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CONTENTS

VOL. LXII

JULY, 1927

NO. 368

	PAGE		PAGE
THE CHURCH PLAN IN ENGLAND. <i>By THE EDITOR</i>	I	RECENT BOOKS (<i>continued</i>):	
ART AND RELIGION. <i>By PERCY DEARMER</i> ..	4	The Art of Glass Painting in England. <i>By REGINALD BELL</i>	lxvi
OUR CHURCHES. <i>By THE VERY REVEREND HEWLETT JOHNSON, D.D.</i>	6	Comprehensive Art History. <i>By KINETON PARKES</i> ..	lxix
OLD STANDARDS AND MODERN PROBLEMS IN DECORATION. <i>The Work of the Diocesan Committees</i>	28	The Preservation of Timber. <i>By JOHN C. ROGERS</i> ..	lxix
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CHAPEL. <i>By FRANK FLETCHER</i>	42	A LONDON DIARY	lxx
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD. SYMBOLS AND CEREMONIES OF TOC H. <i>By BARCLAY BARON</i> ..	47	TRADE AND CRAFT	lxxiv
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT.			
CHURCH FURNITURE. <i>By ERIC GILL</i>	52	PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.	
A CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO. <i>Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.</i> XV.—CHURCH FURNITURE AND DETAIL	54	SAINT BARBARA. From a painting by Jan Van Eyck	Plate I
RECENT BOOKS:		A CHURCH AT ALASSIO ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA. <i>A preliminary study.</i> Designed by William G. Newton	Plate II
The English Inn. <i>By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR</i> ..	lxv	THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, CASTLETON, DANBY, YORKSHIRE. Designed by Temple Moore and Moore	Plate III
Architecture and Religion. <i>By SIR BANISTER FLETCHER</i>	lxvi	THE HANGING ROOD AND REREDOS IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK. Designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A.	Plate IV

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Plate I.

July 1927.

SAINT BARBARA.

From a painting by Jan Van Eyck.

✓ The Church Plan in England.

By the Editor.

WHILE it would be plainly perverse to write of our own day as a great church-building period, the generation which has seen the rise of Liverpool Cathedral and Bentley's achievement at Westminster will also be found to be refreshingly rich in smaller and less remarked works, sincere and individual, as we have learnt to expect the best of our national work to be, with something of the serenity of the Georgian, without its complacent self-sufficiency, and not a little of the grandeur, grace, and even mystery which the Gothic Revivalists pursued so earnestly and failed so generally to capture. It may be that today we are a little less sure that we know all there is to be known, and the creative faculty, though disciplined, is freer from the intolerant rule of a pedantry which elevated a churchwarden, who knew his Rickman or his Paley, into a final umpire on matters of church design. Today there is both a growing sense of the importance of beauty in religious matters, which is one aspect of the Anglo-Catholic movement, and a growing lay interest and share in church affairs, as evidenced by the development of parochial councils. And it is to be hoped that these two growths of our own day will so interact that it will never be held that beauty and comeliness, which should be all-embracing, are the monopoly of any sect or portion of the Christian community, or the artist be once again fatally entangled in the pettiness which would seek to give colour and form and all the fair works of man's hands a dogmatic, instead of a spiritual, significance.

An observer coming fresh to a study of the form of the Anglican church would naturally be at once impressed by the effect of tradition on the church plan. In building a theatre, or an office, or a shop, we try to let the plan, if we are unfettered by matters beyond our control, grow out of the requirements. In the church plan we still seem to fit our requirements to a preconceived shape. It is a shape, certainly, with a long and illustrious ancestry, which it may be instructive to summarize.

The cult which was suspected and repressed as a secret society in the central parts of the Roman empire seems to have flourished from early days among those Eastern peoples, those "dwellers in Elam and Parthia and Mesopotamia," who had come into contact with its teachings and

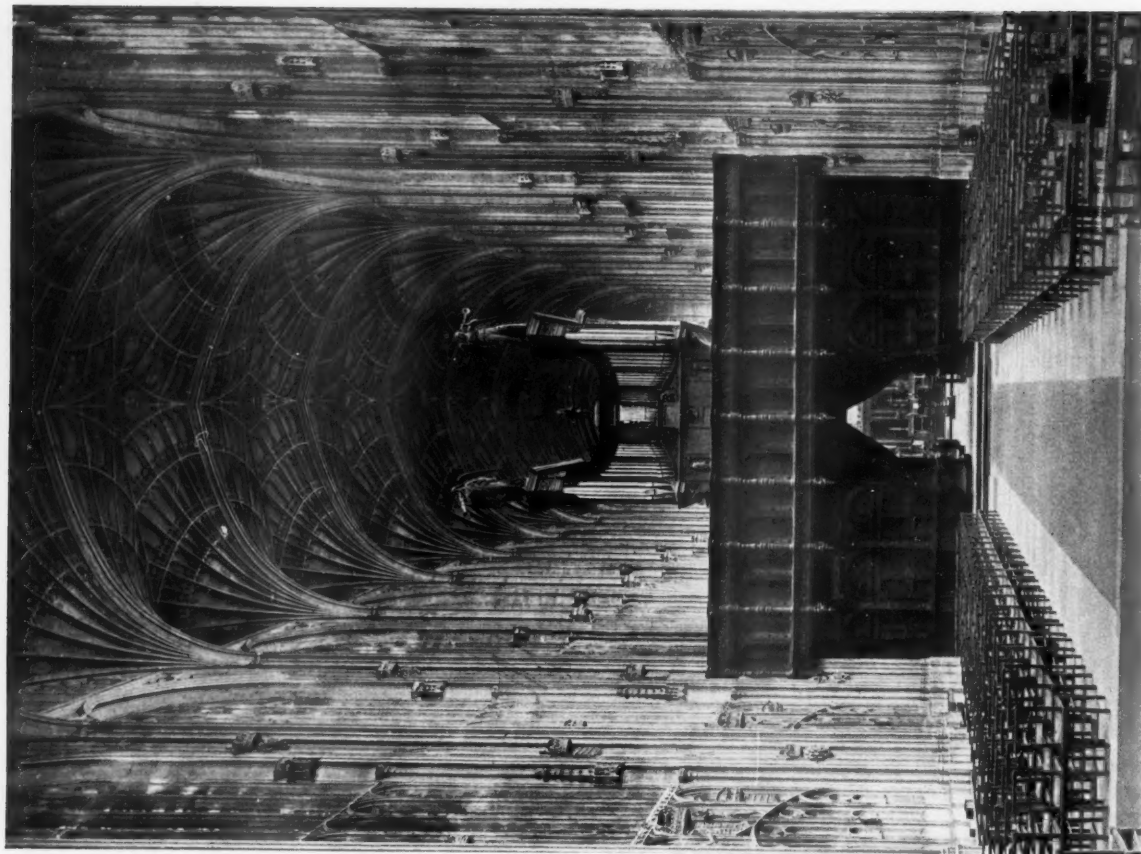


A rood cross in Scotch oak at St Mary's Church, Arbroath.
Carved by W. and A. Clow.
Made by Nathaniel Grieve.
Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., Architect.

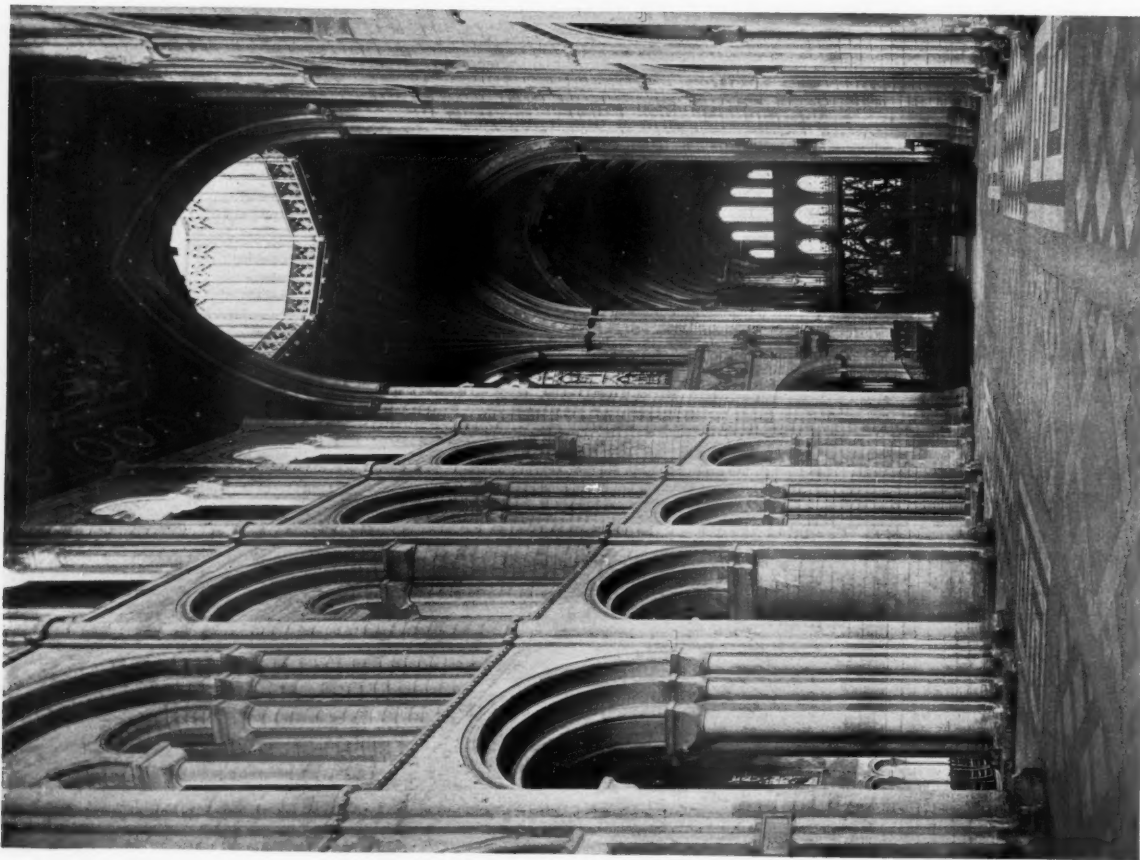
its teachers; and from remains in Armenia it appears that the first types of the Christian church were two—a dome on a square plan and a barrel vault in conjunction with an apse. Of the latter, the earliest example has the barrel vault at right angles to the apse—a transept without a nave. For greater accommodation a nave is added in later buildings, and the cross-form thus obtained is established as the normal form in Armenia by the fifth century. These two forms are the germ of all later plans save that which developed out of the Roman basilica. The first, though found in medieval times, as, for example, S. Front at Perigueux, has to wait for the domed churches of the Renaissance for its consummation: the cross-form, with its intersecting masonry vaults, was developed in North Europe by the Normans, perhaps the greatest builders, in view of their resources, in history; and the character thus impressed on the form of the church persisted throughout the

great building period of the Middle Ages in this country. Here the Norman work was so predominant that it was difficult to ignore it and take a new view of the problem. So transept and aisles and clerestory and arcaded nave and chancel were repeated again and again as the common plan elements; and if asked to think of a church most of us would so picture it today. Yet its inconveniences, even for a form of worship less congregational than ours now is, were obvious. And we see towards the end of the Middle Ages that architecture is aware of the problem and developing a solution which is to do away with clerestory lighting, disembarass the nave more and more of the legs of the arcade, make less and less of the separate articulation of nave and chancel and transepts, and approach gradually to its ideal of a great stone-roofed, well-lit assembly hall, with floor-space unencumbered, and movement and vision free throughout. If the Church had been as dominant in the sixteenth as it was in the thirteenth century we may be sure that the inspiration for the plan-form of new cathedrals would not have come from Westminster or Lincoln, but from King's Chapel.

When, with the Reformation, the form of English worship was altered, there was so rich a heritage of buildings ready to hand that no change was immediately feasible. Nor, indeed, was it probably desired. For the clergy as a



King's College Chapel.
The open floor-space at which the medieval builders were aiming.



Ely Cathedral.
The normal pier-encumbered medieval plan.

body were anxious to persuade themselves that as little as possible had been changed. It is only with the growth of what may be called constitutional Protestantism at the close of the seventeenth century that the attempt was seriously made to combine the needs of a primarily congregational form of worship with the remains of the old traditional plan shape. The triforium (the *γυμνασιον* of Medieval-Oriental tradition) becomes the side-gallery. Transepts, except in domed churches, tend to disappear. Pews, like the common lands, are fenced in. But this plan-form has not survived. It laid undue emphasis on two aspects only of the problem—the comfort of the congregation and their function as audience—and nothing else.

And yet it might be urged that it is at least a more logical and hopeful solution of the problem than the resuscitation of the old and inconvenient plan-form imposed on the Middle Ages by the prestige of the Norman builders and all but abandoned even before the Reformation. Are not the requirements, it might be suggested, rather those of a theatre, to house a great congregation of people who are all to be able to see and to hear, with the interest of plan and decoration concentrated upon a stage or sanctuary where the priestly functions are to be performed? Why should we not build an oval building, like the new theatre in New York, or go back to the Pantheon, the inspiration of St. Peter's plans, without the illogical confusion of adjoined chapels and passages? Wren, at St. Paul's, nearly achieved this, but ecclesiastical conservatism threw the plan back into a compromise, so that once more, even here, the old Norman cross-plan triumphs, in a classical dress. Indeed, the widening of all the crossing under the dome isolates nave and chancel, and makes the former little more than a vestibule, so that the unsuitability of the plan-form is given especial prominence.

Offshoots of Christianity, such as Christian Science, have taken a fresher view, and partly, no doubt, as a deliberate policy have broken away from the traditional plan and arrived rather at the form of an assembly hall. Should not the Anglican church do likewise?

Before we give our hasty assent we must remember that there are other considerations. It is not simply a case of ecclesiastical conservatism. The programme of a modern church, fully stated, includes much more than the need for accommodating an audience or congregation in touch with priestly performance. A part of the worship is that reverence for the past, that affection for old forms and modes of expression, that wish to feel in communion with those who have worshipped before, which is of the essence of the conservatism of all religions. Moreover, in the Anglican church the worship is not purely congregational. A

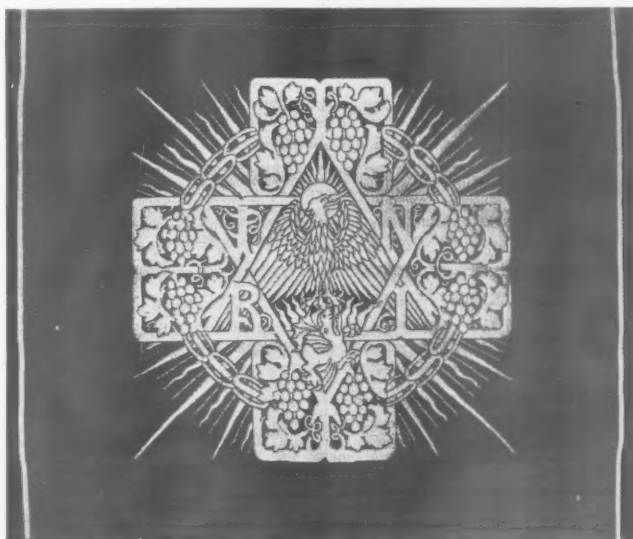
certain pageantry creeps in—processions, banners, plays. The congregation is more than spectators. If it were simply the theatre programme, hearing and vision would be all-important. But though it is desirable that we should hear what the preacher says and see what the priest does, those who are to use the church would definitely not prefer the flat-ceiled open hall, acoustically perfect and visually uninterrupted, to the

high embowed roof
With antic pillars massy proof,

though the "storied windows" may make it more difficult to read the hymn-book and the vaulted roof interrupt the speaker with its echoes. The love of what has been, is part of the spiritual or emotional side of the programme, and may not be ignored in its solution.

Though, therefore, it might with some truth be said that nine out of ten of the churches of this country are used for a form of worship for which they were not built, and are not fitted, any deliberate change in their form will be gradual. The theatre type of the Georgians less meets the programme than a building which, though less good for seeing and hearing, more nearly satisfies the emotional side, which is the dominant requirement where requirements conflict. It must be the architect's task to reduce the conflict as far as may be. He may still keep the majestic effect of the ordered arcade, leading the eye to the focus of the sanctuary, and yet arrange that there shall be no seats, but only a passage-way, outside the line of vision. If, for reasons of awe and grandeur, he is reluctant to abandon his soaring roof, he may lessen the preacher's difficulties with tapestry and absorbent plaster. If the bare floor of medieval times is an unattainable ideal, at least he can keep the lines of his benches low and simple. And in many minor matters, as our contributors have suggested, new thought will be welcome: new thought about fine colour of painting or tapestry, glass or needlework, judiciously placed: no less care in the choice of carpet and curtain and book and candlestick and footstool for the House of God than for a well-ordered private house: a breaking-away from the tyranny of a stagnant ecclesiasticism in decoration and furniture: a new vision of broad and simple effects at

times of festival, flowers gracing the building as a woman decks her own drawing-room, and not trailing in vague and ineffectual evergreen festoons over screen and font and pillar; and in the quiet garth outside, simple and comely stones to honour the dead. And in all these matters the architect, whose task it is to reconcile so many discordant claims—of donors and pedants and organ-builders and vendors of the ready-made—must be able to rely on the full confidence of those for whom he acts, if he is to temper into a single work of art a problem of such various aspects.



The hood for a festival cope at St. Paul's Cathedral, London.
Designer: Edmund Hunter.
Craftsmen: St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works.

Art and Religion.

By Percy Dearmer.

THE philosophy of life to which we have attained at the present day has made the relation of religion and art clear, strong, and easy to understand. There are three, and only three, ultimate spiritual values—goodness, truth, and beauty; goodness in the realm of ethics; truth, of science; beauty, of aesthetics. Beauty is therefore not an extra, but an essential; and it is the business of art to provide beauty in human work, as Nature provides beauty in the divine workmanship. And since the nature of God must be comprised in the three ultimate values, beauty must be part of the divine as much as goodness is; we know that this is so because Nature shows God at every point as the supreme artist. Therefore to conceive of God apart from beauty is to make a false mental image of God—is, in fact, to worship a false god, to commit idolatry. It took mankind a long time to realize that God must be entirely good (many do not yet realize it, as the survival of hell-fire religion shows); it has taken mankind still longer to realize that God must also be the author of all beauty.

Thus, for want of a sound and generally accepted philosophy in the past, there have been two contradictory strands in religious tradition. On the one hand has been Puritanism. This was not an invention of the seventeenth century, but ran all through the Dark Ages, continued through the Middle Ages, was scotched at the Renaissance, and revived again in the seventeenth century, not only in Puritan England, but also (in another but even more intense form) in the counter-Reformation of Italy and Spain. Asceticism is more thoroughgoing than Puritanism, and more unsound about the love and beauty of the divine nature. For the sake of truth we must frankly recognize the existence of this unpleasant strain. It has, I think, been due to clericalism, and especially to the distortion of life in caste and celibate clericalism; and the opposite strain—the love of beauty and the practice of art—has been mainly due to the lay-folk, in other words, to Christendom as a whole.

For this reason the art record of Christian history has been a splendid one, in spite of the continuous ascetic and Puritan tendencies. The art of the Christian era has been founded upon religion, as have all other forms of art—writers so diverse as Professor Della Seta and Mr. Bernard Shaw agree that no great art has ever yet existed apart from religion; and if the philosophy of values is true, it is easy to see the reason, and to derive the conclusion that, in so far as a religion is true to the nature of God, that religion will express itself in noble art. This is certainly true of the Christian religion; the chief artistic treasures of England are its old parish churches and cathedrals (including the new cathedral of Liverpool); the finest buildings of Europe, from St. Sophia to Seville were built to the glory of God; there is painting in China, but that also is religious, and beautiful as it is, it is but a little lake compared with the ocean of European painting, which was born of the Church, and nurtured in the family of its parent. Even in the case of sculpture, the special (and religious) achievement of the Greeks, Christendom produced work from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries as fine as the Greek—in some ways finer, and at its highest, as in Michelangelo, definitely more sublime; and both music and painting were but infant arts

in the centuries before Christ. In fact, the greatest part of the world's treasure of beautiful things, beyond all compare, is the creation of Europe during the Christian era, and during this era every art has reached its highest manifestation.

THE SET-BACK.

