in their city. The way in which the light is introduced above the

apse is remarkably pretty and effective, and the windows, though of somewhat gaudy colours, are handsome. We wish we could say the same of the Archbishop's marble chair, which, by the addition of a small tank and simple mechanical arrangements, would make an excellent shower-bath.

The rival cathedral of St. Luke's presents a venerable and sober appearance, being so well coated with the dust of Morris Street, that the ground and the church seem to melt into one another, like the sea and sky in one of our spring fogs. St. Luke's has, of course, the usual faults of a copy in wood of a stone church. There are buttresses made of shingles which are supposed to resist the heavy thrust of the roof of the tower, pinnacles weighing about ten pounds each, which are supposed by their weight to keep the stones of the buttresses from sliding, and imitation stone arches over doors and windows. The great fault of St. Luke's is the form of the large windows of the side aisles, which are not only excessively inelegant in their tracery, but are half covered up by the galleries,—the architect having probably drawn the exterior design first, and being too lazy and careless to adapt it afterwards to the requirements of the interior. The bright patches of unharmonized colour in these windows are not only barbarous, but productive of much inconvenience when the sun shines through them on the heads of the flock. It is startling to awake from an involuntary drowsiness, and see one worshipper staring at us with a countenance of the most fiery orange, while another seems to be suffering under an accumulation of blues beyond human endurance. The interior of St. Luke's is much less objectionable than the exterior. The pillars are of a natural wooden form, and the gallery is skillfully introduced as an architrave connecting the two rows of columns. The new channel is fitted up in excellent taste, and its honest timber roof is worth all the wooden vaults and plaster groins in the universe. If the present windows were replaced by a number of smaller ones of some tasteful form, above the gallery, and the whole interior skillfully painted in light colours, with touches of more vivid colour where the architecture seems to require it, and some fresh air admitted, the present forbidding aspect of the church would become more pleasing, and the 122nd Psalm might be read there without a mental reservation.

The Scotch Church is a handsome building, and its graceful tower—grouped with that of St. Mary's and the Wesleyan Church—is one of the chief features in the distant view of our city. We would prefer, however, to see the honest brick-work outside instead of stucco, and the ornamentation of the interior by a false imitation of granite must be considered as a great blemish, hardly redeemed by the very handsome rose window in the eastern gable. It would be tedious and useless to discuss further the merits or frailties of our ecclesiastical buildings, especially as the frailties are often more conspicuous than the merits. It is to be regretted that our builders do not try to perfect some system of wooden architecture by steadfastly rejecting every form which belongs to masonry, and making the most of the materials at hand. Common pine, stained, is quite as pretty as stone, and can be carved more elaborately. We can never hope to rival in stone the old cathedrals of Europe, but we might produce a new style (and probably no unworthy one) by constructing and ornamenting our large wooden buildings in strict accordance with the nature of the material used—and no other.

The great Chinese giant *CHANG* *alias* SING-WOO-BAH is shortly expected in England. His true height is a matter of earnest conjecture, and will probably remain so until he appears in Europe. He was last seen, says report, by the light of the full moon, looking over a wall seven and a half feet high. The same lady of doubtful veracity gives his true height as eight and a half feet, but, as the *Daily Telegraph* wittily remarks, the Chinese compute height in "lis."