

almost hourly repeated during the centuries since, by well-fed, *if* not always well-feed priests, from Rome to Canterbury. Canonized, as was Juan de Dios in the hearts of the people, it was but the echo of their will when his sanctification was decreed by Pope Alexander VIII, more than a century after his death. And Murillo, by paying the tribute of art to the memory of such excellence, has given his own admirers a new appreciation of his genius, as well as of his love of goodness. Such a picture as that prompting these remarks, is as a book, having a mission and a meaning of its own, understood at a glance and without expenditure of time or trouble, by those qualified to read and interpret it. Nor is a technical knowledge of art necessary; only sensitiveness to external impressions, delicacy of feeling, and an appreciation of truth and beauty. Those not thus endowed; for whom the form and colour, light and shade, of a mysteriously *still* nature, have no *voice* of instruction and delight; for whom the light of the eye, the brow of enthroned mind, the lip of pleasure or of passion, in a word the unmasked countenance, have no revelation of purpose; for whom the raising from the tomb of time the beings of the past, and clothing them with historic deeds, have no eloquence of truth; and for whom the exalted ideality born of religious sentiment, and fashioned into forms of loveliness radiant with expression of purity and devotion, has no charm to win from irreverent indulgence in buffoonery; those who cannot be thus impressed, will not be envied for their self-complacent insensibility, however much they may be pitied for the presumption with which they have sometimes sought, even in the pulpit of a "tabernacle," or

on a lecture-room platform, to play the part of art-critics for the amusement of the vulgar.

The picture in *La Caridad* shows San Juan de Dios in sombre grey frock, surrounded by storm and darkness, hastening to his hospital, and bearing on his shoulders a perishing fellow-being. Bending under the weight, he is startled by the apparition of an angel, with—seeming—trembling wings, as they are shutting their feathery folds; and clad in a garment as of golden glory. This radiant drapery tells like a sun-burst on the grey frock of the friar, the shadowy figure of his burden, and the mantle of night thrown round about. And the celestial countenance of the winged stranger—as out-stretched hand supports the staggering saint—is eloquent of the commissioned message “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat . . . thirsty, and ye gave me drink . . . a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me. . . . Verily, I say unto you—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” The divine lesson of this picture is so satisfying, and spiritually elevating, that it is difficult to descend from the contemplation of the sublime conception, to the task of seeking after defects of mechanical execution. And when one does so, he finds his labour lost. It has none.

The pictures painted for the *Caridad*, show the wonderful variety of Murillo's style and his lavish resources; his fertile invention, exalted conception, eloquent composition, and extraordinary power of colour—in brief

the comprehensiveness of his genius. In Seville, these pictures of charity, in their collective lessons, were as sermons appealing directly to the hearts and convictions, of the humblest as of the haughtiest; and needing, for their comprehension, no ecclesiastical inculcations hedged around with doubtful disputations. Scattered by Soult, the marshal-robber of sanctuaries founded by pity, as of those founded by piety, they cease to speak with that potency coming of united and harmonious significance. Separated as they are, they have to a great extent fallen from their exalted station of moral influence, to be looked on as they languish—as many of them do—in private and unfitting places, as mere works of technical art; costly baubles of aristocratic vanity, instead of teachers to the multitude of the duty, and the beauty, of Christian trust and charity. Whatever might be said in defence of Soult's rescuing from oblivion the art-treasures of monasteries, in which they were buried, and in some perishing from damp and neglect—provided his motives had been disinterested—yet is there no excuse for his plunder of fitting places, of which these precious memorials of Murillo's sanctified and sanctifying genius, were heir-looms of devotion to goodness, and means of blessing to the poor and afflicted.

Two pictures in La Caridad—not too obtrusively placed—are called the "Triumph of Time," and the "Dead Prelate." They show that

There is no armour against fate—
Death and stern justice await all.

The Dead Prelate, especially, lying coffin'd, in his mitre

and cope, and clutching his crook as if unwilling to part with power, reveals a salutary lesson to priestly ambition; told by Juan de Valdes in so repugnantly realistic a manner, that having glanced at the hideous banquet, one turns away to look at something else. Perhaps at the finely sculptured "Descent from the Cross"—by Pedro Roldan, the last of the great carvers of Spain—forming a Retablo for the high-altar: and then at the rather turgid plateresque of the church architecture.

The *Palace of San Telmo* is but a short distance below La Caridad, on the same side and nearer the river. And between the two is the Torre del Oro, the Moorish river-tower of the Alcazar, with which it was once connected by a galleried wall; in which Don Pedro afterwards imprisoned his enemies and refractory mistresses; in which, still later, were deposited the treasures brought from the New World; and where now is the bureau of the Captain of the Port. The Palace of San Telmo was the National Naval Academy until the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier and the sister of Isabella II, when that shameless Queen arbitrarily diverted it from public uses and bestowed it upon those already enriched scions of royalty. The extensive building, and grounds adorned with tropical trees and shrubbery, are among the chief ornaments of the city. But to the public they are a reminder of royal abuse of power, and of the selfishness and cunning of those who profited by it—who, seeking safety in self-banishment from an outraged country, craftily conveyed the title to it to English agents, to prevent its seizure by rightful owners. The "noble-

born," as the phrase goes, are quite as willing as those they condemn, to resort to *ignoble* means of getting and keeping the property of others. How far the shrewdness of the French Orleanist and his Spanish wife—aided by ever-ready British speculators—will avail them profitably in Seville, and some other parts of Spain, remains to be disclosed by the present struggle for power and plunder in this unhappy country. The public are allowed access to the palace to see the paintings; of which there are several Zurbarans, two Murillos, and examples of Ribera, Morales, El Greco, and Goya, worthy of attention.

The little *Plaza de Alfaro*, about five minutes' walk, along narrow, winding streets of the *Juderia*—Jews quarter—eastward from the Archbishop's palace, has on one side, a small, mean-looking building, in which lived the most famous painter of Spain. Here too, he was brought to linger in suffering for several months, after his fall when engaged on his great picture the Betrothal of St. Catherine. And here he died, leaving treasures of art unrivalled by works of any contemporary or follower. The present value of one of Murillo's world-renowned pictures would have lifted him far above dependence on unresting toil. Indeed, pictures by him have since sold—singly—for more than he received for his life-time work. It is stated by Palomino, that he "left but one hundred reals, and seventy crowns were afterwards found in a desk." Such is the frequent fate of genius. Its unrequited labour makes fortunes for traders and speculators, as many impoverished artists and authors well know to their sorrow. On one side of the Plaza is a dilapidated fountain, overlooked by the

old Moorish wall, where water-carriers, and their donkeys—which, if “worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,” should change places with their masters—come in costume and trappings charming to the lovers of the picturesque. Murillo must have found here many a model of form and colour; where maidens also come with quaint pail and pitcher, for the waters whose morning mist taught him the charm of his vaporose veil, and whose flow made the melody of his day dreams, and the serenade to those of his slumber. On another side of the Plaza de Alfaro is the residence and picture-gallery of Señor Cepero—No. 7, sometimes pointed out as Murillo’s mansion—where are a few fine paintings among many of no merit. Several from the pencil of the great master adorn the collection. And Alonzo Cano is represented by the most masterly rendering of the Crucifixion to be seen in Spain. In truthful conception of that solemn scene, in anatomical accuracy, finished modelling, and avoidance of unreasonable and merely *ad captandum* accessories, it surpasses that by Velazquez at Madrid.

