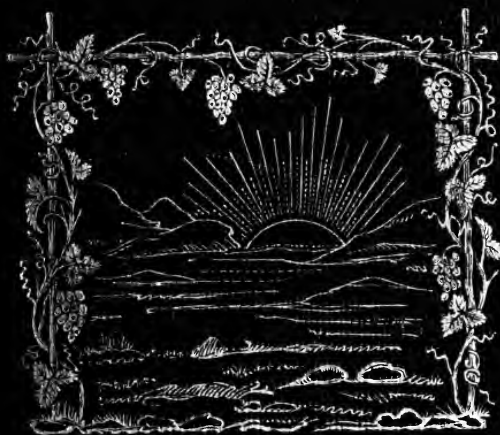
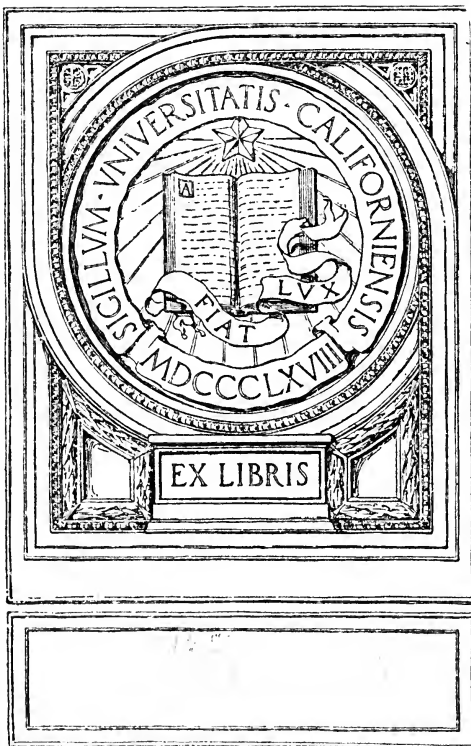


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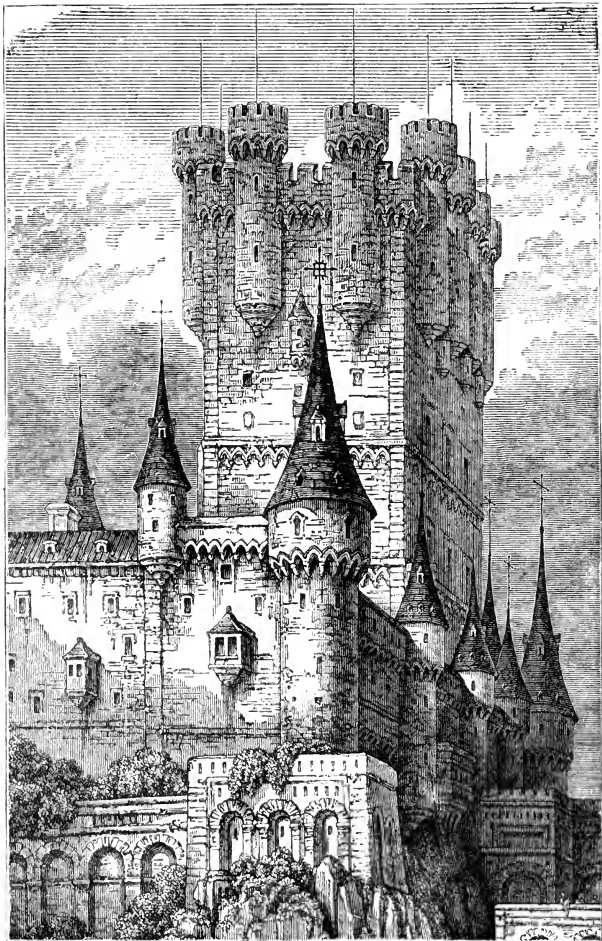
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DAYBREAK IN SPAIN.

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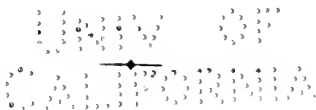
Sketches of Spain and its New Reformation.

A TOUR OF TWO MONTHS.

BY

REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.,

Author of "*The Papacy*," "*Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber*,"
&c. &c.



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P R E F A C E.

THE Author has made a study on the spot of the movement to which the following pages refer.

No one of the movements of our times is more remarkable in itself, or fraught with richer promise to the world.

Springing from the prison of Granada, to which but a few years ago it was confined, it now presents itself to the world an organised Church, with schools and public sanctuaries, and authorised worship, attended by thousands of Spaniards, the first fruits of a morally and spiritually regenerated people.

This movement has had as its attendant circumstances the expulsion of a dynasty, the fall

of a throne, and the sudden elevation of a long oppressed nation to the attitude of a free people.

Its wonderful unity, and the orderly progression of its events, make visible the finger of God, and justify the hope that in this movement we behold the dawn of a new day to the nations.

“Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the Lord; for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth; He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.”

DAYBREAK IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

SPAIN'S PAST AND PRESENT.

Holland — Switzerland — Italy — Britain — France — Spain — The Spain of the Sixteenth Century compared with the Nineteenth — Decadence in Arts and Letters, in Cultivation, in Trade — Poverty and Misery of the People — Ruin of the Country.

THERE is no country in Europe whose history is so tragic as that of Spain.

The story of HOLLAND is an epic. We see the little country rising out of the sea. Its appearance awakens no attention, and provokes no jealousy. None of the earlier and mightier kingdoms of Europe suspect for a moment that the newly-arrived stranger, apparently so unobtrusive and insignificant, can ever cross their path, or dispute their supremacy. But by-and-by a great conflict arises; Holland steps into the arena, and throws

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down the gage of battle to the powers of despotism united under Philip II. The little champion comes off victorious. For a full century thereafter Holland reaps, as it is well entitled to do, the fruits of victory. It covers the waves with its ships, and gathers the riches of all countries within its dykes. This is truly a grand spectacle.

SWITZERLAND is a romance. We peruse its history with alternate fear and admiration. Its spirit, too great for its means, impels it, as we think, upon desperate ventures. We accord it the praise of chivalry, but we doubt its claim to wisdom. Nevertheless, undismayed when others are trembling for its fate, it goes on to meet the giant it has challenged. It strikes, quick as lightning, and lo! the colossus lies struggling on the ground. In proportion to our fear, so is now our surprise and delight at a victory over odds so tremendous. Early did this country enter on that career which has won for it so honourable a place among the nations. The herdsmen of the Swiss valleys, and the burghers of the Helvetian towns, were among the first to feel the stirrings of that spirit which, like a spring-time, began to move the world when it drew towards the morning of the sixteenth century. The least among the nations of Europe, Switzerland became the cradle of a

great liberty; and although a dragon watched by that cradle, it was not able to strangle the infant freedom of the modern world.

Of ITALY what shall we say? Its renown is of ancient days. When Holland was but an assemblage of sandbanks washed by the oozy tide, and the hills of Helvetia were concealed beneath the immemorial night, Italy was glorious in art and terrible in arms. What is she now? From her capitol empire has long passed. Arts and letters are found in her only by the feeble traces they have left behind them. Her fitting symbol is her own cypress. If we speak of her, it must be as we speak of the dead, in a voice modulated to sorrow. If we seek for her, we must descend into the sepulchre. If we write her history, it becomes an *éloge*.

ENGLAND, like Holland, is an epic. From her seat in the midst of the seas we see her steadily enlarging the sphere of her power and influence, and exemplifying, but on a grander scale, what Holland had exemplified before her—that a great principle, firmly grasped and fearlessly carried out, will do more to conduct nations to greatness than armies, however brave; revenues, however rich; and territories, however extensive. In the days of Elizabeth the population of England was but

four millions; now the British sceptre is stretched over not less than two hundred millions, or a fifth of the human race. At the Reformation not a foot-breadth of land had we beyond our own shores, and, moreover, we were environed by powerful rivals and formidable enemies, who threatened our very existence: at this hour, our supremacy is undisputed; our colonies, fast growing into empires, encircle the globe; men of every tribe, and colour, and faith, dwell beneath our sceptre; and the symbols of our sovereignty are displayed on all the islands and promontories of ocean. This is a grand epic—grander than any Homer ever wrote. It is an epic written not in words, but in deeds. Its successive stanzas are the combats we have waged and the victories we have won in the senate and in the Church, on the fields of science, and in the terrible conflicts of war. Regular as the progression of the poem, melodious as the swell of music, has been the expansion of our power. But the nations have had no cause to mourn on that account. Our shadow has not crushed them, as did that of Rome and Spain. It has gone round the earth, not as the night goes round it, but as the day goes round it. The coming of our power has been like the coming of the morning. In our path fetters have been

rent, and horrid superstitions have been driven away; arts and letters have begun to flourish; law and order to reign; and the celestial virtues of Christianity have descended to purify the earth and regenerate society. We feel in gazing on this spectacle a generous and expansive thrill, like that which we experience in listening to a grand oratorio or reading a great poem.

FRANCE is a drama, but a drama ever deepening into tragedy. Had France in the sixteenth century—that great epoch of decision—known to choose the better part; had she broken with Rome, and clung to the Bible, she would have held no second place among the nations of Europe. But, alas! she missed her hour of opportunity, and her history since has been but a struggle, as ceaseless as unavailing, to reverse the choice she made three centuries ago; and in that struggle she has alternately glorified and devastated herself—alternately delighted and terrified Europe. Nature has withheld no gift from France which could contribute to her prosperity and greatness. She has given her people the noble endowments of a beautiful genius, a subtle intellect, and a fearless bravery. As a consequence, there is no department of literature in which they have not excelled; they have won renown in law and legisla-

tion; and they have gathered countless laurels on the field of war. But what avails all this glory? France has missed liberty and tranquillity within. The bright shade has ever been accompanied by the dark. Over against the glory of letters and philosophy has to be set the gloom of a disheartening scepticism; and over against the triumphs of the battle-field have to be set the horrors of the Revolutionary scaffold and the gallings of domestic tyranny. The cup of liberty has, ever and anon, been presented to her lips, but just as she was about to drink, a mysterious hand snatched it away. Shall it be ever thus? No!—we are cheered by the hope that a people of so many fine qualities will yet find their true place among the nations of the earth, and that a future awaits them which will be happier than their past.

SPAIN! He who traces Spain from the pinnacle on which the sixteenth century saw her, to the abyss in which the nineteenth finds her, peruses a tragedy—a tragedy the most mournful and sad, perhaps, in the records of nations.

Three hundred years ago Spain stood at the head of Europe; to-day her place is at the bottom of the scale. Three hundred years ago Spain was the seat of the finest civilisation in the world. When the lamp of learning was extinguished in

Italy, it was rekindled in Spain, and there it burned with a brightness which long delayed the coming of the mediæval night. In that country the glowing imagination of the East was blended with the sober intellect of the West, and the union proved itself to be as beneficial as it was beautiful. A new life seemed to spring from the sepulchre of the nations of antiquity. Letters had a second dawn, the arts revived, but in forms that were new, and with a loveliness and grace that reminded one of their early career in Greece. Illustrious scholars and eloquent writers arose who were the glory of their age; and who, by the efforts of their genius, somewhat redeemed the nations of the West from the opprobrium of ignorance. But all this is over and gone. Every bright light has disappeared from the sky of that poor country. Spain is no longer the land of the scholar and the elegant writer; the monk, the matador, and the brigand claim it as their own. The school has been supplanted by the bull-ring; the pen thrown aside for the stiletto; and a night of barbarism has long come upon Spain, deeper, perhaps, than that of any country out of Asia and Africa.

Three hundred years ago the soil of Spain was among the best cultivated in Europe. Nature had denied it nothing which could minister to the

enjoyment of its inhabitants. It had given an eastern brilliancy to its sky and a tropical fertility to its earth; and, as a consequence, Spain was a country full of all earthly felicities. It was renowned for the corn of its plains, for the wine and oil of its mountains, and for the milk and butter of its pastures. Timber and precious marbles did it furnish for man's dwelling, cotton and silk for his clothing; and while it ceased not to fill his cup with plenty, it summoned up many a scene of beauty for his eye. There was the vast forest, there was the far-extending plain, and there was the snow-clad mountain, from which, when summer suns waxed hot, came cool airs to refresh the inhabitants, and living streams to water the soil. Spring and summer were never absent from the plains of Andalusia, although winter, in all its rigours, looked down upon them from its perpetual seat on the summits of the loftier mountains. There were the palm and the banana flourishing below while the ice was forming on the steep that leaned over them above. This proximity of opposite temperatures vastly multiplied the productions of the country. Scarce had the blossoms of spring left the bough, when the fruits of autumn began to appear upon it; and hardly had the fruits of autumn been gathered, when the

blossoms of a new spring began to clothe the fields and scent the air. Thus the seasons went round in happy Andalusia. Spring followed so close upon the steps of autumn, that winter could scarce come in between. And when at times it did break in with icy breath, it was but for a little while; and its brief intrusion was more than compensated by the delicious sense of contrast felt by the natives when spring returned, robing plain and mountain with verdure, and filling the skies with light.

But it is not so with Spain now. The beauty of former days is gone, and the country is positively ugly. Its plains no longer wave with corn; its mountains no longer flow with wine, nor its pastures with milk. It is desolate—not as Italy is desolate, but as the treeless, flowerless, sun-burnt lands of the East are desolate. It is a ruin, and a ruin so vast that it confounds, and, we may say, terrifies the stranger. In Spain there are millions of square acres of the finest soil, comprising two-thirds, or, perhaps, three-fourths of the country, which are never turned by spade or plough. Seed-time and harvest are unknown upon them. The eye ranges over plains, ten, twenty, or thirty miles in length, on which not a green thing is to be seen. The mountains are mostly bare, and some of them

are as white as the chalk cliffs of Dover. The rivers are running to waste, although the valleys through which they flow are burnt up by drought. The forests have been cut down, and the face of the country, subjected for months together—without a single drop of rain—to the action of a fierce sun, is simply an expanse of brown earth. Not a flower can live in the midst of such aridity. But we shall not dwell longer here on the desolation of Spain, it will come before us in its details soon enough and sad enough.

Spain leans on two oceans—the Atlantic and Mediterranean—and whether it be the East or the West with which it wishes to trade, it could not be more favourably situated, for, here it is, lying on the road along which passes the commerce of the world. And yet Spain has little or no share in that commerce ; it sees it flowing past without participating in it, and apparently without a wish to do so. The products of Spain might freight whole navies, and stock innumerable markets, would its inhabitants but cultivate the soil ; but rather than sow and reap, and be in a condition to trade with the nations whose ships are passing their very door, they prefer to live in idleness. Their vine is cultivated for export by others, not by themselves ; and the feeble industries which in recent years

have been established in their country, are carried on principally by foreigners. It is a strange spectacle—a people, not knowing where the bread of to-morrow is to come from, wrapping their cloaks with the most dignified ease around them, and laying themselves down with the utmost unconcern to enjoy their siesta.

And yet the Spaniards are no stupid, or sluggish, or unambitious race; they are, like their soil, richly endowed by nature. Their faculties are at once solid and brilliant; they are a people of quick perceptions, of warm sensibilities, of great self-respect, of a high sense of honour, and of a copious and graceful eloquence. They are kindly and obliging, if care be taken not to wound their self-love; and it is impossible for a stranger of ordinary discernment and candour to mingle with them without admiring many points about them, and in the main loving them, although pity must largely mingle with his love.

It cannot be otherwise; for, truly, their condition is miserable. The people of Spain are badly housed—some of the rural villages remind one of an African kraal. They are badly fed—a little tobacco and a few onions will often serve as the day's fare. They are badly clothed; in fact, the clothing of great part of the population is little

better than rags. Tall and finely formed, still the hideous marks of disease and oppression so frequent on their persons make one feel, in traversing their country, as if he were surveying the wards of a lazaret-house. His progress lies among the halt and the blind, the deformed and the fatuous. With sights of misery, and cries of suffering around one every hour of the day, how can one be but sad at heart? The towns are full of idlers; all places swarm with beggars. One cannot halt for but a few minutes anywhere, but straightway there gathers round him a little crowd of miserable creatures, holding out their shrivelled hands and begging most piteously for bread. To deny them is impossible; and yet what are all the alms one can give among so many?

By way of illustration let the reader glance at the sketches which accompany this chapter, by an artist who needs no eulogium of ours—Gustave Doré.

There is a blight upon Spain. No one can doubt this who reflects on the anomalous condition of that country. With every advantage of soil and climate and position, it has reached the last stage of decay. The finest country in Europe, yet utterly wrecked! A gifted and noble people, yet their great qualities, under some malign influence, con-

verted into fiery passions, and their blessings turned into curses! What has wrought this sad transformation? What has Spain done that she underlies so severe a chastisement?

Three hundred years ago, when the children of the Reformation were coming up out of the Egypt of the Papacy, Spain met them, as Edom met the Israelites when on their march to Palestine, not "with bread and water," but "with the sword." She sought by armies and executioners to cut them off to a man, and make the name and memory of the reformers to perish from the earth. Having repeated the crime of Edom, it would seem as if Spain had been made the Edom of the modern nations. Her mountains have been smitten, and they are a desolation; her plains have been smitten, and they are a wilderness. Her throne has been smitten, and her princes are in exile, and her Government is in confusion. Her people have been smitten, and it is a land of darkness—of intellectual, of moral, and spiritual darkness.

But signs begin to appear that the appointed years of chastisement are drawing to an end. It is possible that this country, which in the hands of Rome was the main weapon for suppressing the Reformation, may become, in the Providence of the Great Ruler, the main instrument of reviving

it. Providence delights in contrasts. Over against the magnificent Spain of the sixteenth century it has set the ruined Spain of the nineteenth. One more contrast may remain for Spain. Sunken as it is, we have, nevertheless, for reasons which we shall explain before we have done, better hopes at this hour of the speedy evangelisation of Spain than we have of that of either Italy or France.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW DAY.

Spain's Choice in the Sixteenth Century—Not the Better Part—
Followed by Decadence—Rapid Progress of Evangelical
Opinions at the Reformation—Summary and Violent Suppres-
sion—Conjuncture of Favourable Events now—Sudden Rise of
a Great Movement—Depth of that Movement—It comes out of
the Bible—Human Actors and Divine Providence—Its Goal.

IN the sixteenth century, when the nations of Europe were called upon to make their choice between Rome and the Bible, Spain, too, was called to make hers. She made it ; but, unhappily, she made it on the wrong side—her choice was given in favour of Rome. She thought she had done well. With the Reformation she could associate nothing but weakness and humiliation. She had no faith in the spiritual forces that were acting on its side. These she could not see, and so did not believe in them. Their march was not proclaimed by sound of trumpet, nor followed by such victories as are won by mailed battalions on the field of war. She turned away, therefore, from the Gospel with the words, "What good will this birthright do me?" She placed her throne and her realm under

the ægis of the Papacy. She had chosen empire and ages of glory—so Spain thought.

Scarcely had Spain made her choice when her decadence began. Her magnificent empire, which comprehended territories so vast, regions so fair, colonies so rich, and nations and tribes so numerous, began to break up. Spain struggled hard to avert the impending ruin. She wept tears of agony; she enrolled soldiers; she fought battles; she called able statesmen to her councils; she carried across the Atlantic gold and silver to replenish her coffers; and she imported corn and wine from her rich provinces to feed her people. All was in vain. The die had been cast, and her choice could not be reversed. Neither struggles nor tears could stay the course of the sinking empire.

The very stars in their courses fought against Spain. Victory fled from her standards; the tempests of the deep engulfed her navies; her princes were struck with fatuity; her colonies were reft from her; her revenues and resources were dried up; her cities sunk into decay; her people became demoralised and beggared; and the magnificent empire of Philip II. became a bye-word among the nations. Instead of being feared and obeyed for its power, it was contemned for its weakness and despised for its baseness.

The truth is that Spain was too powerful to enter in at the strait gate of the sixteenth century. Had she been as the little Holland, or as the poor but chivalrous Switzerland, her choice, in all probability, would have been wiser, and her future more prosperous. But her place among the nations was too high, and she was too intimately allied with Rome to stoop down and humble herself that she might enter into the heritage of the Gospel. And, moreover, great as Spain was in arms and in resources, she laboured under certain great disadvantages, from which the smaller states of Europe were exempt, and which acted unfavourably for her people receiving the Reformation. Nowhere were the friends of the Reformation so defenceless as in Spain. In Germany the reformers were shielded from the arm of the empire by the sovereign princes and the free cities. In Switzerland Calvin found an asylum within the ramparts of the brave little republic of Geneva. In Scotland the reformers were shielded from a popish throne and a persecuting priesthood by the feudal power of the barons. In England Henry VIII., though he did not love the Gospel, protected the confessors of the truth in his dominions that he might keep out the foreign jurisdiction of the Pope. But in Spain the reformers had to encounter unaided the whole

power of Philip II., pushed on by the Pope. Before they had had time to organise, or had gathered strength from numbers, or enlisted public opinion on their side, the blow fell upon them and crushed them—there was nothing to break the force of the stroke.

And yet there was a time when Spain appeared to be on the point of breaking with Rome. In fact, no nation of Europe seemed nearer doing so. The Spanish mind discovered in the sixteenth century a remarkable aptitude for receiving the Gospel. It threw itself with warmth into the movement, and what it so readily embraced it tenaciously held, and zealously propagated. Before the Inquisition, ever on the watch with its myriad eyes, had even suspected that reformed opinions had entered Spain, the Gospel numbered its converts by thousands, and had spread through all parts of the country. From Valladolid it permeated the villages on the plains of Old Castile, and found disciples in the mountains of the Pyrenees. In New Castile the evangelisation found a centre in the archiepiscopal city of Toledo, although the converts were less numerous than in the ancient kingdom of Leon. The most powerful centre of all was Seville, whence the light radiated over Andalusia, and along the great plains at the foot

of the Sierra Nevada, illuminating the towns of Granada, Murcia, and Valentia. In Arragon the Reformation was strong; it had numerous disciples in Saragossa, Huesca, Balbastro, and in most of the towns in the north-east of Spain, bordering on Bearn. The cause of Rome was well-nigh lost before she knew that it was in peril. Whole villages had become Protestant. The light found its way in to the convents; and in some instances whole communities of monks and nuns embraced the Gospel, and the fact was known only when their sudden flight left their buildings empty. A little longer and the reform would have been triumphant. So have the enemies of the Reformation acknowledged. Illescas, the author of the "Pontifical History," speaking of the converts, says, "their number was so great, that had the stop put to that evil been delayed two or three months longer, I am persuaded, all Spain would have been set in a flame by them." "Had not the Inquisition taken care in time," says another, "to put a stop to these preachers, the Protestant religion would have run through Spain like wildfire; people of all ranks and of both sexes having been wonderfully disposed to receive it."

Not in numbers only was the Reformation powerful, it was strong in the rank and talents

of its adherents. In no country of Christendom did it number among its followers so many men exalted by their birth or illustrious for their learning as in Spain. We might mention the names of Carlos de Sesso, Augustin Cazalla, Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, Ponce de Leon, Antonio Herezuelo, Christobel Losada, Juan Gonzalez—names which we love to dwell upon ; names which ages to come will pronounce with reverence, and cherish with affection. And why should we not include in our list—which it were easy to swell by scores—the archbishop of Toledo, Caranza, primate of all Spain, who, though he failed to win the crown of martyrdom, and cannot claim to stand in the foremost rank with those who witnessed unto the death, was yet a disciple of the Gospel, and a sufferer for it? In short, the Reformation reached the very steps of the throne, and there it was stopped by a deed that makes one's blood run cold. Don Carlos, the heir-apparent, was suspected of being a favourer of the Gospel. Was he spared because he was the king's son? No: the palace could afford him no shelter. It was long thought that he had died by poison. His fate was more tragic. He was one day, by the orders of his father, Philip II., made to sit in a chair with a plentiful supply of sawdust around it, and, horrible

to relate! was beheaded. The executioner was himself instantly thereafter put to death, on the frivolous pretext that he had stolen the jewels from the prince's body; but the awful crime could not be for ever hid, although only in these latter days has it come to light.

When at last Rome saw her danger, she did not delay. She struck promptly, and with such un-sparing vengeance, that she did not need to strike again. In one single night not fewer than eight hundred Protestants were hurried off to the prisons of Seville. This was the first burst of the storm. It told that the work would not be done by halves. By halves it was not done; in ten short years—from 1560 to 1570—the Reformation was burned out of Spain. Stakes were planted and fires blazed in the principal cities, and by the last of the two dates we have named, 1570, of the illustrious band of confessors that appeared at the beginning of that period, and who cherished the hope of emancipating their country, and securing for it a future of light, scarce one remained. Some had been driven into exile, others had died in prison; but the most part had perished at the stake. So fell that glorious band: their country they could not save; they could save only themselves; and to do this they had to pass through the fire. But it was not the reformers

only which the inquisitors burned. Letters and arts, civilisation and liberty, morality and manhood, all did the persecutors pile up around these stakes; all did they in their blind fury reduce to ashes, and all now lay buried in the same mounds where had been dug the grave of the Spanish Reformation.

Thus did Spain, at the very gates of liberty - with one foot, as it seemed, on the threshold—turn back, driven rather by the bigotry and violence of her rulers than led by her own choice, and re-enter the old prison-house of papal darkness and political bondage. In that darkness she has ever since remained. The gates had opened and shut, the opportunity was lost, and Spain had to wait till the cycles of the spiritual heavens should complete their revolution, and bring round another day of deliverance. Three centuries have come and gone; and now it would seem as if the times were fulfilled, and the hour had struck for this unhappy country. Again the door opens.

Many things say so. There is at present a remarkable conjunction of events—a convergence of many lines on the one point of Spain's emancipation. The influences which have so long kept that country shut have been suddenly suspended. The throne has fallen; the power of the priesthood

is in abeyance; the belief of the people in the faith of Rome is greatly weakened; and though no little political confusion and uncertainty prevails, all the leading parties are agreed that freedom of conscience and liberty of worship must be maintained; and the practical advance made is testified to by the fact, that for the first time in history the Protestants are now legally recognised by the State.

And then, too, it is at this same moment that the touch of another hand is felt. Just as these events fall out, an influence of a remarkable kind begins to act upon the people. They feel a void in their souls, and they begin to yearn—they can scarce tell for what; they grope about as men do in the dark; their hearts are moved as the trees of the wood when the wind begins to blow, not violently, but with low, moderated force. “Mayhap,” they say, “we may find what we want in the Bible, or in the sermons of the Protestants. We may at least try.”

This movement is not upon the surface merely; it has penetrated to the depths of society; it stirs the heart of the Spanish people. Nor is it confined to a few localities; it embraces the whole country. It is felt by the artisans and citizens of Madrid and Seville; by the inhabitants of the rural villages; by the husbandman of the Pyrenees; the

peasant of La Mancha; the vine-grower of the Toledan hills, and the orange-cultivator of the Guadalquivir. It is felt by all ranks and classes; by the lettered and the unlettered, by the man of title and the man of handicraft; nay, the very halt and blind have come under its influence. With the same readiness, warmth, and unquestioning confiding faith as their fathers in the sixteenth century are the men of Spain at this hour turning to the Gospel. We know not in what the movement may issue; whether in the emancipation of the whole nation, or of only a part of it. We cannot look into the future; we can only say what exists in the present; and we record the simple fact, when we state that no nation in Christendom, since the times of the Reformation, has been moved as Spain is moved at this hour.

Attempts may be made to explain this remarkable movement with reference to the character of the people and the novelty of their circumstances, but after all such explanations much remains which no causes of this kind can account for. There is a Power unseen moving in Spain; to feel that this is so, it is necessary only to see the people. On hearing the simple Gospel—that God sent his Son to redeem them by his blood—that pardon is without money—that salvation is without price—

their first look is one of wonder. When they have a little more fully realised the tidings which have been told them, not unfrequently there will come a gush of tears ; and when they have yet more fully realised the import of these tidings, they begin to sing. When others would hesitate and doubt, this people, with a noble simplicity of trust, at once assent, and finding that the void within is now filled, they burst out and give vent to their joy in rapturous songs. In witnessing these scenes, one feels as if carried back to the early days of Christianity and introduced to the first disciples and believers of the Gospel. "Surely," one would say, "this movement has come from a sphere beyond the earth! Surely a new day is about to dawn! The heavens have begun to drop, and the earth, so long barren, has begun again to bring forth!"

