

such a judgment, even thoughtful *amateurs* will rise above its influence, who know that Murillo's works, far richer than gems, have been borne on the wings of princely wealth all over Europe; until none will longer come, even from impoverished Spain, and at the call of Croesus, so justly are they there held above all price. And this seeking of them has not been for the gratification of personal vanity alone, however much the cherished vice of aristocratic selfishness, has succeeded in hiding from others such means of delight and improvement; but enlightened governments, guided by highest art-judgment, have sought them too, as art-models for the study of the tyro, and the admiration of the learned. Nor has England been remiss in striving to replace the losses incurred during the short rule of Puritan bigotry, when inestimable treasures of art were sold for a song, and carried abroad. Happily some of her galleries—the Dulwich, near, and the National and Bethnal Green, in London—will enable those who do not look through the distorted media of prejudice, or hasty judgments, to determine—so far as the premises will allow—for themselves, the merits of many of the great masters. Where, with the Flower-girl and Beggar-boy at the first named; the Holy Family, Saint Joseph and Child, Saint John and Lamb, and the Peasant-boy, at the second; and seven splendid specimens from the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, at the last; before them, we doubt not they will—as Mr. Ruskin himself says of his readers—be “surprised that he named Murillo among men of the third rank.” The painting of Murillo which hangs next in the order of examination, makes still more manifest the error of Mr. Ruskin's judgment.

No. 90.—*San Felix de Cantalicio*. Ramblers about Rome remember the convent and church of the mendicant Order of the Capuchins, near the Fontana de Tritone. Felix was one of that brotherhood, and for forty-five years of his life tramped the streets of the Eternal City, begging for his convent. And such was his spiritual purity and piety, his humility, penances, and works of charity, with the means given him by a reverent philanthropy, that he had the love of the people among whom he daily moved, as well as the affectionate gratitude of the friars among whom he dwelt. The tradition is told of him, that going out one stormy night in quest of food for his poor brethren, a radiant child appeared to him, and putting bread into his wallet, vanished. This vision has been the subject of many paintings by Spanish artists, who are said to have more happily presented it than the Italians. Felix was canonized by Pope Urban VIII, about forty years after his death in 1625. Murillo not long after, gave fresh lustre to his sanctity, when he painted for the Capuchins in Seville the vision of a Holy Presence to their Roman brother—as Horace would have called it, this “Poem without words.” One of the great pleasures in looking at the works of this master, comes from the originality of his conceptions. He was not a copyist of other men’s compositions. His genius sought in realms of its own revelations of the beautiful. This is strikingly shown by the picture of St. Felix de Cantalicio. Rising above the common-place, literal treatment of those who had gone before him, Murillo clothes a tender poetic sentiment in a luminous revelation really ravishing to look on. Felix, of life size—in the brown habit, hood,

and knotted hempen cord of his order, and with beggar's bag and bread on the ground by his side—is seen kneeling on a rock, with upturned face of grateful purification, and upraised arms bearing the divine child—an exquisite portraiture of infantile perfection. It is the restoration of personified innocence to maternal yearning after its companionship, given for a time to the friar's longing spirit after all goodness. The Virgin Mother—a vision of beauty, in form, feature, and posture, wrapped in robe of violet, with blue mantle floating full and free—leans from an atmosphere of golden æther, with extended arms, to receive her own again. The impulsive grace of gladness which heightens the mother's loveliness; the joy of clustering angels as they burst from the dimness of distance, to welcome back to the skies sinlessness alike their own; the devotion and duty of faith irradiated from the face of Felix; all toned to softness by a mystic veil of vapour—the last fascinating expression of Murillo's inspired pencil—make this picture both a peerless painting, and a glorious art-poem. It is not surprising that Sir Edmund Head, one of the highest authorities, when speaking of it in connection with other art-treasures in Seville, should have said—"the delicate execution and colour of this great work, and the beauty of the Virgin's figure, make it, perhaps, superior to any one of the series: certainly in my opinion, superior to the St. Anthony of the cathedral"—undoubtedly one of the finest paintings known to the art-world. This vision of Saint Felix de Cantalicio, was the offspring of true genius, inspired by love of the beautiful and good.

In presence of this pearl of pictures, Mr. Ruskin's

classification of Murillo among "lower," "evil," painters, seems like a piece of unaccountable prejudice, wilful blindness, or—what is as perverting of judgment—of religious bigotry, which cannot distinguish between an elevated art, giving expression to poetic ideas, and beautiful sentiments, coming of a pure, and—it may or may not be—devotional imagination, and a superstition which aims at propagating debasing delusions. Governed by an unenlightened, narrow, and puritanical, rule of art-ethics, classical Italy would cease to be the shrine of art-pilgrims from every land; Rome no longer be thought of as the sepulchre from which has risen the redeemer of mediæval barbarism; and modern civilization, which wisely puts forth its hand, to pluck things pleasing to the sense, and profitable to the mind and heart wheresoever they may be found, would want the fire from the olden altar of inspiration, and long in vain for the marble adornments fashioned from forms of grace, and for the material revelations of fact, of fancy, and of feeling, bequeathed us by pagan genius. "To the pure all things are pure;" and to the wise, instructive also. The picturesque of poverty, if faithful to truth—notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's repugnance to Murillo's "Beggar Boys"—is not less so than the gaud and glitter of royalty. And revelry in dreams and imagery, is but a spiritual evolution of nature's impressions; and the record, with pen or pencil, will not shock the liberal-minded, who study the great volume which inspires them. Art, classic or gothic, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, in its varied phases, heightens the enchantments of already teeming Edens of earth, and its waste places are made beautiful thereby. The Roman Forum,

floored and pillared with marble, was still prouder than before, when the Temple of Vespasian from the Capitoline, and the Palace of the Cæsars from the Palatine, threw their shadows down on arches and basilicas, shrines, monuments, and rostra, clustering in imperial magnificence below. And the granite grandeur of the Church of the Escorial adorns the barrenness belting it round about; while the bleak Sierra looks loftily on the stern, yet classic sculpture, hewn from its own ruggedness. Pagan and Christian, alike, have invoked the aid of art, to give utterance to the soul's emotions. And it surely ill becomes present civilization, to make its efforts in any direction, subjects of ungenerous—much more so of unjust—criticism.