Why, then, is the position so unsatisfactory at the present day? On the one hand, the arts in varying degrees are divorced from religion, and as a rule do not find their inspiration in the churches; the result being in such an art as painting a restless confusion, warring experiments instead of a secure evolving tradition, and an abundant cleverness which reaches no goal because it has none. On the other hand, the churches expressing themselves in music, architecture, ornaments, in a way that often seems a complete negation of the divine. Art and religion are both at a loss, because they have ceased to understand one another. The church buildings of Europe, "restored" almost to destruction, crowded like cemeteries with bad monuments and tablets, stifled with atrocious stained glass, sometimes blank and dreary, sometimes crowded with incredible fripperies; in England, new churches, mean and cheap, being run up in every new suburb; the old churches defaced from end to end by pretentious and insincere furniture from the shops, designed in ghastly parody of the old; the clergy beating up an atmosphere of sloppy sentimentalism by the use of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and busied in small party disputes—such is the picture that might be drawn.

It would be true, but not the whole truth; for it is a picture of what the Church has inherited from the nineteenth century, and it would ignore the fact that the best of the clergy, in rapidly increasing numbers, are as much disgusted with this heritage as are the musicians and other artists. To take an instance that comes under my own knowledge, every week during the last five years an average of four churches have changed their hymn-books—over 200 churches each year. Music has been for long the most successful modern art; it makes the atmosphere in which the other arts will recover; and the determination of the clergy—indeed, the repeated official action of the Church of England in recent years—for the reform of music is significant of the new spirit. I do also know from personal experience that all over the country work is being put into the furniture and ornaments of the Church that is the work of real artists. Ever since William Morris led the revolt against hideousness in common life, a change has been preparing. The bishops and clergy are for the moment in advance of their congregations; and at the same time the younger generation has been so repelled by the mixture of dreariness and sentimentality in the churches and chapels that they have been keeping outside. Hence a general confusion, and many difficulties. We have suffered really from the want of a sound philosophy of aesthetic, from the want therefore of a theology of beauty. But we are all dissatisfied. And many of us are working hard for a new era. This era is plainly coming.

It will help us if we try to sum up the causes of the horror that came over the churches in the nineteenth century. It was not the churches only that suffered. The nineteenth century found the whole world beautiful, and left it ugly. The first cause for this was the Industrial Revolution—

industrialism and commercialism covered the face of the earth, and created cities like Manchester. The second cause I have already suggested—a false theology which excluded beauty (and often love also) from man's conception of God, and this was based upon a philosophy that, until Hegel, had not begun to consider the problem of æsthetic. A third cause was the weaker side of the Renaissance—its pedantry, which removed architecture from the common people; and any art that is not rooted in the life of a nation withers and decays. In the churches of the nineteenth century a fourth cause was the spirit of sham romance which caused the Gothic Revival. This revival was only the old Renaissance pedantry over again, and was the very antithesis of the original Gothic spirit. Akin to this is a fifth cause, the demon of imitation: all art history teaches us that imitation is the death of art—as, of course, it must be, because art is creation. An artist must be true to himself and his own nation, must work in the traditions of his own church or his own school; if he tries to be French, or Chinese, or Neo-Greek, or Medieval, his work ceases to have value. The sixth cause I have already mentioned: that strange strain of Puritanism, in its essence anti-Christian, which by its actions and reactions has confused the issues, distorted the expression of religion, and dimmed the reason of parsons, people, and artists alike. Puritans, pedants, highbrows, æsthetes, the preciosities of superior

persons, and the brutalities of the industrialists—such causes as these destroyed beauty in the cities, homes, and churches alike during the nineteenth century, and the harm was already well begun in the eighteenth. We cannot lay special blame on the clergy of the past, for they could have replied with much justice that they were only doing what the architects and musicians told them. The spirit of beauty was taken away from the people. The artist, uprooted from common humanity, became sometimes a charlatan, sometimes a freak; at the worst a monster, at the best a portent, a rebel, or a hermit.

Religion cannot recover without art, because art provides the only adequate expression of spiritual things. Nor can art, I believe, recover without religion. But that religion must not be either Puritanism, or Ecclesiasticism, or reactionary sectarianism. It must be profound and therefore wide. Art and religion have suffered together; only a sound philosophy and a sane theology will restore them. But art cannot flourish again until the spirit of beauty is brought back to the people; if the people remain untouched the demand will continue to corrupt the supply. Now, art can get back to the people through three main channels—music, the drama, and architecture. Give us, then, good songs and hymns for the people to sing, good plays and civic ceremonies, and church services for them to witness and share, and comely homes for them to live in.



A drawing by Charles Gascoyne, of the complete design for Liverpool Cathedral. The design for the tower has since been modified. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.

Our Churches.

By the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, D.D.,
Dean of Manchester.

ON a gorgeous day last June, in a northern seaside town, a small boy bounded along by his mother's side. Before him lay the golden sands. White horses were racing in from the sea. The lad tingled with delight. It was the first morning of his holiday. His home, in a dreary Lancashire town, was poles removed from this beauty. Then all of a sudden he stopped. His voice sank to a whisper, and he said, "Mother, why do they want a church *here*?" He had caught sight of a dreary building of red Ruabon brick. A church. And that church was the very image of the only churches he had ever seen; like all the churches around his home; stark and ugly, and therefore utterly incongruous with this scene of beauty.

Children are excellent judges. Once I took some lads and girls for a walk in Wales. We crossed mountains, penetrated pine-woods, and came at last to a tiny creek. Close by the waters' edge there snuggled a small and ancient church, beautiful as a jewel in its peaceful setting. Of their own accord the children stopped. "What a darling church!" "Is it very old?" "Who built it?" Instinctively they knew that this lovely building was no intrusion on the peaceful creek, nor on their own pleasures either. Eager as ferrets they probed with me into the secrets of its beauty; the thick grey-green slates which clothed its roof, broad and generous on the eaves and diminishing to a dainty littleness as they approached the ridge; the stout beams of roof and porch, the plain flagged floor, the massive walls, built of broad stones borne on ample beds of white mortar, the spacious aisle, the few and simple pews. In every respect different from that other horrible building, fashioned from Ruabon brick, clad with purple slates, all of an economic thinness and running up in mass-produced uniformity from eave to ridge: a thing which even the finger of Time dare not touch and could not paint.

This sort of building does as much harm to true religion as that sincere old church does good. For beauty is an attribute of God. A religion which ignores goodness is doomed; a religion which tramples on truth cannot stand; and a religion which allies itself with ugliness is bound to cause revolt, and never more so than now, in this day of growing hunger after beauty. Our churches must bear the image of the divine harmony and beauty or they will dishonour God and belie His nature.

Lately I took a party of forty artisans to Switzerland. The first night was spent at Amiens and at dawn we arose and visited the cathedral. We entered by the southern door just as the early summer sun shot its first level shafts obliquely through the great rose window of the northern transept, staining the opposite wall with rainbow light. The wonder of that moment lives with me still. It always will. Those snowy columns rising up and up to the distant vault far over our heads, the misty air beneath it stabbed by those blazing, burning beams. My immediate companion was a young mechanic. He stood motionless, leaning against a screen. That blaze of beauty had "got him"; divine mysteries were revealed; he was facing eternal things, though he would not put it quite like that. He and I both felt as did

a little Jewish girl from a Salford board school when she lately visited the grand perpendicular church which serves Manchester for a cathedral. No word of religion had been spoken to her: the regulations forbade it. But the divine beauty spoke more loudly than the teacher, and the child suddenly and spontaneously said: "I feel that I must take off my shoes; this is holy ground."

These fine old churches still speak of God. Nor is it only their riches and their wealth of symbol which speak. I for one have felt a kindred feeling in a Quaker meeting-house, such as that at Jordans. And surely that is plain enough. No reredos, no altar, no lectern, no pulpit, no sacred symbols, no glittering jewelled glass. And yet it satisfied. The same feeling came to me there as came when, this springtime, I looked through the mighty opulence of the screens in Seville Cathedral at the splendid mystery of its high altar. Both places sent me to my knees. Each in its different fashion led me into the presence of God. Both were sincere. Both were beautiful, for it is no mere opulence which creates beauty. Nothing could well be less opulent than Jordans. But the very restraint, the calm and chaste proportion of the simple red-brick Georgian building, set in its yard of quiet green, furnished inside with plain benches of unstained deal and freed from all fussy ornament, it reveals a beauty far more akin to the beauty of the noblest Spanish shrine than any pseudo-Gothic church, crammed with false trefoils on pulpit and organ case, and littered around on its carpets and stencilled walls with sacred monograms and fleur-de-lis. I am told, and I can well believe it, that the temples of China breathe a similar mystic beauty, and, as Rudolf Otto says,¹ speak directly to the sense of the *numinous* which lies within us all. The Chinese artist expresses what he feels of God by the simple use he makes of sheer void; by the silent amplitude of courtyard, enclosure, and vestibule.

If our modern churches are to speak of God we must let our true artists and craftsmen loose in them. For it is not mere age in a church which sends us to our knees: it is beauty and sincerity. I have found it in dozens of good modern churches. Few ancient churches call to me so insistently, to take but one instance, as Temple Moore's chapel for Pusey House in Oxford. The noble simplicity of the exterior, where it rises up sheer from the pavement at the corner of two streets, and of the interior bereft of meretricious ornament of any kind, grandly austere, relying on space and on the exquisite form of the sparse furniture within, make an irresistible appeal.

And it is truly astonishing how some elements of that same beauty can be put by a good artist into churches which are condemned as incurably ugly. The rediscovery of the beauty of broad spaces is perhaps the chief architectural discovery of our time from a religious point of view. Ninety per cent. of our churches are overpewed; seldom are half their seats used. Yet the hideous varnished pews creep out into every corner and huddle against every wall. Miracles would be wrought in nine churches out of ten by removing the present ugly, pretentious seats and replacing

¹ *The Idea of the Holy*. By Rudolf Otto, p. 68 ff

OUR CHURCHES.

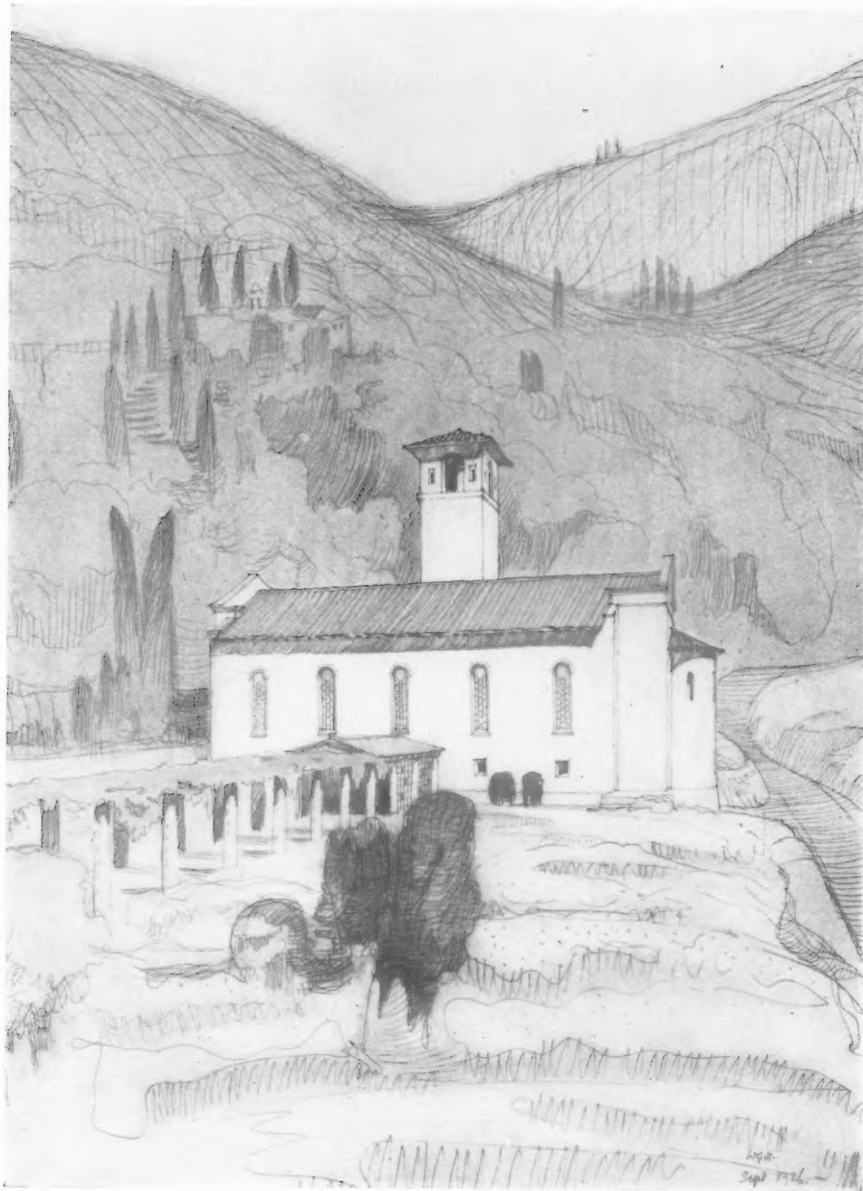


Plate II.

July 1927.

A CHURCH AT ALASSIO ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

A preliminary study.

William G. Newton, Architect



them by two blocks of completely simple but finely-proportioned pews set on either side of a nobly-spaced gangway in the nave. The empty space then left at the west end and along the walls would give a cathedral-like dignity even to a plain church. And on the rare occasions when crowds come the empty spaces could be filled with chairs.

Changes involving the recovery of spaciousness should always be in mind. But even apart from that there is much to be done. Everything we put into a church should be of good design and skilfully wrought. This applies to churches of all ecclesiastical colouring. Whether a church should have more ceremonial or less is a question which does not concern me here. I am only asking now that everything which ministers to what we do in church must be the best of its kind, and beautiful, be it but a hymn-book and the pew it rests upon. An altar never becomes beautiful by loading it with artificial flowers and brazen candlesticks and vases. Nor need a Communion table be ugly because its legs are seen and an alms dish rests upon it. Whether the one is more fitting than the other is a separate question. Whether either the one or the other is ugly or beautiful, and therefore true or false to God, depends solely on its form and craftsmanship.

Words cannot paint the depression which most church furniture can cause. No decent home would tolerate these things for a moment. Who paints his walls a muddy brown to simulate stone, and stencils his monogram all over them, and then repeats the monogram in carpets, buffets, and window-panes? Only a few weeks since a church window was shown to me which a commercial firm had been desired to produce. It contained a figure of Christ. A very weak figure. And from His shoulders hung a terrible garment like a curtain plastered all over with His own sacred monogram! Every day we are faced with this utterly wrong idea of what is "ecclesiastical." My electrician is shocked when I see no point in grouping electric lights in threes or sevens or other numbers which "are surely most fitting for a 'sacred edifice.'" He is scandalized when I decline his fitments of "ecclesiastical design," with trefoils and panes in groups of three complete to express the Trinity, and desire that an artist shall design my lamps as things with a living freshness about them. One day I put a lamp in the dark corner of a church. It was of good design, such as I would put in my own library. A church official said: "Surely that is unsuitable." "Why so," I replied, "isn't it beautiful?" "Oh, yes, beautiful certainly, and it serves the purpose well; but it is not ecclesiastical." I fear I replied somewhat coldly, "Perhaps not yet, but it will be in another hundred years."

And it is just this stupid notion, fit only for a dead church, which has robbed us of endless treasures in the last hundred years and left us with cold and mummified churches from which living people want to flee. We very properly deplore the stupidity of the railway directors who declined the offer of G. F. Watts to adorn the great hall of Euston Station with frescoes free of charge. But what of our own churches? Where are the frescoes by G. F. Watts upon our walls? Where are the tiles by William Morris, and the pulpits and altars and screens by Alfred Stevens? Beyond some windows by Burne-Jones, we never invited the artists inside our churches at all, and summoned commercial firms.

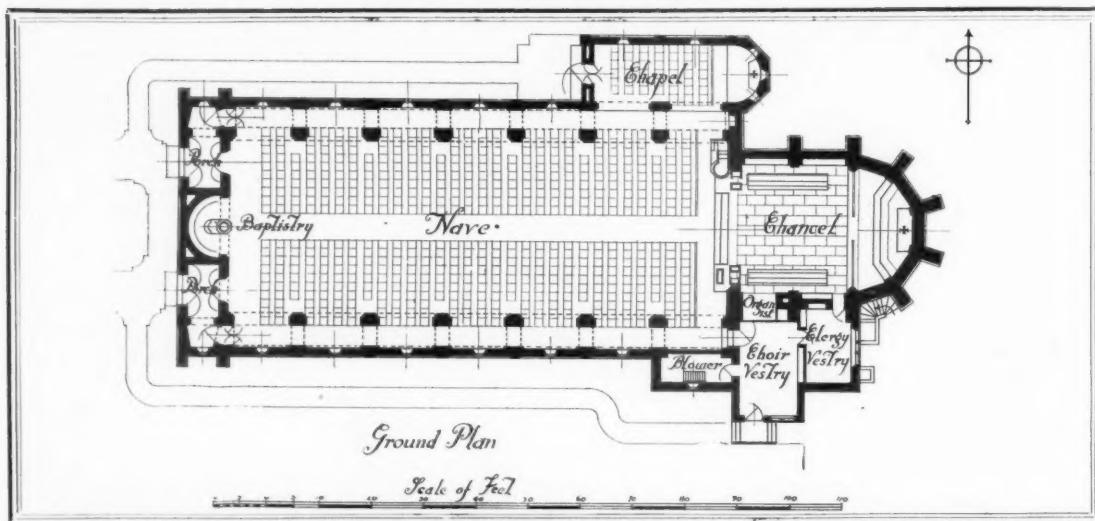
In some churches one sighs in vain for just one touch of beauty, just one thing worthy of the House of God. Even a well-printed notice sheet or book. And what a thing of joy this might be! The other Sunday I sat in a family

pew in an old Shropshire church. It was a tiny building, but chaste, and the green fields of the park showed through the large-squared leaden panes of the plain windows. On the oak desk in front of me there lay a thing of exquisite beauty, an eighteenth-century service-book. It was large, and its leather back was stamped in gold, its margins were spacious, its type noble, and its exquisite capital letters were imprinted in a rich red. Of course that was a fine and costly book, and it lay in a squire's pew. But I can picture a kindred book in the cottager's pew which should bear the same relation to it as the old oak dresser of the cottage bore to the inlaid cabinet at the hall, no less beautiful because it was less costly. But how different are the melancholy volumes which actually meet me in most squires' pews and in every cottager's pew; things of gloomy backs, of narrow margins, crushed columns, and insipid type.

