

had borne. Hence to look on the "Christ Bearer," is thought to turn away the evil eye, and we find in all Spanish churches the image of St. Christopher.

On the opposite side of this door is the picture of
THE GENERATION OF CHRIST AFTER THE FLESH.

(By *Luis de Vargas.*)

This picture is called "La Gamba," owing to the admiration with which the leg of Adam inspired Alesio, after he had finished his gigantic St. Christopher. Looking at the picture for some moments, Alesio exclaimed with generous enthusiasm: "Piu vale la tua gamba che tutto il mio San Cristoforo."

Luis de Vargas was the contemporary of Juanes, and was born at Seville. He is said to have introduced fresco painting into the Spanish School. Twenty-eight years of his life were spent in Italy studying the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. His first work on his return to Spain was "The Nativity," which bears the date 1555, and is placed near Murillo's picture of "The Guardian Angel." It is related of Vargas, that before painting he would lie down in a coffin in his room, and meditate upon death and eternity, so deep was his sense of a painter's responsibility, so intense his desire to bear in mind the coming judgment of God.

It was with some difficulty that we obtained admission into the SACRISTIA MAYOR, where is the picture

of THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. By *Pedro de Campaña*.

Campaña was a Flemish artist who won the notice of Charles V., at Bologna, and was invited by the Emperor to visit Spain, where he resided for many years. This picture is his master-piece, and cruelly as it was injured by the French under Soult, it should without fail be seen by travellers, and the obstacles put in their way will be overcome by perseverance and civility.

For a long time we stood before this painting. The figures are life-size. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus are on ladders placed against the Cross, supporting the lifeless body of Him Whom in death they boldly confess. They have but just released the hands; one arm is still held up, the other has fallen. Beneath the Cross are the Virgin, St. John, and the two Maries; bending down watching the moment to receive the precious body, when it shall have been lowered so as to reach their tender grasp.

Murillo was wont to spend hours before this picture; he would wait on in the dim twilight; and when asked on one occasion by the sacristan, "What kept him there?" he pointed to the two figures of Joseph and Nicodemus, and replied, "I am waiting till those holy men have finished their task." Below this picture, in the Church of the Santa Cruz, Murillo by his own desire was buried, with these words to mark his grave: "Vive moriturus."

Both Murillo's tomb and the Church were de-

stroyed by the French, who scattered the ashes of the great Spanish painter, and cut in pieces the picture which he loved.

In this Sacristia is shown a curious finely-wrought key, presented to Alfonso the Wise by the Jews, in token of their gratitude for the humanity which he displayed towards them: for "the wise" King was conscious of the benefit conferred upon himself and his people by the residence of the learned Rabbis among them.

On the key is this inscription, "God will open; the King will enter in;" but whether Alfonso the Wise was meant by the cunning Jews, or the King of all the Earth, is a question which, according to Dean Milman, admits of considerable doubt.

In this same Sacristy are the pictures of LEANDER and ISIDORE, the brother Archbishops of Seville, painted by *Murillo*—Leander the aged, and Isidore, the illustrious doctor of the Spanish Church, with a book in his hand bearing a Latin inscription: the brothers are robed in white, and wear their mitres.

Isidore was the enemy of intolerance, and declared before the Council of Toledo, in a time of threatened persecution, that "It was not by force, but by free will, that men could be brought to conversion."

Whilst words such as these were uttered by St. Isidore in Spain, the Koran or death was being proclaimed by Mahomet in Arabia.

In the north transept, close to the Court of Oranges, is a picture by *Alonso Cano* of the VIRGIN AND INFANT SAVIOUR, but in such a wretched light as hardly to be noticed by passers-by. The Virgin wears the symbolic colours—crimson and blue—signifying divine love and truth.

The organs in Spanish Cathedrals are grand in tone, and their picturesque pipes, projecting like trumpets, have a novel and striking effect, worthy of imitation in our own great Churches.

We left the Cathedral by the Court of Oranges, and its beautiful Moorish gate—all that now remains of the Mosque—and found ourselves close to the GIRALDA TOWER.