No. 92.—*Saint Anthony of Padua and the Infant Jesus.* To say that this picture, hanging next to the last described, can nevertheless fasten attention, is sufficient to show our appreciation of its merit. The subject is of legendary origin. And the painting is full of spiritual life and meaning—another unwritten poem, awakening deep—if silent—sympathies. It suggests revelation and redemption, humility and yearning after righteousness, and the divine source of salvation, at a glance. The devotion of St. Anthony to the service of his Master, and his legendary vision of the infant Saviour descending and standing on the Gospel he was expounding, have already been referred to. Murillo's great painting in the Seville Cathedral, represents the child amid a glory of angels, in act of coming from heaven to the supplicating saint. In this he is shown seated on the open volume, with uplifted hand pointing to the skies, and a face radiant of instruction to the

kneeling saint to look thither, to the Author of All Truth, for the inspiration of wisdom and the gift of goodness. St. Anthony, in the spring-time of manhood (he died when but thirty-six years of age), clothed in the brown habit and hood of a Franciscan friar; the knotted hempen cord hanging from his waist, significant of suffering for sin, and of the subjection of the body to the spirit—"as a beast led by a halter;" and a lily—emblem of purity and chastity—in his right hand; embraces with his left arm the young Saviour: while his gaze, that of a most spiritual face, is eloquent of fervid love, faith, and yearning after the fellowship of righteousness. Light breaking through darkness beyond, reveals a cloud of angel-innocents thickening the air with forms of beauty; for the creation of which Murillo has had no equal. He must have delighted in childhood's graces and joyousness, thus to have become imbued with their sweet influences, and the matchless power of giving them feature and expression. Whether sporting on clouds, or hovering in air on snowy wings, flinging flowers or waving palms, ascending or descending, advancing or receding, or flitting aslant the cerulean, upholding folds of the mysterious azure, or diving into the depths of space, all such difficult passages of art were welcome themes for the triumphs of his pencil; which left naught save lines of truth, ravishing colour, a life-like fashioning and expression, to lead captive the emotions of the heart and the sanction of the judgment. This picture is without an equal of its kind, for drawing, utterance, and colour-freshness as if it had just come from the easel—although painted two centuries and a-half ago—except in the St. Francis, by the same

master, in the convent-church of Santa Catalina at Cadiz. A throng of professional copyists are always at work before this painting, and before the other masterpieces of Murillo in this gallery—Santo Tomas de Villa Nueva, San Francisco, and San Felix de Cantalicio. The foreign demand for copies of these works is great.

No. 93—*A Conception*, so faded as to have lost the traces of Murillo's characteristic rendering of this subject. He also made the mistake of attempting a manifestation of God the Father, in this picture. He should have known that "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat." Truly, He is beyond the reach of human conception. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" would be wisely questioned of one's-self ere an attempt at His delineation. We can scarcely think that Murillo's reverence would have allowed the presumption, had not authoritative instruction accompanied an order for the work. It was his misfortune to live at a time when ecclesiastical authority was dominant—and damning too to the disobedient, even in profane matters. Poor Pietro Torrigiano, whose life-like terracotta San Geronimo is in this museum, by resistance to dictation, became a victim of inquisitorial persecution.

No. 95—*SS. Justina y Rufina*. These were daughters of a potter living in Seville. Certain persons coming to their shop to buy earthenware needed in an idolatrous worship of the Spanish Venus, they refused to sell, saying that their ware was for the service of God. Whereupon crimination and recrimination led to a general smashing of crockery; and an image of Venus, borne by the would-be purchasers, having suffered in

the meleé the sisters were taken before the prefect, and accused of sacrilege. Boldly avowing themselves Christians, they were condemned to suffer death, and thus became martyrs. This happened early in the fourth century. Subsequently canonized, they have since been considered the special patronesses of Seville. Of course art has been made to honour these lucky ladies; and Murillo, above all others, was required by the Church, as well as by popular sentiment, to *immortalize* them. But for such a pressure, he probably would not have shown—as he has in this picture—two irascible shopkeepers holding up the Giralda Tower of the Cathedral—of which they are the reputed guardians—to prevent a tempest raised by Satan for the purpose, from blowing it down. The composition is of necessity stiff and formal. A multitude of architectural straight lines and angles surmounted by a weathercock, could not be made pleasing, however pretty the patronesses look “in colours.” The crockery at their feet significant of their humble origin and occupation, as well as of the cause which led to the “flare up,” and its tragic consequences, is by no means the least meritorious feature of the picture. Murillo’s pencil, familiar in his early days of want with the artistic trumpery which found buyers in the market-places, was as much at home among pots, pans, and pitchers, as in a sun-burst, or amid a cloud of cherubim and seraphim.

No. 96—*The Annunciation*; and No. 116—*A Conception*, quite small, probably a sketch for a large painting, now in the Madrid Gallery, complete the collection of twenty-one undoubted Murillos in the Seville Museum.

Juan de Roelas, though born in Seville about 1558, probably studied in Italy under Tintoretto. He is represented in this Museum by the Martyrdom of St. Andrew. Though hastily finished to meet the requirements of his contract—as to time—it is well spoken of by some judges; and would perhaps be better thought of by all, were it not for the disadvantage of being placed among so many of Murillo's masterpieces. Roelas' greatest work will be found elsewhere.

Francisco de Herrera—as fiery in temper as in genius, has here his chief painting, founded on the legend of Hermenegildo, spoken of in another place. In this picture the martyred Prince is seen ascending to heaven, crowned by cherubs, amid varied attendants. Though neglect and dust have dimmed its former freshness, there still remain evidences of accurate and free drawing, dignity of composition, and effective colouring. The merits of this picture obtained from Philip IV the artist's pardon for an offence against the laws of the kingdom.

Juan de Castillo is not seen in this Museum to advantage. He is better known as the instructor of both Cano and Murillo, than by his paintings.

Francisco Pacheco—has here some specimens of his style; which though not offending the rules of his art, are yet wanting in fancy and force. His colouring is hard and cold. He had more learning than genius, and his writings, abounding in interesting anecdotes, were his most valuable contributions to the gratification of his countrymen.

Alonzo Cano and Valdes are both represented. But

their works in other collections, show their powers to better advantage.

Zurbaran also has several paintings which do not confirm the expectation formed from the usual estimate of his abilities: and his reputed masterpiece, likewise here, serves to throw them still further into the shade. That one picture deserves particular notice. It is numbered 1, hangs at the head of the gallery, nearly covering it with rich colouring, and is called, *The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas*. This eminent theologian, of a noble Calabrian family, at an early age took the habit of St. Dominick in a convent of that order in Naples; and though strongly opposed by his parents, who took him to their Castle near Aquapendente, he succeeded in escaping and making his final vows. He is said to have been the most learned member of the distinguished brotherhood to which he belonged, and to have largely contributed to the overthrow of the heresies of Arius, Sabellius and Averrhoes. His serene temper and dispassionate manner, are thought to have given him great advantages in the polemical controversies in which he engaged; and in which he was probably aided also by his resolute and persevering character, exemplified when he was but a boy, by his resistance of parental authority. As a doctor of divinity no one of the Roman Catholic Church stands higher: and thus Zurbaran has sought to honour him by deification. The painting embraces seventeen figures, most of them rather larger than life-size. To facilitate its study it may be divided into three parts—an upper, middle, and lower. The first named occupies the smallest space of the canvas. The second is most comprehensive, and signi-