A few paces from the Plaza de Alfaro is the Plaza de Santa Cruz, in which formerly stood a church of the same name. In that church Murillo was buried, by his own request before the high-altar above which hung Campana’s famous picture of the *Deposition from the Cross*. The church was demolished by command of Soult, when Seville was in possession of the French, to make space for the present Plaza. Although Murillo’s works were held so sacred by the pillaging soldier that he took *personal charge* of them wherever found, his resting place was not. About fifty years since, the

Corporation of Seville caused search to be made for Murillo's grave. Beneath the rubbish some bones were found in a vault, but nothing to identify the spot as that of his tomb. And many interments having taken place in that church, they were as likely to be the bones of another as those for which search was made. It is not unlikely that Murillo's ashes were scattered to the winds, with the dust of the sanctuary before whose shrine they had been laid. A tablet on an adjoining wall records the fact of his former burial here. And tablets everywhere of human hearts honouring virtue and genius, bear tributes to his memory. He remains the pride and idol of Seville, where he lived and laboured, preferring the society of those who loved him truly, and whom he loved as well, to the blandishments of royalty, and the flatteries of false-hearted courtiers. He was invited to Court, but was more honoured in becoming the universally accepted standard of highest art—Spaniards calling a picture of extraordinary merit "a Murillo." Not that they intend to pronounce it his work, but to express their sense of its excellence by a *word* which conveys a meaning of perfection, and surpassing beauty, more clearly in their view than any other. And by the excellencies of his private life, he became entitled to the still higher honours of the unending future. Truly did his epitaph—ere ruthless hands destroyed it—tell the secret of his manifested virtues. *Live, as if about to die*, was the declared rule of his life. And, by his own request, it was graven on his tomb, as uttered by him—"Vive Moriturus."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR. SEVILLE CATHEDRAL—ITS MOORISH GIRALDA. EASTER CEREMONIES. THE CAPILLA REAL—ITS PAINTINGS BY MURILLO. SIDECHAPELS, AND PAINTINGS BY CANO, LAS ROELAS, AND SAN ANTONIO AND ANGEL DE LA GUARDA OF MURILLO. SALA CAPITULAR AND SACRISTIA MAYOR CONSECRATED BY MURILLO'S PENCIL. THE WRECK OF PEDRO CAMPANA'S MARVELLOUS PICTURE OF THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.

A FEW more paintings in Seville deserve notice; but they may be referred to in speaking of the Cathedral. There is such sameness of style in the churches of Spain, that, with some great exceptions, the unprofessional traveller wearies of them. Even San Salvador, the fashionable parish church of Seville—the dome of which, to one approaching the city, is among the most conspicuous and imposing objects—is unworthy of special notice. An example of wildest seventeenth century Churrigueresque, with a red brick barn-like exterior, within it is so bloated with heavy, meaningless, wood and stucco ornamentation, and gilded, painted, and pictured, after the flash fashion of a popular London gin-palace—certainly not a model of refinement in any sense—that none need regret a haste which compels passing it by. The Seville Cathedral,

however, as one of the best examples of Gothic architecture should not be overlooked. It occupies the site, successively of Roman Temple, Mahommedan Mosque, and Christian Church—having superseded the last named, as that displaced the others. On one half of a large square stands the great edifice. On the remainder are the various offices attached thereto—the Sacristia Mayor, the Sacristia de los Calices, the Sala Capitular, the Giralda, the Chapter Library also called La Columina because left to the Canons by Fernando, son of Columbus, the Sagrario—a Parish Church—and the Patio de los Naranjos containing orange trees and fountain; and shut in by a still standing Moorish wall surmounted by a flamboyant parapet, and pierced by a rich *Puerto del Perdon*—Gate of Pardon. The accessory buildings detract from the architectural unity of the Cathedral proper, and cause a feeling of disappointment in one who has been led to look, by indiscriminating praise, for perfect harmony and grandeur. His pleasure will, perhaps be increased if he will examine the Cathedral itself, irrespective of these architectural discordances. To obtain a comprehensive idea of its exterior plan—which will likewise throw some light upon that of the interior—the Giralda tower should be ascended, and the great building looked down on from above.

• This tower stands near the north-east corner of the Cathedral, and was the Muezzin tower of the former Moorish Mosque. It is fifty feet square, built of brick, in sunken geometrical ornamentation above, pierced by Ajimez windows, and crowned by a parapet platform. Here, where once went forth the summons to prayer, vocal with music as with mind, now is heard

hourly, the clatter, and at times the crash of twenty bells, to tell of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of religionism. In the days of the Moslem this massive tower was surmounted by a smaller one, and that by four superposed balls diminishing in size upwards—the lowest and largest one having a diameter, of fifteen feet. These balls were thickly gilt, and, in the bright Andalusian sun were seen at the distance of many leagues—shining like spheres of fire. They were thrown down by the great earthquake of 1366, despite the special guardianship of the sainted patronesses Justina and Rufina. Pedro el Cruel, who reigned at that time, left by will six thousand doblas de oro to replace them. But the Canons of the Cathedral subsequently decided to remodel the upper part of the Giralda, and the simple and elegant Moorish finish was substituted by the present unarchitectural *olla podrida of designs*, capped by a clumsy bronze figure of *Faith*, intended to play the part of a *vane*—thus strangely symbolizing *instability of belief* "blown about by every wind of doctrine." The height of the Giralda, including the crowning figure, is three hundred and fifty Spanish feet—each foot being equal to eleven English inches. It is ascended to the belfry-platform by thirty-five successive inclined planes of easy grade—running at right angles to each other—between a central axis and the outer walls, and having suitable landing places. The view from the look-out is extensive and beautiful. White walled Seville lies below, like a pearl, set in the emerald of surrounding nature cut in twain by the silver-threaded Guadalquivir.