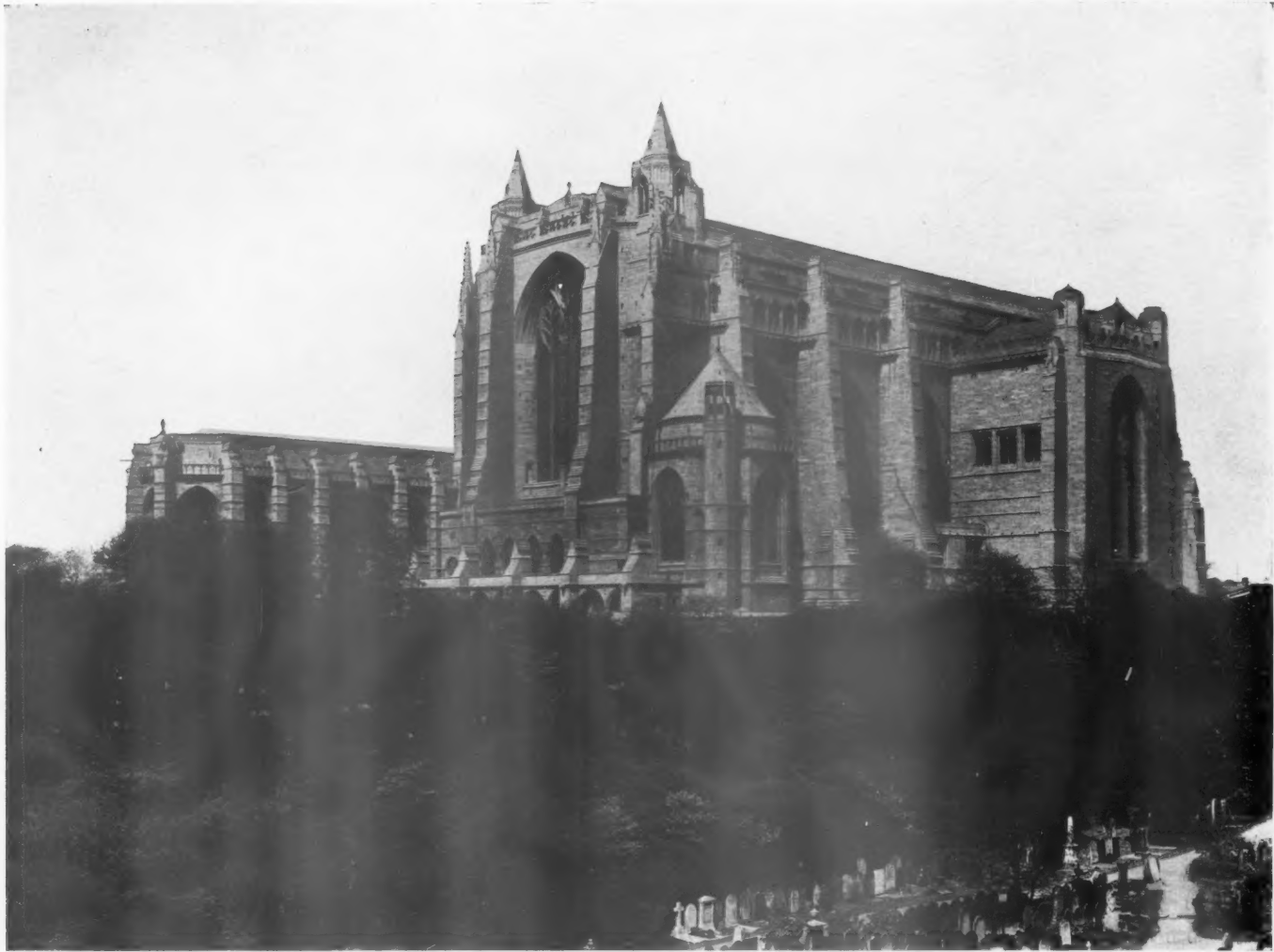
I sometimes picture the English countryside with churches built or refurnished as a half-dozen of my artist and architect friends could build or refurnish them. They would be of all grades of sumptuousness. No one wishes less for uniformity than I; even the cathedral of my dreams should have chapels as plain as a Quaker meeting-house and chapels as sumptuous and concrete as those of Seville Cathedral, speaking through lamps and candles and a wealth of mystic symbols. But each of these churches would be such as one would long to linger in and wish to pray in whether other folk were there or not. My personal preference would be for a church with great cool spaces, with whitened walls, with windows through which one could see the trees and fields and clouds, enlivened here and there with a splash of rich colour, a figure, an incident, or a piece of heraldry. Its furniture should be sparing, and its altar rich in hangings set on riddles, broad and majestic in its form, but severe in its splendid restraint. The floors should be plainly flagged, the few pews paved with wood, and fashioned in oak or deal. The chancel might have some marble pavement, and, at any rate, rich rugs should lie here and there upon its floor. Flowers should stand in glass vases upon the altar or in great bowls on the floor beside it; or on a low stand by the chancel steps. And there should be flowers in the porch to welcome me. Bibles and hymn-books in rich colours and fine print should be ranged neatly in a severely beautiful bookcase by the entrance door, which should rejoice me as much as does the Rockingham china in its beautiful case in my wife's drawing-room. The few lamps, ceremonial or otherwise, should be largely conceived and hung by great cords from the roof. The pulpit should rise all alone unjustled by any seats, and the font in splendid isolation should face the altar from the west, with its own rich cover nobly hung by a great chain or cord from the roof. Nor should it lack homely and intimate touches. Round the empty aisles there would be chapels or corners for special purposes, and the children should not be forgotten. But the main impression should be that of space, broken only by a few significant and exquisitely beautiful things; and every detail of the church, from the latch on the door to the buffet beneath my feet, should bespeak a care and a thought and a beauty worthy of God's House. Such a church, with its impalpable air of freshness and vitality would recall us time and again to meditation and refreshment. And with infinite variations of these churches, scattered throughout the land, in every degree of enrichment or simplification, but all conceived and executed in the big manner, the earnest ministers and parish priests would be twice armed for their difficult task.



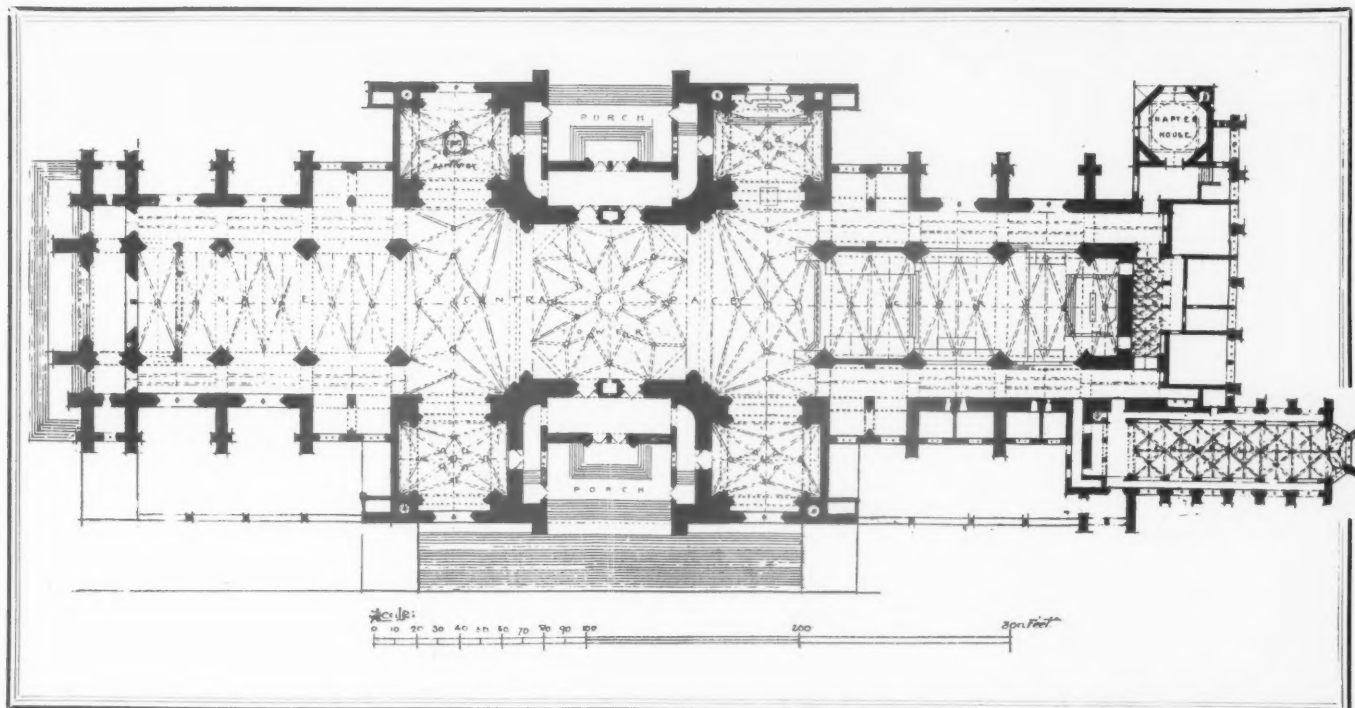
THE BISHOP JACOB MEMORIAL CHURCH, ILFORD.
Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A., Architect.



THE GROUND PLAN.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL FROM ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY.
Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



A PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.



ST. MAUGHOLD'S CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY, RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.
Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



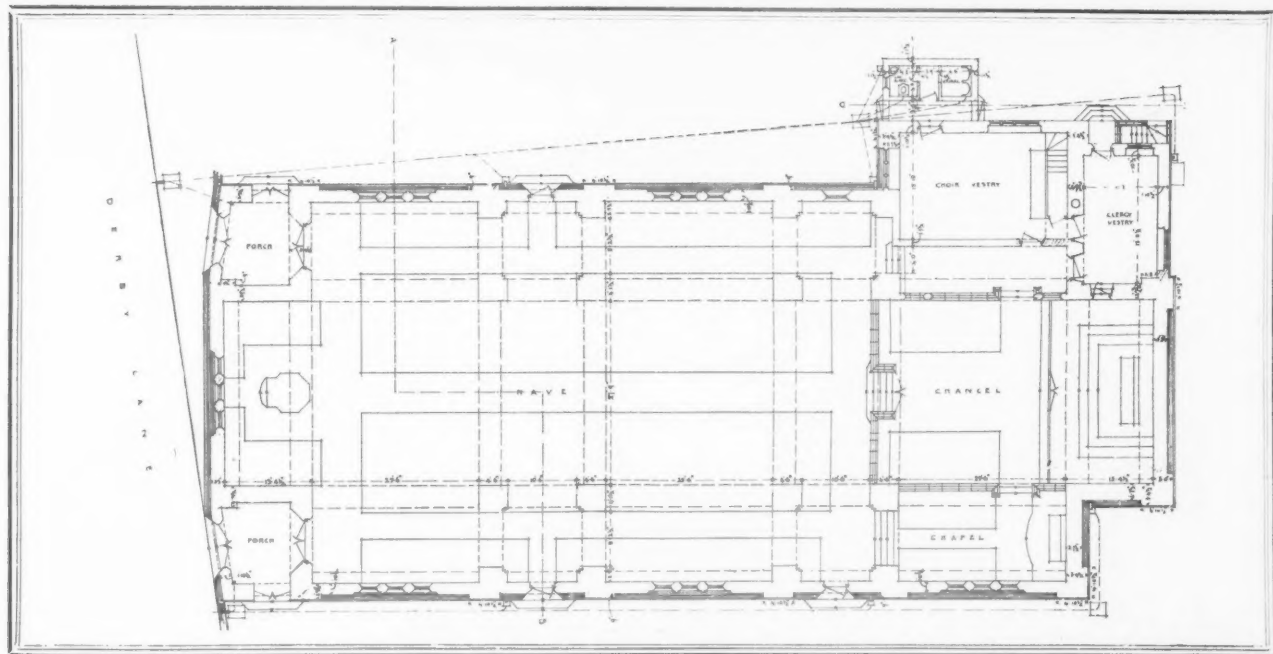
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,
NEAR NEWBURY.

F. C. Eden,
Architect.

A MODEL OF THE WEST FRONT.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, DERBY LANE, LIVERPOOL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



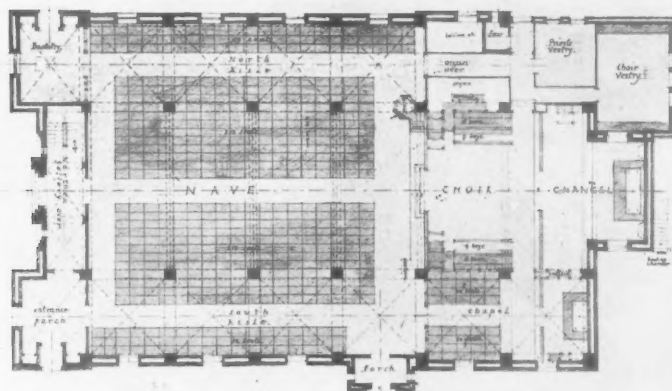
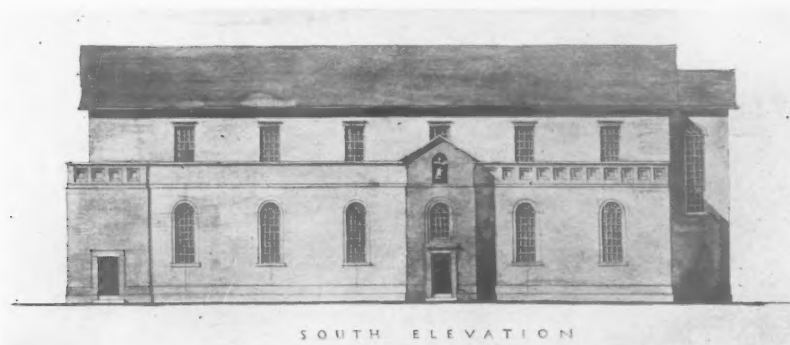
THE GROUND PLAN.



THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, NORTHFLEET, KENT.
THE TOWER AT THE WEST END.
Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



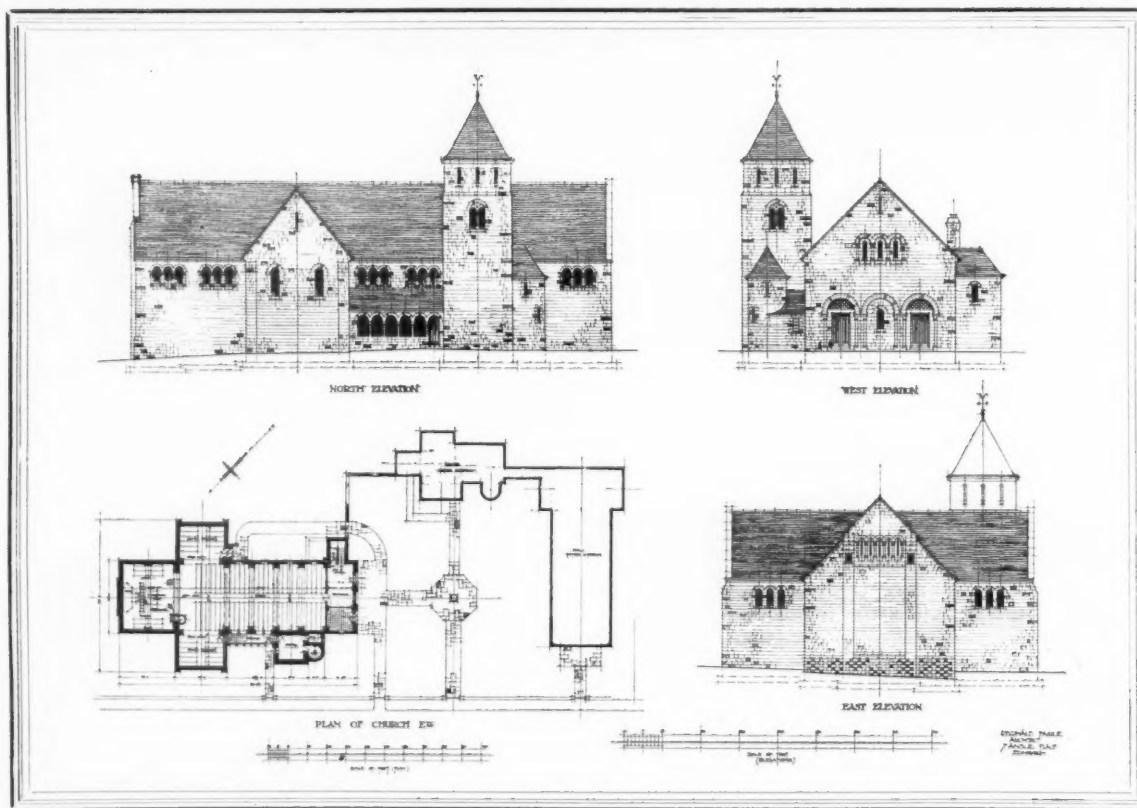
ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, GRIMSBY.
Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.



THE PROPOSED CHURCH OF ST. HILDA, TOTTENHAM. THE PLAN
AND SOUTH ELEVATION.
J. O. Cheadle, Architect.



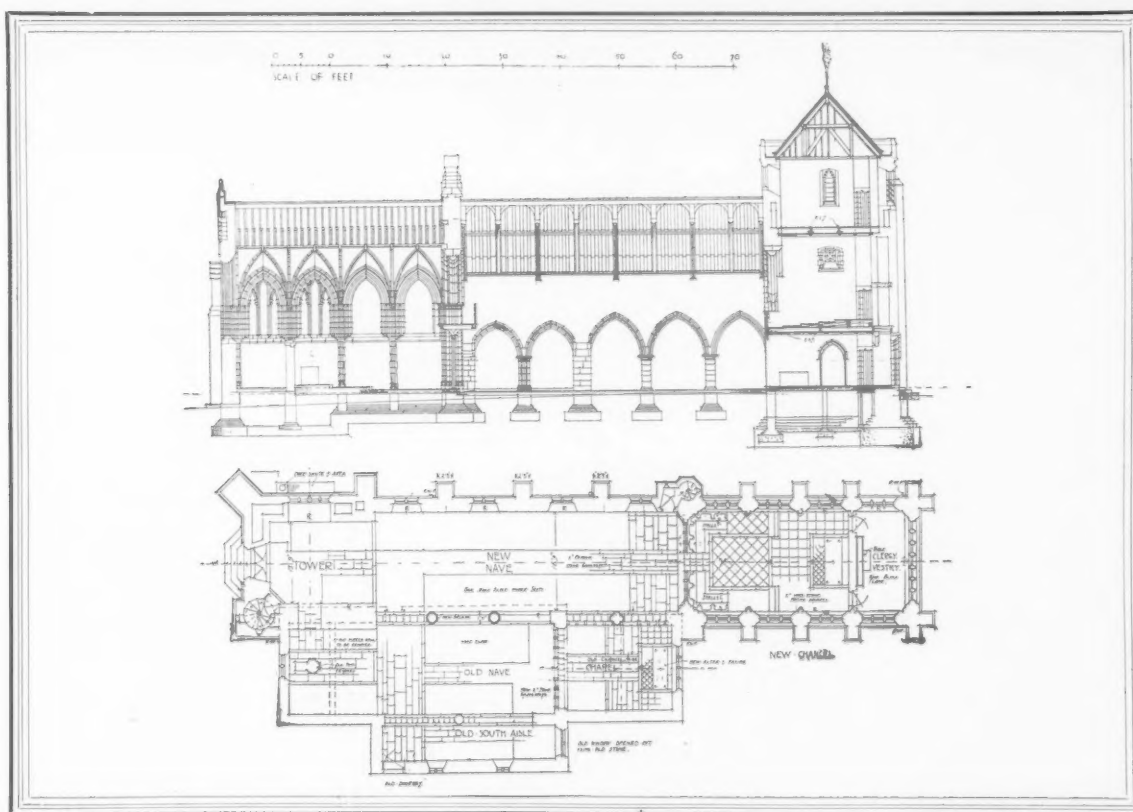
A CHURCH AT METHIL, FIFE.
Reginald Fairlie, Architect.



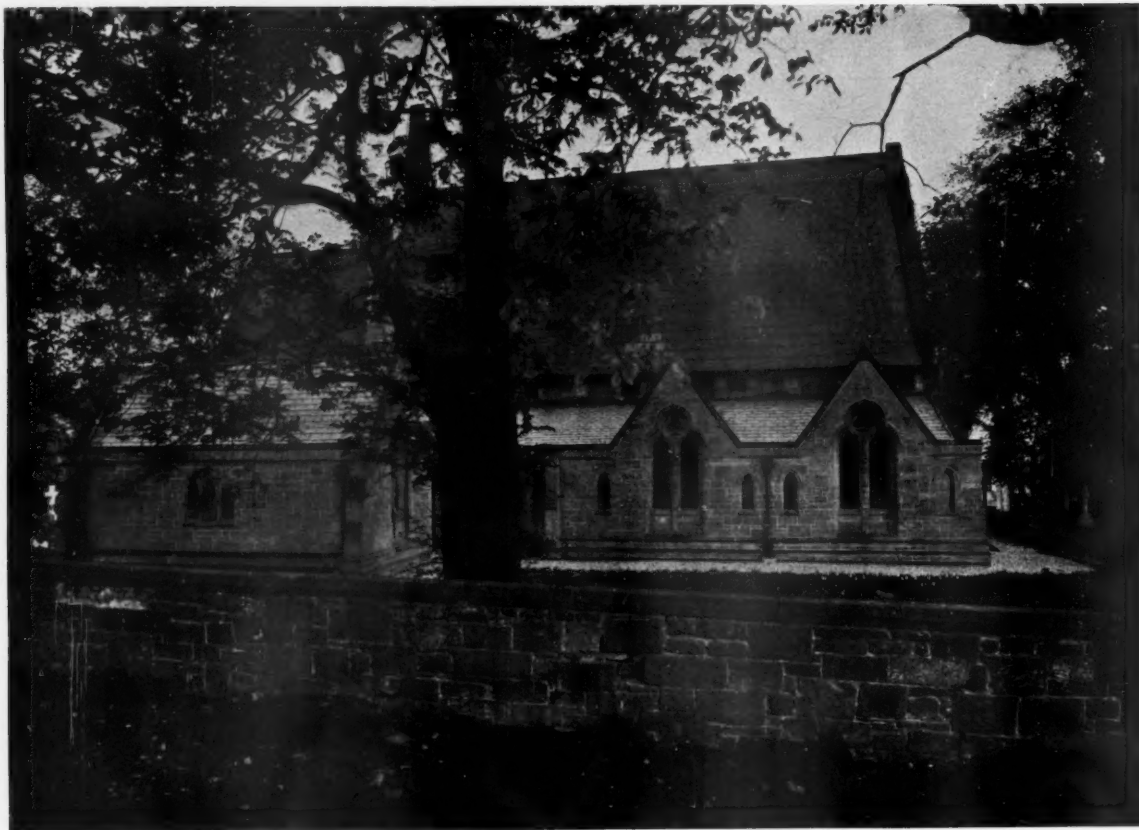
THE GROUND PLAN AND ELEVATIONS.