ficant. While the third comes next in breadth and character. Or, viewing them as presenting distinct—yet correlative—subjects, the upper part contemplates *eternity*, the lower *time*, the intermediate a *transition* from one to the other. Analyzing the details of each, the upper space is found presenting an appropriate indistinctness of distance, in which, barely visible, are enthroned on clouds, on the right of the picture, God and the Son. Their drapery is of fading blue and crimson, ample on the former, partial on the latter—against whose naked side leans a cross. On the left of the picture, above, are, scarcely seen, St. Paul in a golden robe—with a sword—and St. Dominick in his friar's habit. They seem to have been put forward as greatest teachers and preachers of Christianity, to welcome their coming fellow-labourer. The Holy Spirit, as a dove, occupies the centre of the upper part—looking like the vanishing point of a gradually fading golden atmosphere. Almost invisible angels, like multitudinous spirits, float in the far-off æther; but the Virgin is nowhere seen. In the latter particular, and in many minutiae of Spanish art, the commonly used English Hand-books are not reliable. In the much larger—middle—space of the canvas, are St. Thomas Aquinas in act of ascending to immortality, and the four great Doctors of the Church—the four Latin Fathers, as they are distinctively called—attesting his title thereto. St. Thomas as the prominent figure of the group, occupies the middle of the picture, and is standing, habited in the white woollen tunic, and black mantle of a Dominican; supporting an open book on his left hand, the right—somewhat raised—holding a pen, and his face turned upward

as if peering into hidden mysteries. Zurbaran could have fancied a much more befitting face for the eminent subject of his Apotheosis, than that he borrowed from Don Augustine de Escobar. It is fat, pulpy, and insipid, without height or breadth of forehead, or well-marked features, expressive of intellectual capacity, spiritual endowments, or force of character. But Zurbaran's art was constrained to subserviency to a wretched ambition to have its own insignificance perpetuated. Escobar had place and power, with the gift of patronage. Zurbaran, his brush alone with which to earn his bread. The four Latin Fathers are seated, two on each side of St. Thomas. On his right St. Gregory and St. Ambrose. On his left St. Jerome and St. Augustine. St. Gregory is known by his Papal tiara. Robed in embroidered velvet, with closed book on his lap, he is listening to St. Ambrose; who, in white mitre and tunic, and rich scapulary, sits by his side commenting on a passage of an open volume before him. St. Jerome, recognised by his cardinal-hat and cape of crimson, is pointing to the gospel on his knee. And St. Augustine, in white mitre, and a magnificent "capa pluvial"—*chasuble*—of cloth of gold falling from his shoulders, is lost in reverent contemplation of the exalted St. Thomas Aquinas. The faces of the four eminent theologians, are expressive of the mental and moral power that distinguished them in life. The third and lowest division of the painting presents two kneeling groups opposite each other. That on the right of the observer, is distinguished by the Emperor Charles V as a monarch-monastic, in imperial crown of gold and jewels, and an imperial mantle of embroidered cloth of gold covering a vestment of velvet. The coro-

nation mantle of the Emperor, still preserved in the Church of St. Iago—Seville—was doubtless used by the artist for the model of this royal drapery. Booted, the Emperor is also, and with belted sword. Whatever his latter-day professions of peace and piety, no one more than he—even at the time that he thought himself cheating the Almighty into a belief of his sincerity—considered carnal weapons more valuable than spiritual. “Cut out the root of the evil with rigour and rude handling,” he once wrote—in reference to the necessity of a summary suppression of heresy—from his cell at Yuste, to his well-disposed son Philip in all matters of fierce persecution. In the painting Charles is represented attended by three ecclesiastics in the simple habit of Dominicans. One of these, that nearest the Emperor, is said to bear the portrait of Zurbaran—thus painted by himself. He certainly did not seek to distinguish himself by a particularly attractive physique. The other group, on the left, is composed of Archbishop Deza, the founder of the College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Seville—for which this picture was painted—and three ecclesiastics, similarly habited with those before-mentioned, in white tunics and black mantles. With the exception of the face of the imperial bigot, who vainly sought to surrender temporal sovereignty for spiritual grace, and which bears the seal of his stern, inflexible, and self-deluded soul, the lineaments of these two lower groups are devoid of all sign of thought or sentiment. They mark passive instruments, ready to do the set-work of the sanctuary or of Satan, of mumbling prayers or murdering heretics, as directed by ruling spirits. A table, covered with rich velvet cloth, stands between the

Emperor and the Archbishop, on which is the breviary of the former, and the clerical cap of the latter: and behind rise two dark columns. These may have been intended for pillars of a portico, but they seem—absurdly enough—to be supporting the clouds, on which St. Thomas Aquinas is standing. They are exceedingly stiff, ungainly, and out of place, in relation to a part of the composition intended to be free and floating. The background of the lowest space is formed of faintly outlined cloistered and palatial buildings. These, though designed for the distance, as shown by the smallness of architectural details, and of figures, are made by the warmth of their bright lights and shadows, as compared with certain colder drapery of the foreground, obtrusively conspicuous; in violation of that nice rule of art which teaches the true fashioning of depth and distance. Another mistake, as it strikes even an unprofessional observer, is the remarkable massiveness, depth of tone of composition and colour, and partly of shadow, of the body of the picture as compared with the lower portion. The effect of it upon the mind is that of a ponderous shaft lifted on an insufficient base, or an overloaded building on a frail foundation. One feels prompted to step forward and help the kneeling friars to hold up the superposed weight. If the middle were divided from the lowest part of the picture, each could be studied separately without a sense of apprehension. Some of the lines are sharp and hard, and the black mantle of St. Thomas is too flat in consequence, from the lack of demi-tint modelling, which is essential to give form and relation of parts. But this picture, of unusual size and very numerous details, is a miracle of patient labour.

Wanting the higher graces of composition—poetic spirituality, unity, and consistency; it nevertheless has many points, richly effective; especially the affluent embroidery of cloth of gold and velvet, vestment, robe, and cushion; though it will probably impress the close student like a poem with occasional discordant rhythm, or music that does not always make harmony. A painting cannot be rightly estimated by its large size and numerous objects. Raphael's little gem, *La Perla*, is without a flaw. His wall-wide *Transfiguration*, however bepraised by fashionable tourists who have a mysterious, instinctive, insight into good and bad, or a quick-perceptive, magic-lantern style of study, has many blemishes. So of Zurbaran. His largest work is not his greatest. The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas is not his masterpiece. That must be looked for in a private gallery. The citizens of Seville, appreciating highly pictures by this master—who, though not born, spent nearly his whole life among them—have sought as far as in their power to keep them from going abroad. The suppressed Hermitage of San Hermenegildo, the Palace of San Telmo, the Sisters' chapel of the Sangre Hospital, Don Manuel Lopez Cepero's collection, that of Don Ramon Romero Balmaseda, and of Don Ramon la Miyar, are rich in souvenirs of Zurbaran. In the Palace of San Telmo, among other pictures by him, is an Adoration of the Magi of rarely equalled composition, and of splendid execution. And in the private chapel of the Sangre Hospital is a Flight into Egypt reminding one of Raphael's Madonna of the Pearl; and also a Monk kneeling before a Madonna and child, of great beauty. Señor Balmaseda in the Calle de Bayona

—on the introduction of Mr. Philip Villamil, an English artist of rare accomplishments, at Seville—showed a St. Dominick, without an equal among Zurbaran's works. It is faultless in all points of high art, and deserves particular examination.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER XXIII.