This tower was built by the Moors in the twelfth century, and has a peculiar charm, rising like a fairy pagoda from the surrounding mass of ancient walls and rude battlements. On its summit is the figure of "Faith," moving on a pivot, and pointing the way of the wind.

This figure was the gift of the Grand Inquisitor Valdès, who, when Archbishop of Seville, raised the tower one hundred feet. Surely some mocking spirit must have guided the persecutor of Archbishop Carranza—the scourge of those who were tossed to and fro by shifting winds of doctrine—when he selected the figure of Faith for the weather-cock of his church.

The next day was the Horse Fair, a scene for the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. Here were gathered together Andalusian horses, mules, sheep, and oxen,

without pen or fold; groups of peasants in short jackets, gay mantas, and embroidered leather gaiters, open at the leg, showing the white stocking beneath. Some were on muleback—two, or even three, mounted together; the mules with bright many-coloured girths and trappings, as picturesque as their riders, who are always gay, and always smoking. The women wore yellow petticoats bordered with red, and bright handkerchiefs over their heads; sometimes riding pillion behind the men who guided their mules, not by bit or bridle, but by a stick pressed gently to the right or left of the neck of the mule.

From the fair we went to the ALCAZAR—a Moorish palace, greatly spoilt by Christian barbarism, white-wash now covering walls and ceilings which were once beautifully painted. The Hall of Ambassadors is most striking with its gorgeous roof, and richly-tiled pavement.

As we passed through a doorway beyond this Hall, our guide pointed with startling emphasis to the spot where Don Fadrique, the master of Santiago, was felled to the ground by order of his brother, Pedro the Cruel, to whom the Alcazar is as much indebted for its beauty as to Maria de Padilla for its interest. Determined that the Alcazar at Seville should vie with the Alhambra at Granada in splendour, Pedro employed Moorish workmen to decorate it, and the name of his cherished Maria de Padilla still falls upon the traveller's ear in the sumptuous palace

where she dwelt. The court and arched colonnade leading to her bath, where bananas and myrtles form a leafy screen, are to this day called after her, and the Ajimez* window, through which steals the perfume of many flowers, marks the spot where she sat waiting for the king, her tears falling fast for the murdered Don Fadrique.

Pedro the Cruel was the son of Alfonso XI. Neglected by his father from his birth, Pedro and his mother, Maria of Portugal, lived in seclusion at Seville, whilst the King and his favourite, Leonora de Guzman, held their Court elsewhere. Alfonso died whilst besieging Gibraltar, and the youthful Pedro succeeded to the throne, with Albuquerque as his Minister, and the illegitimate sons of the late King in open rebellion.

In the house of Albuquerque Pedro met Maria de Padilla. She has often been described as a Jewess, who had bewitched the young King, but she was in truth of noble Castilian blood, with golden hair and Saxon complexion. Her beauty, so un-Spanish in its character, attracted the observation of the King used to the olive skins of the South, and her gentleness, so unlike his own fierce nature, speedily won his love. It is asserted that they were at once secretly wedded, but in the meanwhile Albuquerque had asked in marriage a French Princess for his master. The sister-in-law of the reigning French King, Blanche de Bour-

* Ajimez is an Arabic word, which is literally a sun-trap. It describes an unglazed window.

bon, came as the bride-elect to Valladolid, and Albuquerque and the Queen-Mother forced Pedro to meet her, and go through the form of marriage. In two days he secretly quitted Valladolid, and returned to Maria, leaving for ever Blanche de Bourbon, whose unhappy fate has been already recorded.

Albuquerque, enraged at the King's conduct, now entered into a plot with the illegitimate princes of the House of Transtamarre to dethrone him, but death shortly after put an end to the Minister's schemes: so bitter, however, was his resentment against Pedro, that before he died he made his knights and retainers swear that they would make no peace, and that his body should be carried at the head of his troops till Pedro was vanquished.

Betrayed into the hands of his enemies, Pedro was at length taken prisoner, and the body of Albuquerque was then carried in triumph to the grave. Though closely guarded by his half-brother, Don Fadrique, the King, with the assistance of his treasurer, Samuel Levi, the faithful Jew who shared his captivity, contrived to elude the vigilance of his jailors, and effect his escape. He was quickly reinstated in his authority, and rejoined Maria de Padilla; they lived together in royal state in the Alcazar at Seville; and their secret marriage, though anathematized by the Pope, received the sanction of the Spanish Church.