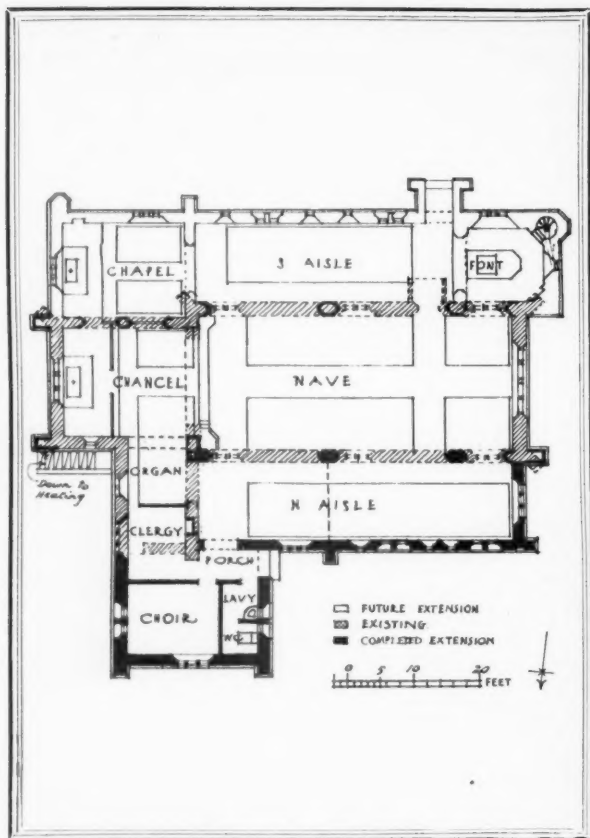
THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, LITTLE COATES, LINCOLNSHIRE.
Alterations and additions by Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.



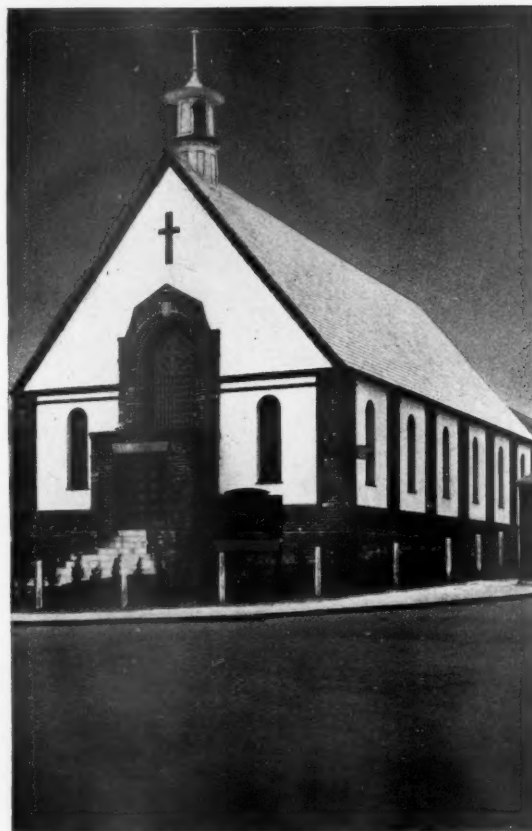
THE LONG SECTION LOOKING SOUTH, AND THE GROUND PLAN.



WILLASTON CHURCH, CHESHIRE. FROM THE NORTH.
Alterations and additions by Bernard Miller, Architect.



WILLASTON CHURCH, CHESHIRE.
A plan of the existing buildings and extensions.



THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, BARRY.
T. Alwyn Lloyd, Architect.

OUR CHURCHES.



Plate III.

July 1927.

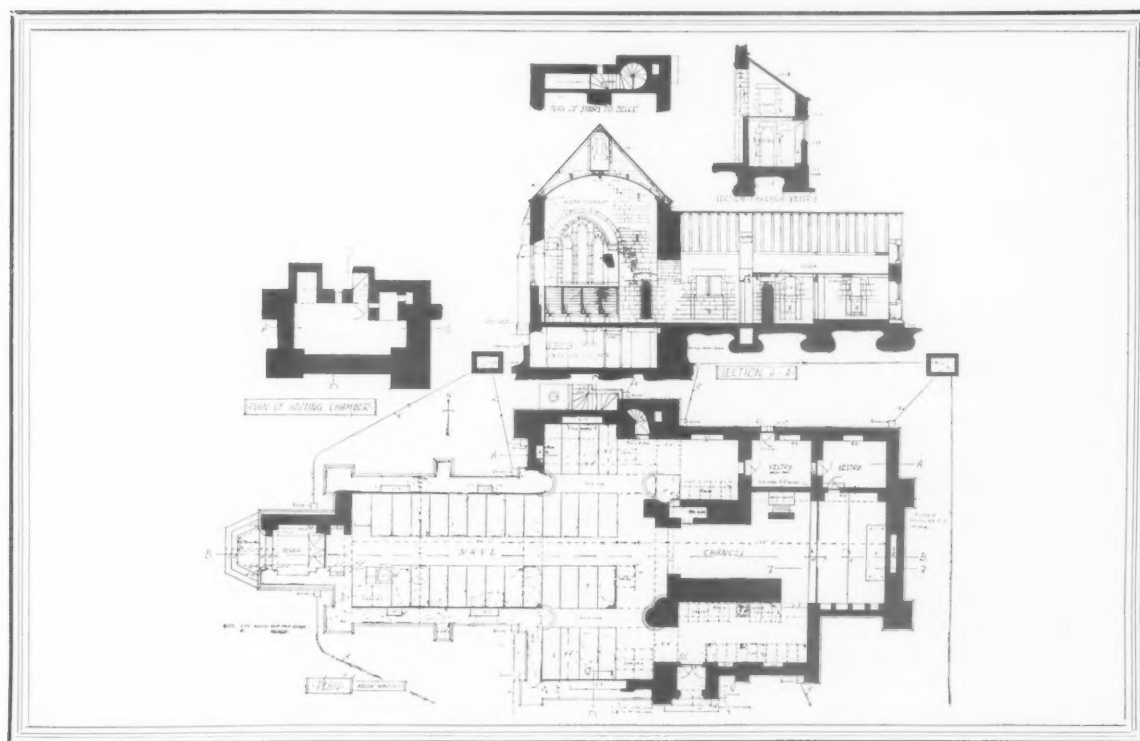
THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE,
CASTLETON, DANBY, YORKSHIRE.

Temple Moore and Moore, Architects.





THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, NUNTHORPE, YORKSHIRE.
Temple Moore and Moore, Architects.



THE PLAN AND A SECTION THROUGH THE NORTH TRANSEPT AND VESTRIES.



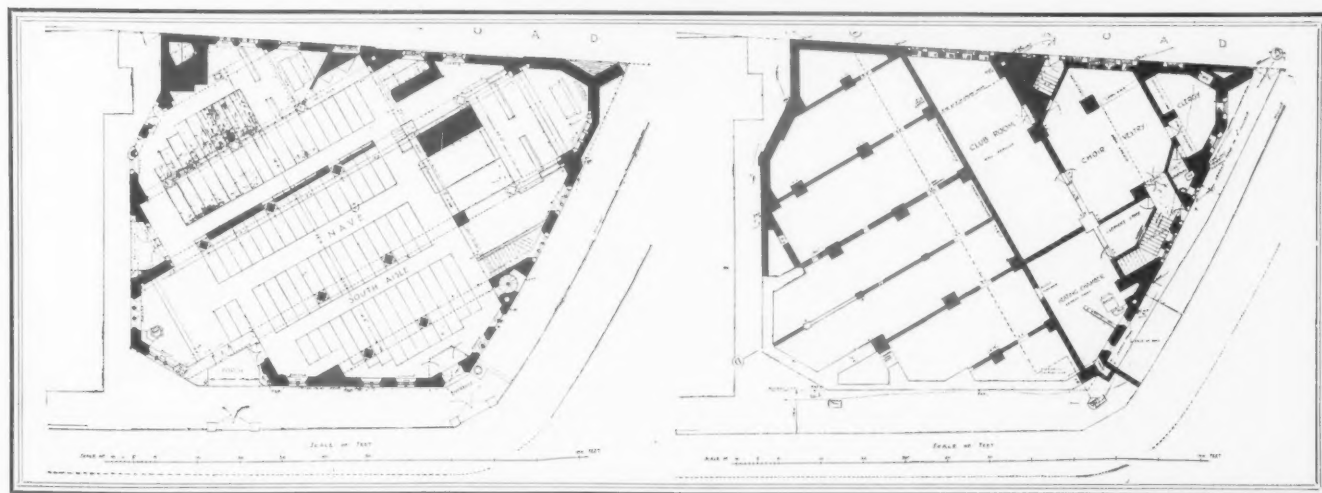
A CHURCH AT RUISLIP, MIDDLESEX.
A. S. G. Butler, Architect.



THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA, SCARBOROUGH.
Temple Moore and Moore, Architects.



THE APSE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA, SCARBOROUGH.
Temple Moore and Moore, Architects.



PLANS OF THE GROUND AND BASEMENT
FLOORS.



ST. MARGARET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, EASTRIGGS, DUMFRIESSHIRE.
Evelyn Simmons, Architect.



THE EAST END OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ASHBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.
H. C. Corlette, Architect.



ST. NINIAN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, GRETNA.
Evelyn Simmons, Architect.



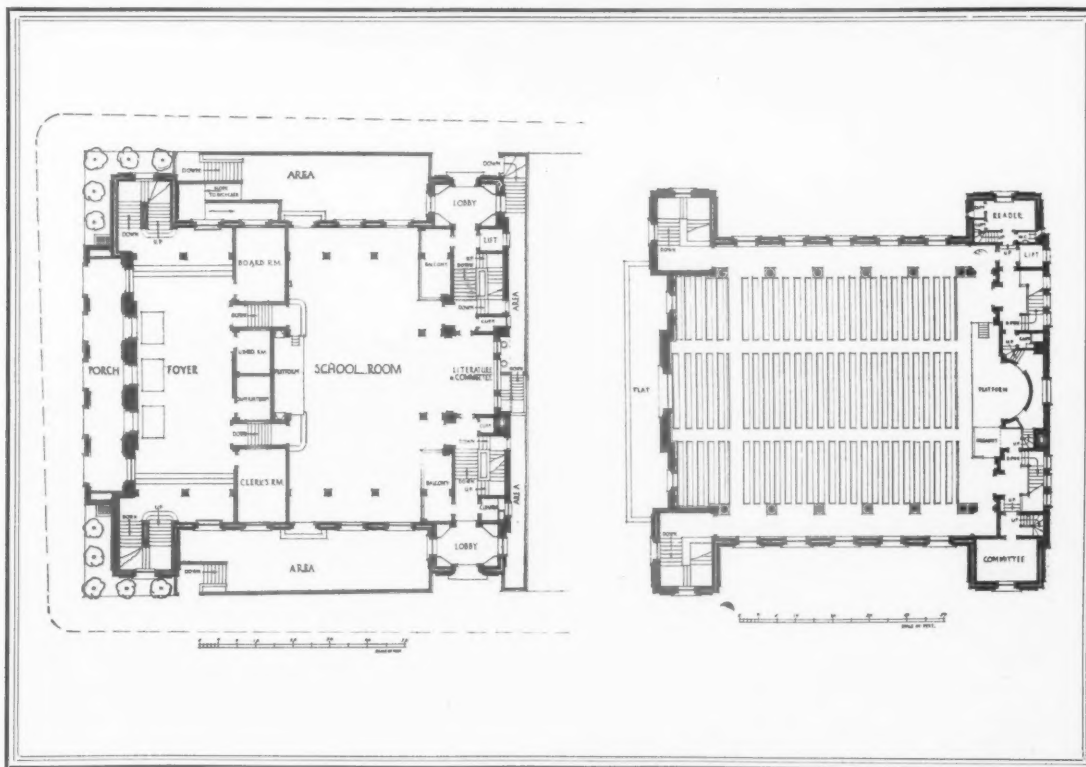
THE CHURCH OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS, BIRMINGHAM.
Sandy and Norris, Architects.



ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, HAMMERSMITH.
Robert Atkinson, Architect.



THE ELEVENTH CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, NUTFORD PLACE, LONDON.
Oswald P. Milne, Architect.

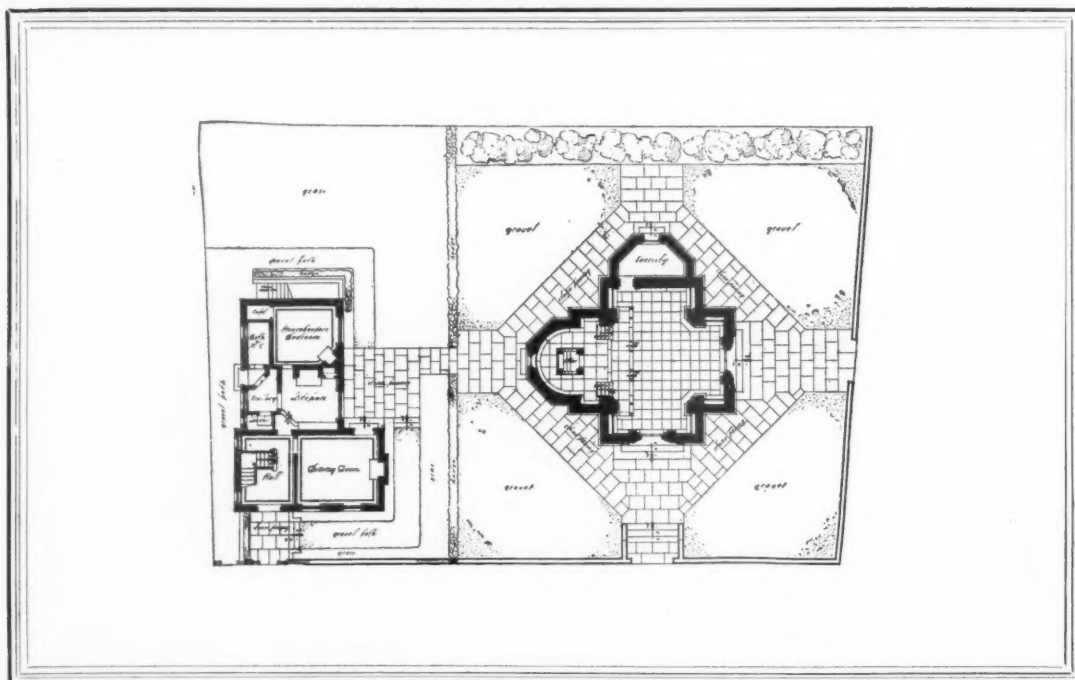


PLANS OF THE BASEMENT AND THE
GROUND FLOOR.



AN ELEVATION AND SECTION OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH OF ST. SARKIS, KENSINGTON, LONDON.

Mewes and Davis, Architects.



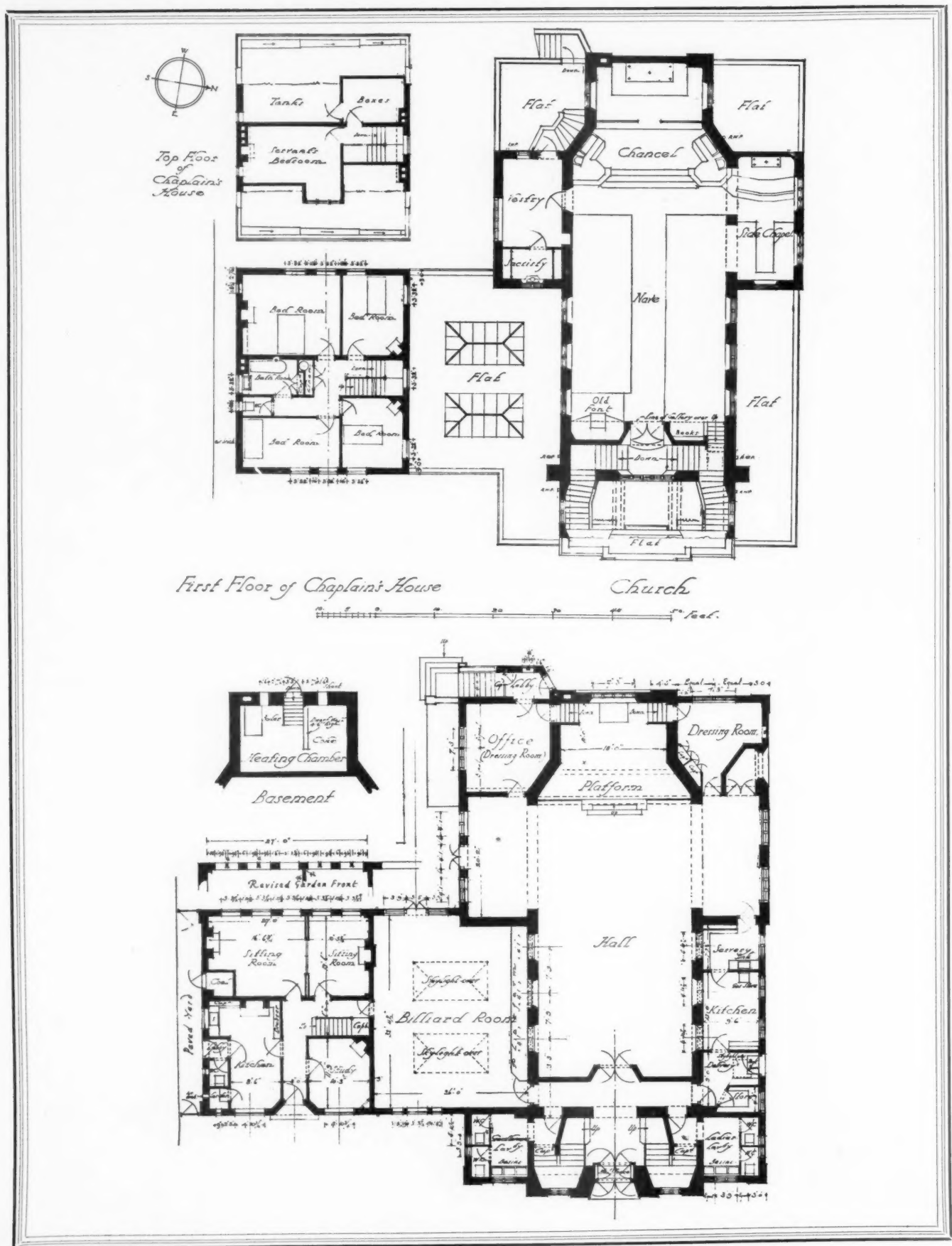
THE GROUND PLAN.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, ACTON.
THE WEST END.
Edward Maufe, Architect.