Of all the countries of Europe, Spain was the last in which we should have looked for a movement like this. It was the most closely shut in. The guardians of the darkness went continually about upon its ramparts, and if in any quarter of the horizon they saw a streak of light, they instantly sounded the alarm. With the dominion of its church was bound up the most brilliant period of Spain's annals. Its boast was ever that it had kept its soil unpolluted by heresy. The darkness—and along

with the darkness, the bigotry—of the sixteenth century it had brought down to the present day entire and untouched. Even so recently as three years ago its churches were crowded when those of France and Italy were comparatively empty, and the faith that had faded in lands nearer Rome seemed still to retain its pristine vigour in Spain. The expectation that this people would forsake their altars, and break with all the traditions of their past, would have been deemed chimerical. We must wait with patience; and when Italy and France have been evangelised, and the light has waxed strong, then, too, may the night of Spain begin to break up. Yet, contrary to all expectation, Spain appears at this moment as if it would take the start of both those countries. Instead of lagging behind them, it places itself in the van, and holding aloft its torch, it shows to France and Italy the way back to the Gospel.

One thing is undeniable—as the subsequent narrative will make clear—that this movement has come out of the Bible. It is this which makes us so hopeful regarding its future. In spite of a jealous priesthood and a subservient police, there was, even in the dark days before the revolution, a large circulation of the Word of God in Spain. How many copies of the Bible were scattered in it

no man can tell. Uncounted as the grains of wheat from the hand of the sower, and silent as the rain-drops from the bosom of the cloud, this Divine seed fell upon the soil, and after not many days it begins to be found. Already the fields are white unto the harvest. Had it been the cabinet of statesman or the club of politician from which this movement had issued, we would not have augured so great things from it. Statecraft is too earthly and too gross a thing to regenerate society. Had it come from some school of philosophy, in that case, too, our expectations would have been moderate, for philosophy is too weak and human a thing to call a nation from its sepulchre; God's voice only can do that—it needs a breath from the skies to make the dead live. Here in the Bible, beyond all question, we can see the cradle of this movement now in progress in Spain, and in this it authenticates itself as akin to all those beneficial and lasting changes which at former epochs have renovated the world.

We visited Spain at an opportune moment. We saw it as it appeared between two eras. The past had not wholly gone, and the future had not fully come; we have therefore been able to picture Spain as she appeared when emerging from the night of her long subjection to Rome. On the other hand, we have

studied to reduce to order and system the story of her "Evangelisation." That story exhibits a succession of events truly marvellous. The bearing of all these events on one great end is very striking, and proclaims unmistakably the hand of Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." Step by step has the movement gone forward, as if every step had been considered, planned, and arranged beforehand. Though the actors had met and concerted how they might originate and help on this movement to its consummation, they could have done nothing else than what they did. Priests, politicians, prisoners, converts, the queen, each acted his part at the time and in the way which was most fitted to subserve the Divine purpose. We know nothing of the kind in all history more wonderful.

This gives us perfect assurance of the issue. That issue may be near, or it may be remote; it may be reached over few or over many obstacles, but it will be reached. "Wisdom and might" are His from whom the movement has come, and He will not mock the hopes of the world, the longings of the Church, and the cry of Spain, by permitting it to be arrested and brought to nought. It may appear "little" among the many pretentious movements now passing upon the face of Europe. Philo-

sophers and politicians may look down with contempt upon the "evangelisation," and refuse to take it into their reckoning when they make their count of the regenerating forces of the age. Like the "grain of mustard-seed," it is in their eyes the smallest of all seeds. It will grow, nevertheless. It will overtop eventually all their social theories and political constitutions, and, becoming a tree, it will stretch its boughs from San Sebastian to the Rock of Gibraltar, laden with fruits more precious than ever blossomed in the Vega of Granada, or ripened in the garden of Seville; and the leaves of that tree will be for the healing of that poor nation, whose wounds have bled so long, and whose limbs the fetters of tyranny and superstition have so cruelly galled.

CHAPTER III.

THE PYRENEES AND SPANISH HUSBANDRY.

Start from Bayonne—First Glimpse of Pyrenees—Bidassoa—Crossing the Frontier—First Impressions—The Broad Gauge—San Sebastian—The Siege—Moral San Sebastians—The Rock and Graveyard—The Market and Inhabitants—Ride through the Pyrenees—Their Picturesqueness—The Plains of Alava—Barrenness—The Sword *versus* the Plough.

WE left Bayonne on the morning of the 29th of September. No sooner had we taken our seat in the train, than we recollected that it was exactly a year since Isabella II. had fled her kingdom. On the 29th of September, 1868, attended by her husband, her confessor, and her favourite minister—the sharer alike of her business and her pleasures—the Queen of Spain crossed the frontier and entered France. Behind her lay the palaces and realms of her ancestors; before her a foreign soil and an exile's lot. Shade of the mighty Philip! could the man who was master of so many kingdoms, and was served by such mighty armies, have foreseen that a day would come when wealth, power, and glory, would depart, and his descendant would be fain to flee, driven out, not by a foreign foe, but

by her own disgrace, how would he have been astonished! That Spain should ever sink so low would have appeared to him impossible. But Spain has fallen, that it may rise again. It is more surely on the road to prosperity at this hour than in the days of Philip, when it was mistress of the gold mines of Mexico and Peru, and was sending its armies forth to bind its yoke upon the nations of the earth. Spain has now completed its first year of liberty. It has had no such year these three centuries. It did not know the time of its visitation formerly, and the dawn which for a moment brightened its sky was quenched almost as soon as it had broke. A second time the light of morning begins to gild the sierras. There is no Philip in the Escorial now. There is no Torquemada to light at this hour the *auto-da-fé* for the confessor of the faith. The Gospel can make its voice to be heard in the cities and hamlets of Spain without the fear of the dungeon or stake. May Spain be warned by what happened to her in the past! She said to the messenger of good tidings in the sixteenth century, "Go thy way, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." The messenger departed, but for three centuries has not returned. All that while the darkness has lasted, and the land, which might have had light in all its

dwelling, has been but one wide prison; and the people, who might have been walking in the effulgence of day, have been groping about amid the terrors of a night whose gloom has exceeded even that of the other Popish nations of Europe. Let these three centuries of slavery and degradation suffice. Let Spain make haste to escape from her prison-house.

We had gone but a few miles when the Pyrenees burst upon us. We had seen their purple tops across the rolling country which lies between Bayonne and the frontier; but now they seemed to rise up out of the plain, and to run like a wall along the horizon. They have not the majestic grandeur of the Alps, nor can they boast the rich purple of the Apennines, but they are finely picturesque. As we neared them they grew bulkier, and appeared much as the Grampians do at Grant-town, only their tops were more conical. There was a tempest hanging on their summits, which, as it swept across them, blotted, at times, portions of the line from the view, and this reminded us of other tempests which have gathered and burst in this same region, drenching with their red rain the little hills and valleys through which we were passing; for, like all border lands, this has been the scene of many a foray, and, more espe-

cially, it was the scene of not a few of the engagements which took place between the English under Wellington and the armies of Napoleon in the beginning of the century.

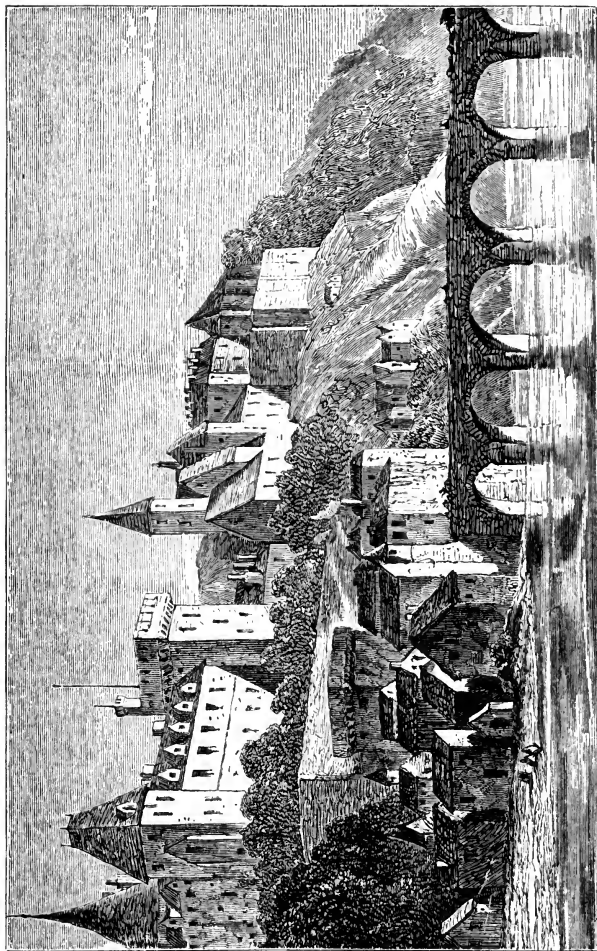
Soon a very noticeable mountain showed itself among the summits before us. It was bulkier and taller than its fellows, and had a remarkable conformation atop. Three domes seemed to rise on the sloping line of its summit. We learned that this was San Marcial, and its appearance was the signal that we had approached the Spanish frontier. In a few minutes the railway was traversing the long bridge which spans the Bidassoa. We crossed, and were in Spain.

The first thing we learned on entering Spain was that we had gained half an hour of time. On the north bank of the Bidassoa it was twelve o'clock, but on the southern bank it was only half-past eleven. It would be well for Spain were it only its clocks that are behind time, but while its clocks are half an hour late, the nation itself is half a millennium well-nigh behind some other countries of Europe.

The next thing we learned was that we were in a new country. The first look told us this; there was no mistaking it. The earth seemed to have suddenly lost the power of producing. Things

were lying about in a very slovenly way. The railway officials were going about their work with an air which seemed to say, "Where is the need of all this hurry? the world is not to end just yet; there will be time enough to-morrow, or the day after." To the man who wishes to perfect himself in the virtue of patience, we beg to recommend a journey of a thousand or so of miles on the soil of Spain.

One other thing must we notice before leaving this spot and advancing into the new country in which we are now fairly launched. In the middle of the Bidassoa is a little island, which the traveller is very likely to pass without notice, but which merits his attention. It is not more than twenty yards in diameter, and is as shapely and round as if a pair of compasses had traced it out. It rises not more than a few inches above the surface of the river, covered with short withered grass. It is neither French territory nor Spanish territory, but is simply *l'Isle de la Conference*. On this little spot potent kings and renowned statesmen have left their traces. To this isle was Francis I. brought after the battle of Pavia, in which he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Emperor Charles V., and here, as D'Aubigné has very beautifully narrated, was he exchanged for his two sons—they passing into captivity in Spain,



CASTLE OF PAU, IN THE PYRENEES.

and he going forth again to possess throne and kingdom. This isle has been trodden, too, by the famous Cardinal Mazarin, who here arranged, in 1660, the treaty of the Pyrenees. It has thus its memories of intrigue and war ; of nations sold and crowns given away ; but its associations are not of so dreadful a character as those that are bound up for ever with the old château at Bayonne, which we had gone over just the day before, in which Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Alva plotted the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Nature has impressively marked the spot which has been the theatre of these events. It is a lonely plain enclosed by a circle of hills, and seen as we saw them, darkened by tempest, they looked, like the Spaniard himself, gloomy and grand. The hills open on the west to give passage to the Bidassoa, and through the tall narrow rent the traveller has a glimpse of the Bay of Biscay, its dark waters edged with white. Lower down on the plain is a patch of mingled ruins and dwellings bearing a name that will live, though the place itself is fast hastening to decay, seeing the genius of Sir Walter Scott has touched it, and, by the magic of that touch, embalmed it—Fuentarabia.

The traveller, so far, has been running on the narrow gauge, now he exchanges it for the broad

one. This does not seem much, and yet it has significance, seeing it is a pledge taken in the interests of peace. It is as much as to say to the Frenchman, should he think of invading Spain, "*Arretez-vous!*" It is, in effect, to draw up the bridge and drop the portcullis on the frontier, for before an army can further proceed it must stop and build new carriages. Anything that can render the art of war more difficult is to be welcomed. When a wasting conflagration rages we thank the man who brings if but a bucketful of water to drown the flames; and we fear this device of the Spaniards, were the great conflagration of war to be kindled, would not more avail to quench the strife than a single bucketful the flames of a blazing edifice.

Away we went on the broad gauge over a country which seemed but too little familiar with the plough, although its native fertility appeared to court a more intimate acquaintance with that useful and productive instrument. Weeds and thorns were the better half of the crop, and in some parts they formed the entire crop. The miscellaneous texture of weed and flower that covered the soil was dotted by the melon, which gleamed out here and there yellow as gold, and delightfully large. Apple-trees were frequent, and

they were all a-gleam with the richest fruit with which the bounty of Nature, rather than the care or art of the cultivator, had replenished their boughs. The vine was all but extinct, its cultivation demanding more skill than the peasant of the Pyrenees possesses.

Soon we reached San Sebastian. The eye takes in the whole scene in a moment—the grand rock; the little brown-roofed town squatted at its foot; and the waters of the little bay—an offshoot from the Bay of Biscay—clasping it round and round. It is a spot which a Briton cannot visit without emotion. And, first, of the rock, which specially is San Sebastian; for that it is that speaks chiefly to the heart as to the eye of the native of England. It rises proudly, crowned with its fortress and its tall white flag-staff. To hoist on that flag-staff the colours of England cost the lives of many brave men. It is the Gibraltar of North Spain—the gate, on that side, of the whole country—and it had, therefore, to be taken at whatever cost, and was so, on the 13th of September, 1813. It was occupied by 3,000 French veterans, and the taking of it was one of the most daring feats in a campaign abounding with many such exploits. While we admire the bravery none the less, can we help wishing that the cause had been

worthier? Would that the oceans of blood then shed had been shed more directly for human rights and human liberty! All the kings we brought back to their thrones had again to be driven from them, and we, who had fought to prevent their first expulsion, heartily rejoiced in their second. But none the less do we admire the generous and heroic qualities which such feats as the taking of San Sebastian display; and we trust that the day will soon come when these qualities will seek an outlet in the highest of all causes. Surely a valour which has gone round the world, leaving everywhere its imperishable traces—for what clime is there which has not been watered with British blood? and what country is there where you do not find monuments of British heroism?—surely, we say, a valour which, in the face of the murderous fire and gleaming steel of the French, could scale this mountain and wrest its fortress from the enemy, will yet go round the earth, scaling the ramparts of superstition, and with equal daring will lay low the walls of idolatry and tyranny everywhere, planting above their ruins the glorious flag of the Gospel, the symbol of a higher liberty than the nations have yet known! The day will come when our sons, as they travel round the globe, will be able to point to this and the other moral San Sebastians,

and to say—"These were won by the Christian heroism of our fathers. Once the prince of darkness reigned there, and there he held his miserable captives in thrall, but our missionaries scaled these heights, opened these dungeons, and planted there the flag of the King of Zion."

We climbed to the fortress on the summit; the path winds sweetly round the hill under trees, and resembles precisely the path which leads round Stirling hill up to its old castle. The rock of San Sebastian is much loftier and bulkier than that on which stands the fortress we have just named. San Sebastian is as massy as Ehrenbreitstein, but more peaked. The way up discloses at every step new and noble views of the Bay of Biscay, of the mountains running westward to Cape Finisterre, and of the Pyrenees, which, now the summit is gained, burst in their full grandeur upon the eye, forming a vast panorama of majestic mountains.

Half-way up the mountain we came upon the graveyard of the British. It is a little grassy embrasure or hollow; it may contain some thirty or forty dead, mostly the men who fell in the assault, and who here sleep where they fell. It is without enclosure of any sort—in truth it needs none—the rocks and the deep sea immediately

beneath are walls enough. Each grassy mound has its headstone, with little besides the name of the occupant inscribed upon it, surmounted in almost every instance by a cross—not that those who here lie buried were Romanists, but it has been deemed advisable in this way to protect their dust from the fanaticism of the natives, who, in years not long past, would, without this sign on their graves, have torn up their bones and flung them into the sea. It is an affecting sight—this graveyard in such a spot. Far from their country, they here sleep their last sleep, with nothing to mourn them but the Atlantic billow as it breaks on the beach beneath and sends up its echoes to their resting-place. One thinks of the conflict—the battle of the warrior, with its “confused noise and garments rolled in blood”—so suddenly exchanged for this deep, unbroken, and changeless silence.

The market of the place said little for its physical and industrial well-being. It consisted of a few loads of charcoal, and a few stalls of fruit (but how inferior to the display we had seen a few days before at Bordeaux!) kept by women, who appeared about as withered and black as the charcoal they were vending. There were a few small craft in the little harbour. The streets, almost empty by day, began at eve to be filled with a crowd of idle and frolicsome

youth of both sexes, who seemed glad of anything which might serve as an excuse for leaping, shouting, and hallooing. Yet the natives say the place is thriving, and it gives signs of advance, in the new streets which have been added of late, and the villas which begin to clothe the heights on the opposite side of the bay.

We chanced here to meet a gentleman belonging to a family well known in the west of Scotland, who was here thirty years ago as a midshipman, when the war with the Carlists was going on; he told us he should not have known the place again, so different is peace from war. Then the basin of San Sebastian was simply a manufactory of destruction and a magazine of death. The battery of the Carlists, placed on the opposite hill, where now new villas have risen up, was sending down showers of shot and grape; the war-ships in the harbour were returning the compliment, and between the two it fared ill with the miserable inhabitants. The poor creatures had left their houses, and were living in the cellars; the churches, converted into hospitals, were crowded with the wounded and dying; and the ladies of the town were busied tearing up linen cloths and preparing bandages for the poor wounded soldiers.

The next morning brought a choice day for

traversing the Pyrenees—the air was clear and comparatively cool. We passed along the picturesque valley of the Arumea. Streams trickled down from their sources in the far-off hills ; rivers flowed along in the bottoms of the valleys ; but their waters were running to waste. No gardens, no cultivated fields along their banks, drank at their floods, repaying a thousand-fold the husbandman's skill and care. What paradises might these valleys be with ordinary industry ! instead of the wild produce of Nature, what a profusion of flower and fruit might these waters and that sun call forth to fill the peasant's home with plenty ! As it is, every step in the Pyrenees bears testimony to Nature's bounty and man's neglect. Weeds and ferns were the staple produce, with here and there a bit of cultivation, or an occasional apple-tree, with its every branch and twig laden with golden fruit, yet that fruit so little prized or cared for that the ground underneath was littered with it.

There were villages up on the hill-side. Their whitewashed walls shone bright in the sun, tall trees grew beside them ; a peasant or two, and, perhaps, a dozen of pigs, might be seen loitering idly about. Great stacks of fern rose at every door ; but the glimpses we had as we passed into their narrow

and slatternly lanes told us that, bright as these villages looked in the sunlight, their gaiety was all on the outside; and that, should we enter the dwellings, we should find them miserable in the extreme, unfurnished, unswept, littered with fern, the pig and ass sharing the interior with the human inhabitants, and their miserable bits of window contrived to shut out heaven's air and light, and to make the interior as dark and stifling as possible.

Gradually we gained upon the mountains. The railway toiled up the ascent on a path which it must have taken a prodigious amount of English gold, as well as engineering skill, to form. At places, for miles and miles, the way was literally hewn out of the mountain-side, and then would come a plunge into the mountain itself, in the form of a long and dark tunnel. These tunnels were numerous; indeed, all the way from the valley of Arumea, on the north of the Pyrenees, to the plains of Alava, on their south side—a distance of some fifty miles—every inch of the railway almost has had to be hewn out of the rock. It is a mighty undertaking—a grand triumph of mechanical and engineering skill; but as yet little besides. Years must pass before a sufficient traffic can be created to bring any-

thing like a reasonable return for the money expended. But the skill, labour, and capital which formed this great European highway, have been well expended in the interests of civilisation. It is already proving itself a great boon to Spain, and will, in the future, prove a greater. A single war would have consumed twice, it may be ten times the sum, and afforded no return, unless in men slaughtered and cities destroyed.

As we advanced, the picturesque but wild valleys through which the early part of our course had lain disappeared. They seemed as we rose to go farther and farther down, and at last to sink into the earth altogether, while the mountains stood up around us in all their naked, savage grandeur. The forms of some of the mountains were striking indeed. Their firm-set, bulky bases bore atop tall peaks, which shot up into the sky sharp and pointed as needles, but in general their character was tamer. They seemed to roll and tumble around us in wild confusion, as do the billows of Ocean when they swell and curl before the tempest's breath. They were, in fact, a model in stone of that uneasy weltering sea of which they are the immovable ramparts. The waters of the Bay of Biscay are sometimes placid, but this other sea over which we were passing is never at rest ;

summer and winter its great billows of rock are in commotion, lifting their heads on high, and sending up their spouts of granite to the clouds in eternal tempest, yet in eternal silence.

At length the railway's pace began to quicken and the mountains to retire behind us; it was evident that we were descending the southern slopes of the Pyrenees. Quicker and quicker grew our speed, and now a narrow plain opened before us; it seemed to possess but small acquaintance with the plough, nor did the flowers love it, for it was verdureless. Its proximity to the bleak air of the mountains we thought might account for this. By-and-by it broadened out into a champagne country, and the hills out of which it emerged fell back, and formed a fine blue chain on either hand; but the plain itself still retained its bleak character. It was evident that we were now fairly entered on the plains of Alava, and had begun our acquaintance with the celebrated kingdom of Old Castile.

We could not help wondering at the barrenness which was all around us, but we were hopeful of better things to come. Surely man has not forgotten that he must live by bread, and that that bread must come out of the earth! But, in order that it may do so, the ground must be turned by

the plough and sown with grain. But these plains look as if here the plough never came, and seed never fell. Do the people who live here expect that food is to fall to them from the clouds? It looks as if they did; for if not from the clouds, where else is it to come from?

Soon the little town of Vittoria was reached. The soil around has been well moistened with British blood, for here was fought one of Wellington's greatest Peninsular battles. We do not know that England is any the richer—save, of course, in glory—or Spain the less poor, notwithstanding the great victory which was here won, and the vast amount of treasure which was found in the French camp. If nations would fill their barns and wine-presses, they must wield the spade, not the sword. This is a simple truth, but it is one in which nations make great mistakes. Some one has said that in Spain there are more priests than cooks. We dare say it is true. But Spain has another anomaly—she has more soldiers than ploughmen.

Of the two instruments with which man subjugates the earth—the plough and the sword—nations, unhappily, have hitherto been most enamoured of the latter. They have let the plough rust while the sword has been kept bright by constant use. It is glory *versus* bread. The Romans in ancient times,

and the French in modern days, have, as a rule, preferred the harvest of glory to the more substantial but more prosaic harvest of corn. A look in at Versailles will satisfy us of the truth of this. The French have won so many victories, that they might cover all their unproductive acres with their names. There are people who would prefer to see them covered with wheat. Spain has sinned, and is still sinning in the same way, and, as a consequence, Spain, like France, is pressed down under a very mountain of steel—cannons and camps, bayonets and sabres. What folly! The plough is cheap compared with the sword. If its course is noiseless, it is more fruitful. It goes on its way amid the dews, and the rains, and the sunlight. The path of the other is amid the red tempests of battle, and the music it evokes are the groans of the dying and the wail of the orphan and widow. These things, however, are not reported in bulletins, nor is the faintest echo of them heard from the marbles of triumphal arches. And so the world goes on in its old way.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD CASTILE AND BURGOS.

The Plains of Old Castile—Desolation—Town of Burgos—Grandeur of its Cathedral—Decay of Buildings—Misery of the People ; their Dress and Appearance—Portliness of the Priests—The Castle and its History—Wretchedness and Barbarism.

BETWEEN Vittoria and Burgos is a long ride, and that is about all that we can say of it. We knew that we were moving over the country, not by any landmark on its surface—for all signs and tokens of every kind are utterly blotted out—but because the snortings and tuggings of the engine told us that the train was in motion, and that we were moving along with it. This inference was a purely abstract one, for certainly no outward thing gave token that we were changing our position on the earth's surface. Journey as we might, the same monotonous dreariness, unvaried by a single feature, was around us. And this arid waste, on which we were gazing with a mixture of astonishment and fear, was Old Castile. Of its mountains we cannot speak, for so far as we had yet gone mountains it has none ; of its corn-fields we cannot speak, for corn-fields it has none, at least, no fields on which there is

corn ; of its vineyards and trees we cannot speak, for vines and trees there are none upon it. Of the few men and the few dwellings which we saw we would rather not speak, for our heart grows sick when we think of them. What, then, is Old Castile ? It is a boundless expanse of white earth, stretching out on all sides to the horizon, utterly arid and waste, without hedges or dykes, or landmarks of any kind—a most miserable and desolate region, where the very weeds of the earth, the insects of the ground, and the fowls of the air, have all perished and passed away.

During the heats of summer this region is a wide oven. The sun looks down upon it with fierce burning ray ; and the naked earth, without tree, or flower, or spring of living water, increases the heat by reflection till it becomes well-nigh intolerable. When the heats subside, then come chilling blasts ; and so we found, for when we traversed it a cold biting wind was blowing across it. The guide-books say that patches of this plain are cultivated, and a little corn grown upon them ; and no doubt it is so. But, nevertheless, the desolation is great, and to feel how great it is one must see it. And yet in former times there were no finer corn lands in Spain—which is, in effect, to say, there were no finer corn lands in the world—than the plains of

Castile. Even yet the old fertility lingers in their soil, and the rich harvests of other days would return, but for the unskilfulness, improvidence, and barbarism of its people. Open history, and what do we find? We find the Castiles, Old and New, a powerful kingdom, the marrow and pith of Spain; their hardy sons fighting her battles, and their wheat filling her garners. But ever since they passed under the government of Charles V., and especially of his bigoted son, Philip II., they have gone backward. And now here is the result:—Where once there was a multitude of men and cities, with the heavens giving their dews and the earth her harvests, there is now a treeless, cornless, almost houseless waste; in short, a wilderness.

We grew weary at gazing out upon nakedness—unvaried, monotonous nakedness—and glad we were when the train stopped and Burgos was announced. Adieu the desert, and welcome anything wearing the face of civilised life! A city! and that city the ancient city of Burgos! Away we went, for the station is some little distance from the town, and though the night was falling we had light enough to find our way. We crossed the Arlanzon—deep and broad in winter, but now with only a small stream in its gravelly bed—and entered what the guide-books style “the grand old city.” It

was grim enough, certainly, but then we had to take into account that it was old, and that we had scarce light to see it. We must wait till day.

When day came we went out, of course, to see "grand old" Burgos. "Old" we certainly found it, but as for its "grandeur," alas, alas! Can we have halted at the wrong station, and mistaken some other town for Burgos? But no, it was Burgos. The front row of its buildings, which faces the river and contains the hotels, is new; but as for the rest, it is the most wretched collection of hovels, half of them in ruins, it ever was our lot to set foot in. No place, not even the poorest towns of Italy as they were twenty years ago, ever impressed us with such a feeling of misery, or awakened such compunction for the poor creatures who live here, as this town. It was more like a state of things such as we should have expected to find in Africa, than anything we ever saw within the limits of what is termed civilisation.

But Burgos does possess splendour, and before going farther in the description of its sheer and most pitiable wretchedness, let us speak of its grandeur. We refer, of course, to its world-renowned cathedral. It is one of the most superb edifices that we have ever seen. It is of the florid Gothic, of the fourteenth century, and is an

all but unrivalled specimen of that style of architecture. Its towers, most delicately worked, airy almost as gossamer, rise some three hundred feet—so the guide-books say, for we did not measure them—over (what shall we call them?) the pig-sties around, styled Burgos. This cathedral is not so much one temple as a collection of sumptuous temples, all grouped together, forming a constellation of architectural glory, to raise which millions of money have been expended, and the genius of many minds, and the toil of many hands have been unsparingly, century after century, devoted. It is as grand—some would say as holy—as marbles and gilding, crucifixes and paintings, incense and consecrated wafers can make it. One wanders lost amid naves, and pillared aisles, and gorgeous chapels, which open right and left, gazing up at the rich oriels and the vaulted roof, along which one can hear stealing, in melodious echoes, the chant of unseen priests. For a more minute description of this superb pile we have neither time nor heart. What does it profit the poor creatures who are born and die under its shadow—that shadow the shadow of death? Fixed to the wall, near the grand western entrance, we saw two boxes; one labelled “Alms for the Most Holy Christ of Burgos,” and the other “Alms for the Holy Father at Rome.” A noted

image is this "Christ of Burgos," and its virtues and beauties are duly chronicled in the guide-books. The "Chapel *del Santissimo Christo*," say they, speaking of the chapel in which the image is kept, "is so called from a miracle-working crucifix, carved by Nicodemus, which floated over the sea to Spain. It is fine as a work of art. Observe its hair, wig, and rich lace petticoat."