In the entrance gate of "Las Banderas," hung round with tapestry and surmounted with the Royal Standard, Pedro would sit administering justice in Oriental fashion.

The King's illegitimate brothers now professed allegiance, and Don Fadrique presented himself at Seville. On arriving at the Alcazar, he sought Maria de Padilla; tears were in the eyes of Maria; she knew the terrible doom awaiting him; she had tried in vain to move the King to pity, but she dared not give Don Fadrique warning save by her sorrowful reception. Surprised, but unsuspecting of danger, Don Fadrique sought the King. At the door of his apartment stood four of the royal guard, and, as he entered, the fatal order fell on his ear, "Slay the master of Santiago!"

The order was carried into execution, and Don Fadrique lay dead in the court of the Alcazar, but his elder brother, Henry of Transtamarre, was alive, and immediately took up arms against Pedro.

In 1361 Maria de Padilla died, leaving no enemies, and no stain of cruelty on her gentle memory. Pedro shortly afterwards assembled the Cortes, and solemnly declared that she was his legitimate wife. Witnesses were brought to prove the marriage, and her children were acknowledged the rightful heirs to the crown. The funeral of Maria was solemnized in the Cathedral of Seville, and the Primate of Spain delivered a funeral oration in her praise. Five years elapsed, and Pedro, defeated by Henry of Transtamarre and Du Guesclin, fled to Bordeaux to the court of the Black Prince. Then followed the battle of Navarrette, which placed Pedro once more on the throne, and gave rise to the Spanish marriages—Constance, his eldest daughter, being given in marriage to John of Gaunt, Duke of

Lancaster, and Isabella, her sister, becoming the wife of the Duke of York.

Three years later, and the cruel murder of Don Fadrique was as cruelly avenged, Pedro himself being stabbed to the heart by Henry of Transtamarre, who was immediately proclaimed King, and the claims of Pedro's son-in-law, John of Gaunt, set aside.

In the succeeding generation the rival houses of Lancaster and Transtamarre were united, by the marriage of Catherine, daughter of John of Gaunt, with Henry, heir to the Spanish throne, and grandson of Henry of Transtamarre.

The title of "Prince of the Asturias" was created for this Prince—a title suggested by John of Gaunt, in imitation of that of the Prince of Wales—and it has ever since been given to the heir-apparent of the Crown of Spain. It is interesting to remember that the first Princess of the Asturias was an Englishwoman—Catherine of Lancaster, the daughter of John of Gaunt, and granddaughter of Maria de Padilla.

Leaving the Moorish apartments, we were now shown the beautiful little Chapel of Isabella la Catolica, on the second floor.

The altar-piece is composed of old tiles, exquisite in design; and the walls are of the same material.

On the left of the altar is a curious monogram, bearing the joint initials of Isabella and Ferdinand,

held together by a cord, entwining the Yoke or "Yugo;" the first letter being the same as that of Isabella. Beneath is the motto "Tanto Monta," added to the royal arms by the jealous Ferdinand to denote his equality as King of Aragon with Isabella, Queen of Castile. On the right is a bundle of crossed arrows or "Flechas." This device was adopted by Isabella; "Flechas" having the initial letter of the name of Ferdinand. The effect of this "Azulejo" Chapel is wonderful; it is as though its walls were "garnished with all manner of precious stones;" brown and blue are the prevailing colours, so that there is nothing gaudy or glaring, and the harmony and brilliancy of the whole effect cannot be described.

The character of Isabella has always been drawn in glowing contrast to that of Ferdinand. It has been said that if he won kingdoms by intrigue and the sword, Isabella, by her truth, won the hearts of her people. Recent researches, however, make it impossible to accept this view of her character. It may be that the grave faults now brought to light were the result of her education and undue submission to priestly authority; but there can be no doubt that the motto of equality, assumed by Ferdinand, is applicable in a moral as well as a political point of view, and that in cruelty and dissimulation the Catholic sovereigns were unhappily one.