ZURBARAN'S MASTERPIECE — ST. DOMINICK. THE ROSARY. ZURBARAN'S FRIAR IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL GALLERY—THE FADELESS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BY THE SIDE OF THE FADING OF THE NINETEENTH. ZURBARAN'S ST. HERMENEGILDO AT THE HERMITAGE OF ST. HERMENEGILDO—THERE ALSO HIS ST. FLUGENTIUS AND ST. FLORENTINE; MURILLO'S LA SERRANO, MATER DOLOROSA, AND CRUCIFIXION; TITIAN'S TRIBUTE MONEY, ECCE HOMO, AND ENTOMBMENT; VELAZQUEZ'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AND DAUGHTER; PEREZ'S GUARDIAN ANGEL; AND ROELAS' ANNUNCIATION. AT CHURCH OF SAN ISIDORO IS ROELAS' EL TRANSITO DE SANTO ISIDORO—A GREAT PAINTING BUT NOT THE PEER OF DOMENICHINO'S LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME. MURILLOS AT SAN ISIDORO. LA CARIDAD—SISTERS OF CHARITY—MURILLO'S PICTURES THERE—CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE—MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK IN HOREB, JESUS, JOHN, ANNUNCIATION, SAN JUAN DE DIOS—COLLECTIVE LESSONS OF CHARITY. PALACE OF SAN TELMO. PLAZA DE ALFARO—MURILLO'S HOUSE AND DESECRATED GRAVE.

DOMINICK was born in the village of Caleruega in Old Castile in 1170. His father was Felix de Guzman of the illustrious house of Guzman el Bueno. During his mother's pregnancy with Dominick, she is said to have

dreamed that she gave birth to a black and white dog with a lighted torch in his mouth. This was interpreted to mean that the coming child would be characterized by fidelity, and the light he would give the world to guide it through darkness. It is stated of him that in early life he was remarkable for devoutness and charity. So strong indeed was his reputed sympathy with suffering, that, when applied to by a woman for money to ransom her son then in captivity, and having none, he is said to have offered himself for exchange. A mission to Languedoc, where the Albigenses had made great inroads upon the spiritual domain of the Catholic Church, determined his choice of vocation. With the Papal sanction, in 1207 he became a preacher against the heresies of these active opponents of Romanism. How far he countenanced the cruelties of the crusade against them, is a question differently answered. While some assert that he was shocked at the barbarities committed in the name of Christ, others maintain that he both countenanced by his presence, and counselled the absolutely savage atrocities which crimsoned with the blood of the innocent and helpless, priestly vestments as well as the warrior's armour. It was his association with several ecclesiastics at this time, and the manifest advantage of united action in overthrowing the schism against which they warred, that led Dominick to think of forming a brotherhood whose rule should differ from that of previous monastics, who exacted seclusion from the outer world, and forbade sympathy and participation in its affairs. Striking into the same line of reasoning with St. Francis of Assisi—but without any understanding or concert of action

between them—the Spaniard like the Italian, came to the conclusion, that a species of spiritual democracy, a mingling with the people, without being secularly of them, to study their ways and wants, become familiar with their motives of action, measure their capacities, and determine the modes of guiding them into conformity with ecclesiastical purposes, would prove alike the most politic and powerful means of arresting the evils of *free thought*, and heresies in doctrine—as determined by the Roman Church. He saw only that these were prone to have growth—as tares with wheat. But he failed to see, that while such may come as an incident of far and wide cultivation, that the larger harvest of knowledge also gathered feeds more fully the human mind, giving it greater strength to grapple with error, and to grasp the truth. Ignorance, not knowledge, is the source of evil. Intellectual light cannot cause spiritual darkness. The nearer the Christian approaches to knowing all things, the more will he show himself to have obeyed his Master's teaching on the Mount, to be "perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." To strive is a duty, after the excellency of all knowledge, as of all goodness.

Dominick's petition to Pope Innocent III for permission to found an Order of Friars—as contradistinguished to monks—was at first refused. But a dream of the Pope—similar to that which is said to have led to the grant of the Franciscans—in which he saw the Basilica of the Lateran tottering, and Dominick supporting it, changed his purpose. Innocent dying before issuing the necessary dispensation, the intention was duly fulfilled by his successor Honorius III. The

wisdom of the Papal decree was soon shown. In a generation, the Franciscan and Dominican Friars, in the execution of their missionary enterprises, had scattered their convents over Christian Europe. And in a century no corner of the known earth was left unsought by these fearless propagators of the faith that was in them. Deprivation and discomfort, the pangs of hunger, the severities of season, the sufferings of sickness, and the persecutions of hostile religionists, had no terrors sufficient to deter them from the fulfilment of their vocation to look after wanderers from the fold; and to pray, preach, counsel, and comfort, wherever there was an ear to hear, and a heart to be reached by appeal. Their literal obedience to Christ's instruction to his disciples, to "Take nothing for your journey; neither staves nor scrip, neither bread; neither money; neither have two coats apiece"—their sincerity and self-sacrifice, thus shown—gave them from the commencement of their work, and until deviations from discipline crept into their communities, a hold upon public confidence, with controlling influence at home, and marvellous results of proselytism abroad. Whatever may be thought of St. Dominick as one of the reputed initiators of the Inquisition, of his fierce fanaticism, and unscrupulous enforcement of his religious opinions, his learning—for the time in which he lived—his eloquence and the sincerity of his convictions, cannot be denied. And above all, he must be held free from imputation of interested and ambitious motives. For having the influence of noble family, and his own talents, acquirements, and force of character, to recommend him, eminent ecclesiastical positions were repeatedly placed