This cathedral smells rankly of recent blood, for a foul murder was lately perpetrated within its walls, as our readers may recollect. The Government sent down a commissioner to make an inventory of its riches. The priests rang the alarm bell, and giving out to the townspeople who crowded into the church, that the Government commissioner had come to rob and profane their holy place, the infuriated people rose upon the commissioner and slew him upon the spot. Let us quit the cathedral.

We make our exit by the north door. Its marble threshold crossed, that instant the squalor begins. We almost fear to tell what we saw, for if we are to describe things as we found them, the picture must be sad indeed—so very sad, that we shall incur the suspicion of darkening it. But we are here to draw no fancy sketches of Spanish landscapes, or of Spanish manners and costumes, but

to trace honestly, as best we can, the traces which have been left in this land by the evil systems of other days, and therefore we must write of things as we found them. Burgos spread itself out all round its grand cathedral, and up the slope of the hill or burg—from which the town takes its name—a labyrinth of narrow, winding lanes, perfectly innocent of the modern arts of paving and cleansing. The houses are old ; some of them were here in the sixteenth century, when the great Charles was emperor, and here have they been standing all the while, their stones unmoved and untouched, while thrones and great kingdoms have been tumbling into ruins. Tawny-faced, black-bearded men looked out at their doors, and slatternly, hunger-bitten women, and sallow-faced children, prematurely old, were pottering about in the streets. Gaps of ruins, heaps of rubbish, stacks of fern, pigs, and savage-looking dogs, gave an air of barbarism to the place which it is not easy to describe or to conceive.

We marked the peasants as they came to market in the morning, and were struck with their diminutive stature. Surely the old Castilians who fought so bravely were not pigmies like these men. Ages of degradation have left their mark upon them. Not upon all, for some sturdy, fully-developed forms

we did see, and these might yet do service on the battle-field, but the majority are a dwarfish race: tiny legs, tiny bodies, tiny heads—they are not men, but manikins. Visions of Esquimaux, or the Ojibiwees, rose before us as we gazed on these little people. There was a certain air of staid dignity, however, about even the tiniest and poorest of them. Arrayed in their toggery, and carrying on their heads their basket of onions, or leading their ass laden with a few vegetables to market, they strutted along with an air of grotesque and jaunty stateliness, which irresistibly provoked laughter, which the next moment was turned into sadness.

The dress of the Spanish peasant is a mixture of finery and rags; but the dress of the peasant of Burgos is even below that of his class. Let us describe it. A piece of leather is tied on to the sole of the foot; this serves as a shoe. The leg is thrust into a black footless stocking, or it is enveloped in a piece of untanned hide, bound round with thongs. The breeches are open at the knee, and their fastenings are a curious entanglement of cord, button, and belt. They are thriftily patched, and patched again, and yet again, till often little of the original texture remains. A sash is bound round the waist; and then comes a great coat of

sombre brown, or a black mantilla or cloak, but this, too, like the garment we have just described, is often a curious collection of patches, without much regard being had to either the size or colour of the patches. A napkin tied round the head, or a low-crowned, dilapidated beaver with broad slouching brim completes the suit. In Burgos there are 30,000 inhabitants and 3,000 priests. This number may have diminished of late years, but this is understood to have been, till times of revolution came upon Spain, the normal condition of Burgos.

We saw the priests—not the whole 3,000, but more than we cared to see, and more than we thought to be for the good of Burgos. They seemed to be of the sons of Anak, and certainly presented a striking contrast to the Lilliputian race among whom they moved. Their long robes had no patches; their limbs were not thrust into untanned cow-hide, nor did they in features or form bear any marks of pinching hunger, or vigils unduly prolonged. Portly their form, tall their stature, slow and majestic their gait; conscious they seemed that they were the priests of “the grand old town” of Burgos, and ministered in a temple than which there are few grander on earth. Their legs were as massy and round almost as the pillars of their own church, and yet, strong

as they were, they seemed to bend and totter under the superincumbent edifice of bone and muscle and fat which they had to carry. Their neck was of a girth which would have done no dishonour to the trunk of one of their own chestnut trees. Their head it would have delighted a phrenologist to contemplate; it was bulky and vast, like some of those which, chiseled out of granite, lie embedded in the sands of Egypt. Their face was about as stony; and then what a magnificent sombrero! It ran out in front in a long line of glossy beaver; behind, it extended in a line of equal length, and it gracefully curled up at the sides. It was truly worthy of the majestic figure which it topped and crowned.

To complete the picture of Burgos it is necessary that we introduce our readers to its famous castle, or burg. This hill makes a grander figure in history than it does in the landscape. It was the scene, in other days, of events of note, which few now know, or care to remember. Its foundation goes as far back as A.D. 884, and many a hero renowned in Castilian story has made it his dwelling-place since. Foremost among these is the great Cid, a scoundrel of the first water—we beg our readers' toleration for our use of familiar terms, on the ground that they are the appro-

priate ones. We write where we have not Robertson and other stately historians at hand to furnish us with pompous or reverential terms, such as might give grandeur to our heroes and a classic march to our style. And even were those writers more within our reach than they are, we are not sure that we would be at much pains to mend our diction by using their grand phrases to dress up into great characters men who would have been ordinary enough but for their wickedness.

Here, we say, dwelt the Cid, and hence he went forth to rapine and slaughter, and carry home the spoil to his castle or den on the top of this hill. The house in which the Cid was born stood at the foot of this hill, on the now rubbish-bestrewn ground which one traverses on his way up the height from the north door of the cathedral. His bones are shown in the Town House. This hill touches our own England in one point. Here was celebrated the bridal of Edward I. of England with Eleanor of Castile, and here, in 1812, a holocaust of 2,000 British lives was offered up in an unsuccessful attempt to take this fortress. The events just narrated are not a tithe of what has been transacted on this Iberian mount. For why should we weary ourselves or our readers with the recital of battles and sieges which have left no trace

in history, and which exemplify no principle save the vulgar one of ravenous greed and brutal ferocity, although, when enacted, they doubtless made no little noise, and certainly inflicted no little suffering on the world ?

And what is the appearance of this hill now ? It is a naked, unfortified mound of white earth ; there is something like a house or low castle on its top, and we saw a sentinel perched there, keeping watch over it with his musket and bayonet, although who should covet such a place we could not divine. No pleasant post had he of it, for a bitter cold wind was blowing over the treeless plain, and, catching up the loose white earth, was whirling it in clouds like snow-drift around the poor solitary man. We intended paying him a visit on his hill-top, and had got half-way up, when he suddenly shouted out some observation to us, and not being quite certain whether his words contained an invitation or a prohibition, we thought best to interpret them in the latter sense, and made all haste to descend, not sorry, to say sooth, that we had so good an excuse for not going higher.

But we could not help saying to ourselves, as we turned to take a last look of the poor sentinel, mounted on what seemed to us a hill of ashes, with which the very winds were wroth, "What utter

desolation!" It recalled pictures we had seen of the Birs Nimrod on the great wasted plain of Babylon. So rose this mount on the wasted plains of Castile, and we could not help seeing, in the desolation with which it was stricken, the hand of Providence visibly stamped upon this stronghold of robbers and spillers of human blood.

"Grand old" Burgos, adieu! As our readers may imagine, the word was spoken in no tones of inconsolable sorrow, unless for the thousands of poor creatures shut up here in outer darkness. Who and what is it that has taken man made in the image of God, and, denying to him the light of truth, has so brutified him that even the human form is passing away from him? We demand an answer to this question—we have a right to do so. Cruel should we be were we to pass even an animal on the highway lying bound without an effort to loose its cords, and shall we do less for a human being? Shall we pass these thousands of fellow-creatures shut up in doleful misery, and yet hold our peace? Shall we not tell the world what we have seen? Shall we not proclaim in the hearing of all that there are abodes of sorrow—bastiles in which body and soul are immured; spots where, from generation to generation, the light never shines; not far off, across the seas, in Pagandom, but in Europe, in

Christendom? "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he who pondereth the heart consider it?" Who has given to one class the right to withhold all rights from every other, and to make holocausts of whole cities and nations? May the cry of Burgos go up to heaven, and enter into the ears of the Great Judge!

CHAPTER V.

VALLADOLID AND THE FIRST *AUTO-DA-FÉ*.

The Railway—Rate of Speed—Time for Dreaming—Delays—Interior of Railway-carriage—Aspect of Plain—Women Ploughing—Valladolid—Churches and Ruins—The Man in the Fire—*Auto-da-fé* of 1559—The Man in the Fire returned in the Bible-stand—The Word of God endures for ever.

STRAIGHT onward along the plain lay our way to Valladolid. We meant that this former capital and favourite resort of Charles V. should be our next stage. The train kept creeping onward at a snail's pace; at every station we made a long halt. It did not much matter, however, or rather it did not matter at all. We had never before traversed the plains of Castile, and in all likelihood some little time would elapse before we should have it in our power to traverse them again; and if the landscape offered little to the eye, it suggested a good many things to the mind, which we were none the worse of revolving, and which a more rapid journey might have banished from our thoughts; and so we had no wish to mend our pace, even if we could.

Besides, we felt that here anything like bustle

would be signally out of place. Our rate of speed seemed to fall in with all that we saw around us. The land was resting; it might wake up into a harvest once a century or so. The villages were resting; once in a week, when the church bells tolled, they might break into a little stir. It became us, we felt, to get into a mood of mind as much in harmony as possible with the drowsy world we were moving in. We must eschew excitements of all kinds; and so we went sedately and slowly on our way, passing acre after acre of bare earth, and coming up occasionally with a forlorn village, which in due course we dropped behind us.

We could fall a-dreaming, moreover, and in our dream the Castile of other days would rise before us. We saw its plains waving with corn; we heard the song of the reaper and the grape-gatherer in its fields. We saw flags floating on the towers, and crowds issuing from the gates of its cities. We saw the plumed knight ride forth to the tournament. We saw royal cavalcades sweeping past, and hosts mustering at the bugle's call. And then, like Mirza, we awoke to find that the vision was gone, and that it had left nothing in its place save the naked plain, with the solitary donkey-driver pacing along on the highway, or a herd of black swine scouring

the open fields and ploughing up the earth in search of food.

We greatly missed the hedge-rows and the fences. To an English eye these are inseparably associated with cultivation, and their absence is as inevitably suggestive of abandonment and barrenness. In Castile these are utterly unknown; not a line is there on the face of the plain; no fence marks the boundary of field or the limits of ownership. The country appears a wide common. How the peasant finds the acres he is to till, when he does till them, we cannot imagine. This monotony and sameness of surface adds much to the dreariness of the ride over it. The traveller has no landmarks by which to measure the progress he is making; and that progress, slow enough of itself, appears, consequently, slower than it is. On one occasion we had the curiosity to count, and found by the watch that every time we made a run of fifteen minutes we made a halt of ten. In this fashion we did a journey of a hundred miles. The explanation is this: the passengers on the Spanish railways are not yet numerous enough to pay; as a rule, therefore, goods are carried by all trains, and this involves the necessity of loading and unloading at the various stations. Nor is this all. The officials have to exchange salutations and

cigarettes, and gather in a knot on the platform ; and, once the cigar is in the mouth, it is wonderful how the ideas flow, and what an amount of eloquence, as well as of tobacco-smoke, has to be let off. But what of the people in the carriages all the while ? Why, they are too busy with their cigarettes and their gossip to care much whether the train is moving or standing still. A Spanish railway carriage is like a club, or a public meeting, or, in short, a newspaper. It gives the Spaniard all the news of the day, not in the form of a dull article, but with the brevity of a telegram, and seasoned with all the vivacity, humour, and eloquence of the Spanish people in their best mood. It is, mayhap, the only newspaper the Spaniard sees. What with gossip, noise, good-humour, drollery, and singing, the time passes pleasantly away—much more so than do the tedious and silent hours at home ; and the Spaniard is rather sorry than otherwise when his journey is at an end, and with a polite “ adios ! ” he quits the carriage and steps down upon the platform.

At some of the stations on our way along the plain we witnessed scenes which to us were somewhat novel. Groups of travelling musicians would assemble on the platform and await the arrival of the train, and then they did their very best to entertain us. Dressed in their finery, they leaped

and danced, they shouted and sang, they rattled their castanets, and played on their guitars; and having ended their little ballet, which sometimes they enact by torchlight, they made their appeal to all lovers of the fine arts in the train. One is too glad to see a little mirth in this land to deny their suit; and, moreover, it is an agreeable relief from the flocks of mendicants, haggard, hunger-bitten, and in rags, which haunt the railway-stations, and which it is so pitiable to look at.

This portion of the plain seemed not quite so stricken as that which we had traversed the day before. The earth was less marly, it was darker in colour, and seemed more like soil which had not yet ceased to produce. In one or two instances we saw villages which were approached by avenues of noble trees, and here and there a hill shot up, not lofty, but with outline so romantic that it lacked nothing but woods or corn-fields at its foot to make it the delight of the painter. As we approached Valladolid, these remains of the ancient glory of Castile became more numerous. A feeble green began to clothe the fields, and—welcome sight!—the plough was here at work. We counted three or four ploughs, where there was room for as many hundreds; here, for the first time in our lives, we saw women ploughing. We are not aware

that in any other European country the doctrine of "woman's rights" has made such practical advance as here in Spain, where the sex have become tillers of the soil.

Valladolid lies in a basin. It is plentifully supplied with the two elements of fertility—water and warmth—and the heights that swell up all round it, in ancient times, doubtless, when Valladolid was one of the royal cities of the land, overflowed with flower and fruit, with corn and wine; but now its environs are comparatively treeless and bare. The only noticeable objects in the town as one approaches it are the cathedral steeples and the factory chimneys: The latter, of course, one is specially glad to see, as they promise a certain amount of commercial activity in the town; and the traveller is not saddened by witnessing here such utter stagnation as reigns in Burgos. The ecclesiastical influence, too, he finds lighter here, nor does he encounter the deep benumbing shadow which, like a midnight, envelopes the earlier capital of Old Castile.

Not a few monuments of its regal era linger in Valladolid. Here Philip II. was born, and here Columbus died; here, too, is shown the house in which Cervantes lived when he was passing his great work through the press; as well as the houses

of others renowned as diplomatists or as scholars. It is the seat of an university famous for the study of law. It is rich in churches and not less in ruins. These are not wholly the work of time ; the cannon of the Republican French made sad havoc in the ecclesiastical buildings of Valladolid. The convents were gutted, and the monks turned out ; the churches were stripped of their pictures and precious vessels, and battered into ruins. This was specially the fate of the Inquisition and its church ; pillar and roof, altar of marble and saint of stone—all went down together, and lie in an undistinguishable heap of ruin, which no one is at the trouble to repair or to clear away.

At Valladolid we touch an altogether new movement. Not yet, however, do we mean to bring this work—only in its early spring-time—before our readers. A stage or so farther on in our journey, and then we shall have something better to speak of than soils that have ceased to produce, and races that seem to be perishing from off the earth. We shall find ourselves in presence of a movement that has come neither from the cabinet of kings, nor the club of republicans, but out of an old Book, which has before now renewed the world when it appeared on the point of perishing. Still, a few words about it here.

At Valladolid the spirit of Charles V. and the Vatican is being confronted by apparently a gentler, but, in reality, a far stronger spirit. Not for the first time have these two met on this spot. The old and the new encountered each other at Valladolid three hundred years ago. Here the first Spanish martyr was burned. Let us go to the Plaza Mayor. A palace, shops, rows of fruit-stalls, crowds of traffickers—such is the scene which the Plaza Mayor exhibits at this hour. But let us shut our eyes on the present, and call back the past. History waves her magic wand, and the past returns. What do we see? A strange spectacle! A sea of heads; a balcony, in which sit princes of the blood, grandees, ladies, and courtiers, blazing in jewels and decorations; and, fronting the royal box, a crowd of mitres, cowls, crucifixes, and banners. Is that all? No! Look at that terrible apparition in the middle. A column of blazing flame shoots high into the air, and as its surging volume parts and opens, it reveals one standing serenely in the midst of the fire. It is the first *auto-da-fé* ever celebrated on the soil of Spain, and the day is the 7th October, 1544. But what matters it? The darkness of three centuries has closed round the day and the deed, and the world has forgotten both. No, says

the historian, that stake shall stand for ever ; down, down the ages shall go the light of that martyr-pile ; its splendour shall fill Spain and encircle the world. But a short hour does the martyr stand at that stake, but history takes care that the memory of his death shall be eternal, and that from his throne in history his spirit shall rule the world.

The persecutor thinks the more martyrs he can burn the better. Every stake he plants brings him, he concludes, a step nearer his object, which is the suppression of what he deems heresy. He says he must strike a blow ; and he does strike a blow, and that a very effectual one. But where does the blow fall ? That is the question. The persecutor never stops to answer that question. He goes on striking blow after blow, without seeing that every blow is falling upon himself and his cause. The more he multiplies martyrs, the more he multiplies the moral forces of the world. Instead of putting out lights, he is but kindling stars to dispel the darkness. He is summoning into action powers which are never to cease, and before whose slow but triumphant advance himself and his cause are destined to be borne to destruction. Those who on the 7th October, 1544, planted the stake in the Plaza Mayor at Valla-

dolid did not think of this. We shall permit Dr. McCrie to relate the scene:—

“When brought before the inquisitors,” says Dr. McCrie, in his “Rise and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain,” “he (San Romano) frankly professed his belief in the cardinal doctrine of the Reformation—that salvation comes to no man by his own works, merit, or strength, but solely from the mercy of God through the sacrifice of the one Mediator; and he pronounced the mass, auricular confession, purgatory, the invocation of saints, and the worshipping of images, to be blasphemy against the living God. If his zeal was impetuous, it supported him to the last. He endured the horrors of a protracted imprisonment with the utmost fortitude and patience. He resisted all the importunities used by the friars to induce him to recant. He refused at the place of execution to purchase a mitigation of punishment by making confession to a priest, or bowing to a crucifix which was placed before him. When the flames first reached him on his being fastened to the stake, he made an involuntary motion with his head, upon which the friars in attendance exclaimed that he was become penitent, and ordered him to be brought from the fire. On recovering his breath, he looked them calmly in the face, and said, ‘Did you envy

my happiness?'—at which words he was thrust back into the flames, and almost instantly suffocated. Among a great number of prisoners brought out in this public spectacle, he was the only individual who suffered death. The novelty of the crimes with which he was charged, joined to the resolution which he displayed on the scaffold and at the stake, produced a sensible impression on the spectators."

We shall permit the same historian to describe the next *auto-da-fé*, which was celebrated at Valladolid:—

"The first public *auto-da-fé* of Protestants was accordingly celebrated in Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1559, being Trinity Sunday, in the presence of Don Carlos, the heir-apparent to the throne, and his aunt Juana, queen-dowager of Portugal and governess of the kingdom during the absence of her brother, Philip II., attended by a great concourse of persons of all ranks. It was performed in the grand square between the church of St. Francis and the house of the Consistory. In the front of the Town House, and by the side of the platform occupied by the inquisitors, a box was erected which the royal family could enter without interruption from the crowd, and in which they had a full view of the

prisoners. The spectacle continued from six o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, during which the people exhibited no symptoms of impatience, nor did the queen retire until the whole was concluded. The sermon was preached by the celebrated Melchior Cano, bishop of the Canaries; the bishop of Valentia, to whose diocese Valladolid at that time belonged, performed the ceremony of degrading such of the victims as were in holy orders.

“When the company were assembled and had taken their places, Francisco Baca, the presiding inquisitor, advancing to the bed of State on which the prince and his aunt were seated, administered to them the oath to support the Holy Office, and to reveal to it everything contrary to the faith which might come to their knowledge, without respect of persons. This was the first time that such an oath had been extracted from any of the royal family; and Don Carlos, who was then only fourteen years of age, is said from that moment to have vowed an implacable hatred to the Inquisition.”

And now once again let us shift the scenes. King, bishop, abbot, and monk, have all marched out of the Plaza Mayor; the balconies are empty;

the crowd, too, has surged off. And the man in the fire? He, too, has taken his departure. He has gone up, although no one there saw the light of the flashing wheels that bore him away, or heard the shouts that welcomed him high up in the blue sky. And so the spectacle is at an end. We recall the present. It is September, 1869, just a few years more than three centuries since that fire blazed and burned itself to ashes in the Plaza Mayor. Again the Plaza Mayor is filled. From side to side a crowd occupies it. The annual fair is being held, and here is gathered a vast concourse to buy and sell, and to eat and drink, and make merry. There comes a man like no one else in that great gathering. He sets up his stall in front of that palace where the royal family of Spain swore obedience to the Inquisition, and only a few yards from the spot from which the man at the stake, when every one else went to their homes, went up to the skies. This strange man brings forth his merchandise, and that, too, is unlike all other merchandise in this fair. What does he sell? Upon his stall he places the BIBLE! On the very spot where the first *auto-da-fé* of Spain was celebrated, he exhibits, in the view of all, the Word of God. But do Philip and Torquemada see this? It matters little whether they see it or not. There

is this man selling the Bible openly in the Plaza Mayor at Valladolid. And how many copies does he sell? During the six days of the fair he sells as many as 150 Bibles, 200 New Testaments, and 1,000 Gospels.

Strange! Has the man who was burned come back? It would almost seem as if he had, and had brought with him from the skies these copies of the Bible. But it matters not whether it be the very man who was burned or no who stands here in the fair of Valladolid. Here is the BOOK come back again; and it is speaking with undiminished power—it is changing hearts and making disciples, even as it did in the morning of the Reformation. “The voice said, Cry. And I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.” Philip is gone; empty is now his palace, and fallen is now his throne. Gone, too, is the brilliant crowd which that day filled the Plaza Mayor—mitred priest and proud abbot, shaven monk and cruel Dominican—all have passed to the tomb, and the place that knew them once knows them no more. “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God endureth for ever.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCORIAL.

The Sierra Guadarrama—Tunnels—Desolation—The Escorial—Savage Scenery around—Philip II.—Architecture of the Escorial—The Frescoes in its Corridors—The Cathedral—The Royal Library—Portrait of Philip II.—The Royal Apartments—Philip II.'s Cabinet or Workshop—His Deathbed—The Tombs of the Kings of Spain—Reflections.

WE left Valladolid at midnight. When morning broke we were traversing the savage defiles of the Sierra de Guadarrama. The train was plunging out of one dark tunnel into another, so that the journey was performed half in the bowels of the earth, and half on its surface. This is no traveller's license, but a literal fact ; for, according to Murray—the great authority in all such matters—between Avila station and the Escorial, a distance of forty-five miles, there are no fewer than forty-four tunnels, which is, as near as need be, one to every mile. The tract was as rugged and wild as we ever remember to have passed over. There were occasional oaks, and at times would come clumps of firs ; but the general covering of the soil was a profusion of granite boulders, some of them so

big, that they might have set up for very respectable mountains themselves. It looked as if here had been the battle of the giants, which the old poets have made so famous ; and if the ground is ever to be cleared of the great rocks which they hurled at one another, the giants must come back again, for certainly no strength less than theirs—and most unquestionably no energy now left the Spaniards—would be competent to the task of carrying back to the place whence they came—wherever it may be—these countless heaps of great boulders.

When the summit of the pass had been gained, and the quickened speed showed that we had commenced our descent, a wide prospect began to open on the right. In the clear morning light we could see the plain running out towards the far-off Sierra de Toledo in the south. But it was all a desert. There was no curling smoke betokening human habitation ; there was no plough at work on that plain ; no tree or vine-stock grew there to clothe its nakedness ; no patch of green diversified its surface. It stretched out far away beneath the eye, a dreary expanse of brown earth, baked by a burning sun by day, and frozen by the chilly winds which descend upon it from the icy heights of the Guadarrama by night. On our left, pressing

closely upon the railway, rose the bare, weather-beaten shoulders of the Guadarrama, amply bestrewn with granite rocks—so amply, as to set one a wondering whether they had been rained from the clouds, or ejected from the earth in some convulsion of nature ; or whether they were the colossal missiles of some veritable race of giants, who had chosen this wild and solitary region for their combats.

We turned sharply round a spur of the mountains, and suddenly there opened a little bay or *cul-de-sac* in the Guadarrama. It held an edifice, of which the leading feature was vastness. Placed here, where a building four times the ordinary size would have run some risk of being lost to the eye, this pile, in virtue of sheer bulk, asserted its existence and claimed to be grand, even in the presence of the grand mountains. This must be the Escorial. It can be nothing else. But sorely puzzled must one be, who had never before heard of the Escorial, to guess what this mammoth in stone might be. He might suppose it Noah's ark resting after the Flood, but then this mountain is not Ararat ; or he might imagine it a palace of the king of the giants, when they had their battle here ; or a weird castle, called up by the spell of some unearthly, solitary being ; for

who else would ever think of rearing such a pile in the heart of a wilderness of mountains, great rocks, and desert plains? We knew, however, what the building was, and who he was who built it, and we halted at the station that we might spend the day in examining it.

The accommodation at the station was of the poorest. We had not eaten since dinner-time of the previous day, and were now in first-rate trim for breakfast. But no breakfast could we have, save a cup of coffee and a little bread; there was no milk, no butter. How could there be? There appeared nothing within the compass of the horizon of which milk or butter could be made. The *café* was kept by an old woman with round, heavy-browed, dark-complexioned visage, who sat, peering at us, in a corner of the room, but did not stir in the least when we entered. She seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether it might be our pleasure to favour, or, to speak more accurately, annoy her with our commands.

When the train was fairly gone, and the last streak of its white smoke had vanished, we felt how lonely was the spot. We looked round, if haply we might catch a glimpse of Madrid. But no; it was not in sight. Nothing could we see but the brown plain, and the silent Guadarrama sweep-

ing round it on the north, in a crescent of dreary hills. And there were we left alone with this mysterious-looking building, of which we began to have an unaccountable dread. All around it was so silent and solitary that it looked as if the plague were shut up in it; or as if it were inhabited by some ogre who devoured all who came within his reach. However, having sipped our coffee, we made off towards it.

The walk to it is a full mile up hill. In its immediate proximity the aridity is somewhat softened by rows of elms and acacias planted by Philip. The building is loop-holed by some thousands of windows, and would undoubtedly be taken for a barrack—a barrack in which not one, but many armies might lodge—but for its dome and four great towers, one at each corner, which lend it a grandeur of a nondescript character. It is a votive offering to San Lorenzo, and this is the key to its most extraordinary construction. On a gridiron, according to the legend, was the saint martyred, and here has Philip set up a gridiron in stone in commemoration of the saint. What then we ought to look for in this huge pile is the architecture or orthodoxy of a gridiron, whatever that may be. This is a point on which we must be excused pronouncing any very decided opinion.

Considering who was its builder, and the age in which it was erected, we have no doubt it is thoroughly canonical—as faultless a dogma, though expressed in stone, as any which “the Church” has expressed on paper. But if the architect was a man of taste, as he is said to have been, this gridiron must have given him more real torture than the original one gave San Lorenzo.

A costly affair was the gridiron. Philip is said to have paid fifteen millions of pounds for it. But there was no lack of the precious metals in Spain in those days. Silver and gold were in abundance as the gravel in the street. Was there a palace to be built, or an army to be equipped, it was but sending another navy to those inexhaustible supplies—the mines of Mexico and Peru. Nor was this the worst spent money of Philip. Who can tell how many millions he lavished on soldiers to rot in the fens of Holland, and on ships to lie at the bottom of the English Channel? How thankful would Spain now be for a tithe of what Philip squandered. He is said to have expressed himself rather freely to his son on his death-bed on this head, complaining how expensive an affair this fighting the Gospel at the bidding of Rome had been, and that his recompense had not been quite in proportion to his deservings. But we return to the Escorial.

We have no intention of describing what is indescribable. Those who wish to be able to form a more definite idea of this monstrosity than we have been able to convey, must consult Ford's "Spain," and other authorities; for volumes have been written in description of the Escorial. We have only farther to say of this building, that the outer shell is the frame of this gridiron; that the inner courts are the bars, that the palace or royal apartments are the handle, and the four towers are the feet. But instead of standing on its feet, like other gridirons, it lies on its face, and its feet are turned up into the air.