In this beautiful little chapel the Emperor Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

The gardens of the Alcazar, laid out by him, are as striking as the palace itself. You walk amidst

quaintly-cut box-hedges and towering arches of dark cypress—orange-trees, some fifteen feet high, cut so as to form a wall on each side, showing an abundance of golden fruit nestled in the glossy foliage. Citrons, pomegranates, and palms abound in tropical luxuriance ; whilst, sheltered by borders of cut myrtle, are violets and roses of every hue ; producing, under this Southern sky, a combination of perfumes such as imagination only gives to the Garden of Eden.

Another bull-fight had taken place to-day, and crowds of people in gala dress filled the streets of Seville as we drove from the Alcazar. No weather could be more perfect for holiday-making ; not a cloud to be seen—all was bright and serene ; but we could not but observe the huge water-spouts overhanging the streets from the roofs, and congratulate ourselves that there was no rain.

The next morning, as we entered the breakfast-room of the hotel, we heard the shrill voice of our old French acquaintance exclaiming, " *Le coup d'œil est superbe ! cela a du caractère ! Mais—c'est cruel c'est détestable et j'avoue que je suis mécontent de moi d'en avoir été si content !*" He had been to the bull-fight, and was giving his impressions to a friend. An Englishman sat near us, and we heard him mutter to his companion, " *Cruel !—it is both*

tame and cruel, if those two words can be combined!" The old Frenchman's quick ears had caught the words, and, turning round, with a profound bow to the Englishman, he exclaimed, "Monsieur a parfaitement raison; en vérité c'est fade et en même temps cruel!"

LA CARIDAD.—This building has no external beauty to recommend it. It was restored in the seventeenth century by Don Miguel de Mañara. Disenchanted with the world, and weary of a life of selfish gratification, the thoughts of Mañara turned to religion, and to prove his sincerity, he bestowed the whole of his fortune on this hospital, and made, we are also told, a vow—never again to gratify his palate by the taste of chocolate, the favourite beverage of a Spaniard. Mañara is buried in the Capilla Mayor, and his grave bears this epitaph: "Cenizas del peor hombre que ha habido en el mundo."

We were shown over the church by an old sister of the order of St. Vincent de Paul. She took us to the hospital, which is kept in the most perfect order. It was the hour of Vespers, and as we passed through the vaulted galleries, each containing forty beds, it was touching to hear the feeble voices of aged men praying from each bed. There are about a hundred and forty old men, mostly bedridden, and twelve sisters to wait upon them, all supported by the charity of Mañara.

In the church are the six famous pictures by Murillo,

painted for this hospital at the best period of his art. The two largest are—

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES, AND
MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

These two pictures are placed opposite each other, and too high to be seen with advantage.

In the first picture the Saviour is represented seated on a rock, with the twelve gathered around. He is in the act of blessing the five loaves, as St. Peter with wondering look takes the "two small fishes" from the hands of a lad that he may present them to his Master. The great company, faint with hunger, are seen approaching in the distance, whilst in the foreground are the faithful women from Galilee who had ministered unto Him of their substance. These are now made eye-witnesses of the miraculous act by which He multiplied the barley loaves, filling the hungry with bread enough and to spare.

In the companion picture Moses stands with hands clasped and eyes lifted up to heaven, returning thanks for the stream which flows forth from the typical rock. All creation is made to rejoice—both man and beast drink of the refreshing stream—all save one poor child, who cries in vain to the woman holding him, as she continues with selfish eagerness to slake her own thirst.

"SAN JUAN DE DIOS."

As the founder of homes for the homeless, the picture of San Juan de Dios well deserves a place.

in the Caridad. He was by birth a Portuguese, and, having run away from his parents, served in his youth in the army of Charles V. At the close of the war, Juan returned to his native home, to find his father and mother dead, having sorrowed to the last for his loss. Stung with remorse, he gave himself up to a life of penance for his neglect of his parents. In a vision of the night he was directed to set forth for Granada. He did so; and, entering into a church, heard a discourse, which so affected him, that, unable longer to restrain himself, he flung himself on his knees, and cried aloud for mercy.

