

Patrick's is the largest in the Western world. More than half a century ago its corner-stone was laid by Archbishop Hughes, and its building was carried forward by his successors, Cardinal McCloskey and Archbishop Corrigan. The honor of freeing the cathedral from debt belongs to Archbishop Farley, and last week he performed the quaint and impressive service of consecration. It began before dawn, when the Archbishop, accompanied by priests and acolytes, marched thrice about the church in the performance of the ancient rites which had their origin in the Jewish rites instituted by Solomon. Sprinkling the walls of the cathedral with holy water, the Archbishop knocked before the closed door with the base of his crozier, saying, "Lift up your gates, O ye Princes, and be lifted up, O Eternal Gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in." From within the church, where the deacon at the door was stationed alone, came the response: "Who is this King of Glory?" The Archbishop replied: "The Lord, who is strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." After another march around the church the ceremony was repeated, and after a third march, when the door was reached the Archbishop replied to the deacon with the words, "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." At the response the great doors swung open and the procession passed in. Then there took place the ceremony of tracing the Greek and Latin alphabets in ashes spread on the floor, and of tracing crosses on the inside of the doors in symbol of the guard set against malign influences from without that might thwart the work of redemption within. Then the procession marched to the Cathedral College to escort to the church certain sacred relics, being the bones of St. Beata and St. Felicitas, who suffered martyrdom in Rome in the early part of the third century. There followed the ceremony of consecrating the altar. Finally came the longer procession of various Roman Catholic orders, students of the Cathedral College, and members of religious orders, together with forty-one bishops, twelve archbishops, and three cardinals—Gibbons of America, Logue of Ireland, and Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, the last named a prelate of towering

stature. The picture presented by the brilliant uniforms of the Catholic officials, the somberly cowed monks, the acolytes in red cassocks and white lace surplices, the Christian Brothers in their black soutanes, and the scarlet-clad dignitaries of the Church, harmonized with the decoration of the cathedral's interior with bright autumn leaves and laurel. The most noticeable decoration, however, hung above the altar, the red hat of Cardinal McCloskey, the first American cardinal. His name was on every one's lips, for the celebration of the consecration of St. Patrick's marked also the celebration of the centenary of his birth. Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant of the Pontifical Mass, and Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, was the preacher. The consecration is of interest not only to Roman Catholics, but also to Protestants, for the cathedral's history forms a chapter in the growth of the metropolis and the growth of the Church in America; and the long delay in the consecration should suggest to those Protestant communions, other than the Episcopal, whose churches are consecrated long before they are paid for that they may learn something from their Roman Catholic brethren. To postpone consecration until debts are paid is a practical declaration that there can be no joint ownership of a church; it must belong wholly to God if it is to be his house.



WINSLOW HOMER In the death of Winslow Homer America loses one of her most original, powerful, and gifted painters. It is always dangerous to employ superlatives, and yet we venture to say that the working artists of the country, if they could have taken a vote just before his death, would have united upon him as being the greatest living American painter. He was born in Boston seventy-four years ago, and as a boy showed marked ability in drawing. His first work in drawing and design was done in a lithographer's office. When he was still a very young man, he came to New York, and after overcoming many difficulties achieved such success as an illustrator that he was sent by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to the front during the Civil War to make illustrations for "Harper's

Weekly." His work attracted instant attention on account of its genuine human quality—perhaps quite as much for this quality as for its technical worth. His career as a painter began at the close of the Civil War, and no American artist has produced a greater variety of canvases. He achieved a striking and personal success in landscape, in marine pictures, in figure composition, and in water-colors. His work was never done within narrow limits either of methods or of ideas, although two dominant qualities show themselves through it all—the love of Nature in her out-of-doors aspect and a love of Nature as she shows herself especially in the artist's native land. Mr. Homer made more than one brief visit to Europe, but no American artist has been less influenced than he by European painting. It is very much to be hoped that some memorial exhibition of his work will be shown in New York and other art centers of the country; such an exhibition, if it were really representative, would reveal a variety of subjects, a catholicity of taste, and an extraordinary range of technical power which would perhaps astonish even those who are well informed in the history of American art. He painted army teamsters, Adirondack trout, the luxuriant flowers of the West Indies, and the rugged rocks and rugged fishermen of the Maine coast with equal success. Those who are familiar only with the dramatic and sometimes almost brutal power of his later canvases may be surprised to know that he could and did paint landscapes quite as full of idyllic and shimmering charm as the landscapes of Daubigny, Harpignies, or Cazin. Some of his water-colors painted thirty years ago—a group of children in a berry pasture, two or three boys playing with toy boats, a farmer's wife feeding chickens—are almost photographic in their realism, and yet depict the invisible breeze and the intangible sunlight with the skill of the most accomplished French impressionist. Mr. Homer did little or no portraiture, but his famous picture called "All's Well," a picture showing the head and shoulders of a lookout on the deck of his ship at sea under the stars, indicates what he might have done with the human face if portrait-painting had interested him. He

was a man of great independence of thought and action, and preferred to live and work with the least possible social interruption, but he was a man of singularly interesting personality to those who had the good fortune to break through his natural reserve and come into somewhat intimate relation with him. His sincerity, honesty, and fearlessness of all social conventions showed itself in his art, which in a somewhat commercial age was not in the minutest degree tainted with commercialism. His life and work afford another proof that our democracy, which is often accused of being essentially commercial, is capable of producing high forms of art.



THE BLUE BIRD The New Theater in New York City is fortunate in being able to open its season with a play far removed from the triviality and vulgarity so prevalent. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is a strange but pleasing combination of a fairy tale with an allegory. So much has been said about the subtlety of Maeterlinck's symbolism that it is worth while to point out that the audiences find this charming fantasy not only human and beautiful but simple in its purport. On the other hand, while the conception is poetical, the writing of the play does not abound in passages which, taken in themselves, are poetically expressed—so far, at least, as one may judge from the translation. The beauty of thought and feeling lies in the idea rather than in the words. The story, unfolded through many stage scenes which delight the eye, tells of the adventures of Tityl and Mityl, two peasant children, who are sent by the fairy Berlune in search of a wonderful blue bird, the symbol of the source of happiness. By means of a magic cap with a diamond to be turned at the right time, they may see the souls of all things in bodily form, so that with them go the embodied souls of Fire, Water, Bread, Milk, Sugar, the Dog and the Cat—the common things of life—all fantastically presented. Water's flowing dance, Fire's impetuous rush, the Dog's honest faithfulness, the Cat's snarling selfishness, are skillfully rendered. The children find that their grandparents are recalled to existence whenever they are remembered