at his disposal. These, he refused; preferring the friar's habit to the bishop's mantle and mitre; and to labour in the vineyard for and among the people, than to dwell amid the pomp of a prelate's palace, and receive the homage of priests and princes. A like avoidance of preferment has not characterized his followers in the Order. For, the Dominicans, from the founder's death to 1804, furnished seven popes, forty-nine cardinals, twenty-three patriarchs, fifteen hundred bishops, sixty archbishops, forty-three nuncios, and sixty-nine masters of the Vatican—saying nothing of inferior dignitaries and doctors of theology. Bigoted and intolerant Dominick was; but not selfish and ambitious. And, scourge—as he was considered—of those who held opinions proclaimed to be heresies by Rome, he was neither hesitatingly, nor hypocritically so, but boldly and openly; with the best efforts of his undoubted powers assailing what he deemed to be errors. And that others might not think that he sought their conversion from wrong for the sake of triumph and his own personal honour, he strove, primarily, to make them chief instruments in working out their own salvation. Thus he inculcated the greater efficacy of their own prayers, than of his preaching, in winning the victory over their wickedness. This, he is stated to have said, was revealed to him in a vision by the Virgin Mary: and at her instance he instituted what is called the *Devotion* of the Rosary. Not that a string of beads, as a “ready reckoner” of the number of prayers said, had not existence before his day; but he re-arranged it to *her special* honour, so as to mark an unusual number of earnest appeals for her intercession in

behalf of the devotee, *each* of *fifty* small beads in a Rosary representing a prayer to her—a *Hail Mary*, as it is called. Each division of *five* tens is followed by a larger bead, the numeral of an *Our Father*. Thus the Virgin is prayed to *ten times* as often as God Himself. The most perfect devotion calls for three times the Rosary number of Ave Marias and Pater Nosters—making a total number of one hundred and fifty of the former, and fifteen of the latter. But the number of prayers corresponding to the beads of a single Rosary are sufficient manifestation of ordinary sanctity. It may reasonably be supposed, that these formulary observances, easy of fulfilment, and substituting a more difficult and practical performance of duty in all the relations of life, as laid down in the Law, would awaken—as they did—the enthusiasm of the illiterate, who were truly the multitude of that unenlightened age. Divested of the incidental meditations, which, in countries of higher civilization, are said by intelligent and conscientious Catholics to accompany its use, the Rosary was simply a machine that pricked the finger of drowsy conscience to remind it to ask *another* to do, what Christ tells us to do for ourselves—“After *this manner* therefore pray ye: *Our Father which art in heaven.*” And further, he says—“When ye pray *use not vain repetitions*, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.” In so teaching, Christ seems to have had in view a practice of Egyptian Anchorites, when he was taken in childhood to their land for refuge from the hand of Herod. Little could those to whom he afterwards commissioned the spreading of his gospel, have supposed that their

“successors” would resort to a similar device of a chaplet of beads to “enumerate” the “vain repetitions” of prayers forbidden by their Master. Simon Peter, who heard the “voice which came from heaven” when he was “with him in the holy mount,” would—if now among us—stand aghast at one hundred and fifty Ave Marias at a single “devotion;” and startle wrong doers now, as of old, by declaring “These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. For if, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning.”

The scheme of Dominick to control the tendencies of an unlettered people, showed a correct reading of them. They were superstitious and credulous. He, a religionist of circumscribed and fanatical views; not a comprehensive and truly Christian philanthropist—who sees in general enlightenment the surest promoter of that righteousness, in thought and deed, which is the truest devotion to the service of God. By the narrower standard Dominick must be judged. Nevertheless, there is something majestic in the fullness of his professed faith: and the entire surrender of self to his convictions of duty commands respectful record.

It is the expression of this loyalty that Zurbaran has, in a masterly manner, given to the Saint in the picture now in the possession of Señor Balmaseda. His tall form, wearing the white woollen tunic and black mantle of his Order, stands against a dark back-ground,

erect and stately in conscious rectitude; yet, the hands falling before, and the tips of the fingers barely touching with such perfect expression of passiveness, as to give to the upturned face and eyes an increased eloquence of surrender of self; and of trust in All-Merciful and All-Wise Guidance. The hood of the habit is lifted loosely over his head, which seems absolutely to protrude from the folds of the white lining of the hood—so skilfully handled and harmonized, are the lights and shades of the modeller. A breviary under the friar's left arm, points to prayers and meditations, as sources of this devotion of self and service to his Master; lilies on his left, denote the purity of his thoughts, feelings, and purposes; and a dog on the right, with a torch in his mouth, symbolizes the dream of his mother—significant of the destiny to which Dominick was to be born of illuminating the world with Divine Truth. As a work of art of marvellous expression, accurate drawing, and colour, light and shade modelling, this St. Dominick takes precedence of all works of Zurbaran in Seville: although a half-length painting of *St. Peter* by the same artist—at the suppressed Hermitage of San Hermenegildo in the suburbs—for bold dashes of brush, and a daring piling on of demi-tints, must be pronounced a masterly creation. In this picture one fancies he sees the cutaneous pores of the venerable Apostle's face, distilling its perspirable bath. His nose is a marvel of candour, telling of welcome wines and viands. That barometer of clerical dignity is apt to testify, by unmistakable signs, its appreciation of the savoury incense of social life. And as for the apostolic keys, so real and ponderous do

they seem, that one who has read the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," might be excused for thinking them the identical weapons with which Southey was "knocked down," for disturbing celestial harmonies with his discordant measures. The poet before testing Peter's patience, should have thought of his smiting the High Priest's servant—for which he was rebuked by his Master. "Infallibility" was not an attribute of Pontifex Maximus the First, whatever the pretensions thereto of his successors.

A Franciscan friar—also by Zurbaran—in the National Gallery—London, is perhaps the legitimate art-rival of the Seville St. Dominick. He is kneeling, in brown frock and cord, holding a skull between his clasped hands and body. His cowl, drawn over the head, shades his face, except the nose, lower lip, and chin, which remain in light. His lips are parted in prayer, the soul-feeling of which seems to move his whole being, and impart to his clasped hands a seeming tremulousness of fervour. Looking at this picture after reading Mr. Ruskin's classification of Zurbaran—as well as Murillo—among "lower," "evil," artists, we questioned if, by an optical anomaly, some half-fashioned, half-finished, incoherent, and fluffy vagary of Mr. Turner, had not so impressed his vision as to mask Zurbaran's work by a species of colour-blindness? It is fair to presume, that although Mr. Ruskin has not been to Spain, he has been in the National Gallery of his own country. As to the "evil" of Zurbaran's painting, it surely is not shown in this subject. Who will take exception to that of humble and devout prayer to the Giver of Good? The composition is a revelation of physical truth, the

drawing faultless in minutest details, and the modelling a bold and masterly unfolding of form and relation of parts. There it hangs, however, in the National Gallery, to speak for its master; and to challenge the attention of those who go to and fro in the great metropolis. There it may be studied, in company with wall-wide, vague, and woolly visions, which may be something or nothing as interpreted often by the imagination, and generally by a very ridiculous local enthusiasm. And thus studied, a just conclusion will be come to by the competent and candid, as to one usurping the judgment-seat of *all art* being entitled to do so.