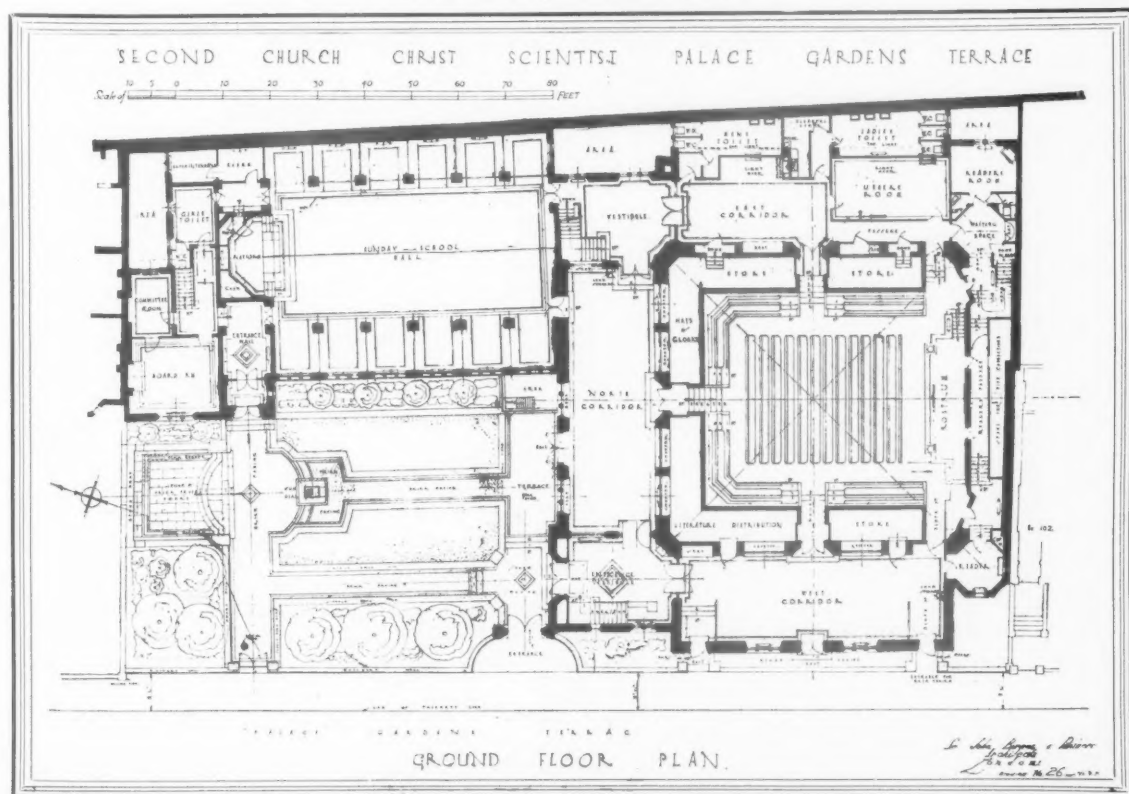
A DRAWING OF THE EAST FRONT AND WEST END.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, ACTON. PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.



THE SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, LONDON.
Sir John Burnet and Partners, Architects.
From the design of Thomas S. Tait.



PLANS OF THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Old Standards and Modern Problems in Decoration.

The Work of the Diocesan Committees.

IT is difficult to attempt any kind of valuation of modern ecclesiastical art. In the following lines an attempt can only be made to gather a few facts about recent practice with little endeavour to apportion praise or blame, or to measure or forecast the future. During the eighteenth century there was a definite standard of taste, consciously and almost exclusively classical. It was the natural mode of expression of the time, notwithstanding its artificiality. The same may largely be said of the nineteenth century, if Gothic is substituted for Renaissance. These propositions are broadly true even if allowance is made for the fact that there was a thin stream of Late Gothic tradition that never died, and that there was an equally exiguous classical tradition that the Gothic revival never quite killed.

Today there is no such uniform standard. Some have essayed to create it in a purely Renaissance reaction from the Gothic revival. Others have tried to summon new values into existence on a negative basis of a breach with all the older ideas of style, and have made an effort to build anew on a strictly utilitarian foundation. On one thing there seems general agreement, and that is the mischievous and degraded character of the flood of commercialized imitation Gothic which overspread the land, and particularly the churches, during the latter part of the nineteenth century. As far as the protection of old work goes, there is now also a widespread agreement that there must be no more of the old ideas of picking and choosing in what is ancient, destroying some of it as debased or as of wrong style and cherishing selected portions as quasi-inspired. A much wider view prevails which recognizes a vast and far-reaching change about the time of the industrial movement of a century ago, and would preserve nearly everything produced before it. But that is not to say that nothing is worth keeping which has been done since. Far from it. Concurrently with the riot of bad and unworthy work, which has gone on now for something like a century and a-half, much that is of real and permanent value has been done both before and during the Gothic revival. While it is not in the least likely that the next generation will demand the preservation of every product of the Victorian era, it is certain that it will select for permanency rather more of its works than we should.

An anti-Victorian movement, coupled with a generally wider view, is not degenerating into a mere Renaissance reaction any more than it has created a new style. It is therefore impossible to look for any homogeneous or consistent artistic movement at the present day. There is instead something more like a number of more or less independent movements, some of which are on very strictly



A simple tablet with heraldry.

traditional lines. What is really vital to remember is that there is a wide difference between accurate traditionalism and commercialized imitation. A good many failures of the Gothic revival were due to a lack of sufficiently detailed knowledge of what the men of those days were trying to revive. Not many Victorian churches were really reproductions of Gothic churches, complete

in plan and in fittings. And there are some students who hold that the only chance of real development is to proceed on the old lines and allow that development to come unconsciously. Hence, perhaps, it is that we begin to see in some quarters a mixing up of Gothic, Renaissance and modern detail in a manner that would have horrified the Victorians, but which is strangely like what actually happened in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

Generally, it will probably be conceded that the more careful and scholarly modern work tends towards simplicity of treatment, and also towards certain factors that have been common to all the greater periods of architecture, such for example, as the use of white walls, good lighting, ample spacing, and the absence of decoration for decoration's sake.

But there is a disappointing lack of permanency about some of the more daring works of the newer schools of thought. They seem to be original for a time and then we quickly tire of them. When placed in an old building they so often look wrong because they contrast too violently with their surroundings. Yet people get more and more to dislike anything that savours of a "fake" in an old church, and a cautious body like the Central Faculties Committee has explicitly condemned "conjectural restoration." It is the quality, sometimes called "quietness," which is being more and more sought after where new work in an old church is concerned, and if originality is required it is also required that it should not be too obtrusive. Yet there is also a healthy reaction against the Victorian fear of bright colours.

There is a somewhat facile assumption that modern Gothic, or even modern Renaissance work is merely imitative, that it is lacking in originality and therefore not worth doing. This view is largely based on the theory that these methods, these conceptions of "style," are no part of the work of the present day—that they are of the past. But how far is this true? It would probably be true of Norman or Egyptian work, possibly of Early English or Greek. Is it true of Late English Gothic, otherwise Perpendicular? and is it true of the Renaissance as used in England? Future students may possibly say that these are still living, and they will probably select the more competent work in them of the present day as characteristic work of the twentieth

MODERN CHURCH DECORATION.



Plate IV.

July 1927.

THE HANGING ROOD AND REREDOS IN ST. JOSEPH'S
CHURCH, SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



century side by side with what is more experimental. These things are too near our own day for us to form a sound opinion, but we must recall the fact that little by little many things done in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, once despised as lacking in originality, are despised no longer. As the date of their execution grows more remote it becomes possible to assess the amount both of originality and of permanence in them.

It is the constant endeavour of the new advisory committees set up in dioceses by the church authorities, not only to protect ancient buildings and their contents but to raise the standard of new work and to break down the bondage to mere commercialized productions which has been the despair of everyone interested in artistic questions. For many years the Church of England, the owner of by far the greatest mass of artistic treasure in the country, has been regarded as the patroness of the dullest and worst kind of shop-material. During the generation before the war, few churches or church ornaments were produced which any artistically interested person would have troubled to go to see. And how many ugly tablets, dull windows and commonplace fittings were turned out! It has now been found necessary to check the flow of such things, and gradually to induce people to employ competent designers. Sometimes it is said that this supervision must necessarily also check the originality of the architect or the artist. If criticism exists at all, no one can ask to be exempt from it, and cases may occasionally occur where it is mistaken. It is also inevitable that some self-centred individualist will resent even the mildest type of suggestion. But in actual practice what is happening is that the committees stand by the architect or the artist as against the Philistines who claim the right of choosing what they fancy from a catalogue to disfigure some ancient or interesting church. What the committees cannot do is to please every kind of extreme

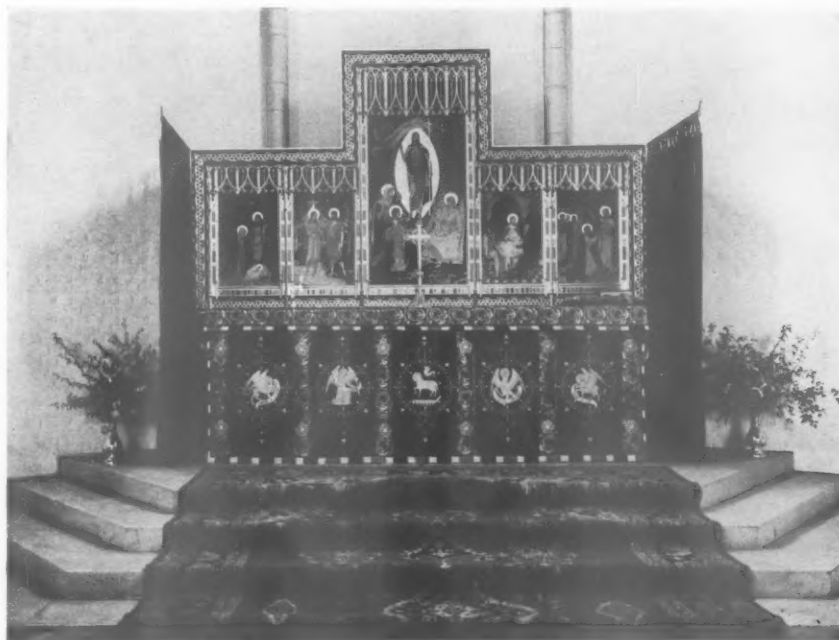


A red-brick interior, with dull and ill-arranged altar.

but it unquestionably causes all concerned to think things out, to take a vast amount of trouble, and to search for good designers in cases where till recently little or no thought would be taken either by client or designer.

There is a growing desire to obtain more original and experimental work in new churches and to break away from the tradition of cheap "pseudo-Gothic" red brick so painfully familiar in the London suburbs. Among new churches recently built may be mentioned¹ that for the Deaf and Dumb in East Acton, which is a building of extraordinary interest; St. Catharine's, North Hammersmith, in the severest

manner of the Renaissance; All Souls, Springwood, Liverpool; St. James's, Watford; St. Dunstan's, Bellingham; St. Margaret's, Putney, where there was a difficult problem of having to extend a Victorian Gothic building under peculiar conditions. Others, of more original types, are in contemplation; while the failure of one or two experimental ventures has resulted in a very strict following of tradition in



The same red-brick interior whitened, with the altar rearranged with frontal and reredos.

¹ As a rule it has been thought better to avoid the mention of persons or places.

one or two cases which, when completed, will by no means be lacking in interest. There has been a bad form of traditionalism for so long that there is a very real difficulty in getting anything new or striking even considered in certain quarters. Very often the difficulty is caused by the man of original ideas having so little knowledge of the practical use of a church. This is the price the church herself has had to pay for her long-continued patron-

age of thoroughly bad and commercialized work. "Church work" has acquired such an evil reputation among artists that many would hardly think it worth while to take sufficient interest in it to be able to meet the practical necessities of the case. It will take many years to undo the bad effect of the Victorian era. Just as the Church herself produced the good things of old, so now she is awakening to the need of securing the best work in time to come. But the difficulties are very real and arise from more than one cause.

For example, recent experience shows that there is a curious lack of understanding, in many quarters, of the liturgical laws and traditions of the Church. All the study of architecture and the allied arts can never make up for knowledge of the actual meaning of the building, its furniture and ornaments. It is no use to try to get rid of these problems by vague generalities about "passing fashions of ritual." There is a quite definite right and wrong about many of these things, and a rigid law about some, even though there may be variety of practice about others. And some of these variations are allowable, while some



Two altars at Basing Church, Hampshire.
Designed by H. S. Rogers.

sible breaches of some of its *minutiae*. But the knowledge that comes from real study of historic facts and liturgical principles, or from actual experience of the use of a church, is beyond all price, and is really a necessity for the artist or the architect who aspires to a high place in ecclesiastical work.

If there be some who would ask for more originality and more strikingly modern work than is shown here, let them take a wide view of the whole situation, and compare the examples given with (1) the average continental church fittings; (2) the average here in England, say, in the 'nineties or even before the war. More important still, let them find out from Diocesan Advisory

Committees on the one hand, or from disgruntled Philistines in the suburbs on the other, something about the vast number of unworthy "ornaments" of all kinds which have not been allowed to encumber our churches, and see if the gradual growth of a new state of affairs during the last decade, even with all its deficiencies, is not a very real and a very great achievement to the credit of the Church of today.



This Victorian Gothic church contains some Renaissance monuments and fittings. The side altar, in a dark corner in front of the organ, has been treated in a Renaissance manner.

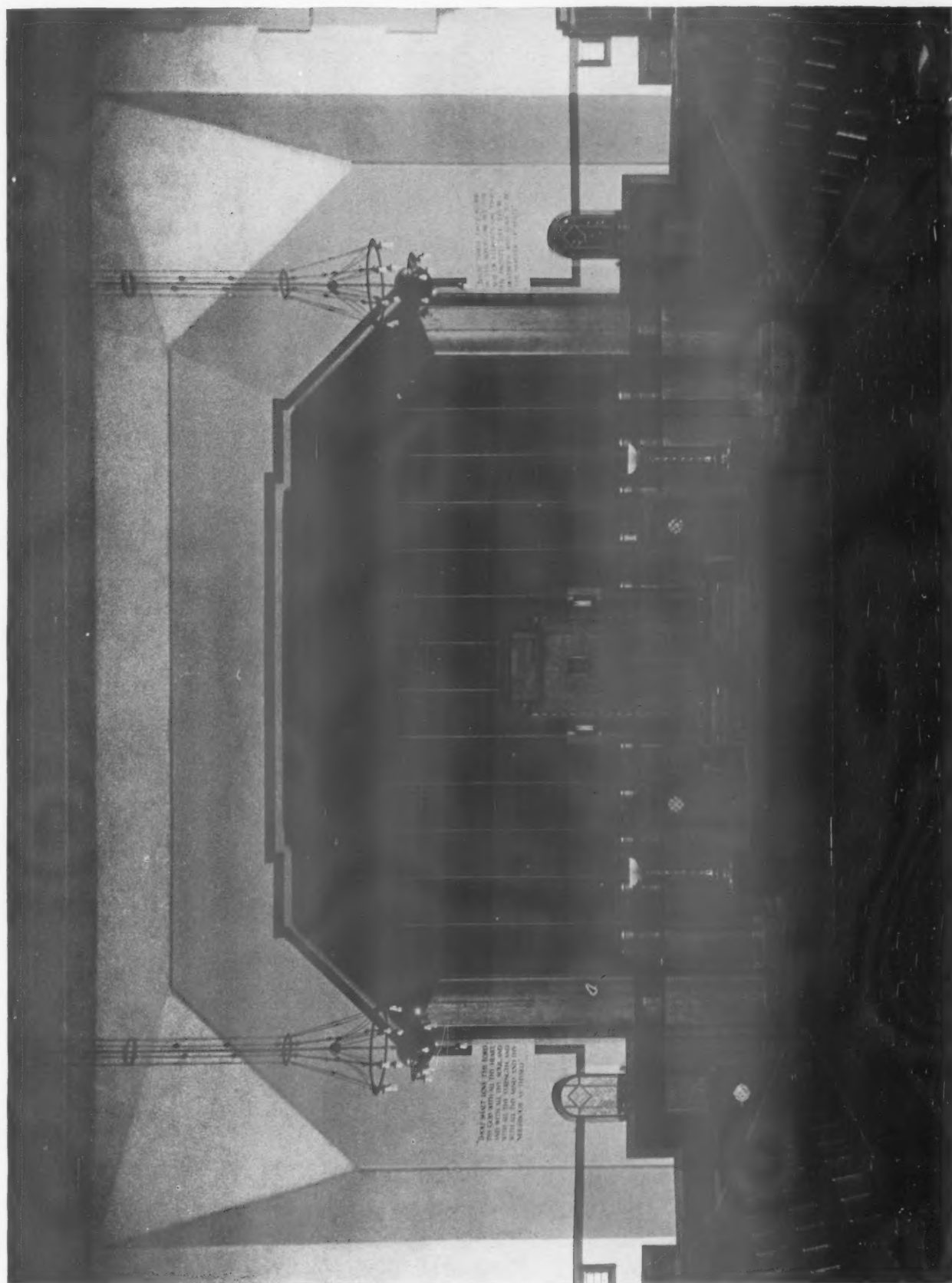


LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL. THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, ACTON. THE NAVE FROM THE GALLERY.
Edward Maufe, Architect.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, LONDON.
Sir John Burnet and Partners, Architects. From the design of Thomas S. Tait.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ASHBY, LINCOLNSHIRE. THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.
H. C. Corlette, Architect.



THE PLATFORM AND ORGAN GRILLE IN THE ELEVENTH CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, LONDON.
Oswald P. Milne, Architect.



THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, NORTHFLEET, KENT.
Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



THE NEW NORTH WALL AND AISLE IN WILLASTON CHURCH, CHESHIRE.
Bernard Miller, Architect.



A DETAIL OF THE BALDACCHINO IN THE TEMPLE OF HUMANITY,
LIVERPOOL.

W. H. Ansell, Architect.



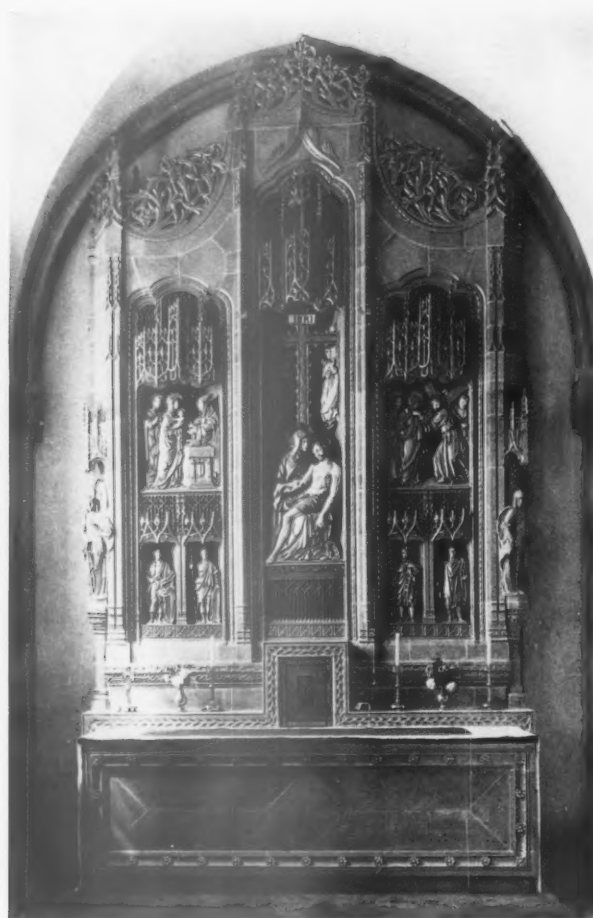
THE ORGAN IN
THE TEMPLE

OF HUMANITY,
LIVERPOOL.



THE ALTAR IN THE LADY CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, NORTHFLEET, KENT.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



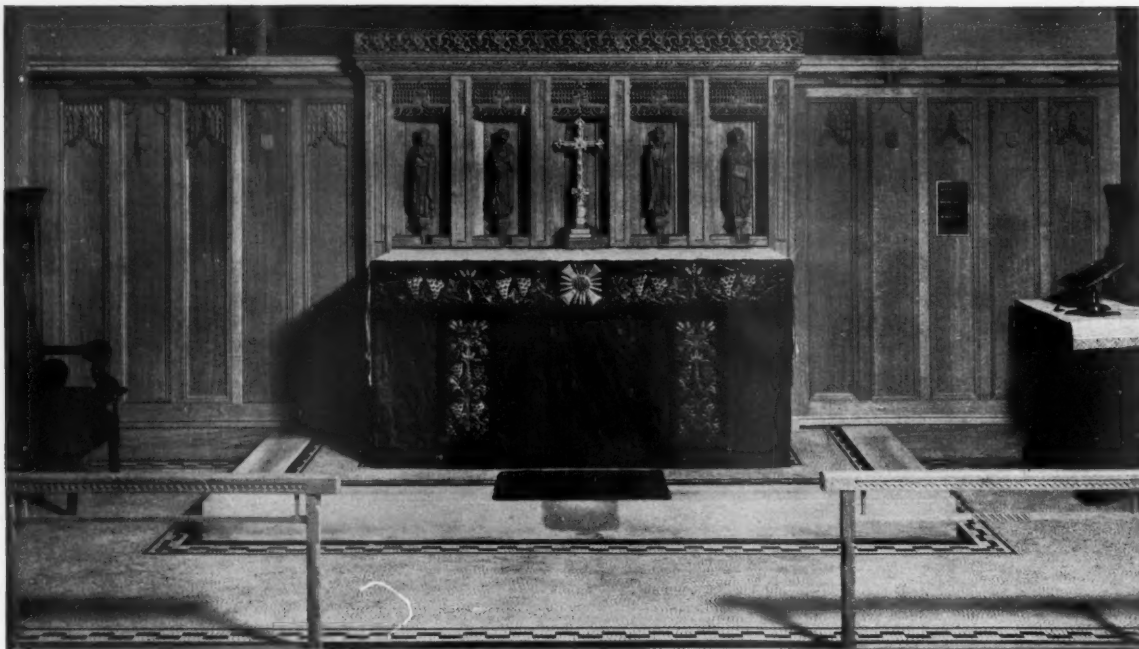
THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL REREDOS IN A NEW CHURCH, AMPLEFORTH ABBEY, YORK.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.