Thirty miles from Madrid, at the foot of the Sierra Guadarrama, stands this palace. So savage and solitary is the spot, that it almost transcends the power of the imagination to picture it. Rarely has man chosen so dreary a region for his dwelling; and certainly never before was royal palace set down in a wilderness like this. It is not where icy winds freeze the blood and blight the landscape that monarchs love to dwell; but rather where the cheerful day opens upon smiling plains and towered cities, or where the blue sea with its laughing waves offers a pathway to the white-winged ships. Could the realm of Spain furnish no fairer spot than this for the dwelling of her

kings? There was Seville, where the orange gives its perfume and the palm its fruit. There was Granada, where a rampart of snowy mountains engirdles the matchless Alhambra, than which the hands of man never fashioned anything so airy, graceful, and beauteous. There was Toledo, so romantically placed on its cluster of hills, washed by the Tagus, and graced by the matchless monuments of Moorish art. Yet from all these, and a hundred other spots of loveliness and grandeur, Philip II. turns away, to bury himself in the heart of this terrible wilderness. What could tempt him to do so? We know not, unless feelings akin to those which drove Tiberius to hide himself from the face of men in the rocky recesses of the Island of Capri. But the dwelling of the Roman tyrant was not so dismal as that of the Spanish one. The smiling Bay of Naples, the giant promontory of Sorrento, the palm-fringed shore of Pausilipo, were daily before the eyes of Tiberius. But only images of desolation and death presented themselves to Philip in the Escorial. The bare storm-swept summits of the Guadarrama leaned over it, while the slopes around were thickly strewn with boulders of granite which the earthquake or the tempest had loosened from the mountain's side. There was nothing in sight—no tender flower, and

scarce a spot of green—to soften the stern mood of the tyrant, or withdraw his thoughts from the terrible subjects which he day and night revolved. The laugh of happy childhood, the song of vine-dresser, the note of bird, broke not upon his ear. He had withdrawn himself from communion with Nature as well as with man ; he lived in the seclusion of a monk, seeing and hearing nothing that could awaken sympathy in his heart with any living thing. He heard only the tempest's howl and the avalanche's crash, and, doubtless, the only emotions it could awaken in his breast, as it thundered down the mountain's side, were regrets that there were not villages and cottages in its path, in which old and young might be crushed to death, and have common burial. So dwelt the man in this grim desert, who, perhaps beyond all the men of his age, hated the Gospel with a perfect hatred, and wore out life in a terrible effort to drive it from the world, and in that attempt caused the death of a larger number of human beings than perhaps any other tyrant of any age or country.

To us this pile had interest only in that it was the centre of that machinery by which the Reformation was crushed—no, not crushed, but converted into the grandest drama in all history. In this palace were penned, and out of these gates

had passed, those cruel decrees which covered Holland and the Netherlands, Italy and Germany, with scaffolds and executioners, with slaughter and burning. Spain was then the first monarchy of the world ; it had wider territories and richer treasures than ancient Rome even in its palmiest days. The sceptre of Spain was stretched over India and America. Her power was owned in both hemispheres ; and, moreover, she was mistress of numerous and fertile dependencies in Europe. In a little closet in this palace sat the man who wielded all this power—a man, as Velasquez has handed him down to us, of pinched, vindictive features, protruding jaw, small peering eyes, narrow forehead, on which toil and vexation had planted many a furrow, and altogether of an unkingly and ungainly countenance. But in the hands of this man was accumulated greater power than had ever before, perhaps, been wielded by any one man. And for what did he wield it? For one object, even the overthrow and utter extinction of the Reformation. It was this which gave this building a dreadful interest in our eyes. Keeping this in view, let the reader accompany us as we take a rapid survey of the place.

We enter by a little wicket which opens in the great oaken gate that closes the vast granite portal

over which stands a huge figure of San Lorenzo. We begin our survey of the arcades which run round the first court. These are covered with frescoes, which are poor affairs in point of art, but of some interest in point of history. Their subjects are the victories, more especially the naval ones, gained by the Spain of Charles V. and Philip II. Conspicuous among these is the battle of Lepanto, and yet more conspicuous, not by its presence, but by its absence, like the bust of Brutus at the procession, is one other great naval affair of Spain, the Armada to wit. At least, after a long search, in which we went twice over these frescoes, we could not discover it. But *n'importe*.

We are handed over to another *cicerone*—in this instance a priest speaking a little English—who takes us to see the church. There are paintings, marbles, gorgeous chapels; but these things in such a place are matters of course. The arrangement and general effect are of more importance, and, judged thus, the edifice is truly grand. There is no excess of ornament; it is a chaste majestic edifice surmounted by a magnificent dome. On the left side of the altar, in the gallery, at its remotest corner, is the seat which Philip was wont to occupy. When he got tired of working, he would open the door of his cabinet, traverse a long corridor, then open

another door, quietly steal into the cathedral, and sit down here and do his devotions. We were taken to the seat and invited to sit in it, and we marked that it occupied a point where the architectural effect of the temple told most, and where the high altar was full in view. Philip, himself unseen, could here see all. The priest dwelt much, as he was entitled to do, upon the good taste and genius conspicuous in this edifice. "It is," he said, "like Philip himself, solid and practical." We thought Mr. Motley might have something to say on the other side, if not about the church, at least about Philip. We were almost tempted to ask whether he ranked an empty throne and a ruined kingdom among the proofs of Philip's solid and practical cast of character, but we reflected that of all profitless things the most profitless is a controversy at the wrong time and in the wrong place.

The priest took us next into the royal library. It is a noble hall, some 200 feet long, and lacks nothing but students. Its floor is of marble, its arched roof is finely frescoed; marble and porphyry tables are ranged along the apartment for writing; but they are never used. Its shelves contain some 12,000 volumes, which are never read; instead of presenting their backs, the books turn their edges to the spectator, and in that attitude remain from one

century to another. There is but small temptation to disturb them, for they mostly, if not wholly, belong to an age and a literature that have passed away. Yet they are said to include a few curiosities, of a Moorish and Roman kind, but most of these have gradually gone, the French and others having from time to time purged the library, and what it does or does not contain, we believe, is now known to no one. In this library is a portrait of Philip II., which merits attention. It is by Titian, and, compared with those in the museum at Madrid by Velasquez, it tells of the ravages of bigotry on both the body and mind of Philip. Velasquez painted the monarch when he was comparatively young, Titian when he had grown old. We have seen the faces of old men, who had passed their lives in noble and Christian pursuits, grow absolutely beautiful—gather a glory not of earth. Not so Philip's; it seems to have darkened as years passed. Attentively survey the picture of Titian: the grey eye has become more stony; the flesh has lost the hues of life; and the cold, cadaverous face chills one as if chiseled out of ice. Such is the man who looks down upon us from the walls of the royal library of the Escorial. This concluded the services of the priest, and now he courteously took leave of us.

Another conductor, and another part of the gridiron! We are taken now to the palace; its apartments, though rather small, are numerous, and princely in their furnishings. The walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry, the scenes portrayed being mostly of a rural character. The doors and panelings are inlaid with ivory and silver and gold, and there are besides, some curious old cabinets, mirrors, and clocks, some of which may very probably have belonged to Philip's father, Charles V., who spent his last days in watch and clock making. The apartments had interest to us only as being those in which the man who meditated day and night how he might overthrow the Reformation had gone out and come in, had risen up and lain down; but, so far, we had come to nothing specially connected with Philip.

Traversing suite after suite of rooms, we at length arrived in a small closet of a singularly unpretending character, and the conductor, who spoke in French, said, "This is the cabinet of Philip II.; here he wrote his despatches." The words thrilled us; now, at last, we were in the den of the tyrant. Here was the real war of the giants, and no fable; here Philip fought with Heaven. From this seat the King of Spain hurled his bolts against Him whom God has set as King upon His "holy hill of Zion."

The chamber is left almost entirely as when Philip occupied it—it cannot be more than four yards long by three in width. Its walls are without adornment of any kind ; its furniture is of the very plainest description. It consists of a chair—the self-same chair in which Philip sat when reading and penning his despatches ; it is a low broad-bottomed chair, covered with leather, and having a leathern pad behind, on which Philip might throw himself back. Next comes a long stool, hollowed out and covered with leather, on which the monarch rested his legs. By the side of the chair is a low, square stool, also covered with leather, on which his secretary sat. In front of the chair is a plain black oaken desk at which Philip wrote ; upon the desk, placed upright against the wall, is a row of shelves, they may be some four or five, and were meant to hold the books Philip needed for reference. Alongside the shelves, also resting against the wall, is a set of small drawers for despatches. The portfolio, covered with green velvet, in which the despatches were handed in to the monarch, and the answers to them handed out, completes the furniture of this closet ; there never could have been more, for there is not room for more.

The guide seemed to divine the interest we took in the chamber ; for, without our thinking of it

or wishing it, he made us sit down in Philip's chair, and rest our legs on the same oddly-fashioned stool on which Philip had rested his.

The few minutes we sat in that chair sufficed for a good part of the sixteenth century to pass before our mind. Here, day by day, sitting in this chair and toiling at this desk, had the great tyrant of the age pursued his dreadful work, warring, like another Julian, against Christ. What awful schemes had had birth in this chamber! here had they been revolved hour after hour, and day after day, till they were matured; and then the tyrant, remorselessly placing those fiats of doom in that little green portfolio lying beside us, had sent them forth at that very door, to do their work of blood in all parts of the world. Here had sat the man who dictated the assassination of the Prince of Orange; here had sat the man who passed sentence of death on two whole nations, and who, if he could, would have assassinated our own Elizabeth. At this very table had been penned the decrees which launched the Armada, and hurled it like an avalanche against England to overwhelm it, but in reality to be broken in pieces upon its shores. But let us avert our eyes from this tissue of enormous crimes, and cast them on the other side. But for Philip of Spain, could we have had the Prince of Orange—

one of the noblest characters of history? but for Philip of Spain, would the Reformation have become what it is—perhaps the most wonderful page in all the wonderful annals of the Church of God? It was kindled and burning when Philip came with intent to put it out; but the violence with which he strove to extinguish it made it the more blaze up, and shoot aloft to heaven—a pillar of glorious light, whose splendour illumined the world, and will travel down the ages. Thus it is that God brings good out of evil, and makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

But let us attend our guide, he is just opening to us another page in Philip's career. Close to Philip's chair on the right, and at the end of the royal cabinet, opposite to that by which we entered it, is another door. The guide has just opened it, and disclosed to view a small ante-chamber; it is not more than six feet square. "This," said he, "is the spot where Philip died; when near his end he was carried in here," and unfolding as he spoke another door, which enabled one in the ante-chamber to look right into the church and have a full view of the altar, "He was carried in here," he resumed, "and laid so that he might see the high altar when dying."

We stood on the spot where the great King of

Spain had given up the ghost, and (what is remarkable) it is within two feet of the desk where he had penned those horrible decrees which had made women childless and provinces desolate; which had turned the populous Low Countries into a graveyard, burning their cities, and cutting off their inhabitants by the sword, by the gallows, and by every mode of cruel and horrible death. There "he bowed, he fell, he lay down—where he bowed, there he fell down dead," and his end was, like his life, dreadful exceedingly. It was full of horrors—horrors of mind, and strange torments of body; his last illness continued fifty-three days. Like another Herod, he was eaten up of worms. He had warred against God with armies, fleets, executioners, and at last God warred against him. But with what? With his lightnings? No. With his angels? No, that would have been doing the great king too much honour. Insects bred of his own body laid him low: the monarch was crushed before the moth. What a defeat! What a humiliation to the proud King of Spain! In this little ante-chamber, on a heap of his own filth, in a moving mass of vermin sent forth from his own body, Philip II. gives up the ghost!

It is said that Philip died grasping firmly the same crucifix which Charles V. used in his last

moments. A friend of ours who visited the archives of Simancas was shown Philip's last will and testament. The signature attests the pain of body and prostration of mind in which the monarch passed his last days. The deed is twice subscribed. The first writing is illegible. Some one would seem to have called the king's attention to the fact that the writing might not be easily read. He then, his hand, perhaps, aided a little, subscribed the document over again; and one can make out, in the feeble wavering characters, "*Io, il Rey*"—"I, the king;" for such was the way in which the kings of Spain subscribed their deeds—with the gold dust still adhering to the letters. The same person was shown Philip's marriage-contract. The royal signature is in a fine, bold, fluent hand, contrasting strikingly with the cramped, angular, straggling characters appended to his last will and testament.

One scene more. Another official offers his services; the man lights two tapers, and, retaining one, he gives us the other. We tread a long corridor; we arrive at a grated iron door. Selecting a key from a bunch which he carries in his hand, our conductor opens the door. We enter, and descend a marble stair; our guide bids us take care that we do not slip; and the caution is not unneeded, for the stones are polished like glass.

Holding our taper up, we can see that walls and roof of staircase are lined with a blackish marble. We descend another stair, and yet another, and we stand before another portal. Our guide draws our attention to the inscription over it. It intimates that we are at the door of the sepulchral vault of the kings of Spain; but it gives us also to understand that this is not a tomb, but a Pantheon—a house of gods. When this tomb was reared, the Spanish people, it would seem, were expected to take their dead kings for gods. We recall the scene we have witnessed in the halls above, and we say, he is but a poor god who cannot withstand the worm. “Wilt thou yet say before him who slayeth thee, I am God? But thou shalt be a man, and no god, in the hand of him that slayeth thee.”

We hold our taper up as high as we can above our heads, and are able to descry the form and appearance of the chamber; it is an octagon, with marble *sarcophagi*, thirty-six in number, ranged in rows running from top to bottom of the vault, with the name of the occupant graven on each. Very grand it is, but not so grand as the gorgeous mausoleum of the Medici at Florence. An altar is placed against the wall, to which, we dare say, priest seldom comes; still, it serves to distinguish among the tenants of this dark abode; for on the

right of the altar are the tombs of the kings, while on the left of it are laid their queen-consorts, and those who have borne the royal title but have not reigned ; thus preserving a sort of etiquette in the grave. The vault, we believe, is thirty-six feet in diameter by thirty-eight in height ; and it is placed under the high altar, so that the priest, when he celebrates mass, may elevate the host exactly over the royal sleepers in the vault below.

We stood within a few feet of the dust of the men with whose deeds historians have filled their pages. We could almost touch the black marble urn which contains the ashes of the Emperor Charles V. Still nearer were we to that of Philip II., which was immediately below and exactly like that of Charles. Next came the sarcophagus of Philip's imbecile son, and next, that of his yet more imbecile grandson, and so on, till we came to an urn that was without a name and without an occupant. We inquired for whom was this tomb ? and were told that it was intended for Queen Isabella II., the exiled descendant of Philip II. The likelihood of her ever coming into the sepulchres of her fathers is not at this hour very great.

How deep the silence of this vault ! We could not help contrasting that silence—prolonged from century to century—with the noise and bustle

in which the men who lie buried here had passed their lives. When they lived, they shook the world with their intrigues and wars; now, they cease from troubling. They have gone down to the sides of the pit—all of them slain by the sword of Death, though they caused sore terror in the land of the living. Changes how many in the upper world since they descended into this abode! but here changes there are none. Revolution musters above their head; they heed it not. The nations are moved; for these men sowed the wind, and their posterity are reaping the whirlwind; but the roar of the tempest is not heard in this vault. Their descendants go forth into exile, and the glory of their house departs; but their slumber is none the less profound on that account. The Gospel enters; still they sleep on. So firmly rusted in its scabbard is their sword, that they cannot draw it forth. Those once mighty princes, heedless of the sorrows that darken around their posterity, and the troubles that agitate their kingdom, here prolong from age to age their untroubled slumber.

Philip, awake! Why sleepest thou? awake, arise. Knowest thou not that the Reformation has come back, and is now thundering at the very gates of the Escorial? Hearest thou not the singing of heretic psalms in thine own capital of Madrid?

Seest thou not these hundreds and thousands of Spaniards who flock to the preaching of the Gospel in Seville, in Barcelona, and in a score of other towns? Seest thou not that Bible-stall in Valladolid, planted on the very spot where the glorious *autos-da-fé* of old days were celebrated? Luther and Calvin and Knox are risen from the dead, and are again preaching by a hundred tongues and a hundred pens; and yet thou, O most Catholic king, slumberest ingloriously here! Make haste: delay not: come forth from thy marble tomb: gird on thy sword: summon thy inquisitors: get ready thy fleets and armies. Haste thee before Spain is lost. What, no voice, no answer! The Reformation is abroad. Loosed from the stakes to which you bound it, it is speeding on its way like a mighty angel, filling realms with its light, whilst thou, O unhappy man! art dwelling here in darkness. Has thy tomb become thy prison? Yes: and from that prison the archangel's trump only shall set you free; to place you, alas! before the tribunal of Him whose saints and martyrs you slew, and whose name and reign you sought to cause to perish from the earth.

CHAPTER VII.

MADRID.

Desolation of Landscape around—Moral State of the Capital—Insurrection—Suspension of the Constitution by the Cortes—Freedom of Protestant Worship maintained—Anticipated Outbreak—Review of Troops—Sights of Madrid—Unhealthiness of Site—The Palace—The Museum—The Church of Atocha—"Our Lady of Atocha"—The Bull-ring—The Burning-ground of the Martyrs—A Witness from the Grave—Revolution or Reformation—Spain's Choice.

QUITTING the Escorial, with its sad, sad memories of bygone centuries—centuries in which the dragon's teeth were sown, which are now yielding crop after crop of armed men—let us forward to Madrid.

It is a fine capital; but, like the Escorial, it stands in a desert. The Guadarrama mountains, amid whose ranges tempests and icy winds are born, wall it in at some distance on the north, while an expanse of brown soil—a continent of baked clay—extends around it on the other sides. Such is the setting of Madrid. The green fields, the cottages with their clustering vines, the stately mansions, the towns and castles peering above the flourishing woods, which one so naturally expects around a

great capital, do not here exist. There is nothing but the plain, in its utter nakedness, running out to the horizon. And the eye, met by a scene in which there is nothing to attract, but everything to repel, naturally turns inward to the city itself, in the hope of finding in the buildings, the fountains, the statues, and the artificial gardens, some compensation for the sterility outside.

The eye does find some such recompense, but it is at the expense of the heart. The glance, if at all trained, can detect the signs of worse evils within than any without the city. The population is evidently suffering from many evils—the offspring of one great evil. The majority of the people are ill-clad. There is little business, nothing to occupy either hand or head ; there is no indoor life ; there is no substantial comfort ; there is much gaiety, but little happiness. Alas ! we have but turned from one desert to another. Outside the city it is the earth that is smitten ; but within, it is the people—the human soul.

A people naturally of warm sensibilities and high aspirations, the Spaniards nevertheless, by the very force of the qualities with which they are endowed, have but gone the deeper into crime and barbarism. One dare not recount what those, long resident in the country, and thoroughly trustworthy,

have told of its corruption. The vast majority of the population grow up as ignorant as the brutes, but with powers and passions which render them far more dangerous than them. Though every city has its army of priests, there is no instruction ; though every street has its church, there is no worship. A "God who is a spirit" is as much a lost idea to the Spaniard as to the ancient Pagan. The popular devotion of Spain is every whit as purely the worship of graven images as was that of Greece. Home, with its purity and love, is all but unknown. There is no confidence ; and this is fatal alike to friendship and to business. Patriotism is taken up as a trade. Life is little regarded, and every one carries a revolver or a knife ; thefts, robberies, murders, assassinations, and all the crimes which come of revenge, lewdness, drunkenness, covetousness, and starvation are of frequent occurrence. We have been told by those who have the best means of knowing, that to hear of thirty cases of housebreaking in a night, and half-a-dozen assassinations, is not uncommon in some of the towns, such as Madrid and Seville. The Spaniard cannot value truth as truth, or understand why you should be angry with him for telling you a fiction. "Why," he will reply, "it has given your grace much pleasure, and done no one any harm." The

influence that can regenerate Spain must come from a sphere beyond the earth.

We visited the capital at a critical moment. Revolution was brooding in its streets; and masses of soldiers, with bayonets and cannon, were frequently patrolling the thoroughfares, to prevent insurrection lifting up its head, and breaking out into open rebellion. All this, although Isabella was away, and had been away a whole year. Sovereigns flee, but the sword departs not.

We found the Cortes debating the question of the suppression of the public liberties. All Saturday, all Sabbath, all Monday, all Tuesday, did the debate continue, and when, at the close of the fourth day, the vote was taken, it was carried unanimously to suspend the Constitution; for the republicans had previously left the house in a body. The plea on which this strong step was justified was the sudden and portentous development of republicanism, and the imminence of insurrection. During the preceding four months there had been a most extraordinary growth of republican sentiments. In almost every town and village, clubs had sprung up; nightly debates had been held; opinions hostile to all society were being openly avowed; and the Government felt that they could not stand still and see revolution ap-

proach, nor calmly look on while the interests of the nation were being wrecked. So at least they said. It was strongly suspected that the priests had a hand in this sudden outbreak of republican and revolutionary sentiment all over Spain, in the hope that the country, terrified by anarchy, would welcome back the queen, and that with her would return better times for the priesthood. And no one doubted that the Isabellinists and Carlists were doing all in their power, from a like disinterested motive with the priests, to fan the flame and bring on a conflagration. And so the Constitution, not yet a year old, was suspended.

Unhappy country! You taste of liberty, but it is only for a moment; the cup is hardly at your lip, when it is dashed from it. Your armies, three hundred years ago, trampled down liberty all over Europe. Holland defied you, burying itself beneath the waves of the North Sea; but other countries, who had not the courage to resist, bowed to your yoke. The cup you compelled these nations to drink, you yourself are now draining to the dregs. There are men in the midst of you, who deny that there is a God. The proud triumph, say they, and the weak groan: God does not avenge these crimes; therefore he does not exist. Poor purblind men! There is no need to look

beyond Spain herself for the proof that there is a God. Her crimes have been followed by three centuries of retribution. Yes, there is a Providence, omnipotent as just, ruling among the kingdoms of men. Let Spain think of what she *was* and what she *is*, and say whether there is not One who can abase the lofty.

It is hard to say whether rulers or people are more to be pitied—a tumultuous people who cannot enjoy liberty without turning it into anarchy, and selfish and unwise rulers who cannot repress anarchy without overthrowing liberty. And yet it is not difficult to trace, and certainly it is consolatory to mark, amid the follies and crimes of men, the footsteps of a wise and merciful Providence, guiding the country by a path it knows not to a higher liberty than it dreams of or aspires to. It was the *political* liberty and not the *religious* which was now in question in the Cortes. And the liberty of worship stood when the liberty of republicanism fell, and the Protestant chapel in Calle de la Madera remained open when the political club was closed. During the comparatively tranquil year which had passed, an evangelical church had been planted in Spain. Till this little seed, from which alone could come the liberties of the country, had acquired some strength, the winds of faction

were not permitted to blow. The Constitution stood till the religious liberty had acquired some foothold. As soon as it had done so, the Constitution was, for the time at least, suspended. There is scarce any mistaking the meaning of this, or the lesson it teaches; but it is too much to expect that Spain as yet should be able to read that lesson.

Madrid was uneasy. Rumours ran through it that an outbreak was imminent, and night by night the city slept under arms. The military were distributed in their cantonments, and ready at a given signal to cover the whole capital with their fire. We ourselves did not believe in an outbreak; it would have been madness, with from twelve to twenty thousand soldiers in Madrid, to have attempted anything of the kind, and so we did not lose a moment's sleep all the time. But we observed that our careful hostess night by night closed the window-shutters of our bed-room; and, as an instance of the uncertainties and perils amid which the citizens of these countries pass their lives, we may mention that when we examined these same window-shutters, we found them to be great slabs of iron three inches thick. We should have had some chance against a musket-ball, but none at all against a cannon-shot.

Meanwhile business and pleasure went on all the same. The cafés, theatres, and bull-ring were all open, and not a man or woman the fewer was there in these places of amusement, although it was possible that there might be heaps of corpses or pools of blood in the street before morning. The only difference perceptible was that there was a greater excitement in the thoroughfares, and a continual patrolling of infantry and cavalry, and a rumbling of artillery-carriages in the streets. General Prim, moreover, thought it wise to edify the republicans by a very imposing review of the troops one day in the Prado. For this we personally felt thankful to him, for it enabled us to see the general himself, and also the Spanish army. The former may be forgiven if he held his head a little elate as he rode down the ranks. He had just triumphed in the Cortes; he is the favourite of the army, and the destinies of Spain were not just yet to leave his hands. As regards the latter—the troops, to wit—they are a fine-looking body of men, though doubtless it was the flower of the army which was retained in the capital. They were almost all youths, in very showy uniforms, straggling a little in their ranks, quick and easy in their movements, but without the high martial bearing and iron-like compact-

ness of rank and step which discipline gives the British soldier. Still the Spanish army is a wonderful creation, considering what it was a few years ago.

We saw all the sights of Madrid, but we are not to weary our readers by any description of them. Our work is written, even as our journey was undertaken, for a different purpose; still we may be excused a few passing observations. The position of the capital is most extraordinary; it is, perhaps, the worst in all Spain, and this is one of the boons for which the Spaniards have to thank two men, whom they have some reason not soon to forget—Charles V. and Philip II. It stands 2,450 feet above sea-level. Down upon it come the icy blasts of the Guadarrama at their own sweet pleasure, for shelter from tree, or wall, or hill, Madrid has none. Around it is a naked plain; for the woods that once clothed it have been cut down, and the earth spreads out glaringly white, with scarce a patch of cultivation upon it, to the horizon. The stricken race that live, or rather starve, upon this great plain, have no idea of guiding the torrents of the Guadarrama over it, or of digging wells in it, or even of turning it with the plough. They leave it to be baked by the sun, and frozen by the cold; and yet, would they take spade or plough

and unlock its riches, what a flood of corn and oil and wine would it pour forth! The peasant, in some danger of being swept away in the deluge he had let loose upon himself, would be forced to cry "Hold, hold!" to the bounteous earth. Madrid itself is one of the unhealthiest of cities. It is visited at once by fierce heat and biting cold; on one side of the street are the tropics, on the other Siberia, you pass in one minute from the one extreme to the other, and the consequence is that the term of human life is here much shortened, and nowhere perhaps in Europe are pulmonary complaints more common.

We visited the palace; it is a magnificent pile externally. Unlike the Escorial, the rules of architecture have here been followed, and so this edifice possesses much classic beauty and palatial splendour. It is vast, but finely proportioned, although lacking, of course, that air of ever-during stability which the massy granite blocks of which it is built give the palace of Philip II. The interior of the palace exhibits a goodly display of tawdry grandeur. We marked that the throne has been taken away, and that the gilded lions which stood round it now guard an empty platform. A small piece of crape thrown over them would convert them into mourners, not more mute than others of the same

profession ; and, certainly, if we are to call for “the mourning men and the mourning women” it is here, where lies, fallen and dishonoured, the once mightiest of the thrones of Europe. How affecting the silence that reigns throughout this vast pile ! In that courtyard below there is now heard no roll of carriage ; no grandee or mitred prelate now climbs that magnificent staircase ; no gilded lacquey waits at that portal ; no voice of mirth awakens the echoes of that gorgeous roof—all is deserted, empty, and silent ! “The bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it, their voice shall sing in the windows, desolation shall be in the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedar work.” The Museum—for every Continental capital, whatever else it may or may not have, must have its museum—is one of the finest in Europe. It is stored with the masterpieces of Velasquez and other great painters.

A little way outside the city stands the church of Atocha. It is one of the humblest edifices, but one of the most famous shrines in all the Peninsula. In this chapel are hung up the flags taken in the naval victories won when Spain was in her glory. From sixty to a hundred banners are seen floating from the roof. They serve to keep up the *prestige* of the country in the eyes of the Spaniards, who believe that Spain is still mistress of the seas

and head of Europe, else why don't those nations come and take back their flags? When we entered the chapel a priest was saying mass, and a boy in a white surplice was waiting upon him and handing him the things he needed. The boy, when he saw us, left serving the priest and came to show us over the lions of the building. We looked when the priest would call him back and chide him for deserting his sacred duties. The padre, however, was good-natured enough to make a shift to do without the boy, and to permit him to earn a few pesetas from the stranger. With a long stick he pointed out the flags of the various nations, specially naming that taken at the battle of Lepanto.