Don Ramon La Miyar, in the Calle de Bayona—Seville—has, by *Zurbaran*, *St. John the Evangelist* giving the Sacrament to the Virgin Mary. The “*Ecce mater tua*” pencilled on the golden atmosphere, is the sacred reminder to the faithful disciple, of his master’s trust. The mechanical execution of this picture is superb—not inferior in richness of drapery to the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Many pictures at the Hermitage of St. Hermenegildo—the private property now of Padre Abasousa—deserve examination. An allegory of the *execution of St. Hermenegildo* by *Zurbaran* is exceedingly rich in finish; though the value in money put upon it—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—seems exorbitant. The story is that Leovigild—gothic king of western Spain in the sixth century—accepted the doctrines of Arius, while his son Hermenegildo repudiated them, and resisting also his father’s sovereignty, declared an independent government in Seville. Leovigild thereupon besieged the city and took it. His son stripped of

power and a prisoner, continued nevertheless his attitude of moral rebellion against parental control. Confined for a time in one of the defensive towers of the outer-wall, he finally fell a victim to the ferocity which characterized the religious disputations of that epoch. Here the son was slain, to appease that Spanish thirst for revenge, unsatiated until it had lapped the blood of its victim. And on the subsequent suppression of the Arian heresy, as it was called, by equally atrocious persecutions, this tower of Hermenegildo's martyrdom was duly consecrated to his memory, as a steadfast upholder of the finally established interpretation of the Roman Catholic Belief. It became a part of the Hermitage and Church of St. Hermenegildo.

Two other paintings by Zurbaran—*St. Flugentius* and his sister *St. Florentine*—rolled up and stowed away in a closet of rubbish, were brought out for inspection. They well deserve the artist's study. The head of Flugentius is grandly modelled, manifestly by the same hand that fashioned St. Peter's into a thing of life. Flugentius was Bishop of Eciija and of Ruspa in Africa, and was twice exiled from his diocese because of his opposition to Arianism. In this he stood shoulder to shoulder with his brothers San Leandro and San Isidoro, Archbishops of Seville, and leaders in that fierce warfare of creeds. A *St. Dominick* conferring the habit of his Order on San Telmo, has, among the spectators, what is said to be a fine portrait of Zurbaran himself. There are also several *Murillos* in this collection at the Hermitage—viz.—*La Serrana*, a woman and child from the Sierra Morena; copies of which by the master himself, are

met with in several Continental galleries under the name of *Charity*. A remarkable *Mater Dolorosa* by Murillo hangs in the Padre's bedroom. It is next, in merit to that other by the same master, in the Sacristia of the Capilla Real at the Cathedral; which, we think, is without an equal in the world of art. A painting of the *Crucifixion on a small wooden cross*—in a cabinet of the same room with the last-named—is a wonderful work. Like Raphael's little gem *Holy Family* in the Sala Ovalada of the Madrid Museum, it shows how perfect was the finish of the great painters of those times, even in minutest details. This crucifix was the farewell gift of Murillo to that Capuchin Convent which had long sheltered him from persecution. There are in this collection of Padre Abasousa three *Titians*—the *Tribute Money* (not equal to that at Dresden,) an *Ecce Homo*, and an *Entombment*. *Velazquez* is also represented, in a *portrait of himself*, and another of *his daughter*. And *Andres Perez*—a pupil of Zurbaran—has a *Guardian Angel* of admirable execution. He professed it to be an original conception. But those who have seen the exquisite work of Murillo in the Seville Cathedral will instantly detect the plagiarism, despite the trifling alteration in the wings, and the more elaborate embroidery of the drapery. *Roelas*, likewise, has here a fine *Annunciation*. But it is in the Church of San Isidoro that we must look for his undoubted masterpiece. Juanes and Roelas were the real founders of the Spanish School of Art. Those, therefore, who wish to see how suddenly it sprang into vigorous being, after lagging long and feebly in the wake of Italy, will study the works of these masters closely, to comprehend the

influence they must have exercised in stimulating the efforts, and guiding the earliest studies of Cano, Ribera, Velazquez, Zurbaran, and Murillo, who lifted Spanish art to the highest place of honour in their day. Juanes is seen to best advantage in Valencia and Madrid. But "El Transito de Santo Isidoro"—*the death of St. Isidore*—the High Altar painting of the Church bearing his name, in Seville, is so uniformly pronounced by competent art-criticism the best example of Roelas' powers. that the opportunity to see it should surely be availed of by tourists when here.

It contributes much to a proper estimate of the composition and expression of a picture, and always heightens the interest with which it is looked at even by the uncritical, to know something of the subject of which it treats. Hence the free reference to personal characters, and to historical and traditional incidents, in these crude art-descriptions. It often proves a profitable pastime, in a hygienic sense, thus to seek and apply scraps of narrative, when lonely moments would otherwise be wearisome and wearing; an in-door sunshine being made by the mind and feelings, when without, "clouds and darkness rest" on all things—neither warmth nor brightness tempting the invalid to physical exercise.

St. Isidore aided his brother St. Leander in uprooting Arianism from Spain, and succeeded that bold theological strategist as Archbishop of Seville; of which city he also became one of the tutelars. His persuasive oratory is traditionally said to have been indicated before his day of fame, by a *swarm of bees*—betokening sweetness—*issuing from his mouth*. When about to die

he requested to be carried to the church-altar; and there, having asked forgiveness for offences, he urged those around to follow the law of Christian love and faithfulness, received the sacrament, and bestowing his benediction, he passed away, in peace with man and trust in God. Claiming St. Isidore as one of her tutelars, Seville is entitled to the most valued memento of his *transit* hence to heaven. *Purgatory* is not a *fancy of painters*. *Priestly idealty* must be credited with that piece of *art*. Hermits of the studio cannot see the reasonableness of it, believing as they do that their inheritance of evil—of solitude and sorrow, want and weariness of the flesh—is sufficient to entitle them to an unhindered passage to better things without being stopped on the way. Besides, what would avail the legacy of an *empty* purse to help the poor fellows out of the canonical limbo. Reflective minds are apt to judge from their own premises. Priestly privilege of things terrestrial, alike welcome to the carnal appetite and nurturing of human pride, might well make a little purification necessary to fit the favoured few for things celestial. But it seems strange, that the "Holy Office" did not hurl its thunders at Roelas, for the *heresy* of carrying Isidore *direct to heaven* without due purgatorial preparation. Surely after this forbearance, Murillo should have been pardoned for painting the Virgin's *immaculate* ankle; especially as the original—in the flesh—was seen of all men, for the maiden garb of Galilee was coquettishly short. There were no big feet to hide in that Eastern land.