THE ORGAN SCREEN AT ST. PHILIP'S

CHURCH, KENSINGTON.
J. O. Cheadle, Architect.



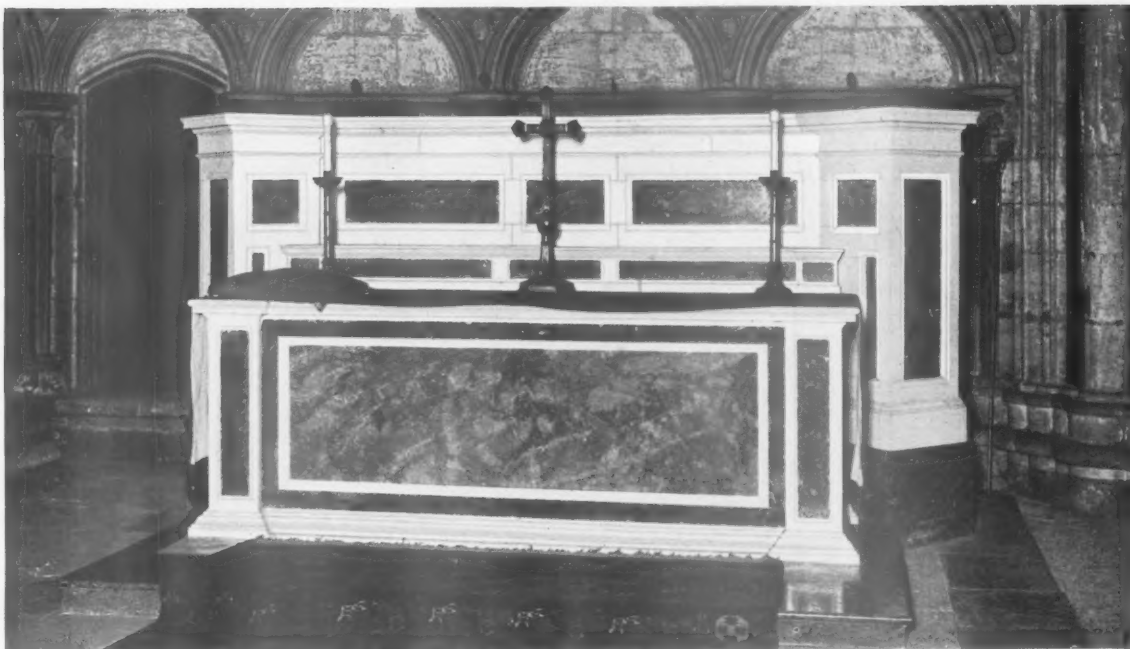
THE REREDOS AND PANELLING IN THE SIDE CHAPEL OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH,
BIRKENHEAD.

Bernard Miller, Architect.



THE ALTAR OF THE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT, YORK MINSTER.

Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.



THE ALTAR OF THE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, YORK MINSTER.

Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.

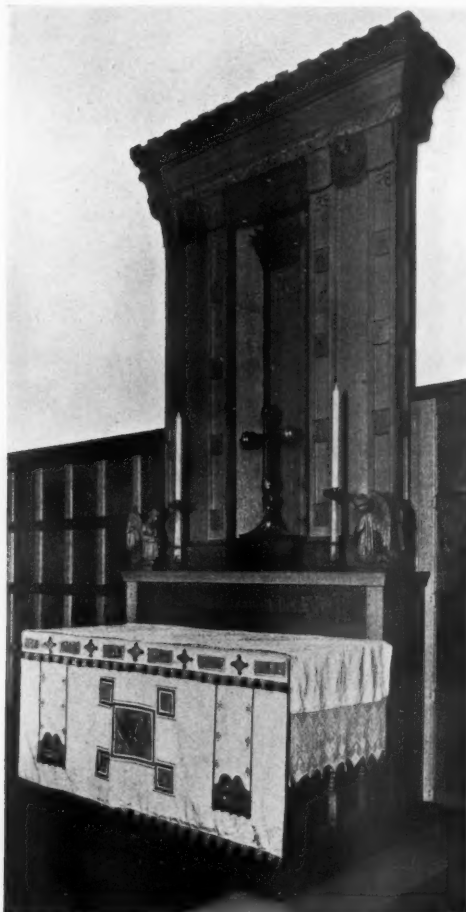


A WROUGHT-IRON SCREEN, ENCLOSING THE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT, YORK MINSTER.

Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.



THE MEMORIAL SCREEN TO THE ORGAN IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CAMBERLEY.
E. Ernest B. Claypole, Architect.



THE NEW HIGH ALTAR
AND SANCTUARY PAN-
ELLING IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BURY.
Thomas Worthington and Sons,
Architects.



THE ALTAR OF THE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT, YORK MINSTER.
Walter Tapper, A.R.A., Architect.



THE
MEMORIAL PISCINA
IN

WEAVERHAM CHURCH,
CHESHIRE.
Bernard Miller, Architect.

The Public School Chapel.

By Frank Fletcher.

Head Master of Charterhouse.

A SCHOOL chapel differs both in use and origin from an ordinary church, and its architecture is conditioned by the difference. It has a congregation uniform, constant, and commensurate with the community. A parish church, no doubt, if it realized its ideal, would be the meeting-place for the whole population of the parish; in practice it never sees, and could not contain, more than a section of that population. It has a larger constituency than a school chapel; but in actual experience it never gathers them all together, and your architect will proceed on the assumption that it never will. But a school chapel will be filled daily; a school of six hundred boys needs a larger building than a town with a population of thousands.

The primary characteristic of a school chapel is this daily gathering of the whole community. It is the one building, probably, where the school habitually meets, and it is, therefore, the outward and visible symbol of its corporate life. In this it is what a parish church ought to be, but in practice never, at any rate in modern times, succeeds in being.

Herein the public schools are true to their ancestry. Historically they are either descended from or the successors of monastic establishments, where daily corporate prayer was an essential feature of the life. The first principle in the construction of a school chapel is based on this: it is the central building of a closely built community, and must express this in its form and character. It must be of a size to contain all who belong to the school, and its shape must be such that all who are present feel their membership and common responsibility for the worship. It is a misfortune that in our two oldest schools the first of these conditions is not attained; both Eton and Winchester have numbers in excess of what their main chapels



Charterhouse War Memorial School Chapel.
The south-west porch.

can contain; and I cannot believe that even the beauty of Chantry at Winchester, where the younger boys worship, or the opportunity afforded by Lower Chapel at Eton of addressing the younger boys separately and thus graduating the sermons to the audience, compensates for the loss of unity in the one great daily corporate act of the school.

For the same reason the most desirable form of building is one in which the whole congregation are visible to one another and, so to speak, in the same plane. Side aisles and galleries, in which some sections sit apart, are to be avoided, if possible, though considerations of space may make it difficult. Alien singers, whether professionals or from a separate choir school, are equally unsuitable; the school should provide its own singing and feel its corporate responsibility for its own worship. For this and other

reasons I would not have the choir in surplices; they are to feel, and to be regarded as, an integral part of the congregation, not a section set apart. It is well that seats should be assigned to them in the body of the building, and not in a detached chancel.

The same principle has an important bearing on the much-discussed question of the seating. Is this to be collegiate fashion, with the seats facing north and south across a central aisle, or like an ordinary church, with all facing east? Both historically and practically I hold that the former arrangement, which I believe to be the commoner, is right. Historically it preserves the traditional ancestry of the building. School chapels, like those of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, are in theory not complete churches, but the choirs or chancels of larger buildings. In the old abbey churches the community sat within the chancel; the worshippers from outside occupied the nave. King's College Chapel, Cambridge,

represents the complete building with the division. The regular worshippers in a school chapel, whether boys or adults, are members of the community; outside visitors are not numerous enough for it to be necessary to make regular or large provision for them. Historically the north and south arrangement is correct; it is also, I believe, the best for corporate purposes, for giving the sense of unity, especially in the musical parts of the service.

I am aware that a good case for the eastward-facing arrangement may be made out as being both more devotional and better from the point of view of the preacher; and there is a strong difference of opinion on the subject. Probably our views are largely governed by what we have ourselves been accustomed to. My own preference may be due in a great measure to my experiences at school and college, where I have known only the traditional method of seating. But whatever the reason, I hold the views which I have heard ascribed to Dr. Burge, who, as head master both of Repton and Winchester, had experience of the eastward arrangement, that the north and south position gives more sense of corporate unity. As he used to remind his boys at Winchester, we go to chapel, not to say our private prayers, but to join in an act of corporate worship. One condition is important: for every reason, with this arrangement, a wide central aisle is essential.

What part does the chapel play in the mysterious process by which character grows *occulto velut arbor. aevo* in a public school? It is easy to be cynical on the subject, and to repeat the cheap catchword about men who never go to



The Chapel at Eton College.
The East End.

memories which gather round the period of school life, those of the chapel play a great part; old boys when they come back revisit their school chapel, take part in its services, and re-people in imagination the seats before them with the forms of the boys who were their schoolfellows in the past. Something, of course, will depend on the building itself:

it is to be supposed that more sentiment will gather round the old chapels of Eton and Winchester and the fine modern buildings at Marlborough and Lancing than round less happily-designed erections. But even these latter gather memories and associations and sentiments out of all proportion to their external or internal beauty.

It is all the more important, if we believe with Plato that the architectural surroundings of the young, even the very furniture in the presence of which they live, have a vital effect on their development, to secure that these buildings, which represent our common life raised to its highest power, shall be as beautiful in proportion and equipment, as free from what is garish or second-rate, as we can make them, as worthy as may be of what they express, and of the emotions and associations which will inevitably gather round them. So their influence at the time and their memory afterwards shall be, in Plato's words, "like a fresh breeze bringing health from fair places."



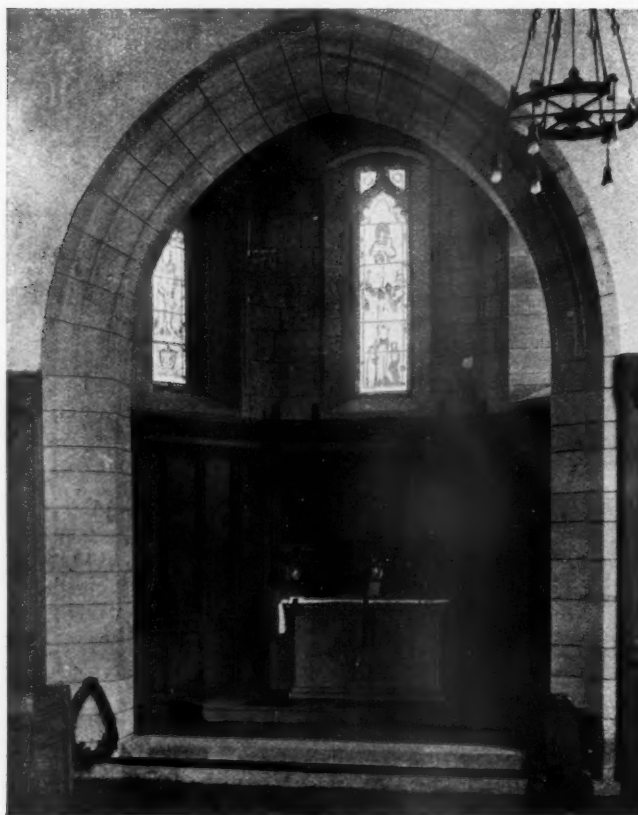
The pulpit in the Rossall School War Memorial Chapel,
Fleetwood, Lancashire.
Designed by Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A.



ROSSALL SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL, FLEETWOOD,
LANCASHIRE.

SIR ROBERT LORIMER, A.R.A., Architect.

The addition that was made to the chapel consisted of taking down the south wall of the south transept, pushing it out another twenty feet and doubling the transept, also introducing the organ gallery into the north transept and rearranging the sanctuary. The



IN THE CHAPEL.

entire chapel was re-seated. The only old fittings that remain are the panels of the South African War Memorial stalls in the nave; these have been altered and a cresting, etc., added in order to bring them more into harmony with the new work.

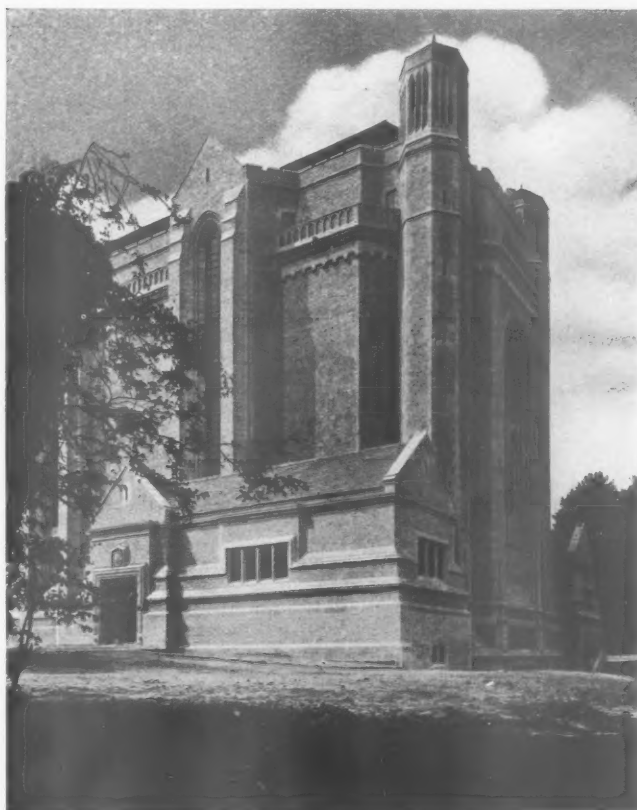


CHARTERHOUSE WAR MEMORIAL SCHOOL CHAPEL.

FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

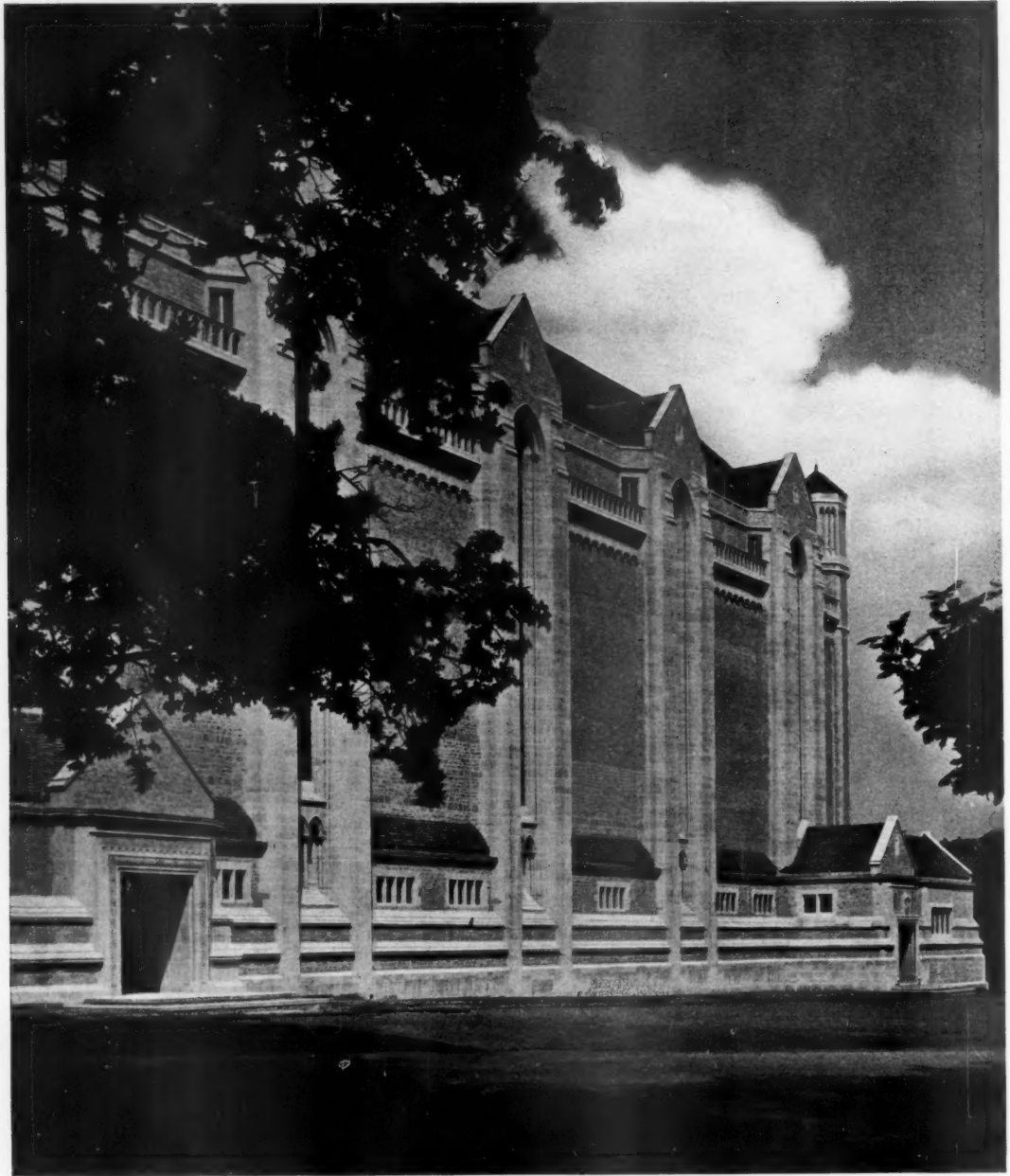
SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., Architect.

The site of this building stands on a level plateau, with its east end at the top of a steep slope down to the road, from which a striking view of the chapel can be obtained. The walls are faced externally with Bargate stone, from a quarry in the school grounds, only a few hundred yards from the site. The dressings are of Weldon stone, except in the more exposed positions, where Clipsham stone dressings have been used. Internally, the walls are plastered with dressings of Weldon stone. The roof is covered externally with hand-made sand-faced tiles, of a warm grey tone. The ceilings are plaster-vaulted, with transverse arches of Weldon stone. An important feature of the design is the fenestra-

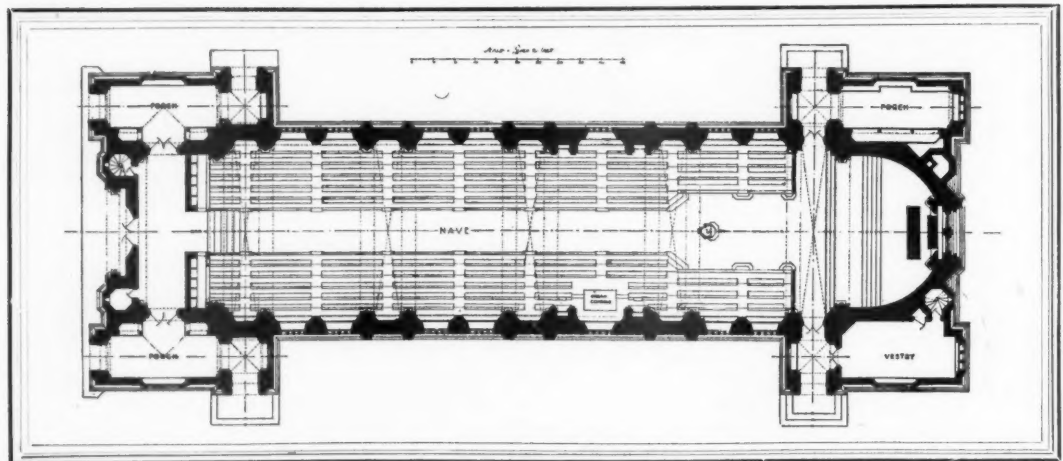


FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

tion, the building being lighted by big lancet windows, running up well into the vaulting. These windows are set well back from the internal wall-face, so that, on looking up the chapel from the end, practically no windows are visible except the east window. The focal point of the design, internally, is the reredos, which is intended to express the function of the building as a War Memorial; the "sarcophagus," which forms a portion of the reredos, is introduced to suggest this idea. There has been no general contractor in the ordinary sense of the term. The building has been carried out by a staff of workmen under the able supervision of the resident Clerk of Works, Mr. A. Boxall.