But the chief distinction of this church is an image of the Virgin—"Our Lady of Atocha," to wit—which is the third in rank of the deities of Spain. "Our Lady" is black; mighty miracles have been done by her, notwithstanding; and the firm belief of the people of Madrid in her powers is attested by the crutches, waxen arms and legs, gowns and petticoats, hung up as votive offerings, making the chapel look like a rag-fair. The origin of the image is contested. Some say it was graven by Luke, and brought to Spain by Peter himself; others hold that "Our Lady of Atocha" did not see the light till the fifth century; but be this as it

may, she is the patron saint of Madrid, and the great protecting goddess of the royal family. In all their emergencies they invoke her, and whatever "Our Lady" may have done for them, certainly the marks of patronage the royal family has bestowed on her are of the most substantial kind. Queen Isabella, some little time before her flight, gave her a robe worth, it is said, £30,000 sterling. We looked earnestly for her ladyship; it was, of course, our main errand to the chapel, but to our mortification we found her place vacant. What had become of "Our Lady of Atocha"? Had she gone to visit her patroness, Isabella, and console her in her exile with hopes of speedy return? or was she simply conforming to the custom of the country, and taking her midday siesta? or had she been acting her part so ill of late, in permitting so many calamities to befall the royal family, whose favours—not to speak of the fine gown she was at that moment wearing—had been so manifold, that she was now in disgrace and had been sent away to rusticate? Her story, we learned, was a more prosaic one. Some one had lately taken a fancy to one of the many jewels that adorned her robe, and thinking that "Our Lady" could spare it, had appropriated it to his own use; and so the priests, judging her ladyship but little able to take care of herself in

these troubled times of revolution, had locked her up till quieter times should return.

Another popular institution we visited, although we went no farther than the door—the bull-ring. On our first Sabbath, between sermons, we sauntered as far as the gates, and found ourselves in the proximity of a circular building of vast dimensions, which we soon learned was appropriated to that peculiarly Spanish pastime, the bull-fight. The placards announced that nine bulls were to be that day brought on the arena, and the names of certain piccadors, the popular heroes of the ring, were announced as to engage with them.

The people were flocking in by thousands; women as well as men were crowding thither, and leading by the hand girls of tender years, to witness the bloody fray. The door stood open, and we could see the spectators just beginning to fill the vast sweep of the benches. The entire arrangement was exactly similar to that of the Coliseum at Rome, only one might pack some half-dozen bull-rings into the huge circle of the Coliseum. Our first thought was, "Well, we should like to see a bull-fight, if but for once." Our second thought was a recoil from the first. What! were we prepared, for the sake of this show, to profane the Sabbath? True, we were in the capital of Spain;

but this did not alter the case in the least. The Fourth Commandment is as binding in Madrid as in London or Edinburgh. In the second place, were we warranted to hire a few unhappy men, poor enough, or demoralised enough, to be willing to encounter the risk of being bruised, mangled, and done to death, all for our amusement? For to this it came. And if it should happen that they were killed, could we hold ourselves guiltless of their blood? But, in the third place, was the spectacle of such a kind as could yield us amusement? Were we, or ought we to be, capable of finding delight in it? If it had pleased the Creator to make us dogs, or wolves, or tigers, we might have had pleasure in a bull-fight; we might have looked on with amusement, while horses galloped round the arena, their entrails trailing on its floor, or the blood of the piccador himself dyeing it. But we were men, not wild beasts, and therefore our pleasures ought to be those of a man, not of a tiger. Numerous priests were passing by, for it chanced to be the hour when they return from the forenoon masses, and close their cathedrals till the evening, and this suggested the inquiry: How much moral power is there in a religion, served by hundreds of thousands of priests in Spain, which permits so barbarous a practice to flourish so long in that

country? Were there a particle of spiritual virtue in the cathedral, it would, long ere now, have put down the bull-ring ; not in the way of abolishing it by edict, but simply by rendering the people incapable of taking delight in it.

As we turned away from the door the piccadors rode up. They were mounted on gaily-caparisoned mules, which trotted briskly up. The poor starveling horses, on which the piccadors were to appear in the ring and encounter the bull, awaited them in a back court. The piccadors were showily attired ; they wore leggings and breeches of yellow buckram, their vests were richly embroidered, and over them was a jacket all aglow with buttons of silver-gilt and golden spangles ; round their waist was bound a scarlet sash, and their sombrero was as ample of brim as a cardinal's, and, like the cardinal's, was adorned with divers crimson pendants. They were tall, strong-built, big-limbed, coarse-featured men. We saw them enter the back court, where some scores of ruffianly boys greeted their arrival with shouts, which bespoke the admiration in which they held these heroes, and the interest they took in the bloody sport in which they were about to engage.

We remarked that the only grave faces in the crowd were those of the piccadors themselves. Their

looks said pretty plainly to the youths who cheered them so lustily, "It may be sport to you, but it is not much of that to us." Mass was wont to be said for these men before appearing in the bull-ring; we believe this practice is now discontinued, and the more worldly expedient substituted of casing the piccadors' limbs in thin plates of iron, and swathing them amply with flannel, of course under the gay outer clothing. Whether the wearer deems this stronger armour of defence than the priests' mass we cannot say. It would seem he does, for this is the armour he now dons when he goes to these conflicts. This peep behind scenes did much to disenchant us of any impression which may have been made by the gaiety and excitement of the foreground. We left it with a strong feeling of disgust at the unmistakable and unmitigated barbarity and beastliness of the affair.

We visited one day an arena of another kind, where conflicts of another order were fought—an arena on which the noblest of Spain's sons wrestled for an immortal crown, and won it. It did strike us as singular, and indeed full of promise, that the land, which is *par excellence* the land of the bull-fight, should be also *par excellence* the land of the *auto-da-fé*. Surely Spain will yet rise out of the

abyss! We refer to the field where the martyrs of Spain's early reformation, which McCrie has so touchingly chronicled, were burned. It is outside Madrid, on the north-west, vacant at present, but soon to be covered with promenades and elegant buildings.

In order to find a suitable foundation for the houses which the municipality had resolved on erecting here, it was necessary to run a deep cutting through the soil and rubbish which had accumulated on this empty space. In digging, the workmen came upon a subterranean mound of human remains. The dust was black and shining, as if steeped in oil, and formed a horizontal layer or bed, which stood out in the broad open trench from the white gravelly soil on which it rested, and with which it was covered over. It was largely mixed with calcined bones, with skulls having tufts of hair in some instances adhering to them, and jaw-bones with human teeth, and bits of charcoal. This ghastly heap was evidently the memorial of some tragedy of former times. What could it be? It was remembered that here had been the burning-ground of the Inquisition; and that, through many a dreary year, that terrible tribunal had celebrated its *autos-da-fé* on this spot, and no doubt was felt that these were the remains of its victims.

The population of Madrid flocked to gaze on this strange record of a past age. When where these men burned, they asked, and what was their crime? And when they came to know the true import of what had been so suddenly disclosed to their view, and to learn something of the tyranny and crimes of which it was the ghastly witness, they were thrilled with horror. Orators took up the theme in the Cortes, and declaimed on "the *strata* of their soil," which had their "corresponding *strata* in their history;" and thus brought many of the Spaniards acquainted with the story of the martyrs, of whom, though they had been sleeping here in hundreds and thousands in their immediate vicinity, they had never before heard tell. Terror fell upon the priests when this witness rose from the dead; and, instead of plotting how to compass the life of the Bible-reader, they deemed it more prudent to concert measures for protecting their own.

But how remarkable the *timing* of this discovery! Had it been made before the flight of the queen, and when the priesthood were in power, these memorials would have been consigned to the darkness from which they had so unexpectedly emerged. In some way or other the matter would have been hushed up, and care taken that the public should know nothing of it. As it was, what

had been revealed could not be hid. There, in presence of the whole capital, was this yawning pit, telling its dreadful secret, and flashing as it were the flames of the *autos-da-fé* in the eyes of all Spain. It was as if the martyrs had risen from the dead.

We visited the spot during our stay at Madrid. The cutting is several hundred yards in length, and in depth not less, in some places, than from fifty to sixty feet. It runs, so far as we could judge, right through the centre of the human heap, which is shown, of course, in section. It is seen on either hand, as one passes along, looking like a seam of the coal-measure, vividly relieved by the white gravelly *débris* above and below it. On examining it, its contents felt slimy and slightly adhesive. There was a large quantity of bones; we picked out several, the smaller ones evidently of the arm and the fingers. We might have had any number; and of those that we did carry away, some were blackened from the action of fire. In the heap we noticed, too, bits of burnt wood, fresh, as if the faggots of which, doubtless, they are the remains, had but yesterday ceased to blaze. This dark *stratum* stretched along on either side of the broad trench for at least a hundred yards, and was from five to ten yards in depth: This enabled us to estimate the dimensions of the heap.

It cannot be less than three hundred yards in circumference, with a depth of ten yards or thereabouts at the centre. It was forgotten that such a memorial existed, till, when no one was looking for it, the earth opened, and up came this witness from the grave to confront Rome with her past iniquities.

Adjoining this space is the quadrangular enclosure in which, it is said, the last *auto-da-fé* was celebrated; the thick walls remain, the door of Spanish oak, with its huge iron knobs, still closes the entrance, and the holes in the walls, in which were inserted the beams of the galleries, can still be traced. It is now used as a cattle-pound.

Reformation or Revolution! Such was the alternative which the sixteenth century offered to the European nations. Spain knew not how to choose the better part. She sided with Philip II. and Torquemada against the Reformation. Had she chosen the martyr's part, all she could possibly have endured would have been as nothing to the long centuries of tyranny and revolution, of faction and civil conflict, of political debasement and moral degradation, which have passed over her since. Had she been willing to go to the stake in the sixteenth century, her sons would not have been dying on revolutionary gibbets in the nine-

teenth. She was then at the very portals of liberty, but she did not enter in. The sixteenth century passed; the door it opened to the nations was shut, and Spain, to this hour, gropes in outer darkness. Of nations, as of individuals, it may be said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it." At that great crisis of her fate Spain chose—what? Empire, political supremacy, and glory. These, she believed, were bound up with Rome; the tiara and the imperial crown against the world. Such was Spain's choice; she had no faith in the spiritual forces arrayed on the side of the Reformation. These she could not see, and in them she did not believe. But she could see the fleets, the armies, and the political powers, which were banded together to uphold the Papacy; and so she believed in these, and cast in her lot with them, never doubting that she was on the winning side, till she saw empire departing, and found herself sinking hopelessly into the gulf of barbarism.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

The One Thing Needful—What is It?—Can Art, &c., regenerate a Nation?—A New Moral Power Needed—The Bible and Conscience—A Sower—The Bible enters Spain—The Edinburgh Evangelisation Society—Success attending its Efforts—Opposition of the Priests—Labours of the Wesleyan Methodists in Spain—National Bible Society of Scotland—Co-operation of Providence—An Era of Revolutions—The State Distracted—The Throne Shaken—The Church Weakened—The Nation grows in Material Prosperity—The Evangelisation advances in Silence.

NO one, whether a passing stranger or a native, can see Spain with its people so kindly, naturally so intelligent, so self-conscious, and so gallant, lying here from age to age in a gulf out of which they are unable to extricate themselves, without feeling that something is wanted here. What is that something—that one thing which will comprehend everything, and which, as a natural result, will bring all other necessary things after it?

Opening the guide-book one day, we read, What Spain needs is a middle class. That is one answer to the question. We select it, because it is a sample of others; we would have the reader think

how short a way it goes to solve the problem of Spain. It is to the purpose to say that, what a barbarous country needs is civilisation; but this leaves entirely unanswered the question, how that civilisation is to be created. A great difficulty cannot be solved by truisms, even should these truisms wear the air of wisdom, and be uttered with a voice of authority.

Ask others what it is that Spain wants. Some will reply, she wants railways; others, she wants cultivation; others will answer that she wants public works, to give labour and bread to her people; others, that she wants schools. All this is true; Spain is miserably in want of all these things, and other things besides. But again we must remind our readers, that this is a list of evils, not a list of cures; what we seek is a cure for all these evils. Simply saying that Spain wants this and that will not bring it. In Spain it is the human soul that is dead. We need something which will call the soul to life—something which will regenerate the nation. A regenerated people will speedily regenerate the State in both its political and industrial departments. What is that something?

Can Art restore life to a nation? Italy made trial of this instrumentality. She gave herself, in

the Middle Ages, to the study of painting, of sculpture, and music. She attained excellence and won praise, but she did not achieve liberty. An imagination, fostered at the expense of manhood, only paved the way for a deeper slavery. Can Literature and Philosophy regenerate a nation? France, in the end of last century, tried this experiment, and for awhile she dreamed that she had succeeded. The splendour of her literary genius attracted the gaze of all Europe. But a literary taste, cultivated to the detriment of the moral sense, only disrupted the bands of order without breaking the chains of the tyrant. Revolutionary anarchy led back again very speedily to old despotism. Can Politics regenerate a nation? Spain thought, by putting herself at the head of a mighty empire, that she would make her prosperity and freedom perpetual. She soon found how greatly she was mistaken. The fabric she reared, after crushing other nations, crushed, last and deepest, herself. The great Spanish monarchy was seen to be the mausoleum, not the asylum, of liberty. Yet another experiment! The kings and parliaments of Continental Europe, these twenty years past, have been unweariedly labouring at the task of framing constitutions and enacting laws, in the hope of regenerating their

kingdoms. The progress of national liberty has not been encouraging. The growth of armies, and the rumblings, from time to time, of revolution, in its subterranean cave, show that the right method has not yet been hit upon. One greater than kings has but the other day touchingly confessed that, although he does not despair of the world's emancipation, it is long of coming. It is indeed. Tyrants have been chased away ; hierarchies are being trodden down ; and yet the nations are not free. Every influence—artistic, literary, political, and mechanical—has been tried, and though each has done a little, it is so very little, that it is scarce perceptible, and will speedily vanish, unless a greater influence shall come after. What the world needs is a new moral power. The one thing it lacks is the restoration of conscience. It is not new governments, or new laws—we have been working at the wrong end—but new men—men with a conscience—and so having a law within them stronger than any power of coercion without them. Then we shall have order without armies. Not till then. But how is conscience to be restored? Only by permitting Him, who is the Lord of the conscience, direct access to the individual man. All tyranny begins in the usurpation of human

authority over the conscience; and all external tyranny is based on this inner tyranny. And here must all emancipation of nations begin, in the destruction even of this inner tyranny—the enfranchisement of conscience; not that it may be without law, but that it may be subject to the rightful authority of Him who is its Lord. In a word, the one only thing that can restore conscience, and so regenerate a nation, is the diffusion of the Bible. But the Bible is the very book which the governments of Europe combined to exclude.

The government of Heaven, however, is more paternal than the governments of earth. It pitied the nations lying bound in the chains of a double slavery—political and sacerdotal. In the end of the last century Christendom was shaken by a great earthquake—the first French Revolution. In that earthquake the ramparts which a theocratic despotism had reared around the kingdoms fell. Then it was that a sower went forth to sow. A society, having as its sublime aim the diffusion of the Bible over the whole earth, in the tongues of all nations, sprang into existence. This was the sower who now went forth, and this the seed he scattered. Spain, however, was less open than other countries, and so but little seed could there be sown. The missionary, as he passed

it by, on his way to more distant lands, could only heave a sigh as he beheld its locked gates, and saw the sentinels of darkness going their rounds upon its walls. So late as the beginning of the present century even, the case of Spain appeared to be hopeless. The priesthood was powerful, the government was altogether their tool, and there seemed as yet no relaxing of the bigotry of the people. But even then a movement had commenced, although hardly any one knew it. The hearts of not a few Christians in Britain were touched with compassion for that unhappy land; prayers began to ascend in its behalf; and a few sowers went forth to cast a little seed on its fields, as they might be able. The day had scarce broke, but they remembered the command—"in the morning sow thy seed." Verily, it seemed like casting that seed away. The ground, to human eye, appeared to have not one good spot in it all. Here vice had made it hard as the "rock;" there bigotry and superstition converted it into a thicket; while overhead the heavens were as brass. Why sow on the rock? Why throw precious seed among thorns and thistles? But these men did not permit these considerations to weigh with them; they believed that the seed would find a soil for itself, and that wherever it fell the rain

and dew from heaven would distil, and so they went forth scattering with willing hand to all the extent which a jealous priesthood, served by an obsequious government, permitted, the seed which could not die.

A glad surprise awaited those early sowers. Instead of the indifference and hostility on which they reckoned, they found the Spanish people in most cases eager to receive the Word of God. The influence of the priests had long been on the decline; the faith of the nation in the Romish religion had been greatly shaken; they suspected, though they dared not avow their suspicions, that there was a deception at the centre of it. Of one thing they were certain—even that it was a heavy yoke: they wished to escape from it, but how they could not discover, though they looked wistfully all round. Such, when the first colporteurs touched her soil, was the attitude of Spain, mistrustful of Catholicism, yet ignorant of the Gospel. Might not that Book be the very thing that would fill the void within them? In the hope that so it might prove, many of the Spaniards received the Bible and read it; read it, as our forefathers of England and Scotland three hundred years ago did, at the dead hour of night, when deep sleep fell upon the eye of police and prelate. The first result in most

cases was amazement that a system, whose falsehood they now so clearly perceived, should for so many ages have kept their country in darkness and tyranny. But the process did not stop here in all cases; in some few it issued in that spiritual enlightenment of mind, and in that renewal of the heart, which the Bible alone can effect. These converts, dispersed through Spain, became, each in his own locality, centres of light.

The great Bible and Missionary societies of England were not able to do much. They were too well known and too closely watched; and had not a more humble and comparatively unknown society arisen, the work would have lagged, or perhaps stood still. This was the "Spanish Evangelisation Society of Edinburgh." This Society was so fortunate as to find a few agents of known piety and fidelity and tact, and adopting methods of working which it carefully kept concealed, and from which it might not be prudent even yet to lift the veil, it found doors of entrance into Spain where its larger brethren could find none. To this Society was mainly owing that large circulation of Bibles and religious books which was effected among the Spaniards in the dark years which preceded the revolution of 1868. We find, for instance, from its Report in 1859, that, with an annual in-

come of little above £700, it maintained five agents, labouring in different parts of the Peninsula, and a book and tract circulation of above 60,000 yearly. "The Society has," to quote from the Report, "during the four brief years of its existence, effected a work in Spain, which has moved the Spanish hierarchy to most vigorous efforts to constrain the Spanish government to adopt stringent measures for staying the plague of heretical propagandism, by which, they affirm, Spain may be speedily lost to the Roman faith, if not arrested in its progress." The suspected door by which this "plague" entered was Gibraltar, for we find the *Iberia*, a Madrid newspaper, saying in 1859, "It appears that the Protestant propaganda continues to introduce its publications into our country, and that generally by the way of Gibraltar, for they are distributed in Algeciras, St. Roque, and Los Barrios, as appears by the post-office marks." Granting that the priests were right in their suspicions, Gibraltar was a door hard to shut. There was, however, another door nearer them, which they could have shut, but which, though they wearied themselves in their attempts, they could not find. They groped round and round it, but their eyes were holden. Nothing remained, therefore, but to vent their vexation, which they did in bitter terms.

The Bishop of Cadiz issued a charge, which bore testimony, on the one hand, to the progress of the work, and, on the other, to his own deep mortification at being unable to stop it. The Bishop's charge was published in *La Cruz*, a Jesuit journal of Seville. It was headed, "Charge of the Lord Bishop of Cadiz, in order to Stop the Circulation of Bad Books," and ran as follows:—

"The enemy of mankind desists not from his infernal task of sowing tares in the field of the Great Husbandman; and to us it belongs, as sentinels of the advanced post of the house of Israel, to sound the alarm, lest his frauds and machinations should prevail. We say this because we have lately read, with profound grief, in a certain periodical recently published, that the Protestant Bible Societies, and associations for the distribution of bad books, are redoubling their efforts for inoculating our Catholic Spain with the venom of their errors and destructive doctrines, selecting, in particular, our religious Andalusia as the field of their operations.

"Although we purpose hereafter to deal more fully with this important matter, yet we would not, beloved of our diocese, lose one instant in warning you of the danger, seeing that to our keeping is entrusted, by divine and ecclesiastical right, the

custody of the sacred deposit of faith and evangelical doctrine, in conformity with the apostolic command (1 Tim. chapter vi. and 2 Tim. chapter i.) and the decree of the Council of Trent. And this vigilance is so much the more necessary in our day, inasmuch as the authors and propagators of evil doctrines aim at attacking religion and society at one and the same time, making use of *books* as their artillery for battering down, if it were possible, both of these solid edifices. . . . We exhort you, beloved of our heart, to fly from and to detest these bad books ; and that you may not be seduced or surprised into error, we order and dispose as follows :—1st. Our fellow-labourers, the parochial clergy, shall watch with the greatest care and diligence, lest there should be introduced among their respective flocks any books or pamphlets which treat of matters of religion 2nd. They, the parochial clergy, shall keep an eye upon those who are distributors of these kinds of books and let an account be rendered to us of everything which may have been observed or ascertained by them in these particulars. 3rd. The said clergy shall, in their pastoral exhortations at high mass and at vesper service, impress upon their flocks the imperative obligation to which they are subject, of refraining from the perusal of bad books, as also of

delivering up any which they, either through ignorance or wickedness, may have in their possession. . . . 4th. The clergy aforesaid shall remit to us whatever prohibited books they may be able to lay hands on, in order to our causing them to be publicly burned."

The following cry, which has a tone of almost despair in it, was sent forth by the priests in the same year. After stating the terrible fact that the "Protestant propaganda had infested Catholic Seville with Bibles and other pernicious books" (what a pollution, "*Bibles and other pernicious books*"!) they cast themselves imploringly upon the "State." Their cry was enough almost to bring up Philip from his dark vault. "All the unaided efforts of the clergy," say they, "and of faithful Christians, will only be shattered and destroyed against the machinations of the propagandists, if the supreme government of her Majesty, to whom is entrusted the preservation and protection of the holy religion of the State, does not speedily issue definite and decided orders to the governors of provinces, constraining them to use all vigilance, and to prosecute and chastise with all the rigour of the law every impostor and distributor of the above-mentioned publications and pamphlets." We see that there are not wanting in Spain at this

hour heroic spirits who burn with a desire to rival Torquemada, and rekindle the *autos-da-fé* of other days.

It is but an act of justice to record that the Wesleyan body was one of the earliest labourers in the Iberian Peninsula. In 1824 a beginning was made by the Rev. William Barber to preach the Gospel to Spaniards in Gibraltar, in their own language; he succeeded in forming a small congregation, which assembled in a private house, and to which he ministered till his death in 1828. In 1832 the Rev. Dr. Rule landed in Gibraltar as a missionary; his arrival gave a new impulse to the work, which had languished since the death of Mr. Barber. He planted a native school on the Rock, ministered to the congregation, delivered public lectures on Romanism, and carried through the press several tracts and books in the Spanish language, which were put in circulation in Gibraltar, Spain, and Spanish America. He established a school and a mission in Cadiz, which were protected by Espartero; but were put down in 1840, when that minister fell. Dr. Rule was the first who undertook a missionary tour through Spain, opening correspondence in the country for the British and Foreign Bible Society. He had, as his successors in this department of the work, Lieut.

Graydon, Mr. Borrow, and Mr. Alicante Walpole. Energetic, persevering, and wise, Dr. Rule prosecuted till 1842—with a success which must be accounted great, when the character of the times is taken into account—those measures for the evangelisation of Spain, which he still continues, in another form, in his own country.

Another labourer in Spain in the dark days before the revolution was the National Bible Society of Scotland. The first copy of the New Testament ever produced in Spain in modern times emanated from this society; it was printed in a cellar in Malaga. Some of St. Paul's Epistles—the lights of all ages—were written in a dungeon. This society has now an extensive colportage in the Peninsula, and has just sent out a highly qualified clergyman (the Rev. John Jameson) to superintend it.

We find the society saying, in their last report, "Every effort was made to improve the providential opening in Spain. Colporteurs were employed in Madrid, Seville, Granada, Malaga, Valladolid and Burgos, La Mancha, Galicia, and Valencia. At the October fair held on the Campo Grande of Valladolid, Colporteur Flores, once an exile with the lamented Matamoros, was one of a little company who sold some 400 Bibles and Testaments,

and 2,700 Portions, from a Bible-stand erected near the spot, on which, 309 years before, sixteen martyrs were burned alive. An important depôt was opened at Barcelona. The society's correspondent sold at the Christmas fair in that city upwards of 20,000 Gospels. Extraordinary excitement was caused by the efforts of the priestly party to interfere with the sale; but their opposition tended only to further the work. 'This,' says Mr. Lawrence, 'is but the beginning: we shall do like glorious things in other places of the province. God be praised for all His goodness!' A Bible-carriage is now being built at Barcelona through the kindness of a few friends, who intend to present it to the society. It will be employed in visiting the great fairs in Spain. In all, 3,666 Bibles and Testaments, and 59,242 Portions, were circulated in this country."

Scarcely had the labourers we have mentioned, and others we have yet to name, begun their operations in the Spanish Peninsula, when there appeared signs in the political heavens, which prognosticated change. Providence had come to the help of these workers. About the year 1830 there opened an era of revolutions and civil strifes in Spain. "How very unfortunate!" said many; and it is true that this state of things did appear to

multiply the perils, already sufficiently numerous, around the evangelist. It was, in reality, a shield over him and his work. It was the commissioned pioneer to open those dynastic and hierarchic barriers which obstructed his path. Far from pleasant were the rough blasts and the violent shakings by which this was accomplished; but while these stood, he could not go forward. Now it was the party of progress that was in power; now there would come a furious reaction, and all that had been won would seem on the point of being lost. Yet no; it was not lost. Taking one decade with another, liberal ideas continued steadily to advance; the dynasty, the miserable tool of the priests, was getting progressively weaker. "Anarchy," said some, "is coming fast upon us." But, as the government lost political power, the nation gathered moral strength. Band after band of Spanish patriots were driven from their country. "What a loss," was the common exclamation, "to the cause of Spanish liberty!" It was, in reality, a gain. In England these men learned lessons which, at a future day, they returned to their native country to put in practice. The whole nation was put under training—was sent to school—and select Spaniards were sent abroad, that they might be the more

thoroughly fitted for being instructors of their countrymen. Thus, amid the rise and fall of ministers, the flight and return of sovereigns, the conflicts of factions in the senate, and of armies in the field, the march of liberty was onward and still onward.

The issue, which we state in brief here, and to which we will return more at length afterwards, was the new Constitution of Spain, which bears date the 1st of June, 1869, and which was proclaimed at Madrid on the 6th of June, and which enacts, in sections 20 and 21, that, while the worship and ministers of the Roman Catholic religion are to be maintained by the nation, *the public or private exercise of any other form of worship is guaranteed to all foreigners resident in the country, and to Spaniards.* This formal, and it is believed permanent, establishment of it affords cause for great joy and thanksgiving. The Cortes deserve much praise for its unreserved and unequivocal assertion, in the face of a dominant and intolerant Church, of this great principle. This enactment, new in the charter of Spain's Constitution, has up till now been faithfully carried out in practice.

In no country in Europe—not even in Italy—was the “Church” so powerful as in Spain. At this hour, we may say that what remains of that

once enormously wealthy and powerful hierarchy is but the ruins ; but even these are so gigantic, as to strike the traveller who visits Spain with astonishment. One does not wonder that it should still exist ; one wonders that it should ever have been overthrown. The decline of the "Church" in Spain is one of the most striking proofs which modern times have furnished of the power and beneficence of that Providence which rules over human affairs. The process of its gradual consumption has been going on for a century ; its revenues have been drying up ; its lands and buildings are being disposed of by public sale ; the number of its priests has been cut down ; its monastic establishments have been broken up ; its cathedrals and confessional boxes are no longer crowded ; dispensations and pardons stagnate in the market ; and its power over the conscience—the last to be lost—is fast waning. And a most merciful arrangement it truly is, by which prop after prop has been withdrawn from beneath the building ; for the sudden fall of so enormous a structure would have most certainly involved society itself in ruin.

The growth of the nation in material prosperity has kept pace with the decadence of the "Church." Railroads have been introduced, and a new start given to agriculture and trade. The army has been

remodelled ; the national revenues have increased ; the population, which had sunk to 7,000,000, has risen to 16,000,000 ; schools have been multiplied ; and a general quickening has visited the Spanish mind, which has been unknown to it for centuries.