"El Transito" is large, and embraces two subjects—time and eternity. The lower part represents the in-

terior of a church; in the centre of the foreground of which, near the High Altar, St. Isidore, in ecclesiastical robes over which is thrown a dark mantle, is seen kneeling; an attendant priest supporting him with watchful interest; while another, richly robed, and in prayerful attitude, with closed book lying on a *prie-dieu* before him, looks into his face as if in expectancy of seeing his spirit take its heavenward flight with his departing breath. A group of six or seven ecclesiastics in varied dress, posture, and pious office, on the left; and as many on the right, with youthful choristers bowed down with reverential sorrow; complete the imposing near view—forming a foreground picture of extraordinary grace of conception; to which the expression given by masterly modelling of heads and faces—in line, colour, shade, and tone—adds uncommon effectiveness. Beyond, the thronging congregation of the sanctuary is seen fading away in the shadowy distance. And above all, Christ and the Virgin with wreaths in their hands, await the coming of the Saint; an angel-choir seems about to break forth in hallelujahs; and celestial messengers are flitting to and fro in the dim cerulean.

This painting has originality and great power of composition. But to say—as has been done by an enthusiastic admirer of Roelas—that “El Transito” is the equal of Domenichino’s “Last Communion of St. Jerome” at Rome, would be to strain praise beyond the limit called for even by most liberal criticism—which would desire to stand disarmed in presence of a work illustrating an early epoch of Spanish art. The Communion of St. Jerome is the most startlingly truthful,

and faultless portraiture, of the surrender of the immortal soul by the perishing body, known to art. It shapes mysteriously the belief of the gazer; who feels that he is amid the solemnities of a last service which suddenly stands arrested by the flight of the spirit—gone to seek elsewhere the Real Presence. Neither transcending nor falling short of truth, it enslaves the judgment as well as the feelings. Like eloquence in thought and utterance, it is a perfect passage of art in conception and execution. Conviction is the aim, and attainment of both. And this opinion of this great work of Domenichino is sustained by the fact, that the Communion of St. Jerome, of all the paintings in the Vatican collection, has been thought worthiest at Rome, to confront, in an exclusive saloon, the priceless picture of Raphael—that which was his pride, and his fall. It cannot be denied that *El Transito*, although undoubtedly the masterpiece of Roelas, has defects in relative warmth and coolness, in drawing, tone, and of sharpness; trifling it is true, like spots on the sun's face, nevertheless observable by the practised eye. But the unscrutinizing amateur will look on this really rich and imposing work with a gratification, perhaps increased by the reflection, that he has not sought the few defects of a pencil which aided in giving character to the infancy of Spanish painting.

The hunting up of *El Transito* in the little church of San Isidoro resulted in another gratification. Two pictures by Murillo were found in one of the aisle-chapels—the *Caress of the child St. John and the Lamb*, and the *young Saviour*. The latter has a touching charm. As a child-shepherd he stands in simple pinkish slip,

holding a crook in his left hand, the right resting on the head of a lamb, others standing near—his sweetly appealing face, and full, melting, upturned eyes, expressive of the prayer "Feed my lambs!" A sun—burst through overhanging clouds—an exquisite flush of golden light—betokens the Divine response. The caress of the young St. John and Lamb, though beautifully conceived and executed, is scarcely the artistic equal of one by the same master in the British National Gallery. Other parish churches appear to have been despoiled of good pictures, which doubtless most of them once possessed. But pursuing the art path, incidentally taken, many were found elsewhere, and well repaid the seeking; while at the same time knowledge was obtained of other things.

La Caridad—a home for pauper incurables—is situated near the river, adjoining the Custom-House, and nearly facing the Torre del Oro. It accommodates one hundred and twenty inmates, most of whom are aged and infirm; whose few remaining days are made supportable, if not cheered, by the sympathy and kindly care of Sisters of Charity. The piety of these ministers of mercy is practical. They *do* their Master's bidding. *Deeds, not words, attest their sincerity.* Wherever found, they are the handmaids of humanity. One of them is more precious in the eyes of true Christianity, than were the thousands of monastics shut up from the eyes of the world, and degrading human duty and human dignity by mediæval mummery, and worse than mediæval mischief; until at last, even in Catholic Spain, they were struck down by popular indignation, despite priestly protests and papal denunciations. *La*

Caridad, founded in the thirteenth century as the Hospital of St. George, under the government of the Brotherhood of the Holy Charity, fell, in course of time, into poverty and decay, from perversion of its funds and neglect. Church and wards were crumbling and deserted; and columned courts covered with that moultering mantle significant to the thoughtless of ruin only, yet really exemplifying that ceaseless activity which is the great lesson of life taught by nature. About the middle of the seventeenth century Don Miguel Mañara, a gay and wealthy Sevillian, awakened by some remorse of conscience to a conviction of duty, determined to devote his fortune, and the remainder of his life, to pious and philanthropic purposes. He assumed to provide means for the restoration of the church and hospital, and after the expenditure of half a million of ducats the present edifices were completed—a magnificent monument to his memory, no less than a merciful means of good to afflicted humanity. Among the appropriate decorations were eleven paintings from the pencil of Murillo, then in the zenith of his great fame. They ranked among his finest works. The subjects were Moses striking the rock in Horeb, the return of the Prodigal, Abraham receiving the three Angels, the Charity of San Juan de Dios, the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, Christ healing at the Pool of Bethesda, St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel, St. Elizabeth of Hungary serving the Sick, the Annunciation to the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and the infant John. For the first-named eight pictures Murillo received—although then the greatest painter in the world—but the paltry sum of seventy-

eight thousand one hundred and fifteen reals—about *eight hundred* pounds sterling. It would perhaps not be wide of the truth to say, that were they now in the art market they would bring *eight hundred thousand* pounds sterling. Five of the eleven paintings were carried off by that plundering picture-dealer, Soult. A means of charity made to fill a French Marshal's pocket. They have not been returned to their rightful owner. Six happily escaped that tool of tyranny, who was so regardless of the inculcations of modern civilization, as to make public war an excuse for private robbery. These are now fit adornments of the shrines of La Caridad. Two represent respectively, *Christ feeding the multitude in the desert of Bethsaida*, and *Moses causing water to flow from the Rock in Horeb*. Both pictures are comprehensive; each exhaustive of its subject. They show extraordinary fertility of conception, and varied yet harmonious composition. The first is expressive of calmness and tranquillity—a beautiful repose of nature; and a confident, as confiding and patient awaiting by the multitude, of Divine manifestation and interposition. The other is a powerful presentation of the impassioned feeling of the thronging Israelites, contrasted with the passive dignity, and gratitude to God, of their leaders Moses and Aaron. The great prophet stands near a huge, isolated, bold, and bare crag, with uplifted eyes and attitude of thankfulness for the gushing stream, flashing in its fall, and flowing toward the throng who rush forward to quench their burning thirst. Men, women, and children, forgetful of the Giver in the possession of the gift, like their companion animals are intent only on gratifying

the wants of sensual nature. The background shows a coming company of men and camels pressing onward over hills, and winding through the desert in eager expectancy. The whole is a web of expression of diversified emotions and impulses of human life, woven with wondrous skill, and forming in its completeness, for every eye, a transcendent picture of one of the strangest passages of Hebrew history; and for the painter a great study, alike of moral as of mechanical art. Its lifelike character doubtless comes in part from the master's faithful interpretation on his canvas of the dress and doings, feelings and impulses, studied daily where he lived—in the Jews' quarter of Seville. And, probably, in no work of art is as vividly shown the supremacy of a great soul over the selfish instincts of meaner life.