This same look-out platform was the scene of a

perilous feat by Don Alonzo de Ojeda, who figured in the voyages of discovery of Columbus. The following anecdote is related by Irving in his life of the great Admiral, on the authority of Las Casas, which shows his daring spirit. Queen Isabella having ascended the tower, "Ojeda to entertain Her Majesty, and to give proofs of his courage and agility, mounted on a great beam which projected in the air twenty feet from the tower, at such an immense height from the ground, that the people below looked like dwarfs, and it was enough to make Ojeda himself shudder to look down. Along this beam he walked briskly, and with as much confidence as though he had been pacing his chamber. When arrived at the end, he stood on one leg, lifting the other in the air; then turning nimbly round, he returned the same way to the tower, unaffected by the giddy height, whence the least false step would have precipitated him and dashed him to pieces. He afterwards stood with one foot on the beam, and placing the other against the wall of the building, threw an orange to the summit of the tower, a proof says Las Casas, of immense muscular strength. Such was Alonzo de Ojeda, who soon became conspicuous among the followers of Columbus, and was always foremost in every enterprise of an adventurous nature; who courted peril as if for the very love of danger, and seemed to fight more for the pleasure of fighting than for the sake of distinction." The subsequent history of Ojeda serves to show the influence of personal prowess—however associated with fraud, falsehood, and barbarity, in the treatment of the natives of the New World—at that day, in commanding royal patronage and promotion.

His gymnastic exploits were much more promptly rewarded than the magnificent results of Columbus' genius. And their closing lives were not less illustrative of the not uncommon debasement and meanness of monarchs; for while the mere gymnast, whose whole career was characterized by perfidy, became the favourite of power, and revelled in fortune, the leading spirit of the age, more daring and more dauntless in truly great deeds, and guided by lights of intelligence of which the other had no glimmer, becoming broken in health and impoverished by services to the Crown, pleaded in vain for solemnly guaranteed rights, and died a beggar. Such was the discernment, and the justice, of a Spanish King! "Put not your trust in Princes," was wisely said by the Psalmist. From the tower the Cathedral is seen spread out below, in form a *parallélogram*, three hundred and ninety-eight feet long from east to west, and two hundred and ninety-one feet wide from north to south. But the greater height of the tribune, transept, and nave-walls, and roofing, lift—as it were—a *Latin cross* upon the lower mass of the edifice. This Latin cross is made more manifest by its flying arches, springing from the aisle-wall and outside-chapel-wall buttresses capped with pinnacles. Parapets and balustrades aid in indicating the general plan; while domes and lanterns over the *Capilla Real* and *Sala Capitular* mark their sites.

The *exterior* of the Cathedral, seen from below, is not imposing. Standing before the great west-front, the *pronaus* is found to consist merely of a part of the general terrace, on which the whole block of ecclesiastical buildings, including those of the *Sagrario*, are

erected. The granite pillars bordering this terrace throughout its entire extent, are of the Roman and Moorish periods. The material of the building, inside and out, is a yellowish stone from the quarries of Jerez, *embrowned by age*. The western façade is divided into three portal spaces by six piers. The two larger, central piers, are finished with gothic colonnettes, brackets, and canopies; but without statuary to fill out the ornamentation. While the great middle, pointed doorway, of splendid proportions—over which is a magnificent rose-window—is, after the lapse of a century since it reached its present state, though grand in mouldings, flutes, and foliage, and heavily bracketed, still without decorative statuettes. The two adjacent doors of smaller size, but similar gothic design, are finished with relievos of the Nativity and Baptism, and many quaint and coarse, stone and terra-cotta figures. Take it all in all, the great west front of the Salisbury Cathedral—England—is more elaborately elegant, and creditably finished, than this of Seville. The south side of this ecclesiastical boast of Southern Spain, is much hidden—west of the transept—by an incomplete wall of no clearly defined order of architecture, enclosing the *patio* of a Chapel-Sacristia. East of the transept—on the south side—the Cathedral is also shut from view, by the Sacristia Mayor and Sala Capitular: The exterior of these last-named appendages, is a coarse *plateresque*. Thus, many of the superb *gothic* features of the Cathedral are concealed, by what one feels almost provoked enough to call hideous excrescences. The east end of the Cathedral is of similar *plateresque*, corresponding to the style of the Capilla Real within. It projects one

central, larger, and two lateral, smaller, apses—balustraded, plainly pinnaced, and belfried, above. At the sides of these apses, two large gothic portals give entrance to the tribune, communicating directly—as do the corresponding front doors—with the two outside aisles. Nowhere about the building, are the signs of wear and tear, injury and decay, so conspicuous as here. And, being left unrepaired, thoughts of a perishing religionism are forced upon one. The north side is concealed in part by the remains of a former cloister, by a number of petty ecclesiastical offices, and a mortuary chapel. The great north and south transept portals, unfinished, aye, untouched through some centuries, have at last shamed the Canons into an attempt to hide their rough and crumbling masonry. That which opens to the Orange Court, is now being faced preparatory to its gothic embellishment. The present Cathedral, begun in 1403, in obedience to an ordinance of the Chapter to “build a church that should have no equal in the world,” was “finished in 1519,” according to “La Semana Catolica”—a religious periodical published in Seville 1873. These transept portals—to say nothing of the great west portal—certainly should have been excepted. And as they contemplate large size, and numerous details of decoration, completion should not be looked for in the near future of a building, which required one hundred and sixteen years of labour, and an expenditure of untold wealth, in the palmy days of Spain, to put it in its present condition. All lovers of the Fine Arts would regret a result that should leave upon it a blemish of imperfection.

Entering the Cathedral by one of the front doors, the interior instantly takes hold of attention, and keeps it. Spain possesses many gems of religious architecture. La Seo at Zaragoza, in its chief features, is massive and imposing. Lerida has, immured in its fortress, a wreck of exquisite beauty. The Cathedral of Tarragona has solidity and strength as if cast of molten rock. That of Toledo seems like moulded magnificence. Of Burgos incomprehensible affluence. Of Leon delicacy and tastefulness unequalled. But that of Seville asserts a claim to preeminence, not merely because of vastness, but for consistency of design, material, and decoration. It was a great merit of the later superintendents of construction, that they did not alter the original plan of this building. The result is a rare harmony in its great features; however Mr. G. E. Street—generally good authority in Church Architecture, *but who had not seen the Seville Cathedral when he thus wrote*—may have thought that *neither it, nor the Milan Cathedral*, “possesses any other claim to respect” *except their “width.”* Mr. Street is not apt to be as venturesome of an opinion without assured premises. And not-the least causes of regret to those who have strolled as far as Seville, for his having done so in this instance, are the injury thereby to his own reputation for thorough study and fairness of report, and the disparagement of a work of unquestionably high-art in general scheme and innumerable details.