Such was the point reached by the country before the recent great change. No one dreamed that the movement had advanced so far, till the flight of the queen allowed it to reveal itself. It is the law of all great movements that they begin in silence ; and the greater and deeper they are, the slower and the more silent are they in their initial stages. So is the rising of the tide. Millions and millions of drops are in motion at the bottom of the sea ; but there is no rush, no roar. The mass of Ocean is silent as the grave. So, too, is the growth of the forest. The sap is circulating from root to leaf in every tree, through myriads and myriads of vessels, yet the ear, listen as it may, can hear no sound throughout the bounds of the forest. So, too, is the ascent of the vapour to heaven. Unseen, unheard, it rises through the air from the whole face of the landscape, and we know it not, till the black cloud covers the sky, and the shower descends in blessing upon the earth. After the same fashion did the work advance in Spain. The seed had been largely scattered ; but the

thoughts that seed had engendered in the hearts into which it had fallen did not make themselves audible. They were kept in most cases within the bosom in which they had birth; nay, the expression of them was forbidden as a crime. But they were none the less a power—a power which was surely, though silently, transforming the nation. For it is of the nature of Christianity to hide itself, to turn inward, to go down, and yet deeper down into the heart, that so it may incorporate itself with the whole substance and being of the man, and transform him, body and spirit and soul, into its own likeness. Make a man a republican, and straightway he begins to declaim and make a noise. The new wine within him, being of the vine of the earth, ferments, and must have vent. But the water that cometh from above is not so. It enters not into the brain, but into the soul. It withdraws the man into his closet, and it leads him to pour out his heart to that Father who hears in secret. The ponderings of heart these years in Spain, the searchings of Gospel and tract, the prayers, the doubts and hopes, the fears and joys—which alternately agitated and soothed the bosom of thousands and thousands—are fully known to none, and partially known to only a very few. But they existed notwithstanding; and we see in them the

first embryotic elements of a new Spain. We behold the foundations being laid of a kingdom which will reign, not by the sword, but by reason and righteousness, and which is destined, not to collapse in rottenness, like that of Philip, but to endure, and to wax in stature and in renown as the ages pass on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEED-TIME.

The Bible—All Great Moral Epochs come out of it—The World's Great Missionary—The Bible enters Spain—Pioneers of Spanish Evangelisation—Rev. John Ogle—Mr. Alicante Walpole—Mr. Robert S. Clough—Effect of hearing the Bible for the First Time—Dr. James Thomson—Incidents of Bible Colportage—Darkness of Spanish Mind—Perils of Colporteur and Convert—A Scene—A Pilgrim—Eagerness for the Scriptures—Fruits of Colportage—A New Start—British and Foreign Bible Society, &c.—The “Incorruptible Seed.”

IF any one asks, Whence has come that movement which is stirring Spain? we reply, It came out of the Bible. Facts leave us in no doubt of this. It is “the finger of God.” No better guarantee can we have that human power can neither arrest it nor turn it from its course; but that it will go onwards, and at an earlier or a later day, through many or fewer obstacles, reach its goal, and that goal how sublime—a noble nation restored to itself; a great country rescued from a degrading yoke, and once more resplendent in knowledge and art, devoting the whole energy of its renovated powers to the diffusion of that Christianity which broke its fetters, and brought it forth into the light!

How much has come out of the Bible! "All the rivers run into the sea," says the wise man, "yet the sea is not full." All former moral creations—early Christianity, the Reformation—have come out of the Bible, yet the Bible is not exhausted. The harvests of all former years have come out of the earth, yet the earth's fecundity is not spent; there remain as many harvests behind. The light of all former days of time has come out of the sun, yet the sun remains as full of splendour as ever. So the succession of glorious eras, destined to come out of the Bible, is not yet closed. The glory of the latter day, whose dawns we behold in present changes, will yet come out of it. What a wonderful book! What a fount of blessing! Of all the proofs of the Bible's divinity this is the grandest—it "renews the face of the earth."

The Bible is the world's great missionary. Burn it, it is still alive. Imprison it, it is all the while pursuing its great mission. It is found journeying in every land, speaking the tongue of every people. When other missionaries die, and rest from their labours, it may be said of the Bible, as of its Author: "it fainteth not, neither is weary." Onward it goes, overthrowing the empires of despotism, razing the altars of superstition; nor will it pause

till the new heavens shall span the globe, and the first paradise be forgotten in the greater happiness and glory of the second.

Comparatively few Bibles could enter Spain while Isabella and the priests bore sway. Every box that crossed the frontier was searched ; every ship that entered a Spanish port was watched, lest peradventure it contained the forbidden Book. Day and night the guardians of superstition went their rounds on the walls of Spain, and if in any quarter of the sky they discerned a ray of light, they instantly raised the alarm. Yet the vigilance of the Bible's enemies was sometimes baulked by the greater zeal of its friends. And certainly nothing could exceed the mortification and chagrin of the priests on finding that, despite all their precautions, the Scriptures and religious publications were being circulated in Spain. How got in, or by whom brought, they could not divine ; but there they were in all the cities of Spain, in remote hamlets even, stirring hearts, and initiating a revolution which they well knew could have but one issue—the downfall of their own power.

It may not be uninteresting to select here a few examples. They are taken from a multitude, and while they bring out in strong and beautiful relief the activity, the perseverance, and the faith of

those men, who in the evil day worked so hopefully and wisely for Spain's deliverance, they bring out not less prominently the fact, that it is indeed a hard task to untie the fetters of slavery and rescue a nation from superstition. The first three names are those of men personally known to ourselves, and from their own lips we had the recitals which we are obliged to present in a sentence or so. One of these was the Rev. John F. Ogle, of Jesus College, Cambridge. He was a man of rare powers, which were all devoted to the cause of the Gospel. He resigned the living of Flamborough, in Yorkshire, that he might go and evangelise in Africa. Returning in the end of 1865 to his mission-field, he was shipwrecked on the Algerian coast, and there he sleeps till that day when "the sea shall give up her dead." This devoted man would at times cross the straits of Gibraltar, and make a missionary tour in Spain. His journeys were performed not unfrequently in weariness and hunger. He would lie on the hard couch and sit at the meagre board of the natives—when fortunate enough to find a meal by day and a bed by night—and all this that he might give to this poor people the Book that "maketh wise unto salvation." But he had worse foes than hard fare and sleepless nights, namely, the Spanish police. When they got

upon his track, as they often did, he would retire to the mountains and remain in hiding till the pursuit was over. He would then again venture forth, and descending to the plains would resume his work of scattering the good seed. Nor was Mr. Ogle one who would neglect to water with his prayers the seed he sowed, and He whom he served is not unfaithful to forget these prayers. The harvest will yet come, and when it does, and the reaper is seen bringing back his sheaves, not a little of that increase will be the fruit of the seed sown by this devoted man.

Let us name another. We chanced, by the merest accident as it seemed, to stumble on Mr. Alicante Walpole, at Jerez, last October. He, too, was one of the labourers in the vineyard of Spain while it was yet dark. He told us that, while engaged as colporteur to the British and Foreign Bible Society, he had distributed in Spain with his own hand not fewer than 60,000 copies of the Word of God. In those days the roads in Spain were too dangerous to permit of travelling, unless in caravans, as is still the custom in Turkey. Even this brought Mr. Walpole at times unlooked-for opportunities. When overtaken by a tempest, as would sometimes be the case, the cavalcade would seek shelter in the nearest wood. Here was an extem-

porised congregation, made up of Spaniards of all classes and from every province. Unloading his mule, Mr. Walpole would draw forth a Bible and read from it to the assembly. When the storm passed the Bible was put back and the journey resumed ; but the words of the prophet or apostle which had been heard beneath the boughs of the cork or oak-tree would remain and be rehearsed in distant parts of the country. It happened on one occasion, that a British nobleman, unknown to Mr. Walpole, was in the company, and so much pleased was he with what he saw, that he afterwards sent a large remittance to the funds of the society. Mr. Walpole was oftener than once imprisoned for his services in the cause of Bible circulation.

We name a third—Mr. Clough, at Seville. Mr. Clough is an Englishman, and had a previous and special training for operating evangelistically in the Peninsula. He became acquainted with Spain, first of all, professionally ; next, he travelled over it as a colporteur ; he is now connected with the work of training its future preachers. We were much interested to hear Mr. Clough relate the adroit way in which he managed to introduce the Bible into not a few of the rural parishes of Spain. On arriving at a village his first care usually was to wait on the curé. "There must," would Mr. Clough

say, "be many poor people here; permit me to hand you a dollar for their use." This would immediately put him on good terms with the priest. This was an important point gained. Very soon—it might be next day, or the day after—there would come a message to him, to the effect that the priest wished to see him. At the interview that followed Mr. Clough would take care not to be the first to speak on religion. He always allowed the priest himself to introduce the subject, and usually not many minutes elapsed before he did so. "Ah!" would Mr. Clough say, in reply to some observation which had dropped from the priest, "that is not according to what I read in the Bible." "A Bible!" would the priest exclaim, "have you a Bible?" "Of course, as an Englishman, I have a Bible. Have you no Bible?" "No," would be the reply; "but I should much like to have one." "But permit me to caution you," would Mr. Clough say; "it is a dangerous book for you to have; it may get you into trouble." "But," would the priest reply with animation, "no one shall know of it. I shall be careful." "But should your bishop come to know that you have a Bible, I should very much regret what might follow." "I will keep it under lock and key," would the priest say, with increasing energy; "I shall take good

care that the bishop shall know nothing of it. Don't be afraid." And having brought the matter to this point, Mr. Clough would give the curé a copy of the Scriptures. In a day or so the village doctor would come begging a Bible, and Mr. Clough would supply him also. He would then once more wait upon the curé. "Well, you have been reading the Book, I presume?" "To be sure I have." "And what do you think of it?" "Oh, it is a very good book; I like it much." "Have you any objection that I assemble a few of the villagers, and read a chapter or so to them." "None whatever." Not an evening would Mr. Clough let pass before he had gathered a little knot of the villagers round him, and commenced his readings to them from the Bible. Not a man of them had seen or heard a line of it all their lives before. The intensity of their interest, said Mr. Clough, no man can describe. They were spell-bound; they stood entranced, like men listening to some wondrous melody wafted to them from some far-off sphere. Its simplicity, its beauty, its majesty, like electric fire, touched their souls, and awoke within them emotions unfelt till then. The earlier narratives of the Bible, and, above all, the story of Joseph and his brethren, specially fascinated them. As the

story went on, the corresponding emotion showed itself on their faces. They loudly denounced the "rascality" of the men who could sell their brother into slavery, and very plainly hinted, as did the French king in similar circumstances, that, had they been there, they would speedily have put the matter to rights. They wept when they read how the torn and bloody coat was shown to the old man, "their father." But when they came to the close of the history, and the higher ends of Providence began to break upon them, loftier and calmer feelings took possession of their minds. Mr. Clough was very much struck with the wisdom shown in placing the biographies and narratives of the inspired volume first, and reserving the doctrines to the close. If any one wishes to test the immeasurable superiority of the Bible to every other book, let him take a grown man who has never read a line of it, and let him recite to him, first, the work of highest human genius, and, next, a chapter from the Bible, and let him mark the difference in the effect produced. Without previous culture the one cannot be appreciated at all. The very savage feels the power of the other. What an instrument of humanising and civilising the species—to assign the Bible no higher function—have we in this Book! Literature

is like a man going round the earth at midnight with a lantern ; the Bible is the rising of the sun.

Among the pioneers of Spain's regeneration we must inscribe a fourth name—that of Dr. James Thomson. No one who has met him can forget the humility, the sweetness, the unaffected piety, and the robustness of character underneath a velvety surface, which marked the man. He cherished a strong conviction that the emancipation of Spain was at hand. It was a grand faith in those days when there was neither green upon its fields, nor cloud in its sky ; but "faith," like "wisdom," is justified of her children, and events since have more than justified the Christian forecast of Dr. Thomson. He laboured assiduously in devising plans for introducing the Scriptures into Spain, and had just extended and matured those plans when he died. But his work did not stop. From his ashes, we may truly say, sprang the "Spanish Evangelisation Society of Edinburgh." Its founders were those whom—it was the last labour he was to do for Spain—he had interested in the cause, and on whom his work now devolved. That society contains names, some of which (as the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart.) are of ancestral distinction in the Christianity of Scotland, and others of men (as Andrew Jameson, Esq., Sheriff of

Aberdeenshire) in high official position, or known for their Christian philanthropy; but it is only justice to state, that the founder of the society was a lady, who, ever since the death of Dr. Thomson, has laboured for Spain with a rare hopefulness, and a success equal to her hopefulness. In doing justice, we wish to avoid giving pain, but we must here record the name of MARIA D. PEDDIE. That name is indelibly inscribed in the annals of the Spanish Reformed Protestant Church.

Numerous incidents might we here relate, did our space permit, illustrative of the perils with which Spanish colportage was beset in former years, as well as of the dense ignorance of the Spanish mind, which had begun, however, to grope for the light. We find, for instance, a Spanish peasant addressing the evangelist thus:—"If you profess to teach religion, why is your head not shorn?" Alas! for the wisdom which the scissors of Rome imparts. Another we find inquiring as to the price of pardons, 'according to the new worship. Another objects to receive a New Testament, because he has been told that it is a book written to propagate a new religion, and is opposed to the Old Testament, a copy of which he has at home; but on submitting his "Old Testament"

to examination, it is found to be made up of a "catechism and missal." Another, who had received a Bible from the colporteur, on again meeting him, says, "I see it is not necessary for a man to wear a priest's robe in order to do good to his fellow-creatures. Your book has been the balm to heal my broken heart; the priest would have asked me for so many dollars for masses and lighting candles." Another complains that "the Queen of the angels never answers her prayers," and is directed to One who will. "Señores, I am a good man—a very good man," we find another saying, declining at the same time the offer which had been made him of a New Testament; "I was born a Catholic, and am a Catholic still, and, please God, I intend dying in the faith I have lived, which is the only true faith. I confess regularly, comply with all the obligations laid on me by the Church, and am content to be guided by my spiritual advisers. I thank you for your offer of the New Testament, but it would be of no service to me." In some places the vicario publicly denounces the evangelists, and the citizens come by night to learn what this new gospel may be. In another instance, the colporteur arrives in a certain town, and finds that he has an hour to wait. He visits the cathedral, and, finding it quite empty, places a copy of

the Bible upon the high altar and departs. On the doorstep of the Fonda, where he is to pass the night, the evangelist would sometimes preach the "good news" to a chance congregation of passers-by. When he has ended, the people might be overheard, saying, "What man is this? Whence has he come? What strange things are those he has told us!" During the tyrannical administration of Narvaez, when the secret police were continually on the colporteurs' track, it fared hard with the evangelist, and still harder with the convert. To quote from the report of one of the colporteurs of the "Spanish Evangelisation Society," in 1865: "They always carefully examine the room, and lock the doors, before saying a word. Upon one occasion I spoke for some time to several persons without eliciting a single expression, either of assent or dissent. Muffled up in cloaks to the eyes, they sat mute hearers of the Gospel, not daring to express an opinion, for fear of betrayal. 'Is not my Word, saith the Lord, like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?'" We find another writing: "As an instance of the destitution and ignorance of the Spanish mind, I may mention a visit in P——, where I found nine men in one place, none of whom had ever seen a Bible, and two of them did not know what a Bible was. It really

was pitiable to see their perplexity, as they wonderingly said, 'Biblia, Biblia, que es?' (Bible, Bible, what is it?) Yet these men could employ sensibly enough the phraseology of the religion of Rome in such inquiries as these—Who is your patron-saint? How many saints do you worship?"

On another occasion we find the colporteur and a priest thrown together in a railway carriage. The priest, hearing the colporteur speak of a certain mountain on which is a shrine of "our Lady," and knowing that he has just come off a tempestuous sea-voyage, says, "I see you made a vow to the Virgin, and are going on a visit to her shrine." "No," replies the other, "I prayed to God, and He stilled the winds and the waves." "Señor Inglis," responds the curé, "it is a good thing to pray to the Virgin." Then follows a sharp controversy on Mariolatry. A lady in the carriage counsels the colporteur to have a care what he is about—that the curés of Spain are well up in the Fathers, and that if he continue the argument, he will certainly be annihilated. The colporteur, however, does continue the discussion, even at this formidable risk. Pulling out a Bible, he reads passage after passage condemnatory of image and creature worship, and presses home these Scripture texts by argument. The priest, overwhelmed by the boldness and

fulness of the assault, makes no reply, and sits silent for the rest of the journey. Soon, however, the train arrives at the station where he is to leave. Getting quickly out, he no sooner steps upon the platform, than, turning round and crossing himself, he addresses his opponent, "God deliver us from such company; of a truth thou art an English heretic of the first water!" "Well, I would have answered you, at any rate," interposes the lady, who had been watching the result. "If I were a man I would never give in." "Unless you were vanquished," responds the colporteur. "Well, if beaten in honourable combat," replies the other, "I would not curse my conqueror."

The following is a specimen of colportage in the year 1863. The writer is "Sigma," whose frequent and interesting letters are well known to the readers of the *Spanish Evangelical Record*, and who, there is now no impropriety in saying, is the Mr. Clough to whose labours in the cause we have referred above. "This month my labours have been principally upon the high-roads and bye-roads of ——. I generally leave home about nine o'clock in the morning, and take a walk varying from five to twelve miles away from the town. I always select a spot by the roadside, where every passer-by must see or hear me, and then commence

reading aloud a chapter in the New Testament. A crowd soon assembles; first one stops and listens, then another, and another—Arriéras, Carretéras, Gitánas, and travellers on foot—till I sometimes have as many as forty people round me. My hearers frequently listen reverently and patiently, and thank me when I have concluded. Some laugh and scoff, declaring the priests alone are able to read and understand the Scriptures aright. Others walk thoughtfully away, while upon several occasions some have even threatened to kill me. ‘Thou heretic!’ said a man, ‘dost thou counsel me to fly to Jesus, as the only way whereby I can be saved? Art thou wiser than the tens of thousands of Fathers in this and other lands? Wilt thou set thy insignificant self in opposition to El Padre Santo, and make the Vicar of Christ a liar? Wilt thou tell me to my face that my forefathers are condemned, because they lived and died in the Roman Catholic faith? for thou sayest there is but one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. I say thou liest, for the Mother of God has power to intercede for us with God, and to bestow good things upon those who faithfully believe in her name. Friends,’ he added, ‘there are already too many heretics in the land, and if you love your country, God, and the Virgin, you

will follow my example.' And the man struck me, spat in my face, and threw dirt upon me. A tall, powerful man immediately stepped from the crowd and said, 'You have heard why we should strike and otherwise ill-treat this person; let me tell you, then, why we should not do so. The words which he has read are not his own, but God's words; therefore, if they are untrue, the fault rests with God alone. Several here have known me for years, and can vouch for my being a good Catholic. As a good Catholic, I am bound to love my neighbour as myself, and I protest against any man being treated as has been proposed. Let us have fair doings; away with cowardice, and Viva España! First of all, prove that the words said are false, and then we shall consider what should be done.' This speech elicited a shout of applause."

During all these years, as shown in the record of these labours, we can trace a growing eagerness on the part of the Spanish people to possess the Bible. The government hangs its penalty and the priest his anathema over their heads; nevertheless, the people crowd round the colporteur, not simply to beg but to buy, and his stock of Testaments and tracts is hardly opened before it is gone. He writes home for a fresh supply, and that, too, has scarcely arrived in Spain when it is scattered; eager

hands grasp the precious Book, and sparkling eyes tell the joy its possession gives. How many thousands of copies of the Word of God, and how many hundreds of thousands of gospels and tracts have thus been distributed in the Peninsula, no man can tell. The sower does not count the seed he sows in spring ; he flings it wide around him over the fields, knowing that it will all be found again in harvest. And so did those sowers in Spain. They scattered the seed with liberal hand, knowing that it could not die, and that each seed would contribute its share to the great coming harvest.

Let us here introduce the testimony of a somewhat remarkable witness. An agent of the Spanish Evangelical Society, travelling in the province of Estremadura, overtook, one day in 1865, a pilgrim on the road ; he was a Spaniard—verging on seventy, though his natural force was but little abated—and wore the pilgrim habit—a close-fitting, black skull-cap ; a long, loose gown of serge ; a band of the same, ornamented with small shells, round his neck ; rope-sandals on his feet, and in his hand a long staff. This man had drunk of that water whereof he that drinketh shall never thirst, and was anxious that his countrymen also should taste its sweetness. And here he was, and had been for years, traversing the rough roads of Spain, climbing its sierras, and

going from hamlet to hamlet, quietly imparting the good news to the villagers. He had no connection with any society, but was entirely dependent on Providence ; he had gone forth, as Dante describes the first evangelists, " eating his bread, as chanced, at the first table." The Bible had been his only teacher, and what he knew he communicated to those of his countrymen in the secluded districts, who were willing to listen. His statements regarding the then religious condition of Spain are of great interest; they were made to "Sigma," and are given in the *Spanish Evangelical Record* for 1865. We extract only a small portion. "The efforts of English societies to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula have already met with great success. The owner of a Bible invariably has some bosom friend with whom he reads its divine truths, and he again generally has another confidant ; and thus a knowledge of the Word is spread, till, like a grain of mustard-seed, it grows into the largest of all trees. Among the wild fastnesses of the Sierras Nevada and Morena are numerous little hamlets, inhabited by hardy mountaineers, who meet together to read the Word. I have lived among them months at a time, devoting every spare moment to copying the Gospels, and some of Paul's Epistles, upon large sheets of paper, which have again been

exactly copied and extensively circulated. From Seville I carried five Bibles, all I could procure, to as many influential men who lived in these out-of-the-way districts ; and they have lent them about, till I believe nearly every book in the whole Bible has been copied and re-copied. The books mostly in demand are Genesis, 1st and 2nd of Samuel, Esther, Psalms (especially), Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, Romans, Hebrews, and Revelation. Even in the midst of the dreary and almost desert province, La Mancha, portions of the sacred Scriptures have been extensively circulated ; and I know of two priests in adjoining hamlets who, for years, have not said a mass, or officiated at the altar. They live upon alms, and spend their days and strength in the cause of the Saviour. In every province the Lord has his own. They live peaceably and quietly, and, where I have thought it prudent, I have endeavoured to bring them together. I have known Christian men, desirous of partaking of the Lord's Supper, meet together at a half-way house that has taken them two or three days' journey to reach. The day invariably chosen is the Sabbath ; and I can testify that such meetings are seasons of much refreshing from above, for the Lord confirms their faith, and gives richly of his Holy Spirit the Comforter."

Just three years after came the revolution, which abolished all restrictions, with the exception of that which time only can remove—the lingering bigotry of the people. Since 1868, Bible colportage in Spain has taken a fresh start; there are, at this hour, no limits to it, save those which the amount of home support necessarily imposes. But, as we wish to pass to another stage of the movement, we shall speak only of what the British and Foreign Bible Society has done since the larger opening. This Society printed, before the revolution, an edition, amounting to 5,000, of the Scio, or Roman Catholic version of the Bible. The government, however, forbade the distribution of it; but since 1868, this Society has thrown itself energetically into the field.

We state the details as the Rev. M. Curie, its intelligent and assiduous agent, stated them to us in Madrid. There are now more than eighty Bible depôts in Spain in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society. This gives about a depôt to each province, and in some provinces there are more than one depôt. At all of these, of course, the Bible may be bought; but, as many will not come to buy, the services of the colporteur are essential. There are twelve colporteurs; the centres of the greatest activity are Madrid, Barcelona, Saragossa, Valladolid, Corunna, Leon, Ciudad Real,

the whole of Andalusia, but more especially Alicante, Carthagena, Valentia, and many other towns. We have named them in the order of their importance.

As to the number of copies of the Scriptures circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain since the flight of the queen in 1868, we are to take into account that the statement of operations comes down only to the 1st of October, 1869—that is, eleven months. Making allowance for copies which may be lying at depôts throughout the country, not yet put into circulation, and fixing that allowance as high as 78,000, which is nearly one-half of the whole, we have this result, viz. : 100,000 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, circulated in Spain since the monarchy fell. And we ought to add, that of the number put into circulation two-thirds at least have been *sold*. And when we consider the deep poverty of the Spaniards, it is not conceivable that any large number, at least, would buy the Bible, unless they were really desirous to possess and read it.

Not more than six months ago we met at Madrid two of the Directors of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Those gentlemen told us, that in their journey over the country many incidents had come to their knowledge which had sur-

prised and gladdened them, showing the silent action of the heavenly seed in years gone by, and the incipient evangelism which was even then, like the first green of the year, appearing on the fields of Spain, although it escaped the eye of man. In reading portions of the New Testament to the people in the rural parts, those to whom they read would at times interrupt them, and say, "Oh, we know all that; we have heard it before. Our father," would they say, "was wont to take out an old book from its place at stated times, and to read all that, and much more, out of it to us. Yes, we never can forget the poor prodigal. We saw him come back from feeding his swine. We saw him present himself at his father's door, and, oh! how lank and hungry, and what a pitiable figure he looked in his rags. We saw the old father rush out, and, oh, with what a burst of joy and tears he folded him to his bosom! Ah! may not we be that poor prodigal? And well, too, do we remember the woman who took her little bit of leaven, and hid it in the meal; and we watched till we saw it leaven the whole lump, and we thought, May not that Book be the little bit of leaven? And the sower too—Did we not see him take his bag of seed, and go out into the field where there was no green thing, and did we not see him scatter the seed on

that field? and oh! what a lovely harvest soon covered the barren ground. Since hearing these things we have gone but seldom to mass. If that be Protestantism, then we are Protestants.”

In the first eight months of 1869, the Spanish Evangelisation Society circulated 335 copies of Valera's (Protestant) Bible, 7,289 New Testaments, 41,749 portions of Scripture, and 69,831 evangelical tracts; making a total of 119,204 publications containing Divine truth.* American societies and numerous private parties have largely supplemented the efforts of these two British organisations. Daily do these labourers multiply, and daily does the sphere widen over which the seed is being sown.

This is that Word which calls the dead from their graves. It has been largely sown on the soil of Spain these years past, and will be still more largely in years to come. We cannot look below the surface and describe the process of germination. The eye of man seeth it not; we only know the fact that the seed has been sown—sown where there has been no such sowing for at least a thou-

* Contributions for this Society received by Mrs. Robert Peddie, Hon. Secretary, Grange Bank, Edinburgh; Ebenezer Mill, Esq., 51, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street, London.

sand years gone by, if ever, and we know, too, that it is seed that cannot die, and that we have God's promise that it shall not return to Him void, but shall prosper in that whereunto He hath appointed it. We leave it where it has been cast; the harvest will come next year, or the year after, or many years after that—that will be as God wills, and as may suit His plans of large good for the world; but it will come. The seed will grow up amid the calm of peace, or, as is more likely at this hour, it may grow up amid the storms of war; but grow it will. The laws and reasons of the spiritual world are as surely determined, and as certain in their revolution, as those of the physical. "Seed time and harvest shall not cease." "They who have gone forth bearing precious seed shall return, bearing their sheaves and rejoicing."

CHAPTER X.

A REFORMED CHURCH RISES IN SPAIN.

The Bible First—Next, a Church in Spain—First seen in a Dungeon—A Church in Fine Linen—A Church under Persecution—Which is the True Church?—The Flight of the Queen—The Opening of the Door—What Enters?—The Unity and Order of these Events—A Lighthouse in the Midst of a Great Darkness—Moral Ends of the Rock of Gibraltar as a British Possession—A Band of Refugees—Señor Cabrera—Foundations laid of the Reformed Church of Spain—Transports itself from Gibraltar to Spain—The Fall of a Great Prisonhouse—A Romance or a True History?—Grand Proof of the Bible's Divinity.

WHEREVER the seed is dropped, there the Spirit will brood; and wherever the Spirit broods, there in due time will be seen a new creation. Already it is so in Spain. It is but the first year of its liberty, and yet this year has witnessed the rise of a Reformed Church in Spain. This is another and higher stage of the work; of which let us now speak.

The Bible, beyond doubt, it was which called into existence a Church in Spain. By His Word did God create the old heavens and the old earth at the beginning, and by His Word will He create

the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." The Romanist and the Ritualist tell us that the Church must come first, and the Bible next, and that we cannot have the Bible till we have the Church, because we cannot know what is the Bible till the Church informs us. This is much as if one should say that we cannot have the sun till first we have a select body of men whose eyes alone have the power of discerning him ; and who, therefore, are to tell the rest of mankind that this is the sun, and that they are to walk by his light. But God's order is not that of the Romanist. First came the Bible in Spain. The poor people of that country had no Church to tell them what was the Bible ; they recognised it by its own Divine authority ; and on the truth contained in it there arose a young Church. Amid the defiles of the Morena and the snows of the Nevada, in the solitary hamlets of La Mancha and the inner chambers of Seville and Barcelona, the converts met by twos and threes in the name of Christ ; they sang his praise, they read his Word, and they showed forth his death by partaking together of bread and wine. They had neither altar, nor stoled priest, but they had a greater among them, even Christ ; and where Christ is, there the Church is.