CHARTERHOUSE WAR MEMORIAL SCHOOL CHAPEL.
THE SOUTH SIDE.



THE GROUND PLAN.

New Lamps for Old.

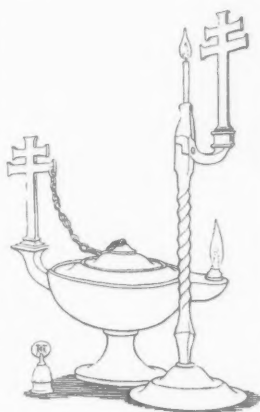
Symbols and Ceremonies of Toc H.

By Barclay Baron.

We are giving rather special prominence to the development of Toc H because, as a fresh embodiment of the religious spirit, it shows how ceremonial is born and seeks expression in new forms. Toc H has evolved new symbols. At a later stage of development the same natural evolution will presumably make demands upon architectural design.—EDITOR

IT is an undeniable and, indeed, a pleasant fact that no crowd of men since the first has been able to get through the day's work without ceremony. Only in some bleak and vacuous millennium, when men shall have become merely rational, can symbolism and its ordered use be unwanted and done away. Ours is still, in a proper sense, an "age of faith," which can relish mystery and expect (and so experience) miracle. Most of its business demands signs that more is passing than meets the eye, and it is only the very superior person who counts as "mumbo-jumbo" the ancient customs of courts and colleges, of Parliament or the Army or the Stock Exchange, of Masonry or religion. If the origin of many surviving ceremonies is forgotten (who can say for certain how the Trooping of the Colour came to be, or some of the movements of the Mass?), this is not to say that they have lost their hold upon the minds of men; and if their hold is often increased by the accumulation of time, this does not mean that new symbols cannot nowadays be found nor fresh ceremonies continue to arise. Think of the newer rituals, of the whole *corpus* of Boy Scout lore and badge and cry, just twenty years old; or of the immediate success, barely as many months old, of the Frothblowers' comic code. Think, if you will, of another modern example, and see in it history repeated—for the characteristics of all true symbolism, its source in the need among men for a speech beyond the dictionary, its almost casual birth, and the reverence with which its users at once invest it, is well enough seen in the record of Toc H.

As clothes are not really fascinating until they are seen or imagined as clothing somebody, so, surely, rite and symbol can only live against a background of history and with some appreciation of the ideas they try to express. Humanly speaking, the history of Toc H has been a chapter of accidents. By what logic knows as an "inseparable accident" of the war, Poperinghe found itself on the "touch line" at the fiercest corner of the whole world-game: "alone free among Belgian towns, close enough to the line to be directly accessible to the principal sufferers, but not so near as to be positively ruinous, it became metropolitan, not by merit but by the logic of locality." Hither, in the winter of 1915, the sixth division brought two padres, Neville Talbot, senior chaplain, and Philip Clayton, known widely then and now, for reasons easily discerned, as "Tubby"; and by these Talbot House (nicknamed, in the Army signallers' alphabet, "Toc H") was added to the resources of Poperinghe. It was a queer hostelry, patronized greatly by officers and men without distinction, and in "Tubby" it had an original type of innkeeper. In this setting of the scene was involved a whole chain of "accidents"



The "Lamp of Maintenance" and the "Rushlight" of Toc H. (On the left is the bronze extinguisher used.)

which not only gave Talbot House its unique character, but determined the aims—and consequently the forms of expression, the symbols and ceremonies—of the post-war movement which sprang from it. Poperinghe, as a sort of funnel through which troops were unceasingly poured into, and the survivors out of, the Ypres salient, had few rivals as a meeting place for men of every kind; the salient itself, that six-mile semicircle of mud, certainly had no rival in the magnitude of its weariness and suffering, its humour and its heroism—it is unequalled in history as a graveyard. The twofold object of Toc H, expressed in all its symbols and ceremonies, reflects these circumstances quite clearly—it sets out first to be a meeting ground for the greatest diversity of men, and then to unite them in common service as the war had done. Talbot House

was an entirely natural growth, because it gave free expression to the spirit of the defenders of Ypres: Toc H has followed just as naturally—because men in 1927, however different the conditions, are the same as in 1917 and will, if challenged, follow the same gleam. This thing was not, and is not, an organization, but, so to say, an organism; more simply (and simplicity is of its essence), its members are accustomed to call it, not a society, but "the family."

How far and in what manner has all this found outward expression in Toc H? Such symbolism as it uses has sprung up, like itself, by "accident": if any of it is beautiful, it is because it "belongs." It might have been expected that a movement setting out (as its Royal Charter put it) "to preserve, and to transmit to future generations, the spirit of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks in the Great War," should adopt the metaphor and the ritual of an Order of Chivalry, as some movements before and since the war have done. But in Toc H no one sat down at the outset to consider its shape; there was no study of precedents, no attempt to "revive" medieval forms, however beautiful and fitting. Its metaphors are mixed, its ritual all its own. Various influences can be discerned in its habits of thinking and speaking in word or sign. The memories of the Old House in Flanders and a good many relics of its furniture which found their way home naturally play their big parts in humour or solemnity. Solemnity and humour, the grave and gay, are, indeed, so closely compounded in the "Toc H spirit" that members will pass from one to the other and back again with an abruptness which either shocks or captivates the feelings of a stranger. This surely is rather the mood of men in the war, "in their shirt sleeves," than of more conventional peace-time. It belongs to that "gaiety and joyalty of mind" which an officer over three hundred years ago noted among English troops, then also fighting in Flanders. This habit (for it is

more than a mood) receives its fullest confirmation, so to speak, in the character of St. Francis, a supreme alliance of high spirits with dead-earnest purpose; the Franciscan jubilee of 1926 did not leave Toc H, any more than the rest of mankind, untouched. And another name and fashion of speech, long dear to the "Inn-keeper" of Talbot House, appears often in the liturgies of Toc H—that of John Bunyan. There may seem to be little in common between the legacies of Bedford Gaol and St. Mary of the Angels, but there is at least this—that both St. Francis and John Bunyan found the commonest objects and people to be of

endless interest and worthy to be turned to Divine account. See the world thus, and all things, high and humble, are consecrated; the jest can lead as easily as not into the solemn moment; Sunday clothes (meaning thereby a peculiar state of mind with which a man invests himself every seven days) appear a dull and curious heresy. For *all* life, worth calling so, becomes one. This unity of living, expressed in a unity of men most diverse in education, religious and political outlook, circumstance and occupation, is the proper aim and upshot of Toc H, however often it fails of achievement. It is the very keynote of the atmosphere in which all Toc H ceremonies take place. A gathering of members, whether of five or of five thousand, can pass, without any jar to their susceptibilities, from the ridiculous to the sublime at the one word "Light!"

We come to the symbols and ceremonies themselves, for "Light!" is the word of command which brings the Toc H member instantly to his feet for his best-known ritual. A great many people, puzzled by the very simplicity of Toc H, know at least that it "has something to do with a Lamp." The Lamp itself was the sheerest of its accidents; and the facts of its origin, trivial in themselves, have not, until this moment, found their way into print, and are known probably to not a dozen Toc H members. But the facts may as well be given here, because they serve very well to illustrate the birth of symbol and ceremony, its casual coming, as we may suspect it often to have been. On a wet afternoon in May 1922, "Tubby" and another member were kicking their heels in the abysmal waiting-room of a stockbroker in Bristol. Their conversation veered by chance to the fact that, up till that hour, Toc H had adopted no sign of any kind, no counterpart of the scouts' *fleur-de-lis* or the Rotarian cogwheel which token members to one another. Conversation veered away from this to some other



The Masque, "In the light of the Lamp"—the early Christians light their lamp. Above the stage stands the Spirit of Light.

topic which involved the name Aladdin: "Why not a lamp?" the two members said in one breath, as by a flash of intuition; a boat-shaped Roman lamp was roughly sketched on the spot, on the back of an envelope; and a week later the first primitive model of such a lamp had been turned in wood. The words of the ritual arose, as if by themselves, at the same time.

The idea was broached to members—and from the first was accepted and taken into use. For a flame is capable of so many symbolical meanings; it plays a part in the solemn ritual of most religions. In Toc H itself it stands for many things. Its most

elementary meaning is cheerfulness—the first obvious characteristic of the movement now, as it was in the days when the visitor to Talbot House was welcomed by a notice board at the door, with a hand, pointing out to the Poperinghe street, painted upon it, and the words "Pessimists, emergency exit." It stands for the light, a beacon to their successors, kindled by the self-sacrifice of many among the first generation of Talbot House who fell in action—those to whom Toc H always refers as the "Elder Brethren." A further token of this is the patriarchal or Double Cross upon the handle, a substitution for the sacred monogram XP (*CH-R-istos*) which often occupied the same position on the lamps of the first century of Christian worship. For the Double Cross, a part of the Ypres arms, was granted to Talbot House for use by the burgomaster of the city during the war, and it seems to derive a further meaning from that time and place. If the upper bar of the Double Cross is but a survival in Christian iconography of the inscription which Pilate nailed to the Cross of Calvary, it is now received by Toc H members (who are not, for the most part, fanciful men) as typifying a double Crucifixion—the added sacrifice, the "lesser Calvaries," of the Elder Brethren for the sake of all. The flame of the Lamp next stands for the light entrusted to every new generation of members—"to you from failing hands we throw the torch"—the light which the younger are pledged to keep burning, and, like the *lampadephoroi*, to pass on undimmed. For this reason the Toc H symbol is called the "Lamp of Maintenance"—the Lamp "held in the hand." The yellow flame itself, so susceptible to passing currents and so easily quenched, so ready to flicker and to smoke, is a true type of human limitation, contrasted with the Divine Light, white, invariable and everlasting; and this idea is borne out by the words engraved round

the top of the Lamp: *In lumine Tuo videbimus lumen.* Many other symbolical meanings of the Lamp have occurred to its users. For example, the very process of oil—heavy oil, which may be in itself mere defilement—being transmuted into light by which men can see their way, can typify the member's own life, touched into beauty and serviceableness.

The eager adoption of the Lamp by the movement led before long to the demand for a further symbol. For from the first a Lamp has been the "charter," so to say, of a full-fledged Toc H Branch, a unit of proved service and stability: what, then, of the Group, the initial,

tentative stage of corporate membership? All over the world Groups were found to be observing the simple ritual of "Light," either round some makeshift candle-flame or with no visible symbol at all. For the Groups therefore a new form was found—the "Rushlight," an adaptation of the old English rushlight-holder, which is but a pair of pincers up-ended so as to hold a burning rush or taper. If the Lamp goes back in its origin to sacred uses in early Christian hands, the Rushlight is of lowlier pedigree, as befits a lower status of users: it is the humble domestic light by which, for many centuries in England, people fed and sang and said their bedside prayers, were born into a household or passed finally out of it.

Night by night in a great variety of places—Sheffield and Suez, Buenos Aires and Bombay, Philadelphia and Pretoria, Antwerp and Auckland, Sydney and Singapore—little bodies of men, varied in their accents and opinions, stand to their Lamps or Rushlights for the first universal "Ceremony of Light." No Toc H meeting is felt to be "valid" unless the light be kindled for a couple of minutes in the course of it. At the chairman's word "Light!" the company rises, all other illumination in the room is put out, and someone appointed—often, by a custom full of meaning, the youngest or most recently joined member present—lights the flame.

The ritual is elementary indeed in comparison with the Catholic or Masonic, but through its very transparency and brevity it rarely fails of real impressiveness. The Englishman is notoriously unready to reveal emotion even among his friends, and in the darkened room where only the immediate semicircle of faces nearest to the Lamp are visible, he loses his awkwardness with himself and with the others. A low light, a very few words, a pause of complete stillness—these are such simple means to set a shy man's mind at liberty. To some men who have never experienced it, this simplicity will seem to touch childishness, but



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lights the Lamp of a new branch of Toc H; his own Lamp stands in the centre.

already in thousands of men, in all stages of life and learning and of more races than one, this simplicity touches the deep springs again and again.

There are occasions when the ceremony of "Light" is observed with greater circumstance. Year by year in mid-December, the Birthday of the Old House in Flanders, members of Toc H come together in their thousands to light their Lamps from all over the world. The programme is extremely varied, except in its final event—the Lighting of the Lamps, which has gained a regular form. Twice (in the Albert Hall, London, and in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester) a Masque,

"The Light of the Lamp," has led up to it—music specially composed; colour and movement of big crowds; singing which at moments sweeps in the voices of the whole great family assembled; and for prologue, chorus and epilogue to bind all the episodes into one, the voice and presence, high above the scene, of the "Spirit of Light," a golden figure, crowned with bright rays and holding a sword-blade of brightness. The Masque opens with the persecuted Christians' chorus at daybreak on the hills of Rome in the first century, changing to the uplifting "Hymn of Light" as they march away through the audience to face death; it passes to the Crusades, to the trenches before Ypres, to the Old House in Poperinghe, to present days; it ends with the actual "Lamp-lighting." From the far end of the hall a small procession enters, followed at an interval by a great one. The first brings the Prince's Lamp—the senior or "parent" Lamp of Toc H, given by a very early and still very active member, the Prince of Wales, "in memory of his friends." This Lamp, lighted, is in the hands of a private soldier, the oldest servant of Talbot House, in "service dress," with a steel helmet; the "old guard" and the "new" surround him—pensioners in their scarlet coats, and boys in the uniforms of the scouts, the brigades, and a training ship, for so is betokened the passing on of the light from one generation to another and its maintenance. The great procession which follows is seen as a column, appearing endless, of swaying banners, uniform in size and in their black ground but infinitely varied in their bright heraldry. Each one of these hundreds of banners marks a Branch or Group of Toc H, at home or overseas, and precedes the bearer of the Lamp, or Rushlight, of that place, which is carried unlit. The procession moves up the hall, between the ranks of the whole family assembled; everyone is singing, as a swinging slow march, the words of Julia Ward Beecher's

hymn: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," to the old tune and chorus of *John Brown's Body*. The banners are ranged, rank on rank, as a high wall of shifting colour at the back of the platform, the Lamps and Rushlights in front of them. Lighted tapers, kindled at the Prince's Lamp, run along the rows until all are lit. The Prince of Wales himself takes his seat in the centre, and from his own Lamp lights the Lamps of all the Branches founded since the last Festival, which now come before him—Lamp and banner in pairs from left and right simultaneously. The Lamp-bearer kneels, receives the flame on his Lamp for the first time, rises, and with his banner-bearer passes on to his place behind. No audible words are spoken, but each new Lamp is greeted by the onlookers—especially those which betoken the growth of the family overseas, not least in the United States. The Prince rises: the word of command is given—"Light!" Instantly the brilliant lights in every part of the hall die out: only the concentrated flicker of hundreds of tiny flames remains. The first words of the ceremony are said, and the answer given in a sudden wave of sound—"We will remember them." Silence falls on the motionless thousands, which seem multiplied by the darkness in which they stand—silence increased rather than broken by bugles sounding the "Last Post," far off, as if they were blown among the Elder Brethren in the fields of sleep. Silence is shattered by the strident first note of *Réveillé*: all the lights in the place leap out again; the family breaks in a huge volume of sound into William Blake's *Jerusalem*: "And did those Feet, in ancient time, walk upon England's mountains green." Another year in the history of the movement is ended; another series of little bronze lamps, new lit, goes out into the world, to be maintained by the high-hearted service of little companies of men in many lands.

A word or two as to the remembrance of the Elder Brethren in Toc H, lest it seem to be some sort of "cult" dangerously near the sentimental. Thought about them is not regretful, but a "proud thanksgiving"; it is not a sentimental looking-back, but an incentive to continual fresh effort. To use a cant phrase, memory is to be not static but dynamic.

And us they trusted; we their task inherit,
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent;
But leaving us a portion of their spirit,
They gave their witness and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not build without us
That better country, faint and far descried,
God's own true England: but they did not doubt us—
And in that faith they died.

The central symbols of the Elder Brethren in Toc H speak therefore to this idea. They are to be found in the church in the City of London which, in "Tubby's" hands, has become a shrine and place of pilgrimage to which members of the family, whatever their religious opinions, are wont to turn—All Hallows, "Berkyngechirche," by-the-Tower. The fifteenth-century tomb of the warden of an old men's guild is the permanent resting place of the Prince's Lamp; it burns perpetually in a gilt and enamelled casket, enriched with the heraldry of all the Branches upon panels of painted glass, through which (in symbolism easily discerned) light from within shines. The inscription at the foot reads: "True love by life, true love by death is tried; live thou for England—we for England died." The next symbol flanks the altar on the opposite side to the lamp. It is a token of action—a naked sword set, point upward, in a metal rest and

surmounted by the double cross; the base upon which its hilt stands is engraved with the opening words of a passage—perhaps the finest—in the *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Then said Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, 'My sword I leave to him that shall succeed me on my pilgrimage.'" This is the sword of a very early member of Talbot House who fell in 1916; it was handed by his mother in Canada to the Prince of Wales, who brought it home and solemnly set it in its rest. The third symbol is the bronze full-length figure of a young soldier, dead, which lies, facing the rising sun, before the altar. This beautiful figure, by Cecil Thomas, is, indeed, the portrait of Alfred Forster, whose father, when Governor-General of Australia, was captured by the idea of Toc H—"not having seen, he yet believed." But in All Hallows it bears no name—only the double cross of Ypres and Laurence Binyon's words used in the ritual of "Light": "They shall grow not old . . . We will remember them." It commemorates one of two sons lost; but, more than that, it symbolizes, to all Toc H, faithful service to the limits of uttermost giving.

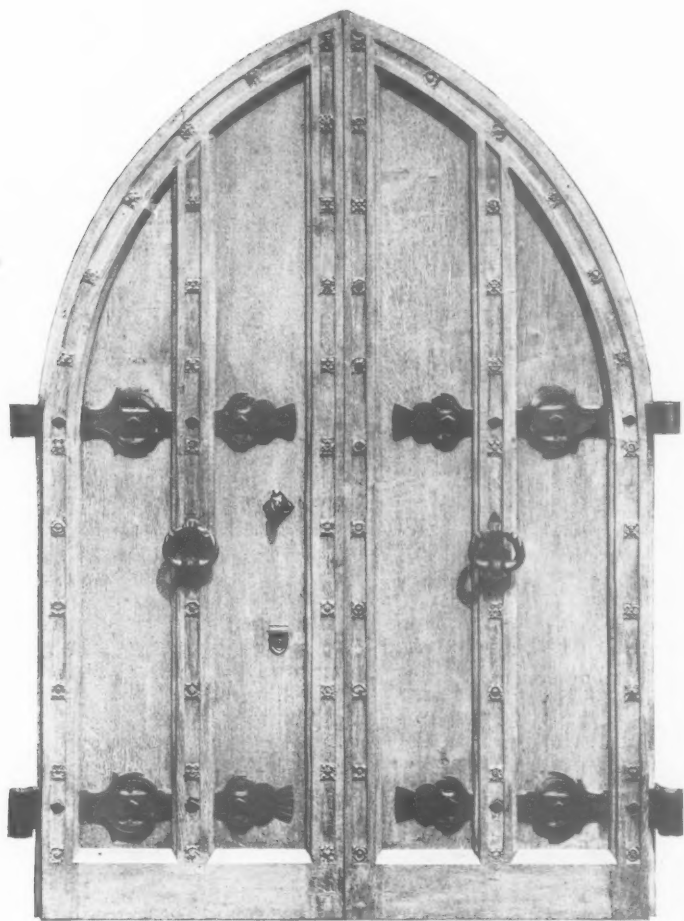
One other symbol remains to be mentioned, and it is to many members by far the greatest of all. It is a legacy of the Old House in Poperinghe, and its origin was characteristically "accidental." In the course of clearing the premises before they were opened to troops an old carpenter's bench was found in the potting-shed in the garden. It was carried to the big hop-loft, which, as in many Belgian houses, occupied the whole area under the sloping rafters. There it was set up and used, from the first morning, as the most central symbol of a Christian family. The carpenter's bench became the Table, the altar of the Carpenter of Nazareth; it was in very truth the work-bench at which He wrought, times beyond all counting, upon the hearts of men, corps commander or corporal, who climbed the steep stairs to this whitewashed attic.