The interior length is three hundred and ninety-eight feet, exclusive of the Capilla Real which occupies the large apse of the tribune. And the width through the transepts is two hundred and ninety-one feet. Measure-

ments are taken from "La Semana Catolica." The Spanish foot is the standard—equal to eleven English inches, as before stated. The nave is fifty-nine feet wide, and one hundred and thirty-four feet high; and is separated from two aisles on each side, by brownish-yellow stone pillars, or piers; for they are massive enough to be so-called. The whole interior is of the same material, giving to it an expression of appropriate solemnity. Gothic arches rest on the piers, and span the spaces between them lengthwise with the nave. These arches support the clerestory wall; which is faced by a triforium gallery, and pierced still higher by pointed stained-glass windows. The stone vault covering the nave is grave in appearance almost to sternness, although groinings and ribs diversify the surface. But they disdain the decoration even of rosettes. Two aisles on each side of the nave, have, respectively, a height of eighty-eight feet, and width of thirty-nine and a half feet; and they are separated from each other by pillars of like size and style as those of the nave. The division pillars of the aisles and the pillars of the nave, support transverse gothic arches; and the former support also arches running longitudinally, and the groining ribs of the aisle-vaults. Numerous side-chapels, forty-nine feet in height, are entered from the outside aisles; and they are separated from each other by heavy division walls faced at their aisle ends by partial pillars. Above the entrances to the chapels, the outer aisle side-wall is pierced by gothic windows, corresponding in number to those of the clerestory. While the outer wall of the chapels—forming that likewise of the sides of the Cathedral itself—is similarly pierced by pointed stained

glass windows. Each chapel is shut in from the aisle by a bronze metal reja, substantial, but plain ; in better taste, however, than the flaunting, Bernini-looking statuary, seen in some Spanish Cathedrals.

The *coro*, as usual in Spain, occupies the transept end of the nave. It is inconsistent with the splendid gothic design of the edifice itself, having been interpolated at a latter period. The two side screens, particularly that part of each which forms a vestibule to the *coro*, are of rich variegated marble material, but of a mongrel Græco-Romano-plateresque style below, overloaded by heavy wood-carvings and organ boxes, above. A part of the side-screens forms shrines. In one of these is a Virgin by Montañes, unsurpassed as a piece of wood-sculpture. The *transcoro*—the space of the nave between the choir and the main portal of the building—is separated from the *coro* by the *respaldo*, back-screen, formed of rich jasper and marbles, heavily sculptured in relief. Here also is a shrine of an old, and as unartistic as antiquated, picture of the Madonna. But few things in the Cathedral are as much knelt to, and prayed to, as this. The interior of the *coro* has a finely sculptured *sillera* of one hundred and sixteen stalls, in two rows on each side. The *facistol*—lectern—is between these ; and the archiepiscopal throne is at the far end of the *coro*, facing the high-altar. The wood-carvings of most of the Spanish *coro*-screens, inside, and also of the stalls, are wonderful passages of art ; perfect poems indeed, of religious sentiment intermingled with historical events, sacred and profane, and well worthy the close examination of those who may not look upon such handiwork again. Spain was more distinguished

by her painters than her sculptors. Yet her wood-carvings are among the first for expression, delicacy, and truthfulness. The stalls and screens of her Cathedral choirs are miracles, of idealized as well as real objects, forming in fact a materialized story of infinite variety and elegance, hung in foliage, festooned with vines and clustering fruit, chequered with animal being, and leaved with legends, and with lessons of revelation and biblical history. Her statued saints and sainted statues, whatever may be said of the perishable substance from which they are cut, and however severely, and by those who have not seen them, scornfully criticized, for their painted veri-similitude, are wondrous examples of impassioned art; and so long as barbaric fanaticism shall leave them unharmed as mementos of such, they will serve to hand down the names of Juni and Berruguete, Cano, Montañes, and Roldan, as seeming creators of eloquent being from mute matter. The decorative carving of the Seville Cathedral coro is by Sanchez, Dancart, and Guillen, and may not be thought quite the equal of some found elsewhere. Nevertheless its quaint, as well as its pure designs, and the admirable execution of all, entitle it to close inspection. The *reja* of the coro, though not equal to that of the high-altar, is however a fine specimen of metal railing-work in conception and finish.

The *transept* of the building is of similar height, and its pillars, arches, clerestory, triforium gallery, windows, and vaulting, are correspondent in style and arrangement, with those of the nave. And the same may be said of those of the *tribune*, and also of its side-aisles and chapels, which are in keeping with those of the

nave in every respect—material, size, plan, and ornamentation.

The pillars—or piers—should not be merely glanced at; they deserve study. There are thirty-two in all, of magnificent proportions and superb details, alike harmonious, elegant, and of palpable purpose, separating the nave and tribune from the aisles, and the latter from each other. And eight on each side, and six at each end, of general correspondence of size and conformation, mark the divisions between the chapels, and fulfil the requirements of the chapel side of the outer aisle-vault, and of the outer aisle-wall. Each pillar is formed of clustered pillarets, flutes, and mouldings. At first sight the base looks quadrilateral in shape; but a particular examination shows the division of each side into two parts by a slightly projecting angle, thus making the base irregularly octagonal. The shaft of each pillar has four equidistant pillarets, corresponding to the four *prominent* angles of the base. These support upon their little capitals, the longitudinal and cross arches of nave and aisles. And every one of these four pillarets has, on each side of it, a smaller pillaret to uphold the moulding of an arch—one on each side of its free face. Four pillarets, midway between those supporting the arches, and not quite as large, mark the *less prominent* angles of the great octagonal pillar, and ascend to support on their diminutive capitals the groining ribs. Between each of these and a moulding pillaret of an arch, is a most delicate one of simple decoration, running up to become lost at its full height adjacent to the spring of the vault. The assemblage of the pillaret capitals makes the exquisite wreath capital of the

massive pillar or pier. Each of these great pillars has a diameter of fifteen feet: and no part of its vast circumference is left with a surface of sameness to offend even the most fastidious architectural taste, for flutes and mouldings fill the pillaret interspaces, thus aiding in perfecting the mass of ornamentation clothing a structure as significant of beauty as of strength.

Over the crossing of transept and naÿe, was formerly—in accordance with the original design—a magnificent *media naranja*—half orange—cupola. This was crowned by colossal statues of prophets and apostles. But the weight was too great for the substructure, and it fell with three of the supporting arches—in 1511. A junta of the master architects of Seville, Toledo, and Jaen, was called by the Chapter of the Cathedral to determine the question of its reconstruction. The result of the conference was a decision to build the shallow *cimborio* now seen, lifted only nine feet and a half above the height of the nave, and pierced on the sides by small stained glass windows. The vaulted surface of the *cimborio*, and that of the four surrounding *bovedas*, are profusely studded with sculptured foliage, in alto, thus relieving the somewhat too stern simplicity of other parts of the Cathedral canopy.