The Reformed Church of Spain had already come into existence. No edict of monarch, no consecration of bishop called it into being. It rose in silence, as did the Temple of old. It was as if the ashes of the men who died in the *autos-da-fé* had come forth from the burning grounds, and were walking the earth. But no man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel. Soon this little Church was forced out of its obscurity ; and, though small, had a position assigned it whence it was seen by all Spain. When first beheld it was dwelling in a dungeon, with malefactors as its companions. A poor candlestick, some will say, for such a light ! Yet, no.

Matamoras, Alhama, and their companions, exhibited to the Spanish people the spectacle of Christianity under persecution. It often happens that events at the time appear to come of chance, and to have no special significance ; but when we view them in their issues, we see that they formed part of a chain ; that they had a special place assigned them in that chain ; and that, had they been left out of the chain, or had they not occurred at that particular part of it, the end could not have been gained. There was a special end to be served by the sufferings of these men at the time : what was it ?

The Spaniards had long been familiar with a Christianity in purple and fine linen—a Christianity whose ministers bore princely titles, sat at sumptuous tables, rode in magnificent equipages, and went to the altar blazing in robes of purple, and ministered in jewelled mitres. With a Christianity of this sort, the Spaniards were, unhappily, but too well acquainted. But here was a new thing in Spain. Here was a Christianity in chains. Here was a Christianity coming forth from a prison. Nothing less than this could have arrested the attention of the Spaniards. This did arrest their attention. They said, We will turn aside and see this great sight—a Christianity that can suffer; a Christianity that can dwell in a prison among felons; a Christianity that needs neither smoking censer nor mitred priest nor material altar for its worship. We have heard that in ages long gone by there were martyrs on the earth. Have these ages returned? What is this new thing which has come to pass?

Thus did the Gospel, when it would re-enter Spain, after so long an absence, return to the ways of its youth. Christianity appeared in the same humble guise which it had worn in the first ages. The world ever looks to the wrong quarter for its deliverance; it expects that deliverance from the

halls of princes, from the cabinets of statesmen, or from the schools of philosophy. God sends his ambassadors and apostles from the cottage of the peasant, from the workshop of the artisan, or, it may be, from the prison of the malefactor. So did God send his Son for the redemption of the world from the stable at Bethlehem; so sent he his apostle to the Gentiles from the prisons of Rome. "I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord Jesus," was not unfrequently the subscription of his epistles to the churches. In like manner, in our own day, the Gospel returned to Spain. How? From the prison-cells of Granada and Malaga.

When the eyes of the Spaniards had for some time been fixed upon the Gospel in this, to them, unusual guise; going from one tribunal to another, dwelling first in this prison, and then in that; finally, condemned, yet bearing all with meekness, and rendering blessing for cursing; the Providence of God advanced the work another step. Suddenly, the throne was made vacant. As if she had heard a voice in her father's halls, saying that the hour of her race was come, and bidding her depart, Isabella II. suddenly arose and fled.

The flight of the queen brought a sudden shifting of the scenes to all parties—to the priests, to the prisoners for the Gospel, and to the people.

The priests were caught red-handed—in the very act of persecuting, filling up the measure of their fathers' iniquities, and making themselves heirs to their fathers' sins. This gave the finishing blow to their influence with the people, which had long been on the decline. They might have fled with the queen. It would have cost them small trouble to pack up the tools of their trade—their vestments and crucifixes, their chalices and censers, and their gods of silver and gold; the wooden ones, we fear, would have run no small risk of being left behind in the hurry and confusion. A sufficient number of mules would have carried all these things away; but their cathedrals and revenues could not be transported. So, instead of sharing the exile of their royal patron, they remained behind, to maintain, as they said, the cause of "Altar and Throne," an act of patriotic devotion for which the Spanish people have shown a scarce corresponding amount of gratitude.

"Wonderful in counsel, excellent in working," is He who sits on the right hand of Power. It is impossible not to see—and seeing, not to admire—the wisdom which made all things fall out in the right order, and at the right moment. Had the queen gone sooner, matters would not have been ripe. Had she stayed longer, the crisis which had

arisen in the public mind would have passed, and the converts would not have been able to profit by it. It was when the conviction had been produced in the public mind that there was, after all, a religion—not the religion of the cathedral, but the religion of the prison-cell—which was true—that the queen fled. Again : had the priests not persecuted, or had Matamoros and his brethren not been willing to suffer, the door opened by the queen's flight would have been opened in vain ; for it was the stirring of the embers of the old *autos-da-fé* on the one hand, and the rattling of martyr-chains on the other, which broke the torpor that weighed upon Spain. In a word, the Spanish nation saw two Christianities before them—a Christianity that was persecuting, and a Christianity that was suffering ; and of these two Christianities, they had no difficulty in saying which was the true one. And now, when the Spaniards were, in some measure, prepared to make a choice, the opportunity of choice was given them. The queen, smitten rather by terror than driven out by revolution, fled, and in at the door left open by her departure, and which the priests were not able to shut, rushed the Bible and the missionary.

But more entered at this open door than the Bible. This takes us a step or so back, and also

invites us to look a little way beyond the frontiers of Spain. Lying between the two great divisions of the Kingdom of Darkness—that is, between western Romanism and eastern Mahommedanism, in the very centre, as it were, of this vast region of doleful serfdom—there is a little spot of earth, a circuit of not more than six miles, over which floats the flag of Great Britain. We refer, of course, to the Rock of Gibraltar. The end for which that Rock was given to England now begins to be apparent. For no political object, for no military purpose, was the Rock of Gibraltar committed to our keeping by Providence. The flag of England would never have floated there, had there not been higher ends to be gained. For great, moral, and spiritual uses was it given to us. It was meant to be an ark for the persecuted; a city of inviolable refuge, whither the slave, whether escaping from physical or spiritual bondage, might flee. It was meant, moreover, to be a training-school, where the convert from Popish or Mahommedan delusions might be fully instructed in the truth, and sent forth as a missionary into the dark lands around. For here, towering in rocky grandeur, and embattled strength, is this Rock, looking down upon Spain on the north, Africa on the south, Italy and Syria on the east; and occupying that very point

on the globe, which is fittest of all others for the radiation of the light. We trust Britain will never surrender this magnificent fortress—this key of the mighty empire of superstition—till that empire has consented to liberate its millions of captives, by opening its gates to the light; and we know, that if we are disposed to retain it, it is not in the power of ten Spains to take it from us, even were she so blind to her own highest interests as to attempt to do so.

During the years immediately preceding the revolution, a little band of refugees from the Church of Rome had been slowly assembling on the Rock of Gibraltar. They came one by one, chased thither by the priests, who thus unconsciously helped to promote a cause which they wished above all things to crush. They were taken under instruction by the Rev. Andrew Sutherland, minister of the Scotch Church in Gibraltar, and were enabled more clearly to perceive the errors from which they had fled, as well as the light to which they had come. Among these refugees was Señor JUAN BAUPTISTA CABRERA. We speak from personal knowledge when we say that Señor Cabrera is a man of varied accomplishments in science as well as in theology, and possesses moreover a sagacious forecast, and a fine genius for organisa-

tion. This man foresaw the changes that were approaching to his country, and felt it his duty to be prepared to take advantage of these changes whenever they should occur. He showed great wisdom as well as faith in the matter. Assembling one day his brethren, the other converts in Gibraltar, he addressed them solemnly, reminding them that they owed a duty to their countrymen whom they had left in the immemorial darkness from which they themselves had escaped ; that although the gates of Spain were still shut, and the priest and the gendarmes keeping watch beside them, yet He who "turneth the shadow of death into the morning" would open them, and he felt assured that that day was near, and it became them to be prepared for its coming. We wish we could quote the whole of the stirring address of Señor Cabrera on this occasion. We give but a few lines. "The Gospel given to regenerate the world," said he, "and to make it free, has been wrested by many into an instrument of oppression and slavery. A man who has usurped the title of 'Infallible,' and endeavoured to make himself equal with God, has succeeded, through the ignorance of the times and the persecution of force, in being received as such by a great portion of mankind. Rivers of blood, mountains of ashes, ages of horrible annals, mark

the path, denote the means, and manifest the aim of this wicked man. Our beloved country, poor Spain, is a living testimony (if, indeed, we can even speak of life in connection with her) of the decadence and misery to which she has been brought by the tyranny of him who calls himself the Vicegerent of God."

Señor Cabrera next laid before the little company certain practical measures for their adoption. He proposed that they should band themselves together in a holy organisation, the better to withstand the terrible combination of Rome, and the more systematically to prosecute whatever measures they might deem expedient for the evangelisation of their native land. The proposal was unanimously acquiesced in ; they all felt the necessity of being ready to enter Spain the first moment the door should be opened, and that it would be of immense advantage to enter, not as isolated individuals, but as an organised body or church. Meanwhile they had a base of operations in Gibraltar, and they proceeded without delay to sketch a plan of work, which could be carried on where they now were, and transferred at any moment to the soil of Spain, and there carried out more extensively. That work they subdivided as follows:—1. The revision of the Scriptures, with

the view of giving to the Spaniards a purer version than any now extant. 2. The formation of rules for the regulation of their own affairs. 3. The compilation of a Creed, or system of doctrines, on which their Church might rest, and which they might hold out to their countrymen. 4. The partitioning of their native land into synodical districts, so that, when Spain should become the actual scene of their work, they might be able to prosecute it on a common plan and as a united Church. In this transaction we see the foundations laid of the Reformed Church of Spain! That glorious event took place under the flag of Great Britain. The day is well worthy of being noted; it was the 25th of April, 1868. This was the birthday of that Church, and this day will long be a memorable one in the annals of Spain and in the annals of Christianity!

The day which Señor Cabrera had foreseen came sooner than even he anticipated. It was but five months after the event we have narrated when the gates of Spain were opened. On the 25th of April were laid the foundations of the Evangelical Church of Spain, and on the 29th of September of the same year (1868) the monarchy fell, and power departed from the priesthood. As the queen made her exit by the northern frontier,

General Prim entered at the southern. He halted a day at the little town of Algeciras, opposite Gibraltar. Señor Cabrera, crossing the bay, had an interview with the general. "Are you of those," the general asked, "who were prosecuted by the late government as being bad religionists?" "We are," replied Señor Cabrera. "Then I have to tell you," continued Prim, "that you may enter Spain with the Bible under your arm."

Cabrera made haste. It was a day of good tidings, and he felt he would not do well to sit still. In the reply of the man in whose hands was now the government of Spain he heard a great voice saying that the hour of deliverance had struck—"The land is thine: arise and possess it." As adown Mount Ararat, when the waters of the Flood were assuaged, came the fathers of the post-diluvian world, so now, adown the Rock of Gibraltar—their ark when the flood of tyranny lay deep on the face of their native land—came the founders of the Reformed Church of Spain, seeing the waters were assuaged. They directed their steps towards Spain. No one now stopped them on the frontier; the gate stood open, and they entered with their burning torch. Now was fulfilled the prophecy spoken of old time—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that

bring good tidings : that publish peace . . . that proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Was there ever vaster prison, or one more securely barred? Did ever captives endure more doleful thralldom? For three centuries have the people of Spain lain bound in chains of darkness. But lo! suddenly the trumpet of Jubilee is blown; a great earthquake shakes the foundations of the prison, and the walls of that House of Bondage fall flat upon the earth.

Is it a romance or a true history which we have been writing? The genius of Sir Walter Scott never invented anything half so wonderful. The imagination of Cervantes never devised plot so intricate or astonishing as that of which his own country has become the scene. Simply by keeping to the line of sober narration, inventing no fact, and straining no occurrence, we have presented the reader with one of the most marvellous chapters in modern history—perhaps we might say in all history. Over what a vast field does the plot range! What a variety of motives and passions does it exhibit at work! What a multitude of actors does it bring upon the stage!—the despotic queen, the crafty priest, the intriguing courtier, the ambitious statesman, the plotting

republican—each acts his separate part, and pursues his own individual end. But it is seen in the issue that all were moved by a Hand which none of them saw, and were working towards an end which none of them sought—the opening of Spain, to wit, to a little company of evangelical disciples, who are seen to enter and kindle, in that benighted and down-trodden land, a light which we believe neither king nor priest will ever be able to put out.

Viewed aright, this movement is one of the grandest proofs of the divinity of the Bible. A book that can do what we now behold the Bible doing in Spain—calling a nation from its sepulchre—must be more than human ; it can be only the Word of Him who calleth the dead to life. A book which can renew the face of the world, can come only from Him who made the world. Men arise to cavil, and doubt, and deny the Bible's inspiration. How does the Bible reply? By opening out into a new burst of vitality and glory. It is as if one should deny the existence of the Sun, when lo! the Sun himself comes forth, and pours his light upon mountain and plain. It is no more possible to extinguish the Bible than it is possible to extinguish the Sun. From the darkness of the tempest the Sun emerges brighter than ever ; from the cavils, or the eclipse, of scepticism the

Bible comes forth to pursue its glorious career, and to attest anew its divinity, by shedding a new and more copious flood of blessings upon the nations. To criticism, to science, we give the widest margin. Go on, say we, multiply your discoveries, and push forward your boundaries. We no more fear that you will one day disprove the Bible than we fear that some one will one day put out the Sun.

CHAPTER XI.

PROTESTANT CHURCH IN MADRID.

How the Light Spreads—Madrid and Seville its two Main Centres—Calle de la Madera—Crowded Meeting—First Lesson—No Symbol—Señor Carasco—The Service—The Singing—The Sermon—The Audience—The Place of Meeting—The Contrast; or, The Escorial and the Calle de la Madera—The Resurrection.

WE go on to tell how the light spreads. The night of Spain has lasted long; it has been more than usually dark, but it does seem as if now the morning had fairly broke. It is not a few streaks upon the horizon which the watcher can descry; it is a glow so intense and strong that it is filling the whole heavens with light, and awakens the hope that other skies beside those of Spain may by-and-by be illumined with the coming day. We cannot expect such a night as that which has passed over this poor country to pass all at once into the blaze of noon. But the points of light continually multiply, and from one hour to another the heavens grow clearer.

It is the highest mountains that catch the first ray. It is the two chief cities of Spain—Madrid and

Seville—which have begun to reflect the beams of the evangelical day. Not, indeed, exclusively. There is Cadiz on the western shore, looking out upon the Atlantic, and connecting itself with that mysterious, but golden region, of which we so oft catch brief glimpses in the Old Testament—the ancient Tarshish. There are the important towns on the Mediterranean coast, Malaga, Valentia, and Barcelona—whose commerce is of ancient days, seeing the Phœnicians were their builders, and the ships of Tyre and Sidon were wont to crowd their harbours. Nor is it only along the seaboard, where trade and commerce may be supposed to stir and enlarge the minds of men, that we trace the dawn of the new day. Its light gilds the Alcazar towers of Cordova and Toledo and Granada, names which recall the dominion and glory of the Moors, as their edifices still bear the traces of their genius and refinement. The desolate plains of Old Castile are beginning to be clothed with the new verdure; the cathedral-steeple of Burgos and Valladolid, which so oft reflected the lurid gleam of the *auto-da-fé*, have caught the beams of a better light; and the silence, that so long brooded over the desert plains of La Mancha, begins to be broken by the praises of little companies of disciples which there assemble to worship the Saviour. In short, there is

scarce a town of any note in Spain which the movement has not reached. With foot unheard by priest, the Bible, these many years, has been going through Spain, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, and now there begins to be a widespread conviction on the part of the people, that they and their fathers have lived in darkness, and a cry for light is coming from all parts of the land. It is not a few in this city and in that province: it is the NATION that is moved.

The day following our arrival in Madrid was the Sabbath. We worshipped, of course, with the Protestant congregation in the Calle de la Madera. We were told to be early there, otherwise we might find it impossible to get in. We arrived half an hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the service. The place of meeting was already all but full; and in a few minutes more it was completely so. We had time to take note of the assembly, which, every moment, was getting more densely crowded. Knowing how undevout generally are the worshippers in the Popish cathedrals of the Continent—hurrying in, as is usually the case, from market, basket on arm, dipping their finger in the basin, kneeling hastily on the floor, crossing themselves, counting a few beads, and then snatching up their basket, which contains the day's

provisions, and hurrying away home—we expected to find something of the same air about the worshippers in the chapel in the Calle de la Madera. We saw nothing of the sort, however. There was a hush over the assembly. The preachers had not entered, and nothing was going on, yet it seemed as if the worship had already commenced; and so, indeed, it had in spirit, and the very silence and awe in which the crowd sat, neither whispering to one another, nor crossing themselves, nor gazing on picture or image, was itself a lesson to the Spaniards, on what in all Popish countries is a forgotten truth—the spirituality of worship, and the fact that devotion is an affair, not of the body, but of the mind. We thought we could point out those who were present that morning for the first time. They looked eagerly all round the building on entering, as if their eyes were searching for something, and when they could not find it, they sat down in silence with the others. How one can worship what one does not see, is more than the Spaniard can understand, at least till he has been once or twice to the Calle de la Madera, or some other Protestant chapel.

One day a Catalonian entered one of the Spanish Protestant chapels. He gazed round him, but could see no symbol. “How is this?” he said,

“I see no image or picture; what on earth do you worship?” “We worship nothing on earth,” replied the pastor; “our God is in the heavens. He dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Hear what He says in His own Word.” And taking out the Bible, he read to the Spaniard these words (Exodus xx. 4, 5): “Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.” “And listen,” he continued, “to those words spoken by Christ at the beginning of Christianity (John iv. 24)—‘God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.’”

Every seat had been occupied for some time. The people, however, still came crowding in; and now two tall rows marked where the passages had been; for, in lack of seats, many of the congregation were content to stand during the whole service. How many more would have crowded in had there been room, we cannot say; probably twice as many. The multitude extended outwards, filling the lobby; it extended outwards still, into the street, where a crowd, seeking admission but un-

able to find it, was gathered round the door. The congregation consisted almost entirely of Spaniards—the majority being labourers and artisans. There was, however, a fair proportion of the middle classes present. Persons of title, and occasionally a Popish curé, do at times find their way to the Protestant sermon. The bulk of the audience were in their working or every-day clothes—a statement which, if made in Spain or to a Spaniard, would provoke a smile, seeing the Spanish artisan has no Sabbath-suit, for this plain reason, that he has no Sabbath-day. Unwashed and uncombed, they had come straight from the factory, or from the shop, or from the street; and there they awaited with their grave earnest faces the entrance of the preacher.

At the hour fixed Señor Carasco entered, and took his place in a small desk edged with blue, which was placed at the extremity of the hall, and raised a foot or so above the level of the audience. He was attired in the time-honoured fashion of Genevan gown and bands. This is not a sacerdotal but an academic dress, having been that universally worn by learned and professional men three centuries ago. Señor Carasco is a Spaniard, to whom Providence sent a blessing in the guise of a calamity. Compelling him to flee from his

native land, it opened to him the opportunity of studying theology at Lausanne and Geneva. He returned to Spain only a few weeks after the queen's flight, and began preaching in Madrid immediately on his arrival. His first sermon was preached on the 15th of November, 1868, to an audience of thirteen persons. We were present on the first Sabbath of October, 1869, when hardly eleven months had elapsed of Señor Carasco's ministry, and we found more hundreds than formerly there had been individuals gathered round him; or would have been, could the place have admitted them. As it was, the assembly in the chapel could not be less than from 900 to 1,000 persons.

The service opened with a short prayer: all present rose. The few, simple, yet magnificent vocables in which the supplication was offered came rolling over the assembly, and the deep silence which fell upon it seemed to indicate that the minds of the people were being wafted upwards with the words. "The Spanish," said Charles V., "is the language in which to speak to the Almighty." It truly is. There needed no incense; that prayer was like a cloud of sweet spices ascending into the heavens. The prayer lasted no longer than two minutes; the assembly

resumed their seats. Señor Carasco now read out a hymn ; the whole assembly again rose. A few voices, low but melodious, were heard near the pulpit ; scarcely had the first strains echoed through the building, when the whole assembly, as it seemed, struck in, and then there came a burst of melody truly thrilling. It fell and rose ; it paused and burst out anew. It rose yet louder and clearer in grand swells, which seemed to come from the heart, and to be inspired with deep, impassioned feeling. Was this Spain ? Was this the land of the *auto-da-fé* ? Have the burning-grounds opened, and have the men who went down singing into the flames come up again with a shout—a shout so mighty, that its echoes will yet ring over all Spain, and be sent back from other lands ? We had to bury our face in our hands to hide what might have seemed a weakness.

After another and a longer prayer, the reading of two chapters, and the singing of another hymn, Señor Carasco gave out his text. His discourse, that day, was on the Creation and Fall ; and this gave him an opportunity of explaining how man, formed in the image of God, lost that image, and passed under the dominion of death. The sermon was in simple, eloquent phrase, and running over with the old Gospel—that Gospel which came down

from heaven in the first age, and which our era finds still young, and still guiding men to the skies. And as if the preacher had come direct from another sphere, so did these men of Madrid gather round him, and listen eagerly to him. There was wonder and awe, as well as earnestness, on their faces. They were listening to tidings which had never saluted their ears before, and which, they felt, had a mysterious power to awaken all the faculties of their nature. This was no pantomimic scene, such as they might see any day in any one of their many cathedrals. It was a message from the skies; and, from beginning to end of his discourse, not an eye was for a moment off the preacher.

The building in which the worship was performed was plain and humble in the extreme. It had been a printing-office, and the only adornment its walls had received, when it was converted into a place of worship, was a coating of whitewash. A row of upright beams supported the roof, and two rows or panes of glass, which extended from end to end of the roof—for there was no window in the walls—admitted the light. A Ritualist might doubt whether worship in such a place—where was neither crucifix nor blessed candle—could possibly benefit any one, or possess convert-

ing power. But the audience that day assembled in the Protestant chapel in the Calle de la Madera were troubled with no doubts of the sort. They were intent only to hear tidings which were brought to them from another world, and spoken to them as it were by a voice from heaven.

But humble as is the Spanish Protestant sanctuary in Calle de la Madera, it has a glory which no one of the many magnificent cathedrals of Spain can boast. Theirs is the grandeur of marbles and oriels, of stoled priest and arched roof. In the other there shines the light of truth ; in it is the open Bible, and it might be truly said of it, "The glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." From that chapel there went up to heaven something better than the smoke of incense—even pure, fervent, holy worship. Its roof re-echoed the praises of men who had been brought out of darkness into light ; the shout of those who had been redeemed from a great slavery. When Señor Carasco ended his sermon, and gave out a hymn, we shall never forget how it was sung. It carried us back to the times of Miriam, when, by the shores of the Red Sea, she led with timbrels and with dances the song, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

The scene had to us all the power and emphasis which sharp contrast could give it. We had come straight, in a manner, from the horrors of the sixteenth century into the midst of this Protestant congregation of the nineteenth. We had passed the immediately previous day in the Escorial, and in the very cabinet of the man who had exterminated the Spanish Reformed Church of three centuries ago. Most frightful is the place, linked for ever as it is with the memory of unparalleled and unnatural wickedness. One shudders to enter it, lest some avenging doom should meet him on the threshold. There had we passed just the day before. We had sat in the very chair in which the tyrant sat ; we had leaned on the very table at which Philip toiled all those dreadful years. There had he written those despatches which covered so many of the most flourishing kingdoms of Europe with burning and slaughter, with lamentation and woe. From this spot had these fiats of extermination gone forth. It seemed to us, while we sat in that chair, as if the past had returned ; as if Philip had just left his cabinet for a few minutes, and would straightway be back ; and as if the sixteenth century, with all its tragedies, would be enacted around us. We saw armies on the march, towns blazing in the flames of

war; the cities of Belgium and Holland enduring the horrors of siege, or hiding from the fury of the tyrant beneath the waves of the North Sea. We saw men burning at stakes, dangling in halters, nailed to crosses, tortured on racks. We saw canals choked up with the dead, fields strewn with corpses, homes converted into blackened ruins, and desolation reigning in what had lately been hives of industry and trade. We looked round and round, in what seemed more than fancy, on this boundless theatre of crimes and woes. Here, in this very closet, was all that wickedness conceived—had all those lightnings gone forth to scathe and burn. Let the curse of Babylon, we said to ourselves, be on this chamber and on this palace! “The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there; and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls. The satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.”

Well, it was but a few short hours since we had been in the Escorial, with all its sad memo-

ries, seeming more than a memory—an actual reality—and now, by a rapid transition, we were in the midst of a congregation of Spanish Protestants. We felt as if, without living through the intervening years, we had passed from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century; from the *autos-da-fé* and the scaffolds, and all the horrible work of Paul IV. and Philip II., to far different scenes—scenes reminding one of a blessed and joyous resurrection. Yes! it is the past that has returned; not Philip, but the martyr. He has left his *san benito* in the grave; he brings with him his crown, and that crown he casts at the feet of Him who is worthy. These thousand Spaniards, with voices melodious and loud, “as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters,” say, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.” We felt as one who dreams; but this was no dream, it was a reality. Again they lift up their voices; again they shout for joy, and that shout will one day re-echo from San Sebastian to Gibraltar, and be wafted round the globe. These stand upon the sea of glass, harping with their harps, and sing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. Never before could we enter so fully into the meaning of the prophecy, which, speaking of the joyous scenes of

the latter day, foretells that the "ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

CHAPTER XII.

PROTESTANT CHURCH IN MADRID—

(continued).

The Madrid Protestants—The Audience—The Chapel—The Worship—Tidings from another Sphere—The Interest they Awaken—Señor Ruet—Week-day Attendance—The Congregation Proper—Its Government—Its Constitution—Evangelisation powerful in Madrid—Has a Weak Point—Necessity of Organisation and System—A Discussion—A Green Spot.

WE have already adverted to the remarkable appearance of the men convened on the first Sabbath of October, 1869, in the Protestant chapel in Calle de la Madera, Madrid, drawn thither by the tidings that something like a new revelation had come to men, and that the Gospel, which walked the world in the primitive ages, had again returned to earth. Their eye, we have already said, was never off the preacher from the moment he began till the moment he ended. One wish and feeling absorbed them; and that was, to hear what Señor Carasco had to say. We watched their faces, and it was by no means difficult to read them. They were not the faces of men who were criticising what they heard; nor were they the faces of men who were objecting to what they heard; nor could they be

said to be the faces of men—some of them, at least—who were fully and intelligently assenting. They were the faces of men who were inly marveling at the strange things which were being told them. If one should come from Jupiter, or some other planet, we can picture to ourselves the faces which would gather around the strange man, as he narrated tidings from a sphere from which no intelligence had ever before reached us. Señor Carasco was a man from another sphere. He was opening a new world to his audience, and they were looking across the gulf at that new world; and upon their faces was painted the wonderment and awe at what met their gaze in the region now being unveiled to them.

Señor Ruet preached in the afternoon. He is a great favourite with the people of Madrid, and they pressed in, in even greater crowds, to hear him. He has dramatic powers of a high order. After the first few deliberately-pronounced sentences, his utterance and gesture become animated indeed. The firm-set, well-rounded, and ringing vocables of the Spanish tongue were showered upon his audience like a rattling hailstorm. But if a great master of words, he is not, if we may venture an opinion, so great a master as Señor Carasco of ideas, and of those ideas which the Spanish people

need at this hour to have told them. Providence was specially kind, as we have already said, to Carasco, in compelling him to leave for a while his native country and to enter the Theological School at Geneva, where he spent five years. And now he has returned to Spain, laden with richer treasures than any which in former days the galleons of Mexico and Peru brought across the sea to nourish the luxury and prepare the downfall of the Peninsula.

In Spain, where a week's labour might easily be despatched in half a week's time, it drags on for seven days. This makes the large audiences now flocking to hear the Gospel in the cities of Spain the more marvellous. The Sabbath attendance, in these circumstances, is a good test of the earnest desire of the Spanish people to learn what that Gospel, which was burnt out of their country 300 years ago, and which ever since has lain under a ban, as some horrible thing which converts into monsters all who receive it, really is. Still, week-day attendance is perhaps even a better test. A sermon is preached in the Spanish church at Madrid every Thursday afternoon. We made a point of being present, and found the church, not crowded, indeed, as on the Sabbath, but very respectably filled. There is scarcely a service which

is not followed by the celebration of baptisms and marriages. These baptisms and marriages are recognised by the municipality of Madrid, and, so far, we have thus the recognition of the Spanish Protestant Church by the authorities of Spain.