If anything has been said in this disquisition, it should be that true symbolism is born, not made. It cannot be invented and imposed from outside; it must spring in the history of a living society and from the very stuff of its character. Its first simplicity may acquire a great wealth of ornament as time passes, but whenever the ornament obscures the essential idea within, symbolism is on the way to death; the mere sentimentalist and the liturgical "expert" are, therefore, among its enemies most to be feared. It is enough to watch the working of one's own mind in some country church where the crude, clean skill of a village carpenter, bred of the place perhaps centuries ago, confronts the best efforts of the "church furnisher" who knows all the rules but none of the worshippers to speak to. If the history of the society has any touch of nobility and its character of strength and truth, its symbols cannot fail of beauty. They are enrichments of its common speech, an actual enlargement of men's vocabulary. In them ideas and emotions transgress the boundary of words into a territory at once formal and more free. This spontaneity must live in symbols always, if they are to be vehicles of emotion and not merely of archæology. Symbols and ceremonies are but a "token" coinage, worthless if not backed by a spiritual treasury constantly replenished; the "outward and visible sign" is not even half a sacrament without the "inward and spiritual grace." And there is so much "grace" today that remains tongue-tied or, becoming articulate in outward forms, is afraid to speak plainly and freely, and so misses the true achievement of beauty—a thing worth saying well said.

Craftsmanship

Views and Reviews

A London Diary



The
Architectural Review
Supplement
JULY
1927

Church Furniture.

By Eric Gill.

"WHAT'S it all blooming well for?" asked the young giant from the height of spiritual exaltation engendered by the food of the gods, as he walked into London and looked down upon the anti-like inanities of the streets. Had he not been so tall he might have looked into a modern church and asked the same question in even greater perplexity.

I have been asked by the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW to write a few words on church furniture and, having a brow as high as any young giant's, I am compelled to admit that I am as puzzled as H. G. Wells's hero.

Furniture is anything necessary and useful wherewith a building is furnished, and an article on the subject should be equally necessary and useful to those who have in hand or in mind the business of furnishing. What should be said to such persons? It seems to me that the very first thing to be said is that as we now live in the midst of an industrial system, and as there is a fundamental and necessary incompatibility between industrialism and any religion which involves the worship of God, therefore the products of industrialism are unsuitable for the furnishing of churches.

It must be fairly well understood what is meant by industrialism, and for the purpose of this article it must be assumed that the worship of God involves the affirmation that man is a creature having free-will, and is therefore responsible both for what he does and for what he makes. Now, industrialism depends upon the practical denial of this responsibility. Your industrialist does not, indeed, say: "I deny that man has free-will, and I deny that men are responsible for what they do or make" (he is probably not sufficiently clear-headed for that). What, in effect, he says is: "I do not deny that man has free-will—I don't know anything about it—but I'm jolly well not going to give him a chance of using it if he has it." As a well-known jam manufacturer said to an inquiring Quaker whom he was showing round his factory (in London): "Every employee must understand that I am God Almighty in this place," and I need hardly add that he had a special workroom wherein they made pips for raspberries, and that of no individual pip could you say that anyone was responsible for making it.

Such, reduced to tragi-comedy, is the industrial system. It depends upon mass production in factories. It uses machinery as much as possible. It is run with the object of making money. As another great industrialist said (to me), speaking of the old-fashioned English farmers: "What these people don't understand is that farming is not a life; it's a business," and business is a thing of which you reckon the success in terms of money.

Being, then, quite clear in our minds as to the nature of our industrial system, and being quite clear that it is an irreligious arrangement in its essence, we are the more free to applaud its many admirable products. So-and-so's jam is really astonishingly good, considering how it's made. Railway travelling is really amazingly comfortable, considering the rate you go at. No one can deny that it is really very clever of us to know how to make telephones and typewriters; and the little tins in which they sell you a quarter of a pound of Player's Medium Navy Cut (Imperial Tobacco Co., branch of) are not only remarkably useful for tin-tacks, but are very decent little things in themselves. There is no "art nonsense" about blocked tin. Art nonsense is, indeed, the devil. And if we could only keep our industrialists off "art" all would be fairly well. Not that there is anything wrong with art. Art, after all, is only the well making of what needs making, and a work of art is simply a thing well made, so that even a Player's tobacco tin may, without feeling that its tongue is in its cheek, claim to be a work of art. But that is not what is

understood by the term, least of all by industrialists, and when they say "art," they think of something ornamental and useless or, if not useless, at least useful chiefly as is sugar on a pill.

However, we have an admirable system, called industrial, by which we are enabled to "turn out" a vast number of admirable things—from ships to sealing-wax—and at so cheap a rate that even a beggar boy is ashamed if he be without his fountain pen or his sock-suspenders. It is, indeed, an admirable system of industry, and if it does not appear to work with the utmost smoothness (strikes and rumours of strikes, and two million men out of work), that should not blind us to the admirableness of its products.

We are quite clear, then. We have no quarrel with plain, straightforward, decent, unornamented factory articles. On the contrary, we have for many such an almost indecent admiration. We have often been caught spellbound in adoration before a motor-car with its bonnet up (to us, indeed, a motor-car is chiefly admirable as an object for contemplation), and a Kalamazoo "loose-leaf" ledger does not leave us cold.

We are quite clear, also, as to the fact that this admirable system called industrial is fundamentally antagonistic in practice to religion (i.e. God worship as opposed to jam-factory magnate worship), and would be so in theory if its supporters had any theory.

Moreover, it is clear that furniture, whether for churches or hotels, is the very thing industrialism chiefly aims at supplying. Industrialism may, in fact, be pictured in the mind as that row of Jewish shops at Lourdes wherein they sell rosaries and medals for Catholics. There seems to be a clash—at any rate it seems queer—and one is driven to conclude that in spite of admirable services rendered by both parties (for, as we forgot to say, religion also has much to be said for it and may justly claim many admirable products and many valuable achievements), *one or the other must go*.

In spite of the *Times Literary Supplement* and the Catholic Social Guild, in spite of Bournville and "scientific management," it remains impossible to eat the pudding one has already demolished. Why try? Why not go bald-headed for one thing or the other? Why not have either a religious world in which every man is a responsible workman, loving God and doing (and therefore making) precisely and even deliberately what he likes—a world in which workmen, co-operating as much as they choose with their fellow-workmen (trade unions or guilds, both qualitative and quantitative), deal directly with their customers—a world in which the man of commerce is thoroughly subordinate and one in which kings, princes, and governors, recognizing the spiritual supremacy of the Church of God, make themselves responsible for the grand business of peace (i.e. "the tranquillity of order") or, if you judge that kind of world to be a fool's paradise, why not have a properly co-ordinated industrial world wherein, personal freedom being relegated strictly to spare time, every one is bound to work to the order of his superior (he'll be a criminal if he does not)—the final court of appeal being an international council (probably sitting at Geneva) whose ruling motive shall be the complete and thorough exploitation of all the natural resources of this globe?

In such a world "mere toil"—manual, physical toil—will have been eliminated by machinery (running the machines will have become, we must suppose, an intellectual occupation), and we shall only have to see to it that what the industrialist calls "art" be left out; for art, in his sense, belongs to the pre-industrial world; it derives from the ancient instinct of the responsible workman of former times to titivate the thing he had, off his own bat, thought it worth while to make. We must have none of that if we elect to go in for the industrial world. We mustn't, not

because we shouldn't be able to afford it (nothing on earth is cheaper than machine-made "art"), but because the thing depends for its goodness upon that personal fancy and personal responsibility which was the very first thing we agreed to eliminate.

But if we get this industrial world there will not be any churches and so there won't be any church furniture. That seems a simple solution of our difficulties. If, on the other hand, we plump for the religious world, what are we to do meanwhile? What are we to do while we are still half throttled by the commercialism which is the basis of industrialism today? I believe there is an easy solution to this one, too. The answer is: What you don't need, go without, and what you need, get good. But two questions are here urgent. What *do* we need, and what is *good*? We must answer these at all costs. The first is really simple. What we need is what authority prescribes, and authority, having much sense, prescribes very little. "Stations of the Cross," for instance, are by no means necessary, and even where there seems a necessity for that "devotion," authority prescribes merely wooden crosses, fourteen in number, and nothing more at all. Sculptures, generally speaking, are not necessary. In Catholic churches you *must* have a crucifix on the altar (and you must have an altar), but any uneducated child can make a good crucifix, which is more than a limited liability company can do. Indeed, the only difficulty is finding the authority, and some three hundred and forty million Christians find no difficulty even in that! Their only difficulty is in doing what he says.

I don't myself believe that "good" is a difficulty either. What

is reasonable is good, and nothing else. Is it reasonable, in the year 1927, to have sham Gothic or sham Byzantine or sham any other style of furniture? Of course it isn't. If there is a thing you need (i.e. prescribed by authority) and you can only get it from a factory, is it reasonable to have it plastered o'er with the pale cast of "art"? Of course it isn't. Then don't. It is reasonable to have it absolutely plain and merely useful. Have it so. Is it reasonable to have statues in churches which move sentimental persons to tears of devotion, but which enrage all others? It is not—because sentimental persons are *ipso facto* unreasonable persons and should not be catered for. Is it reasonable to make stone appear like flesh and blood (naturalistic) or to embroider a lamb (as we have seen it done) on the back of a chasuble such that it looks like a miniature lamb from a slaughter house? We should think not. All naturalistic painting and sculpture, embroidery or coloured glass is unreasonable and has no place but in the museum. It is unreasonable in any public place, and especially in churches (i.e. places wherein God is worshipped and wherein, therefore, the unreasonable should be proscribed), because it is indecent to flaunt personal fancies and emotions and idiosyncrasies before strangers, and indecency is unreasonable. Every moral evil is unreasonable, and every wilful denial of truth is a moral evil.

Shall we get beautiful churches and church furniture by thus pursuing the rule of reason? God knows. At any rate, we should avoid present vulgarities and inanities; and the field of fancy, having lain fallow for a generation, will perhaps bear a better crop later on.



THE ALTAR IN RIVINGTON CHURCH, LANCASHIRE.

The altar table, reredos, panelling, and altar rails are of old Cheshire oak. The altar cross is of ebony and ivory.
Architects: THOMAS WORTHINGTON AND SONS. Joiner: L. BROWN. Wood carving: EARP, HOBBS, AND MILLER.
The cross was designed and made by ALAN DURST.

A Craftsman's Portfolio.

Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.

XV.—Church Furniture and Detail.



The processional wand in silver and enamel used at the opening of Liverpool Cathedral.

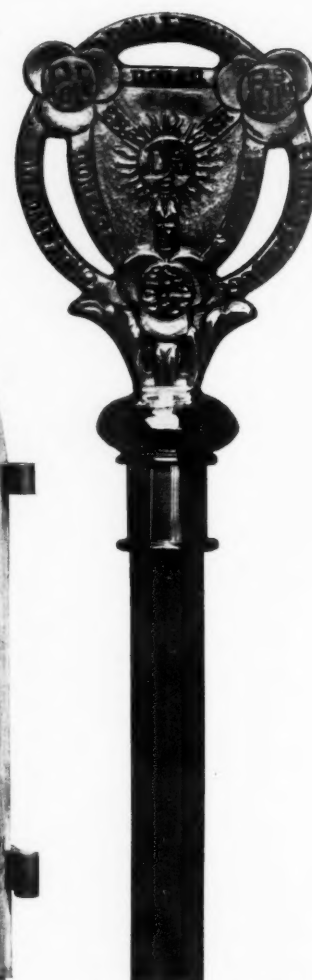
Designer of the wand :
EDWARD SPENCER.

Craftsmen :
THE ARTIFICERS' GUILD.
Architect for the Cathedral :
SIR GILES G. SCOTT, R.A.



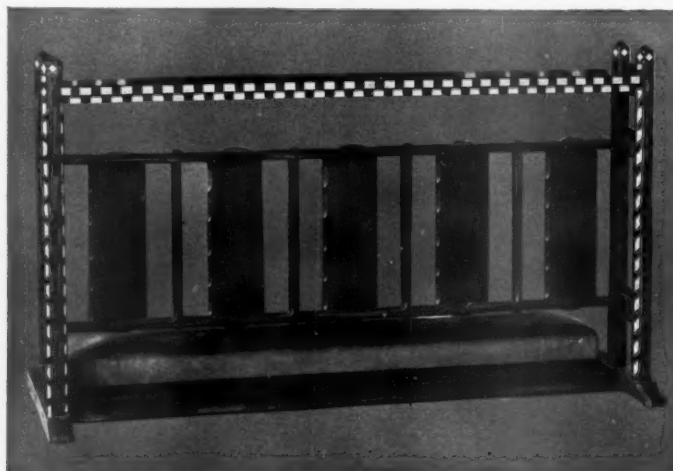
A church door in British oak.

Architect: SIR ROBERT LORIMER, A.R.A. *Joinery work :* NATHANIEL GRIEVE,
Carving by W. AND A. CLOW.



A churchwarden's stave, made of oak, with a bronze mount of the emblem of the Trinity.

Designers and Craftsmen :
F. SMYTHE GREENWOOD
AND H. ALWYN WATTS
OF THE WARHAM GUILD.



A kneeler in brown ebony inlaid with bone for the Chapel of St. Andrew, Westminster Cathedral, London.

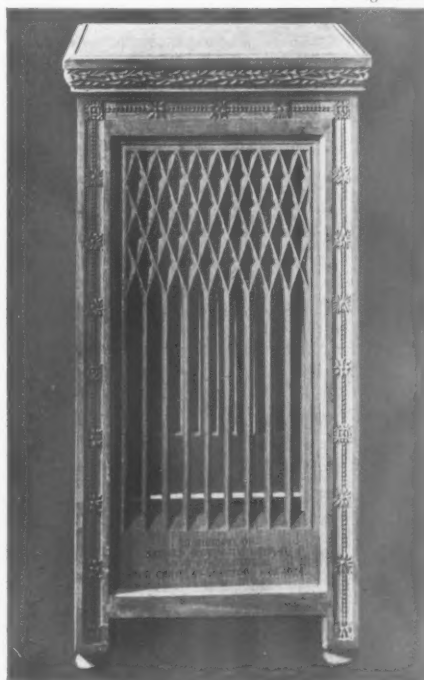
Designer : SIDNEY BARNSLEY.
Craftsman : W. H. BERRY
(under the supervision of
EDWARD BARNSLEY).
Architect for the Chapel :
R. S. WEIR.



The carved oak chancel screen for Haverhill Church, Suffolk.
Architects: JACKSON AND LAMBERT. *Craftsman:* G. M. HAMMER.



The carved altar at St. Anselm's Church, Hatch End, Middlesex.
Designer: CHARLES SPOONER. *Craftsman:* JOSEPH ARMITAGE.



A small credence table
 in Liverpool Cathedral.
Craftsman:
 H. G. RATCLIFF.
Architect:
 SIR GILES G. SCOTT, R.A.



A lectern in carved oak for the Church of
 St. Michael and All Angels, Little Ilford, E.
Craftsman:
 A. ROBINSON.
Designer:
 CHARLES SPOONER.



The pulpit in St. John's Church,
 Pittenweem, Fife.
Craftsmen:
 W. AND A. CLOW.
Architect:
 SIR ROBERT LORIMER, A.R.A.

Top :
A detail of the cross Head to the
Memorial in
Cruckton Churchyard, Shropshire.
Designer :
HUBERT WORTHINGTON.
Modelled by
MALCOLM MILLER
(Earp, Hobbs, and Miller).



Below :
An altar cross
made in
ebony and ivory
for
St. Leonard's Church,
Middleton, Lancashire.
Designer and Craftsman :
ALAN DURST.



Above :
An altar cross
in ebony and ivory
in
Rivington Church, Lancashire.
Designer and Craftsman :
ALAN DURST.
Architects :
THOMAS WORTHINGTON
AND SONS.



Bottom :
A crucifix in the side chapel of
St. Paul's Church, Bury, Lanes.
The cross is of ebony bound
with silver. The aureole is of gold,
and the pelican is of inlaid boxwood.
Designer :
HUBERT WORTHINGTON.
Craftsmen :
Earp, Hobbs, and Miller.

CRAFTSMANSHIP.

Church Furniture and Detail.

Top :

A processional cross in bronze gilt, studded with amethysts and carbuncles.

Designer :

EDWARD SPENCER.

Craftsmen :

THE ARTIFICERS' GUILD.



Below :

A processional cross in silver and enamels at St. Chad's Church, Leicester.

Designer : W. H. PICK.

Craftsmen : THE DRYAD WORKS.

Architects : PICK, EVERARD,

KEAY AND GIMSON.



Above :

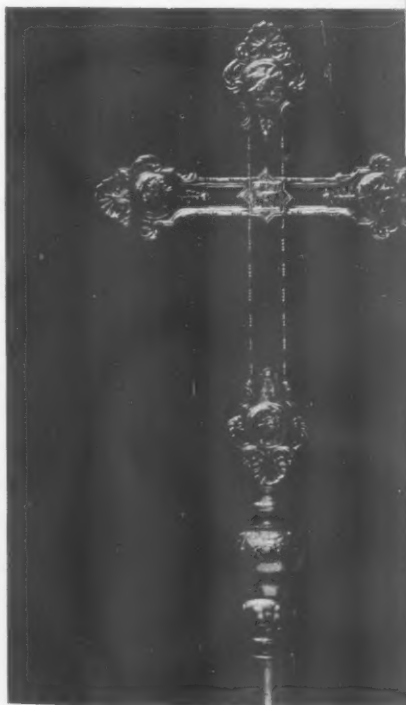
A processional cross in silver at St. Olave's Church, Finsbury Park, London.

Designer :

EDWARD SPENCER.

Craftsmen :

THE ARTIFICERS' GUILD.



Bottom :

A processional cross in handwrought brass, in the centre of which is the emblem of the Agnus Dei raised from a background of green and blue mother-of-pearl.

Designer and Craftsman :

H. MINNS OF THE WARHAM GUILD.





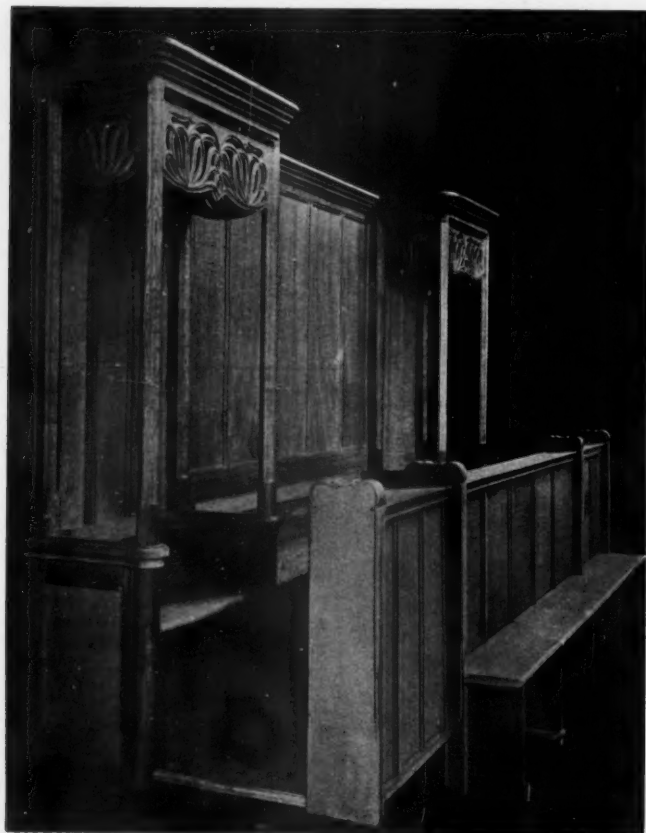
Detail of the lectern in St. John's Church, Lattingtown, U.S.A.
Craftsmen : W. AND A. CLOW.
Architect : SIR ROBERT LORIMER, A.R.A.



The font in the Church of St. Columba, Scarborough.
Craftsmen : Masonry by W. T. PETCH. Cover by A. W. SINCLAIR.
Architects : TEMPLE MOORE AND MOORE.



The lectern in St. John's Church, Pittenweem, Fife.
Craftsmen : W. AND A. CLOW.
Architect : SIR ROBERT LORIMER, A.R.A.



The Selwyn Memorial choir stalls, Uppingham.
Craftsman : JOHN THOMPSON.
Architect : WILLIAM G. NEWTON.



The bishop's chair at the Holy Apostles' Church, Leicester.
Craftsman : PETER WAALS.
Architect : WILLIAM KEAY.