The *high-altar*, in the tribune, faces the *coro*, and is separated from it by the width of the *crossing*, that space which is canopied by the *cimborio*, and is allotted in such sanctuaries to the special Cathedral services. A relieved bronze pulpit at each end of the magnificent, gilt, high-altar *reja*, faces this space. Here the faithful are taught the dogmas of ecclesiastical theology. And although the Bible is not in Spain the religious

Hand-book of the people, they sometimes *hear read* from these stands, gospel narratives appropriate to certain solemnities. These are of the sensational character, to touch the feelings of the multitude, whose mortal and immortal destinies are claimed to be safe alone in the hands of the favoured few who exercise authority by an assumed Divine right. It is the assertion of an exalted prerogative certainly, and full of gratified vanity. But a fearful responsibility awaits the discharge of duty: and the judgment "I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity," will awaken many to a dreadful reality of offended justice. In Holy Week, besides the chantings of Jeremiah's Lamentations—the Tenebræ—in the coro, and the grand orchestral rendering of the Miserere in the altar-place, there are heard from the two ambones—pulpits—and a temporary reading-desk between them, the eventful story of Christ's Passion as related by the Evangelists. Three of the clergy give it, the different records being read—that of St. Matthew's on Passion or Palm-Sunday; of St. Mark, on Holy Thursday; of St. Luke on Holy Friday; of St. John on Holy Saturday; one reader giving the sayings of Christ, another the words of others having part in the events, and a third the connecting narrative. It is due to truth—which should not be unwelcome to either Protestant or Catholic professing to revere a God of Truth—to say, that the reading, as heard by us, deserves to be so called. It was *articulate* sound—language—uttered with appropriate solemnity, impressiveness, and distinctness; with clear, well-modulated voice; correct emphasis, cadence, and bated breath; making itself heard and understood; and putting to shame the,

sometimes, monotonous prosiness; or the unnatural sing-song, dignified as *intoning*, and sillily substituting *natural speech*; and the ofttimes racing speed, of the Church of England service. This latter leads to sacrilegious thoughtlessness of the people; who, in the reading of the Psalms, and responses, really seem as if they were running a "Derby" with the officiating priest. Why is it that the interpretation of a by-gone language is considered an essential of education in Universities, which give little, or no heed whatever, to the effective speech of their own? That a *requisite* of the *living present*, should be neglected for the *possible want* of a *dead past*? That a wretched vocalism which would discredit a representative chamber, or a court of law, should be thought fitted for the most exalted of all Sanctuaries of Truth and Justice? A vocalism having neither the melody of music to charm the ear, nor the eloquence of speech to convince the understanding, but is made up of unnatural inflections and prolonged whining cadences, as offensive to a sense of harmony, as to the longings of the soul after knowledge and wisdom.

Of the rending of the white, and of the black veils, with which the high-altar is covered from the Crucifixion to the Resurrection ceremonies of Holy Week, and the accompanying *feu de joie* of pistols and fire-crackers in the triforium gallery, we forbear to speak. They are of a like puerile, and vulgarly theatrical character, with the dancing of the chorister-boys, dressed as royal pages and wearing plumed caps, before the high-altar, and in the archiepiscopal presence, at stated church-festivals. This pirouetting in the holy of

holies of the Sanctuary, to the sound of castinets, finds no better excuse than that it has been the immemorial custom of this church, and that the figures of the dance—successively formed—make the letters of the feast they celebrate. When seen by us, the little ballet-dancers, trained to the service of the temple, wrote with nimble feet the words *Immaculate Conception*. Such are among the signs of debasement of Spanish religionism; alike with the street processions for which the season of Easter is most noted, in which graven images are borne on platforms, before which the people bow in idolatrous worship.

The high-altar *retablo*, made of the *alerce*—*lignum-vitæ*—which formerly covered the Tablada plain near Seville, is a sculptured art-narrative of scriptural events: each, of fifty gothic panelled alcoves, being a comprehensive chapter, and the whole a splendid open volume of great passages.

The view, from the archiepiscopal throne at the far end of the coro, of the perspective of pillars and arches; of the rejas, the high-altar and *retablo*; flooded with mellowest light from the superb stained-glass windows, and covered by a far off firmament of indefinite richness; is rarely equalled for architectural grace and grandeur. The eye rests on the picture with supreme delight. The Seville Cathedral certainly surpasses all others seen by us in Spain, in its lighting; the nave by clerestory windows, the transept by those of similar size and symmetry, the aisles by their full and harmonious series, and each chapel by its own, of unchanging gothic richness; while three rose-windows at the west end, one similar above the north and another

above the south transept portal, making in all ninety-three windows, pour an Andalusian radiance through an iris-hued subduing medium into this magnificent Sanctuary.

Behind the high-altar of the Cathedral, the tribune projects a large central apse, and two smaller, lateral apses. The latter are occupied as ordinary chapels. The former is the *Capilla Real*; to all appearance, by reason of its large size, its seeming isolation from the chief edifice by the *respaldo*—the back screen of the high-altar—and its entirely different architecture, an independent church. This Royal Chapel, built of light dove-coloured sandstone, without a trace of stucco to be seen, is a rich example of the plateresque style. The chapel is a half-oval in ground-plan; and an archway on each side, with choir gallery above, gives access, respectively, to a Sacristia and a Sala Capitular; for this Royal Chapel has servitors and a religious service, altogether independent of those of the Cathedral. In the Sacristia is a painting of the Mater Dolorosa, without superior certainly, probably without an equal, elsewhere. And in the Sala Capitular is a superb portrait of San Fernando—Ferdinand III—the sainted king to whom Spain is indebted for much of her national glory, and Christianity for the greatest of its early triumphs, in rolling back the tide of invasion by the followers of Mahommed of Western Europe. Both paintings are by Murillo. A half-dome spans the altar-place, and a full-dome and lantern cover the body of the chapel. These are relieved with apostles, saints, and kings, thick as stars. Indeed the pilastres, entablatures, and niches of the walls, and the overhanging canopy, all thickly

covered with carving, seem like a vast efflorescence of sculpture. Here lie the remains of San Fernando, in a gold and silver sarcophagus of seventy-two thousand dollars weight of the precious metals, exclusive of cost of workmanship. Church and State, with unlimited wealth at their disposal, have sought to make this chapel the most affluent of mausoleums, and a transcendent shrine for *La Virgen de los Reyes*—the miraculous image of St. Ferdinand's idolatry, to which he bequeathed his jewelled crown. This wooden doll, wearing the symbol of sovereignty, and clad in queenly robes, now stands, canopied and curtained, behind the decaying corpse of its former worshipper; as if in mockery of the royalty, gone to give an account of violated commandment to that "jealous God" Who is "no respecter of persons." The Sarcophagi of Beatrix and Alonso el Sabio—the queen and son of San Fernando—covered with cloth of gold, occupy recesses near the immense reja thrown across the front of the Royal Chapel. And the bodies of Pedro el Cruel, his mistress Maria de Padilla, on one side of him, and his brother Frederick—whom he murdered—on the other, lie in a vault beneath the high-altar; with others of royal lineage. Pedro needed whatever chances of saving grace could come to him from proximity to the spot where is commemorated daily a chief sacramental means of salvation. He was a wicked scamp in the eye of impartial history, if not in the sight of that priestly policy which gave his body a consecrated resting place, and guaranteed his soul a certain, though perhaps somewhat tardy passage to Paradise.—*for valuable consideration.*