He was carried off as a madman, and only liberated, after some time, through the efforts of the preacher.

On obtaining his liberty, his thoughts were directed to the misery around him, and, touched with compassion, he from henceforth devoted himself to the relief of the poor. He began by bringing first one, and then another, to a little hovel, where he himself lived; and when this hovel was full, he would lay himself down outside the door. All the day was spent in working for these miserable beings. For them he laboured, for them he begged; and none could resist the pathos with which he pleaded the cause of the poor and friendless; so that ere long, through his energy, the hovel was exchanged for a hospital, where as many as two hundred could find refuge.

In this picture San Juan is seen in his grey habit, bearing on his back, in a stormy night, a dying

beggar. He seems about to sink under the burden, and looks back as if for help, when, shining like a meteor through the darkness, an angel appears to strengthen him. Perhaps there is no picture of Murillo's which touches the heart more than this.

San Juan died in 1550, and was canonised in the following century as "The Father of the Poor." This good man did not seek to found an order: he sought only to give bread to the hungry—to cover the naked, and to house the outcast. Obscure as he was, this he accomplished, and the name of San Juan de Dios is spread far and wide throughout Christendom; for his poor hovel was the first of those "refuges" which are now to be found in every European city.

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UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

The three remaining pictures by Murillo are "The Infant Saviour," "The Infant St. John," and "The Annunciation."

PALACE OF SAN TELMO.

From the "Caridad" we drove along the banks of the Guadalquivir, passing the "Tower of Gold," once a Moorish fort and treasure-house, now a toll-bar, to "Las Delicias," the great drive of Seville, and from thence to the palace of the Duc de Montpensier.

This palace owes its name and erection to the son

of Columbus, who intended it for a Naval College, and dedicated it to the mariner's saint, possibly in remembrance of an incident in the life of the great navigator. In one of his voyages, his ship was in imminent peril; a panic seized the crew; and reproaching Columbus with their unhappy fate, they abandoned themselves to despair.

Suddenly seven flickering lights were seen playing upon the masts and rigging,—a sure sign of the presence of the mariner's saint.

A shout of exultation arose from the superstitious crew, "Cuerpo Santo, Santelmo." Storm and tempest were no longer feared, and falling on their knees they chanted a solemn litany, and with tears of joy gave thanks for their deliverance. Such is the incident related in the life of the great navigator.

It is impossible to pass through the apartments of this palace, so lately inhabited by a Prince of the House of Orleans, without a feeling of sorrow for the misfortunes which have driven him from his Spanish home, making him an exile in middle age as in youth. Pictures which once hung on the walls of the Pavillon Marsan are found treasured up here. Portraits of the Citizen King, and Queen Marie Amélie, the Royal Saint of modern times, are interspersed with sketches of Royal fêtes and family incidents—sad memorials now, with the Bourbon dynasty proscribed, and placards posted on the walls of Seville, denouncing the family as the worst enemies of Spain.

CASA DE PILATOS.

This is one of the most striking of the many interesting houses to be seen in Seville. It was built in the sixteenth century by the Marquis of Tarifa, on his return from Palestine, on the plan of the traditional house of Pilate at Jerusalem. The walls and pavements are brilliant with "Azulejo," their prismatic hues glittering like jewels in the sunshine. On the wall above the staircase the crowing cock is represented also in Azulejo. The effect of these tiles is exceedingly rich; no two panels are alike; but yet to the eye all is soft and subdued, so wonderfully harmonious is the combination of colour and pattern. To decorate houses in this way was a sure sign of wealth, and to a spendthrift a severe reproach was contained in the old Spanish proverb, "You will never have a house with tiles." The gardens of this "Casa de Pilatos" are only inferior to those of the Alcazar.

CHURCH OF ST. ISIDORE.

None must leave Seville without visiting this Church, dedicated to the good Archbishop, and adorned by the famous picture of his death by Roelas.

In the History of S. Isidore we are told that, feeling his end was approaching, he desired to be carried from his palace to the Church of St. Vincent, that he might there receive the last Sacrament. He then made

distribution of all he possessed to the poor, and kneeling, prayed to be forgiven by any whom he had offended, and with this prayer for forgiveness on his lips he expired.