Two of the shrines of La Caridad are beautified by Murillo's pictures of the children Jesus and John. The uplooking face of the former is an expression of infantile loveliness. It seems to have caught falling emanations from the skies, of purity, trust, and obedience, with which it glows all over. Charmed by it, one listens for the revelation "This is my beloved Son." Murillo must have been a most true and tender religionist, or a preciously gifted poet, to fancy and fashion such celestial personalities as these children. Perhaps he was both.

An *Annunciation*—erroneously called a "Concepcion" in a popular English Hand-book, in which errors unfortunately are as stereotyped as merits, should not be carelessly looked at. It is an admirable rendering of the subject, finer than that at the Museum, but probably not equal in all points of composition and colouring, to

that by the same master belonging to Sir Richard Wallace—lately in the Bethnal Green Gallery, London; and for which his father the Marquis of Hertford, is said to have paid twenty-three thousand pounds sterling. *San Juan de Dios*—St. Juan of God—carrying a dying fellow-creature to his hospital, is the last of the six paintings by Murillo remaining at La Caridad. The history of this man, who did not think it necessary to become either monk or friar to do good deeds, is interesting. Briefly told, he was born in Portugal, A.D. 1495—of poor parents, who were unable to give him education. Tempted from his home when but nine years old by a wandering priest, who subsequently abandoned him in Spain, he became a shepherd-boy until old enough for military duty, when he served in the Spanish army during two campaigns. When discharged he returned to his native village, to learn that his father and mother had died of grief for his loss—of the manner and consequences of which they knew nothing. A parricide, as he believed himself, remorse resulted in a determination to devote the remainder of his life to the service of the poor and wretched. After various trials and tribulations, a dream, in which he was instructed to “bear the cross in Granada,” led him thither. A sermon, heard by him shortly after his arrival in that city, impressed him so powerfully with a sense of his wickedness in abandoning his parents, and leading the life of a reckless adventurer, that he cried aloud for “mercy.” Among religionists less sternly disciplined by a canonical administration of salvation, that conscience-stricken prayer might have been responded to by sympathy. But in Granada, priestly

sense of propriety was shocked by this appeal of an overburdened soul, which sought relief of heaven, rather than from the penances and absolution of the confessional. Poor Juan was seized, borne from the church to a mad-house, and scourged from day to day as a *lunatic*. The therapeutic principle—*really coming of mental derangement*—“*similia similibus curantur*,” was carried out in practice long before the German dreamer fashioned that comprehensive apothegm; together with the equally sapient medical precept that infinite *nothing* is *more potential* than positive *something*. *Madness* from cruel inflictions, was believed at Granada to be the *rightful remedy for those bereft of reason*. But the difference between the Spanish practice and Hahnemann’s theory consisted in the fact, that the remedy according to the former was not administered *infinitesimally*. Had the Bible been the Hand-book of Spanish Christians they would have known that their founder did not treat with stripes the “lunatic boy” brought to him to be cured. A later civilization has profited by lessons of kindness, and all enlightened communities are now relieved from this curse of cruelty to the miserable and helpless. Juan’s sufferings at last enlisted the good offices of the preacher who had so powerfully awakened his remorse. Sympathy, consolation, and good counsel, calmed his disturbed spirit; and he was soon set free to fulfil a vocation which lifted him into the glorious company of immortals, while the names of his persecutors perished with those who bore them. At first, dedicating a wretched shanty to hospital purposes, he carried to it, to the extent of its accommodation, those whom he found sick and destitute. There

he served them with his own hands, taking occasional moments to go out and beg for food and clothing, and to alleviate as far as in his power misery found elsewhere. It did not disturb his steady pursuit of philanthropic duty, as he passed along the streets in tattered garb, and bending under the burthen of his beggar's bag, or of a helpless fellow-being, to hear the frequent exclamation of the thoughtless and heartless, "un probe infeliz"—*a poor unfortunate devil—a simpleton*; at this day too, commonly applied in Spain, to an *honest* man, who has *thereby* failed to make money. Juan certainly did not crave the compliment "muy listo"—*very smart—clever*—paid by appreciative deference to a *successful scoundrel*. In due time he reaped the reward of his good deeds. The "poor lunatic" began to be rightly understood. His light so shone before men that they saw his good works. Several, united their personal efforts to his, and with the aid of the rich, a building was provided for the accommodation of two hundred destitute and afflicted human beings. Thus, from the heart of an unlettered Portuguese, endowed with graces of goodness, sprang that system of hospital relief which has since spread far and wide to bless mankind—both giver and receiver. Like that Indian tree, once but as a blade of grass, which sends its branches upward in search of the beneficent light of heaven, yet dips them too into the earth to gather materials of growth, and thus spreading gives refuge from sun and storm for the shelterless, while it guards the source of its being from the ravages of tempest and torrent. There is no nobler and more politic agency of good than hospital relief. What would crowded communities—

London and Paris for example—be without them? Millions of population packed together, engender want and wretchedness; and destitution and pestilence go hand in hand. A vast charnel-house is not a pleasant spectacle to wealth; which, taking a merely commercial view of things, had better buy it off than bury itself in it. Benevolence, looking solely to the relief of suffering, will not murmur at the selfish promptings, or at the vanities, which often detract from the merit of bounty. Though it will not be denied, that a fine copy of Murillo's San Juan de Dios, or some other expressive art-tributes to charity, hanging in the Halls of London Hospitals, would be more indicative of nobility of character, than the garnished lists of titled contributors there seen, with the guineas given by competitive ambition. And that Asylums in America, whose existence is due to the fact, that the founders could not carry out of this world the money they have by studious *contract* made subservient to the perpetuation of their insignificant names, would more fitly bear a sainted title, to renew the remembrance of unselfish philanthropy.

Rambling among the Moorish remains in Granada, one may see the really munificent hospital bearing the name and effigy of San Juan de Dios, built on the site where he dedicated his hovel to the uses of charity. It is an appropriate monument, erected by those who came after, in honour of this Apostle of the Poor: who, worn out by watching and weariness, went to his long rest beloved by all. Faithful to the last in good works, he left an example of practical religionism, more influential for good, and therefore more acceptable service to God, than all the puerile ceremonials and canonical psalmody,