The sixteen other chapels and shrines of the Cathedral, although of no special architectural interest, should be looked at by the ecclesiologist. Some of them contain pictures of great merit which should not be passed unnoticed. In the Capilla de N. S. de Belem is a beautiful painting of the Virgin and Child by Alonzo Cano. Some think it the finest production of his pencil. The altar-painting of the *Capilla de Santiago*, is a passionate rendering of a *battle scene*, by Las Roelas; in honour of the Patron Saint of Spain, to whom the chapel is dedicated, and who is represented in the picture dealing death all around him—that gentle James who taught, that “the *wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God* The fruit of righteousness is sown in *peace of them that make peace.*” It is a strange decoration for a Christian altar. Yet into such absurdities are men carried by that “*faith*,” which the same consistent follower of the Master said, “*without works was dead!*” The *Capilla de Baptisterio*, near the entrance to the Sargario, contains one of Murillo’s masterpieces—*San Antonio de Padua*. The brown-habited friar, wondrously drawn, coloured, and modelled, is seen in his convent-cloister; kneeling and with outstretched arms, looking up supplicatingly to the infant Jesus, who, far above, from amid golden light garlanded by cherubs, seems coming, responsive to the prayer for his presence. Lilies—typical of the friar’s purity of faith, fill a vase near him; and so true is their picture, that they are said to have lured the love of intruding bird and bee. Murillo received for this magnificent work, but ten thousand reals—equal to five hundred dollars—about *one hundred pounds sterling!* It is said that an

Archduke of Russia not long since, vainly offered one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or thirty thousand pounds sterling—for it. Some art-critics have pronounced this, Murillo's greatest work. But the dust with which it is covered, and the want of sufficient and suitable light, make it impossible to judge of its minute merits satisfactorily. Enough, however, of its general excellence can be seen, to strengthen the wish to see it more advantageously. And as fine as the sainted protectresses of the Giralda—Rufina and Justina—look in colours on the adjacent Gothic window, one feels half inclined for the moment, to wish the barricade broken even if by a barrow of bricks, that St. Anthony might be seen by a flood of white light. Near the great front portal, above the shrine of the Angel de la Guarda, is Murillo's celebrated picture of the *Guardian Angel*. How blessed the memories of maternal watchfulness and guidance, awakened by this inspiration of the master! Never have genius and sentiment combined to put before us a more precious vision. A winged messenger in golden garments, and upraised hand, leading a gentle child along the path to Paradise!

The remaining chapels do not contain paintings of special merit. But the *Sala Capitular*—the Chapter House—entered from within the south-east angle of the Cathedral, should be examined for these, and other attractions. This is a large oval saloon, fifty by thirty-four feet, of Græco-Roman architecture, with plateresque ornamentation. Seats, somewhat elevated above the marble pavement, surround the entire room. Above these, pedestals and fluted Ionic columns rise, supporting a cinque cento cornice. Over the latter are

windows, between which are eight oval spaces filled with paintings by Murillo, of San Fernando, San Leandro, San Laureanus, Santa Rufina, Santa Justina, San Pius, San Isodoro, San Hermenegildo. And higher still is a rich artesonado semi-oval dome, panelled throughout to the spring of the lantern. Between the columns are bassi-relievi medallions, in marble, representing the Ascension of the Virgin, and such scriptural subjects as Cana of Galilee, Daniel in the lion's den, Parable of the Vineyard, Baptism of Christ, calling of Levi, parable of the Sower, the Seven Virgins, Christ walking on the water, the Angel of the Apocalypse, the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, his flagellation, and the washing of the feet of his disciples. Allegorical paintings, below these sculptures, are by Cespedes of Cordova, and are said to have been touched by Murillo nearly a century later. After examining a small Conception by Murillo, much valued by the Chapter, the Sacristia Mayor, adjoining the Sala Capitular, should next be looked at for its varied treasures of art, in architecture, paintings, sculpture in metals, and rich embroidery of vestments.

The *Sacristia Mayor* is quadrilateral. Four massive corner piers support, within, an equal number of semi-circular arches. On these and intermediate spandrels, rests a semi-spherical dome; all, together with the walls, door-columns, and entablature, of yellowish-white stone; the whole being sculptured in a bold plateresque. The effect is striking; the elaborate ornamentation being well seen by the sufficient light of windows under the arches. This plateresque, or style of the silver-smiths, from its profuse decoration engrafted on the

simpler forms of the Græco-Roman, is borrowed from the fanciful adornments of the rich old Gothic. It has a pleasing effect when in consistent relation with other parts; but is repugnant to pure taste when patched, in sometimes extravagant and absurd designs, on the grey piles of venerable Gothic Cathedrals. Especially on the exterior of the Seville Cathedral, where the distinction of parts is not readily recognized, does this incrustation of Græco-Roman-Plateresque appear out of place. In the interior it may be tolerated, because where seen, in the Sacristia, the Capilla Real, and the Sala Capitular, it does not obtrude itself immediately upon the nobler features of the great building challenging admiration. These appendages as now seen were not of the original design of the great edifice. Hence no charge of inconsistency lies against the architect who furnished that plan. His name has perished by the blight of centuries, or was lost when the plans of the building were destroyed by fire with the Palacio Real in 1734. But it is believed to have been Alonzo Martinez—of whom there is record, that he was master of the former building in 1396. This was begun in 1403. As to the bastard-classic porticoes of the coro, they are also later intrusions into the Gothic Sanctuary. Within the last fifty years it was proposed by Dean Cepero, to remove the coro from its present to a more appropriate position, proximate to the altar. Want of funds, it is said, has prevented the adoption of this suggestion. Such a change, besides opening a vista of surpassing architectural grandeur, would relieve the grand old building from some most inharmonious details. In the Sacristia Mayor are two masterly pic-

tures by Murillo of San Leandro and San Isidoro, former Archbishops, and as before stated patron-saints of Seville. They are imposing personalities of ecclesiastical *dignity*; but *not portraits* of the *dignitaries* themselves. Of these no traces remained to guide the artist; and Alonso de Herrera of the Cathedral choir sat for the likeness of the former, and the licentiate Juan Lopez Talaban for that of the latter. There is also here, by Murillo, a Santa Theresa; probably one of his earliest efforts. And Zurbaran is represented by a martyrdom of St. Lawrence which falls much below his high achievements. But the picture of greatest interest in the Sacristia, as well because of its eventful history, as for the high judgment of its merits, is the *Deposition from the Cross* by Pedro Campana—a Fleming, born in Brussels, 1503, went to Italy to pursue his studies in 1530, and came to Spain 1548. He was one of the founders of the School of Seville, and was employed to paint this picture as an altar-piece for the Church of Santa Cruz. When that church was torn down by command of Soult, his French vandals, besides desecrating the tomb of Murillo, *broke* or *split* this picture into five pieces, probably in revenge for its having been painted on *panel*. Had it been on *canvas*, it could have been rolled up and readily borne off by Soult to sell to some of the aristocratic receivers of stolen goods further north. After the departure of the French, the pieces were recovered, though somewhat warped and blistered by exposure, and were placed by the Chapter of the Cathedral in the hands of Joachin Cortes, who reunited them, and otherwise restored the work as far as practicable. Its original perfections of course are irre-