In the picture S. Isidore is represented supported by saints, with two choristers by his side. The Church of St. Vincent, and some sorrowful spectators of his death, are seen in the background, whilst the opening heavens reveal the Saviour extending the promised crown to His faithful servant. With the Saviour is the Virgin Mother.

The saintly virtue of tolerance became extinct in Spain with S. Isidore, and all who regard tolerance in this light will venerate the memory of the good Archbishop. He died in 636.

ITALICA.—An hour's drive from Seville brings you to this deserted spot, famous as the birthplace of Trajan, whose love of justice and spirit of self-sacrifice so impressed the great Pope Gregory, that he is said to have knelt down and prayed that the soul of the heathen emperor might not be shut out of the kingdom of heaven.

According to Romish belief, the prayers of St. Gregory released from condemnation the soul of the Roman Emperor, and purgatory was made during this Pontificate, a settled article of belief in the Church of Rome.

The story told of Trajan which so affected St. Gregory is this.

When the emperor was at the head of his legions, he was met on the day of battle by a poor widow, who cried to him for justice, her only son having been slain by the son of Trajan. He promised her redress, and bestowed upon her his own son, with a large sum of money, in compensation for him she had lost.

Leaving our carriage, we now proceeded on foot to the Roman Amphitheatre, which is beyond the village.

Nothing can be more wild and desolate than this vestige of Roman grandeur. The form of the Amphitheatre is preserved through these long ages. Granite seats rent asunder still encircle the vast arena, aromatic shrubs springing up out of the deep fissures; whilst below was spread out a carpet of wild flowers.

We sat and watched the golden light of sunset stealing over the grey rocks, kindling them, as it seemed, into living stones, then leaving them cold and dead as before. Not a sound was to be heard, save the croak of the southern frog from the ruined dens below, falling with loud monotonous stroke upon the ear, as if warning us to depart before the shades of night drew on.

On our return to the village, we entered the fine old Church and ruined cloisters, formed of moulded brick-work; and then, bidding farewell to Italica, we drove back to Seville by a new road, which led us through fields of waving corn, and olive groves, where birds were singing amidst the silvery leaves.

Soon appeared the bridge of boats and the Giralda Tower, with the figure of Faith, tipped with gold, shining like a beacon in the moonlight.



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... ..

THE SEVILLE MUSEO.

"It is one thing to adore a picture, and another to learn by the history of the picture what is to be adored."—*Pope Gregory.*

"Legends profess not to impart exact knowledge, but they help to quicken and raise the mind to the perception of what is beautiful and noble."—*Dr. Arnold.*

THE statue of Murillo is in front of this building—once a church, now the Museo.

The lighting of the Seville Gallery is very inferior to that of the Madrid Museo, and the impression at first is one of disappointment. After awhile, however, the eye makes its selection, and the lover of art stands enchanted before the works of Murillo, seven of whose best pictures are placed near together, on the right-hand side of the room.

After gazing at these masterpieces every one must admit that to see Murillo in his glory, he must be seen in his native city.

There is a catalogue to be purchased at the door, therefore only a few of the most striking pictures in this gallery need find mention here.

Near the entrance is

No. 1.—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. By *Zurbaran*.

In this picture St. Thomas Aquinas is represented ascending to heaven, where the blessed Trinity and Virgin appear in glory; St. Paul and St. Dominick are near the Eternal Throne; and amid the clouds below are seated St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, the four fathers of the Latin Church. Still lower appears the Emperor Charles V., attended by an archbishop and priests. The four fathers are wonderfully painted, and the picture is said to be the masterpiece of Zurbaran.

St. Thomas Aquinas lived in the thirteenth century, and was given the name of the Angelic Doctor; he was one of the most learned of Romish theologians. At the age of seventeen he resolved to enter the order of St. Dominick, and by flight accomplished his cherished purpose, which had been opposed by his family. Filled with devout veneration for the Virgin Mother, St. Thomas Aquinas nevertheless rejected the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; which had been likewise disowned by St. Bernard in the preceding century; but which was now again vehemently promulgated by a Scotch friar of the order of St. Francis, known as Duns Scotus, but who was really John Scott, of Dunse. The controversy was sharp, and created a schism in the Church.