parably gone; and it seems to have a harshness of tone, and possibly of relative composition about it; an indefinable want of something subdued, and tempered to what we are apt to think the requirements of a scene of unutterable sorrow. Perhaps, however, it was in the mind of the master to mark his dramatic characters by an individuality which would not admit, in his judgment, of a too sympathetic art. His notion may not have been that of an enlightened conventional solemnity—the sorrow of so-called “good breeding.” Certainly the personal realism of this picture is impressively, and almost startlingly visible. And it is easy to understand why, before modern barbarians defaced it, Pacheco—the art-historian of that day—should have said “I fear to remain alone on the coming of night where it hangs:” and why Murillo should have lingered often, and long, before it—as he said—“watching the taking down of the Saviour.” The lowering of the body of Christ by Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, from the transept of the cross, is not dramatically overwrought. These conscientious Jews are shown in pitying and tender act, rightly clad in oriental costume; not, for sensational effect, bare and brawny as British pugilists. While St. John sustains below in posture of gentle and reasonable effort the stiffened limbs of death, insensible to aught else but his pious duty. On the left of the central figure, the Mother, falling backward, is looking up at the cross with face of utter desolation, touched by insanity. Mind is dethroned by misery; such, as in its hopelessness, helplessness, and passiveness, is nowhere else seen on canvas. One gazes on her in dread of the reaction which must bring on raving madness.

Mary Salome supports the Mother with her hands, her heart being far away. While Mary, the mother of James and John, stands behind overwhelmed with despair; a contrast of most effective power, to the humble, submissive, and devoted Magdalen, who, holding a vase of precious ointment, kneels near the foot of the cross, abstracted from all else save the duty of patient piety, and the awaiting of assured events. Happily the red and yellow of the drapery have been sufficiently preserved to give needful warmth of colouring; which is duly qualified by blue and white. The joining of the five pieces of the damaged picture, is necessarily visible. But even in its present imperfect state, no lover of art coming to Seville should fail to see it.



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

CHAPTER XXV.

SACRISTIA MAYOR. PLEA FOR CLERICAL PREROGATIVE AND POPULAR IGNORANCE. POPULAR IGNORANCE SUITED TO STATE AND CHURCH TYRANNY. RIGHTEOUSNESS THE KEY-NOTE OF THE SONG OF SALVATION. WHAT SAY THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS? CHRIST'S MISSION. INSTALLATION OF CONSCIENCE. DETHRONEMENT OF SELFISHNESS. CHRIST'S EXAMPLE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW. MISGUIDED ZEAL OF FOLLOWERS. SOON SOUGHT TO SUPPLEMENT THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AS TAUGHT OF THE MASTER. FAITH AND REASON NOT ANTAGONISTS. CHRIST A REASONER. PAUL A REASONER. PETER ENJOINS THE GIVING OF A REASON. THE SUBSTITUTION OF A HUMAN THEOLOGY FOR THE RELIGION TAUGHT BY CHRIST DESTROYED THE HAPPINESS AND HOPES OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE. - TRUTH HIDDEN, NOT PUT OUT. SAGRARIO. SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT. THE REAL PRESENCE—ITS DEATH AND ENTOMBMENT IRRECONCILEABLE WITH ITS LIFE AND ENTHRONEMENT. EXPERIMENTS ON HUMAN CREDULITY. CHRIST'S CAUTION AGAINST TEACHING FOR DOCTRINES THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN. RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS. SPANISH IDOLATRY.

THE relics and various church properties kept in the Sacristia Mayor, are considered very valuable. The clerical vestments are probably the costliest, and showiest, known to ecclesiastical vanity; heavy enough

with the golden tribute of that sin which robbed and murdered the trusting and innocent natives of the New World, to sink the souls of their former wearers, who countenanced and encouraged these atrocities, into everlasting perdition. And besides immense closets of church plate, lying profitless, and serving merely to gratify priestly pride of pomp; there is an enormous silver custodia, for three days' entombment of Christ's *body*—as dogmatically declared in the sacramental wafer—the value of which could put into the hands of every man, woman, and child, in Spain, a copy of the New Testament Scriptures, that they might determine for themselves the true object of Christ's mission on earth, and the manner in which practical good is to come of it to mankind. True, the capacity of the people to read and understand of themselves the truth as taught of Christ, is denied by the upholders of priestly privilege and power. And plausible, as well as laboured arguments, and stern edicts, are put forth, to show the damnable heresy of investigating and thinking for one's-self in matters of moral law, and immortal destiny. The fountain is sealed, according to them, except to the favoured. A plea for clerical prerogative and popular ignorance, in "El Magisterio Español de Madrid," exclaims—"Let our people remember that no science can be improvised, above all religious science. Keeping in all its integrity the faith of our fathers, who did not read, but who listened, and delivered themselves over to truth, they will be enabled to discharge not only their moral duty, but also to attain their destiny as immortal souls; and thus preserving the true belief, they will some future day behold unveiled, that, which

without faith, without the traditional authority of the Church, perplexes those who all their lives study books, daily spread abroad as specimens of the religious trading of the nineteenth century. . . . To live religiously they must not limit their cares to the purchase of a Book *they do not, and cannot know.* . . . Those who read them without any authority superior to their own, and without notes to explain doubts, which have puzzled even the learned, are in constant danger of heretical doctrines." A like advocate of ignorance is that stirrer up of strife in the interests of selfishness—Don Carlos. In his manifesto of July 16, 1874, issued from his headquarters at Morentin, he sorrowfully exclaims—"Alas! Spain, and Europe have already seen too clearly, that the great tempests are engendered in the university professorships and in the books (*en las catedras y en los libros*), which afterwards break out in the Parliaments and in the barricades!"