Spain supported with enthusiasm the new dogma, and in succeeding centuries manifested such zeal in

maintaining it, that when the Seville School of Painting was formed, no candidate was admitted without having first professed his belief in "the most pure conception of Our Lady."

On the left of this picture, and facing the door of entrance is a coloured statue of

ST. JEROME. (*Torrigiano.*)

The name of this sculptor is familiar to English ears, from his work in Westminster Abbey, the beautiful tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen having been chiselled by his hand.

In this statue of St. Jerome the saint is represented life size; a rock supports his bended knee; in one hand he holds a Crucifix, in the other a stone, with which he smites his breast, as if saying "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Torrigiano was a Florentine, born in the fifteenth century, and a fellow-student with Michael Angelo. It is said that a quarrel having taken place between them, blows were exchanged, and the nose of Michael Angelo suffered from the strong hand of his opponent. Having risen to fame, and completed his great work in England, Torrigiano revisited Spain, where he ended his days in a prison of the Inquisition.

After passing Nos. 44 and 45, ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE DESERT, and the beautiful picture of

ST. JOSEPH AND THE INFANT SAVIOUR, both by *Murillo*, we come to

No. 52.—“LA VIRGEN DE LA SERVILETTA. (*Murillo*.)

This picture has been greatly spoilt, by frequent retouching. It derives its name from having been painted originally on a napkin. The cook of the convent of Capuchins begged for some memorial of the artist, and *Murillo* having no canvas, accepted the cook's proffered cloth, and returned it to his humble friend impressed with the image of the Virgin.

Then follow ST. FELIX, ST. AUGUSTINE, THE CONCEPTION, THE VIRGIN AND ST. AUGUSTINE, THE ANGEL HOLDING THE HAND OF THE DEAD CHRIST, and

No. 60.—ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA BEARING IN HIS ARMS THE INFANT CHRIST. (*Murillo*.)

All these are fine, but the last is one of the eight gems of the Gallery.

St. Anthony was a Portuguese by birth: he entered the Franciscan order, and devoted himself to preaching to the poor. He was a contemporary of St. Francis of Assisi, by whom he was regarded as a brother.

The same spirit of tenderness for the lower creation ruled in his heart, and as St. Francis is said to have had the birds for his auditors, so, according to the legend, St. Anthony gathered together the fishes

of the sea to listen to his discourses. The Saint died at Padua, in 1230, where a magnificent church was erected to his memory, and where his body lies under a splendid shrine.

In his preaching he loved to dwell on "the Word being made flesh," and he is therefore generally represented with the Infant Saviour in his arms, or on his book.

He was canonised a year after his death.

No. 67.—ST. HUGO IN A CARTHUSIAN REFECTORY.
(Zurbaran.)

St. Hugo was Bishop of Grenoble, near to which town is the Grande Chartreuse, founded by St. Bruno, during the episcopate of St. Hugo.

The picture represents an ancient legend. The white cowed monks sit at a table, a plate of meat before each; but no one ventures to eat; all sit motionless. St. Hugo enters, attended by a page, who points out the forbidden food, and the flesh is immediately converted into fish, making glad the hearts of the fasting monks.

No. 83.—ST. LEANDER AND ST. BUONAVENTURA.
(Murillo.)

Leander stands in white robes, holding in his hand the model of a church, whilst a child is seen, bearing the Archbishop's mitre. Leander was Arch-

bishop of Seville in the sixth century; and, through his instrumentality, and that of his brother Isidore, Arianism was renounced by the Spanish Church.

Leander presided at the Third Council of Toledo, and, in conformity with the practice of the Greek Church,* it was there decided that the Nicene Creed should be introduced into the Communion Service, but with the Spanish addition of the "Filioque."

The example set by the Spanish Church was followed by all the Churches of the West, and finally by that of Rome in 1014. This led to the unhappy separation between East and West Christendom in 1054.

Leander was the personal friend of Gregory the Great, who was then Pope; but the supremacy of Rome was not asserted by Gregory, and never admitted by Spanish Bishops till the eleventh century.†

St. Buonaventura was a Tuscan; he lived in the thirteenth century, and was entitled the Seraphic Doctor.