The above plea for popular passiveness, for the ignorance and stupidity of the masses, well befits the mean and selfish instincts of the few, who seek to keep the many in subjection to them. But it involves an affirmation utterly denied by the facts in the case. The present demoralized and degraded condition of Spain, and indeed her rapid passing through idolatry to actual irreligion, is an unanswerable negative to the claim of saving grace for the "traditional authority of a Church," which has held the will and ways of the people subject to its exclusive guidance—without hindrance hitherto for many centuries, from either heathen or heretic. The cancer of poverty eating away the social, moral, and physical welfare of the masses; the rich and poor

estranged from each other, and battling, the former for power and plunder, the latter for being and bread; and the priesthood, with few exceptions, unenlightened, selfish, heartless, worthless, treadmill routinists; cannot be regarded as proofs of the elevated character of a "religious science" proceeding from "the traditional authority of the Church." Though they may rightly be considered results of Spaniards following, as the author of the plea says, "their fathers who *did not read*, but *listened* and delivered themselves over"—to what? We answer, to the "cunningly devised fables" of the day, against which the Apostle Peter warned them, instead of obeying his injunction "*giving all diligence*, add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue *knowledge*." If the fathers of the Spanish people "did not read," and their children—those of them who get a Bible—"cannot know" it, the greater the disgrace of those, who, unblushingly proclaiming the fact, laud the clergy who are at enmity to the spread of knowledge, and liberty of thought, and are the causes of this barrenness. We are dealing with so-called Christians. Do their professions and practices conform to the fundamental precepts of Christ? This is an inquiry which forces itself on the traveller's attention in Spain.

It is characteristic of the representative Spaniard to blind himself to the progress of other States in science, literature, art—all means indeed of intellectual elevation, power, prosperity, and material comfort: or if forced upon his attention, he recognises these only as reprehensible results, flowing along with the "religious trading of the nineteenth century," and therefore things better dispensed with, than possessed at the cost of his

consistent adherence to the *traditions of the Church*, among which is the *danger of heresy from the purchase and reading of books*. Priests and Princes have thought it politic to spread thick darkness over the land. Out of a population of 15,720,575; but 3,129,821 can read and write; leaving 12,590,734 *listening, as did their fathers*, to "wolves in sheeps' clothing," without light to enable them to detect the imposture of which Christ told his hearers on the Mount to "beware." The clear and comprehensive code of laws, given by divine inspiration for the *conduct of life*, was not suited to gratify the longings for place, and power, and plunder, of human ambition. A scheme of religion of elastic capacities, and dogmatic administration, duly tempered with the supernatural to create a habit of blind belief, whatever the mystery, or the mockery of common sense, was better fitted for the purpose. It mattered not as to the larger element of *materialism* entering into it. That only made it the more acceptable to those accustomed to the entities of heathen mythology. Hence a religion of *personality*, less exalted in plan and purpose, than that even of the North American Indian's "Great Spirit." Not of that Divinity, which, St. John truly said, "no man hath seen at any time;" that, which "in the beginning was the *Word*, which was with God, and *was God*;" not of that Eternal Spirit, which "moved upon the face of the waters," and proclaimed the dawn of time by the creative command "let there be light;" but of that "Word," which—descending from a far-reaching after the incomprehensibly sublime to a Pagan thought—he afterwards assumed was "made *flesh*," visible and tangible, and "dwelt among us." Thus came

delegation of supreme prerogatives to human vicegerents, with power to interpret a *personal Almighty's* will, define its judgments, and enforce *their* decrees by pains and penalties, for time, and eternity. A mighty engine of presumption. And potent for evil it has proved in Spain! Individual conscience and moral responsibility have been supplanted; servile obedience to others, however frail or feeble these may be, and often are, is substituted in their stead. It required ignorance to tolerate such assumptions. Hence the multitude have been kept without the means of learning that the service most acceptable to God, is exactly that which will best promote their earthly happiness and dignity. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." That word, *Righteousness*, is a revelation from heaven shaming by its comprehensive wisdom, its adaptation to man's present and future good, and its clear meaning, the creeds and confessions, decrees and dogmas, of human invention. *Righteousness* was the key-note of that sweet song of salvation, which, sung ere the Hebrew Harp of old renown was hung upon the willows, was reawakened by Christ to breathe its holy strain for Jew and Gentile, to win their hearts from evil. From the day of man's disobedience in Eden, when he came to "know good and evil," down to the coming of Christ, the constant effort of inspired wisdom was to draw wrong-doers from evil ways. The summing up of the Old Testament is shown by such passages as the following—"Say ye to the *righteous* that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. *Woe unto the wicked*, it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be

given him. Offer the *sacrifice of righteousness*, and put your trust in the Lord. See that ye hate the thing which is *evil*. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh *uprightly*, and worketh *righteousness*, and speaketh the *truth in his heart*." And so with the New Testament. How emphatic the testimony of *him who inspired it*, to the *exalting influence, and all-sufficiency*, of that divine inculcation! At the outset of his mission of redemption, Jesus taught the multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis, from Jerusalem and Judæa, and from beyond Jordan, saying—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after *righteousness*! . . . Blessed are they which are persecuted for *righteousness*' sake, for *theirs is the kingdom of heaven*!" And the whole of his teachings, as recognised by manifestations of himself, reflect this radiance of *righteousness* undimmed by metaphysical obscurity. And the intuitive perception of mankind, uninstructed of *theological learning*, knows and accepts, its *divinity of truth and goodness*; whenever permitted by priestcraft to behold it, free from the perverting influences of human traditions and inventions. There is no room with honest minds, for possible doubt as to what he meant by that comprehensive word. For he established the good, and plucked up evil by the roots, wherever he moved among the multitude. The "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" he overthrew. As he said "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." His mission was to teach the *conduct of life* best fitted to secure happiness and welfare *here*, and *consequently, hereafter*. *Future judgment* is everywhere shown by

him to be reward, or punishment, for deeds *done in the body*. What imports a religion not promoting man's earthly good? The idea of a *Creator* not providing for the well-being of His *creature*, and making him *merely* for *His worshipper*, to chant psalms and perform all sorts of ritualistic ceremonial, daily and hourly, to *His praise*, is repugnant alike to reason and reverence, as well as inconsistent with the Commandment—"Six days (of seven) thou shalt labour and do all thy work." A commandment, by the way, habitually violated by the majority of those on whose lips it is most frequently found. Christ said "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His *righteousness*, and all these things (necessary to life) shall be added unto you." That is, make sure of doing God's will—not by paying "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and *omitting the weightier matters of the law*"—but by *fulfilling that law*, and your well-being will be assured. No *outward observances* will answer; but a *conduct of life* coming of convictions of conscience, and sincerity of heart—from *within* a man—only, will give him a reality of self-approval here, and fit him for entrance into life hereafter. And the difficulty is not in verifying what is *right to be done*, but in *doing it*. What can be used, what will serve and save, Jesus made so manifest that none can fail to see it. The follower has only to make sure of his Master's teaching, free from the confusion of tongues, the vain imaginings and traditions of men, the assumptions of dogmatists, the incomprehensible logic of metaphysical divinity, and the vagaries of a so-called *theological science* (which, from its unsettled principles, and ever varying teachings, is no science at all);