* The chanting of the Nicene Creed is to this day the great feature in the service of the Greek Church. At Moscow the great bell of the Kremlin sounds whilst it is chanted; but in the Greek Church this beautiful Creed is shorn of the whole of the latter part. The concluding portion comes to us from the Mozarabic Ritual.

† Pope Gregory affirmed that, "Whosoever called himself universal priest was the forerunner of Antichrist, by thus proudly exalting himself above others." It was to Leander that Gregory wrote after he became Pope: "I hear the bell of shipwreck ringing on my soul's ear, and I weep for the peaceful shores I have left. I attach myself to the coast of prayer, as with the cable of an anchor, whilst my soul is tossed upon the waves of public life."

As a child he was restored to health through the prayers of St. Francis of Assisi, who, on hearing of his recovery, exclaimed, "O buona ventura!" and from this exclamation the Saint derives his name. He entered the Order of St. Francis, and was noted for his humility, piety, and learning. So great was the respect entertained for his judgment, that, on the death of Clement IV., the Cardinals left to Buonaventura the nomination of a successor to the Papal throne. He named Gregory X. Buonaventura accompanied the Pope to the great Council of Lyons in 1274, which had in view, and for a time effected, the reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches. It is probably this connection with the Greek Church, on the part of both Leander and Buonaventura, which linked them together in this picture as "wise master builders" of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

No. 84.—ST. THOMAS OF VILLANUEVA. (*Murillo.*)

This was Murillo's own favourite picture, the one which he was used to call "Mi cuadro."

St. Thomas of Villanueva stands before the entrance of a Church, clothed in black, and with a white mitre on his head; in one hand he holds the crosier, whilst with the other he drops an alms into the hand of a poor cripple, who kneels before him, his crutch lying by his side. The poor and needy are grouped around, waiting their turn for relief from the hands of the good Bishop, of whom it might be

said that he was "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor." As a little child his heart was melted at the sight of suffering, and he would hasten to bestow his own bread, and, if that were not enough, some of the food with which his mother fed her poultry, rather than allow the hungry to depart unfed from the door of their dwelling.

He entered the Augustine Order, and the day on which he pronounced the vows of the order, witnessed the renunciation of them by another monk—the great Reformer, Martin Luther.

St. Thomas of Villanueva was a favourite preacher of the Emperor Charles V., who had the highest veneration for his character. He was created Archbishop of Valencia, and although the whole of his revenue was spent upon others, he died without owing a single debt, as though "angels," it was said, "had ministered to him, supplying all his need." All loved him, and his death was bewailed by hundreds of the poor whom he had relieved. His liberality was not restricted to the beggars lying at his gate: he gave largely to artists; and through his fostering care and appreciation of the talent of Juanes, the Cathedral of Valencia is possessed of some of that painter's finest works.

He was canonised in 1618.

No. 86.—THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
(Murillo.)

In the catalogue this picture is styled "The

Nativity." A blaze of light irradiates the face of the Virgin, as she sits with tender gaze, looking upon the Infant Saviour lying on her lap, wrapped in a linen cloth.

Critics tell us that the face of the Virgin has been retouched. There is in it, nevertheless, an expression of childlike wonder, and yet of sadness, as though the Mother's joy was subdued by some dim presentiment of coming anguish, which none save critics can view unmoved.

St. Joseph stands behind ; an aged shepherd kneels, folding his hands upon his breast in silent adoration ; whilst his younger companions, with arms outstretched, bow the knee, accepting the new-born babe as their King and Saviour. A child, with a hen flapping its wings, and the sheep and cow, all seem to have a share in the glad tidings announced by the hovering angels.

No. 88.—THE VISION OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(Murillo.)

St. Francis in ecstatic devotion before the Cross beholds, according to the legend, the form of the Crucified Saviour graciously bend towards him. Gently one of the pierced hands releases itself, and the entranced Saint is drawn by the arm of his Divine Master into closer communion—deeper fellowship with His sufferings.

Such was the vision, which ended in the Saint