The congregation, as distinguished from the audience, consists of nearly 400 enrolled members. These have been examined and admitted by the pastors—of course, on a competent knowledge and credible profession of the Gospel. The affairs of the congregation are directed by a consistory composed of the pastors and six laymen, the pastors having the sole power of administering the sacraments, and of admitting to them. The six laymen, of whom Señor Vizcarondo is president, share the government of the young Church with the pastors, and are the same who took the initiatory steps in forming the congregation. They bound themselves to resign their powers into the hands of the congregation whenever it should number 100 members. It speedily numbered 300; they resigned their office into the people's hands, and were all re-elected. They are now no longer self-appointed, but rule at the will and choice of the congregation.

The following is the substance of a manifesto or appeal which was issued by the Madrid Consis-

tory, with the view of making known to the Protestant churches the doctrines which they hold, and on which their organisation is founded:—“In calling upon you, dear brethren, we deem it our duty to let you know what we believe in religion. We believe and confess the fall of man by his sin, and his restoration by the divine mercy shown in the coming of Jesus Christ the Son of God—Himself God in the form of a man, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. We hold that the sacrifice of our Lord secures our salvation by our faith. We recognise the work of the Holy Spirit, who, in regenerating us, develops in us the works of righteousness and love, which are so pleasing to God our Father. We acknowledge these truths, which form the foundation of Christianity, because they are all found in the word of God, the only infallible authority in matters of faith. We further declare that, using the liberty which the word of God gives us, we have adopted a system for the management of our churches which combines the concurrence of the people with the pastor in the administration of the affairs of Christian congregations; and we are constantly praying God that the day may come when all the Protestant churches in Spain may be united in one common bond.”

Regarding the evangelisation at Madrid generally, it is altogether vigorous—vigorous, because placed in Madrid, the capital; vigorous, because it is taking hold of the most influential minds. One gentleman, holding a high professional and literary position, was specially named to us as having become a truly converted man. It would be imprudent to allude more particularly to him at present, but, should the opening the Gospel now enjoys in Spain continue, we may yet expect from him essential service to his country's highest interests. The evangelisation in Madrid is powerful, because the congregation there embraces a fair representation of all classes of the community. In our former chapter we have brought mainly into view the working-men, which form the bulk of it, but it has besides a sprinkling of the middle-class—if middle-class there can be said to be in Spain—and we understand even some ladies of title occasionally attend. In fine, it is powerful, from the number of hearts and hands it is enlisting in its service. Some of these must remain unnamed. Their names and labours will all one day be read out, and will meet their reward. But we must not omit the name of Mr. Armstrong, who entered the field years ago, who was chased out of Spain by the police, but who, the moment the revolution

of September guaranteed liberty of worship, returned, and is now busied in the formation of week-day and Sabbath-day schools. The prevention of the young will be found easier than the conversion of the old.

But the Madrid evangelisation has its weak point; that weak point is the inability to appreciate the value of organisation. As yet the congregation of Madrid stands alone; its organisation begins and ends with itself. That army would win few victories, in which every man should fight for his own hand. A number of congregations, having a centre of union and action, giving and receiving strength, will be of more importance in the eyes of the authorities and of the nation, and will act with far more effect in the great work of Christianising the country, than the same number of isolated congregations, however flourishing individually they may be. "Two are better than one; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken." As the work goes on, we doubt not that the wise and zealous men in whose hands it is will come more clearly to see that to organise is at once to conserve liberty and to increase power.

In one subordinate point, this dread of order and method came curiously out before us. When visiting some of the schools we were struck to

observe that the youths attending them had no catechisms, and, instead of being questioned, were simply addressed. On our way home we said to a friend, "Why not have a simple catechism which the youngsters might commit to memory and repeat in school; they must forget much of what is said to them?"

"Oh, we do not want to teach doctrine."

"But unless you teach doctrine, you teach nothing; for what is doctrine but fact—the facts of God's revelation? You cannot tell the children that there is a Saviour, and that that Saviour is Christ, and that God saves men freely for the sake of his Son's meritorious death, without teaching doctrine. Each of those facts is a doctrine."

"But if we have a catechism, we must have a creed, and we want no creed-making."

"Then you must not teach any one of the doctrines just mentioned; for what are those doctrines which you are teaching, night by night, but a creed—just as much a creed when spoken as when written? Don't take fright at mere names. Besides, does not your excellent sense tell you that this is the method taken by men in every other matter in which they wish to make progress? Is it a language which one wishes to learn? He learns first its alphabet. Is it arithmetic? He

begins by making himself master of the multiplication-table: whatever branch of knowledge it be, he begins with its elements, and till he knows these he knows nothing. Let the truths you are teaching be written down, simply, clearly, orderly—don't call it a catechism, or a creed, or anything at all, but let the boys and girls in the schools have something which they may learn at home, and which, once in their memory, will be in their memory for life, and your progress and satisfaction in the work will be much greater.

The friend to whom we refer may have, and we believe does have, a little more fear of method and organisation than others engaged in this great work; still, this is the quality in which the evangelisation at Madrid is most lacking—even the capacity to estimate the vastly increased safety, stability, and power which organisation gives.

By-and-by, however, there will come before us another part of the field, where we think we can perceive an element springing up which is destined to be a root to the work in Spain, and to rally round it at a future day all the evangelical forces now distributed at will, and acting without much concert—perhaps, necessarily so, at this early stage—over the Iberian Peninsula.*

* Already this anticipation has been fulfilled. As these sheets

Still, what a green spot amid the wastes of Spain is this congregation in Madrid! How refreshing to the heart of the Christian who chances to visit the Spanish capital! And this little garden, placed here in the most waste and arid spot of the whole Peninsula—amid the political conflicts, the bull-fights, the gambling, the vices of all kinds that abound in Madrid—is not only retaining its greenness, but is growing brighter, and enlarging its bounds every day. The same heavenly dew that created this little garden is able to create another such in every city of Iberia; nay, to make the whole land as green and blossoming as this little spot is! Let us pray without ceasing, and labour without fainting, and one day it will be so!

are passing through the press we learn that a union has been formed of all the Protestant congregations in Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.

OTHER WORKERS IN MADRID.

Help from Many Lands—Professor Knapp—His Preaching-halls—Boys' and Girls' School—Extraordinary Influence acting on Spain—Theological Training-school—A Little Sufferer—A Female Convert—The Bible in the Tobacco-factory—Transition from Romanism to the Gospel—from an Image to God, who “is a Spirit.”

THERE are other workers, besides those we have mentioned, in Madrid. Men from various lands are here doing what they can to break the yoke that is upon the soul of Spain. It is a token that the day of deliverance to that most wretched country draws nigh. Prayers went up, and missionaries went forth in behalf of Italy, of India, and of countries even more remote; but it seemed as if no voice were pleading for Spain, and as if the foot of missionary were destined never to tread its soil. The herald of mercy passed it by, although the cry of its misery struck upon his ear, as he skirted its coasts. But now, on every hand, there arise friends to Spain. We rejoice in this; for there are few events which would contribute more to the progress of civil liberty and religious truth, than the evangelisation of the Iberian Peninsula.

We had the good fortune to make the acquaintance in Madrid of a most accomplished young American. He held a professional appointment in his own country which he gave up, that he might devote himself to Spain. And there he is in Madrid, labouring heart and soul for the evangelisation of the country. His fine talents he is setting to work to discover how best to penetrate the thick crust that envelopes the Spanish mind. He has rented a hall in the worst quarter of Madrid, where even the women carry knives, and where a year ago it would have been dangerous for one to let the accents of the English tongue be heard; and there, night after night, in the midst of a stifling crowd, gathered from this social pandemonium—the adults this night, the youths the night after—he is to be found, trying by every means to tame the savageism before him, and to find entrance for that light which it is sweeter for the soul to see than it is for the eye to behold the sun.

We accompanied Mr. Knapp (for that is our friend's name) to his school one night. We traversed streets filled with ragged men and haggard women, and at last we turned down a bye-street. It swarmed throughout its length with youngsters—boys and girls—who were on the look-out for their

teacher, and who, meanwhile, were finding amusement for themselves of a sufficiently noisy and boisterous character. The door was opened, but what a rush! In a few minutes the school was crammed, the boys sitting on one side, the girls on another; and still there was a crowd in the street clamouring, with no gentle voices, for admission. For a moment we doubted the possibility of establishing quiet, or of doing anything in the business of instruction; but our fears were speedily dispelled. It needed but a few gentle words and a proposal to sing a hymn to quell the tiger within them, and make them all—ragged and begrimed with dirt as they were—as quiet and attentive as the same number of youths at home would have been.

Of these pupils we find Mr. Knapp saying, in one of his reports:—"I have about 300 of these 'Murillos,' as a good American lady-friend calls them, because they all resemble so much the paintings of children by that great artist. These were at first very unruly—shouting, laughing, and cuffing one another during the prayers; and great patience had to be exercised to calm them into an orderly, well-behaved school. Now they all sing the beautiful hymns we have taught them, all of which you know; and these same little children, by singing

at home and at their work, attract their parents to our meetings, where they have been greatly blessed."

Singing is employed as the main vehicle of instruction. The hymns contain the more essential facts of the Gospel; they are set to beautiful airs; they are got by heart; and so, without any strain to which their mental powers would be unequal, the truth is lodged in the memories of the youths. The hymns were alternated with verbal instruction, also very elementary in its character; indeed, any other would be as good as none. The dismissal was accompanied by a liberal distribution of little tracts; and thus were the scholars converted into missionaries or tract-distributors. We felt that, verily, there was no *éclat* about our friend's work; but that the seed which he was sowing, and sowing at the right time, would at the right time yield fruit.

Let us take an instance, which fell under our own notice, of the readiness of the Spanish people to listen to the Gospel. It came into Mr. Knapp's mind to rent another room in the same quarter of the city, and open it for evening sermon. Only two days before he circulated printed notices in the district of his intention; otherwise he took no particular pains to make known the fact. We

went with him on the Sabbath evening to witness the result of the experiment. Well, a few minutes after the service had commenced the room was filled. It would contain not less than 300. We do not believe that such a thing could be done in our own country. Weeks would have to be spent in visiting the people at their homes, and plying them with arguments to come to sermon ; and, after all, the place might not be half filled. But here, in the most sunken part of a sunken capital, one has but to say, At such an hour and in such a place I will preach the Gospel ; and straightway there gathers a crowd round him. This is truly marvellous. We have seen nothing like it in Italy. A few nights afterwards, in Seville, the Rev. Mr. Thugwell, the English clergyman, who himself is toiling in the work, said to us, "Although we could multiply a hundredfold our agents in Spain, we should still have too few. Go to what town or village you will, it is the same ; say it is a Protestant sermon you are to preach, and an audience you will get." And the night after, Señor Alicante Walpole said to us in Jerez, "Send a pastor to this town, and I promise you that in a short time he will have a congregation of 4,000 people." Surely some influence of an extraordinary kind is moving upon Spain at this hour ! We question whether there be

a mission-field like this in the wide earth at this moment. The ultimate result we cannot say ; but, meanwhile, the case of Spain is, so far as we know, without example, and calls for prompt and combined effort ; for should the tide ebb, we know not when it may flow again.

On the faces of Mr. Knapp's new congregation, even more than on those of the congregation in Calle de la Madera, we could read the wonder with which they were listening, most probably for the first time in all their life, to the simple truths of Christianity. Take a man out of a pit and show him the landscapes and seas of earth, and mark the wonder that sits upon his face as he gazes on a world which, though it always existed around him, he now beholds for the first time. Or bring a man from prison and show him the lights of that ancient vault which spans the globe, and which are as new to him as if they had never been created till that hour. The men before us had been brought from a deep pit, from a dark prison, and the truths which were being announced were as new to them as if this had been the first moment of their revelation. To them, in fact, it was so ; the Jehovah of the Bible, the Cross of Calvary, the Blood that cleanseth, in short, all the lights of the spiritual universe were being for the first time unveiled

to them ; and the surprise and wonder these truths created showed themselves in their looks. Is this a dream, and will it vanish ? or is it a reality, and will it abide ? Such were the questions they were inwardly putting.

The above account of Professor Knapp's work was written in Madrid last October. It has since opened out greatly, and the following particulars, gleaned from the monthly letters of this gentleman, show the variety of his operations, and the zeal and success with which they are being prosecuted. It is right to add that Professor Knapp, like Mr. Müller of Bristol, trusts entirely to Providence for the funds necessary to carry on his work.

"It will be remembered," says Mr. Knapp, speaking of the hall to which reference has already been made, "that hall, No. 2 (Cabeza), was taken the 1st of October, since which time from 300 to 400 have been in almost nightly attendance there, and on one occasion as many as 600 were crowded inside, in the adjacent rooms, and on the stairs outside. The average may be justly set down at 350. In *each* station we have preaching *five* nights in the week. This hard work is necessary by reason of the almost utter ignorance of the people respecting the Gospel, and the desirableness of presenting the truth under a great variety of aspects, so as to

reach all classes of minds. On one evening in the week I hold, personally in each *locale*, an inquiry or class meeting, for the converted and the serious. On these occasions I have explained several chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews on the eternal priesthood of Christ, and the sufficiency of His sacrifice made *once* for all, with special reference to a Romish community. The attendance of *adults* alone now averages 500 daily, in *both locales*. The number would be much greater, if we had room. Many come from a great distance, and we often find them patiently waiting at the door; the maimed, the halt, and the blind are there. Almost every night, in No. 1 (San Cayetano), a party of four blind men enter early, holding fast to one another, and guided by our attendant at the door. It is an affecting sight. The angels of heaven must be moved by the situation in Madrid, for the multitude are *pressing* in at the invitation of the Master. I have just secured a third hall, which will accommodate some 300, located in an opposite part of the town."

Mr. Knapp also holds meetings for children; and of these he says, "About 250 children are thus being taught the principles of the Gospel. We have *four* 'Sunday' schools a week, two in each hall, one on Sunday and one on a week-day. The

facility with which Spanish children learn is equal, if not superior to our 'little folk' at home. Several have committed to memory all of Matthew's Gospel, and every Sabbath boys and girls may be seen repeating forty or fifty verses of the New Testament, which they have committed to memory. I give a few rewards, but not many, for the children seem to find in the privilege of coming an adequate compensation for their diligence."

As regards the *Fruits of the Work*, he says: "Hardly a night passes without bearing witness to the deep emotions of young and old, timid and strong. Several cases, like those we often see in Protestant countries, have arisen of prolonged agony on account of sin, followed by the most unmistakable evidences of conversion. The majority, however, believe with much more readiness and simplicity than with those who have the facilities of the home field; and, therefore, the transformation is more difficult to determine. A large number of the inscribed are persons in the maturity and decline of life, between the ages of forty-five and sixty. Under all these circumstances we feel it is wise to exercise large charity, knowing well the almost total darkness their souls are in with respect of Christian experience and duty. Rome has done her work with fearful thoroughness, and

we must labour here with much patience, sympathy, and love. We hope, by a well-ordered system of visiting and personal instruction, to assist them in treading the new way that leads to the celestial city."

Mr. Knapp has also undertaken the formation and conduct of a theological training-school, than which few things are more necessary for the permanence of the work. "The great difficulty of securing earnest men as evangelists, and the ephemeral relations to our work of those who have preached for us, have led me to undertake the formation of a theological training-school, for the constant supply of men for all branches of the work. Among the converted in each mission I have gathered the most intelligent of those who felt called to labour exclusively with us. The number of such has now reached seven. These meet me every week-day morning, from nine to eleven, when I give them instruction in the Bible, principles of interpretation, sacred history, Biblical geography, topography, and antiquities; for which my former avocations, as professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, seem to have been a providential preparation. Most of these young men (their ages range from twenty to thirty) have been obliged to abandon their business for this object, so that they are in a measure dependent

upon us for support. They assist in holding the children's meetings, in Sunday-schools, and in visiting the sick and distressed of our congregations. Much of their time is likewise spent in the preparation of Scripture biographies, which I give them as subjects to meditate and to narrate publicly. They also hold a daily prayer-meeting among themselves."

The following is a touching picture of a poor little sufferer, who has only one thing to soothe his pain, but that one thing is everything. "I must tell you about a poor lad who has lain on his bed ill for eight years—nearly all his life. His father came to our meetings by some strange providence, although they live in the opposite extreme of the town. When I learned of the case, I sent children from the Sunday-school to sing, and good young men to read and pray with him every day. One day last week I went myself to see him. I found him in the garret of the house, in a room—the only one they possess—about twelve feet square, in which were two beds, one for the lad, and the other for the mother and father. In it besides was a box, one chair, and a Spanish kitchen-range. This was all. Here the child had suffered eight long years. He was very thin and pale in the face, and his end cannot be far off. But, oh,

what a happy boy! He loves Jesus, for he had received him at once, as soon as the friends came to tell him the good news.

“I read a chapter, or several passages in different chapters applicable to his case, and then we sang a sweet hymn, in which he tried hard to join, in a faint yet eager voice, that broke away at times from its feebleness, then ceased as exhaustion succeeded. After prayer I asked him a few questions: ‘Do you suffer much, dear?’—‘Oh, yes, sir, terrible pain! Yesterday I tried to get on my knees in the bed, but I am so swollen in my body (he had dropsy, and was fearfully distended) I could not, then I put my hands together so, and begged Jesus to take away this pain in my head, I am so weary of it; and it all went away, and now every time it comes I pray, and it goes off.’—‘Do you believe in Jesus as your only Saviour?’—‘Oh yes! I sing and believe, *I know 'tis Jesus saves my soul!*’—‘Have you patience to bear all your afflictions?’—‘Yes, I do it now for Jesus’ sake. It’s all I can do for him. I wish I could do more, but I can’t; and Jesus knows it.’ We were all bathed in tears—parents, friends, and myself, standing about the room, for seats there were none.”

Not less interesting is the following, giving as

it does a sample of the simplicity and fervour of those who are coming under the power of the Gospel in Spain.

“A fine tall young woman of twenty-one came from the first to our meetings in San Cayetano. My attention was called to her by her strong, sweet, though untrained voice in singing. Her whole soul seemed poured out in those beautiful hymns. Every night, in all weathers, she attended, and it was soon evident to me that she was one of those cases that *silently* pass into a believing state. I called her into the Mission office one day, with two of the evangelists, and asked her as follows: ‘Antonia, do you love the Saviour?’—‘Oh yes! I live a new life now.’—‘But I want you to tell me your religious experience.’—‘I don’t understand.’—‘I mean the story of your change; you say you live a new life now.’—‘I cannot.’—‘Well, Antonia, did you always love Jesus?’—‘I didn’t *know* about Him, but as soon as I heard of Him, and that I could come to Him without paying a *cuarto*, just as I am, I did, and I’ve loved Him ever since.’—‘Do you pray to *Him*?’—‘Oh yes! at home, at my work, anywhere.’—‘But I want some further *proof* that you are a converted person, Antonia; it isn’t words, you know, that save us. Can’t you help me? I would like to

record your name in this book.'—'I am very ignorant,' said she, at last, 'and I can scarcely tell what you desire, but all I can say is that when I pray, *I feel God (siento a Dios).*'—'That will do, Antonia,' said I with enthusiasm, 'that will do; I believe you are *saved.*' In a few days after she was rudely repulsed from her home late at night, followed by the epithets, terrible indeed in Spain, of 'Judia,' 'herege' (Jewess, heretic). She wandered up and down the streets in that dangerous ward, in the cold, malarious night air, when a poor Galician water-carrier, who knew her family, meeting her, took her temporarily to his own home. The day following she was dismissed from her work in the factory, but we soon got her restored, when the facts came to be known. In all these afflictions Antonia bore up with true Christian humility—ever cheerful, ever happy. Now see the Providence of God! She worked in the Government 'Fábrica de Tabacos,' or cigar factory, where more than 5,000 women are employed. We had often wanted to get the Gospel among those women, as we do in the government hospitals, where we send readers, by permission of the authorities, and are trying to do so with the military barracks. But these 5,000 women in the factory will not even suffer Spaniards to enter the building; more than one insurrection in

Madrid has taken its rise from that building near the S. Cayetano Mission. One day Antonia came to us, saying if we would give her Gospels and tracts, she would not be afraid to distribute them among the operatives. We did so, and now from twenty to thirty of those fierce Amazons are constant attendants at our meetings, 'clothed and in their right mind,' led by this one girl. In a short time we hope the general temper of the *employés* there will have been so moderated, that we can send a native evangelist among them to read and expound the Gospel in the establishment itself."

After a short campaign of seven months Professor Knapp found that he had enrolled 1,325 professed converts on his books. This compelled him to face a very important question; were all these persons, who had cut themselves off from the Church in which they were born to have no equivalent? Preaching, although a principal, is not the only means of evangelising. The Church, the communion of saints, is an important agency for edifying and building up the body of Christ. It was now—that is in the beginning of April of this year—that Professor Knapp came to the resolution of receiving ordination from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, two of its ministers having providentially visited Madrid, and of form-

ing the various preaching-stations under him into a Church on the Presbyterian platform, adopting the Westminster Confession and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms as its creed, and arranging its order in all things according to the Universal Presbyterian Church. In carrying into effect this resolution, Mr. Knapp acted from the conviction, he tells us, that "the Presbyterian form of church government and discipline was the best suited to Spain under all circumstances."

The transition undergone by a Romanist in being made for the first time to comprehend the Gospel is one which can scarce be understood by those who have read the Bible from their infancy, and known, intellectually at least, all its truths. The spiritual world around the Romanist is altogether different from the spiritual world around the Protestant. Indeed, the Romanist can scarce be said to know a spiritual world at all. He lives all life long in a region of sense, for he has nothing in common with the Protestant but a few names of things. When, therefore, he hears the truths of Christianity, it is the opening of the eye; it is the passing the threshold of a spiritual universe, and the moment of transition is and must be one of wonder, astonishment, and awe.

The world in which he formerly dwelt departs.

This adds to his wonder, and almost breeds terror, as would the sinking of the earth below one's feet. The Pantheon of his gods—Mary and all the saints—melts into thin air; and he is left alone with the great idea of God, and the old, but to him new, story of the Cross. To be brought so suddenly into the presence of a pure spirit—a holy God—a God so unlike his former ones, who were men like himself, whom he saw painted on the walls of his churches, with whom he could take great liberties—and with whom, at times, he took very extraordinary liberties indeed—to pass from such deities into the presence of a God who is a spirit is to him painful. “How,” says he, “can I stand before this holy Lord God?” Perhaps he goes back to his wooden deities, as men, who have grown old in a dungeon, prefer to end their days in the darkness rather than in the light of day. More frequently, however, he goes forward into the light, feeling now, as in the instance detailed above, that for the first time in his life he comes to God—the living God.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOLEDO AND THE SIERRA MORENA.

Departure from Madrid—Husbandry around the Capital—Sierra Toledo—The Tagus—Beauty of Aranjuez—Toledo—Romantic Site—Moorish Monuments—Weird look of the Interior—The Old and the New—New Castile—Sierra Morena—La Mancha and Cervantes—The Guadalquivir—Frontier of Andalusia—Approach to Cordova.

THE roll of the Spanish drum, as we passed along the Prado in the early morning to the station of the Southern Railway, was assembling the troops, and officers and men were hastening to join their regiments, which were under orders to march against the republicans in the south. The men seemed to have no heart to the work, and little wonder, seeing it was not a foreign foe, but their own countrymen, against whom they were about to unsheath their swords! Preparatory to starting, they were busy in the unwarlike occupation of spending a few coins in the market, in the purchase of bread and fruit. The soldiers took their departure in a separate train. In the ordinary passenger cars was a strong detachment of the municipal guard, to see after the safety of the travellers in the then unsettled state of the country.

Outside the city, we were again, we felt, in the wilderness, and our heart sank at the sight of the desolation all round us. It seemed as if the inhabitants looked for bread to fall to them from the clouds, for certainly they had ceased to seek it from the ground. There sat the city with its thousands of starving men, and there, far and wide around, lay the silent plain, unturned, unwatered, undecked by flowers, unclothed by tree, with the fierce sun glaring down upon its naked bosom. What madness has seized the men of this unhappy land, that from year to year, and from century to century, they will shed the blood of one another, while, would they but cast away the sword and betake them to the plough and the pruning-hook, their land would be as full of blessings as it is of wretchedness?

Some dozen miles south of Madrid, however, we were cheered by a sight unusual in Spain—two ploughs at work. True, they were what are called “Adam’s ploughs,” and looked so primitive, that they might have come down from Adam’s day. They were scratching only the surface, leaving the riches of the subsoil untouched; still, we were glad to see them; for it told us that ploughing was not wholly a lost art in Spain, and that under a better state of things husbandry will

revive, and the herbless land be transformed into a garden.

Going still farther south, the country became even better adapted for the operations of the husbandman. It ran out into plains of from a dozen to twenty miles in length to from six to eight in width, evidently of the finest soil ; the edges of the plains curling up as it were, and swelling into low hills. Only clothe these valleys with corn, and plant these hills with the olive and the vine, and what a garden would Spain be ! The day, surely, will yet come when the curse will be lifted off, and then the "plowman will overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed ; and all the hills shall melt."

One is glad when he finds himself approaching the foot of the Sierra Toledo, for now the swelling heights begin to break the dismal uniformity ; and as we climb the low hills, the eye is refreshed by here and there, on their slopes, an olive-yard, or a little bit of green.

We descend into the valley of the Tagus. Here we light on what is quite an oasis in this treeless and streamless land. Aranjuez, on the confluence of the Tagus and the Jarama, is, or was, a royal residence. The court of Isabella was wont to visit it for a few weeks in spring. It gives proof of

what Spain might be with a little pains. Here are gardens of tropical luxuriance; elms and oaks of enormous girth and of mighty stature; cascades of water, and birds flitting from bough to bough, and enlivening the place with their singing. One is loath to leave this spot, which looks a very Eden in this wasted land; but a few minutes suffice for the necessary alterations in the train, and so once more we are out into the naked, dusty, sunburnt wilderness.

The course of the railway is not far from that of the broad, full-flooded, and slow-flowing Tagus, with its fringe of green and its belt of cultivation. We approach Toledo. This town must delay our steps a little while. It is an antique gem of unrivalled beauty. As it rises before the traveller on its throne of crags—for they say of it that, like Rome, it is built on seven hills—so airy, graceful, and romantic, it looks a fairy creation, summoned up for his special delight by the wand of a magician. The magic wand that called up Toledo was the genius of the Moor. We question whether in the East there is a finer specimen of architecture to be seen; certainly in Spain Toledo stands without a rival. At its feet thunders the Tagus, sweeping round the city, through savage gorges and frowning rocks, as grand and romantic as almost

anything which the Scottish highlands can boast. And then aloft, in the clear brilliant sky, on a pedestal of hills, are Moorish castles, battlements, and gateways; and mingled with them are the aspiring roofs and towers of cathedrals and convents, and in the midst, eclipsing them all by its inimitable grace, is the Alcazar.

But the moment we enter Toledo the spell is dissolved, or rather it is continued in another form. There is a weird look about the place. You see scarcely anybody in the narrow silent street, and those you do meet look so very old. For anything you can tell from their dress and faces they may have been born about the time those edifices were erected, and have lived here all the while. They seem not to belong to the present generation at all, or to have any relations with the world that now is; but to be a little colony of the fourteenth century, preserved by some strange talismanic influence till now. We thought of Tadmor in the desert; and of Thebes amid the sands of Egypt, with its silent temples and tombs, and its mummies vivified, and set a-walking in its streets. The whole thing—Moorish edifices, inhabitants and all—ought to be put under a glass case, and preserved as a curiosity; and, certainly, although Toledo were to be so dealt with, its isolation could

hardly be greater, nor its disseverment from the modern world more complete.

We left it at eventide. A lovelier evening we never beheld. The sky was one mass of gold, and its rich light falling on the naked hills, and on the old Moorish monuments of Toledo, clothed them in the most brilliant hues, and gave them an unspeakable beauty. As we descended the hill on which the city stands, and passed under the Moorish castle which guards the bridge which spans the Tagus and "binds rock to rock," we turned again and again, to gaze on the wondrous creation of cupolas, towers, and ramparts which rose behind us, pictured against the sky, their "hoar" hidden by the vermilion of eve. What a paradise must this region have been when the Moor and the Jew dwelt in it! Then this neglected valley was a garden, and the gleam of a thousand casements lighted up those hills at eve, where now scarce a human habitation is to be seen.

The railway station is at the foot of the hill, some mile or so outside the city; it is simply a branch to Castellejo, where the main line is joined. We did not know which most to marvel at—the representative of the Middle Ages in the weird town behind us, or the symbol of Modern Times in the puffing and snorting engine before us. How very

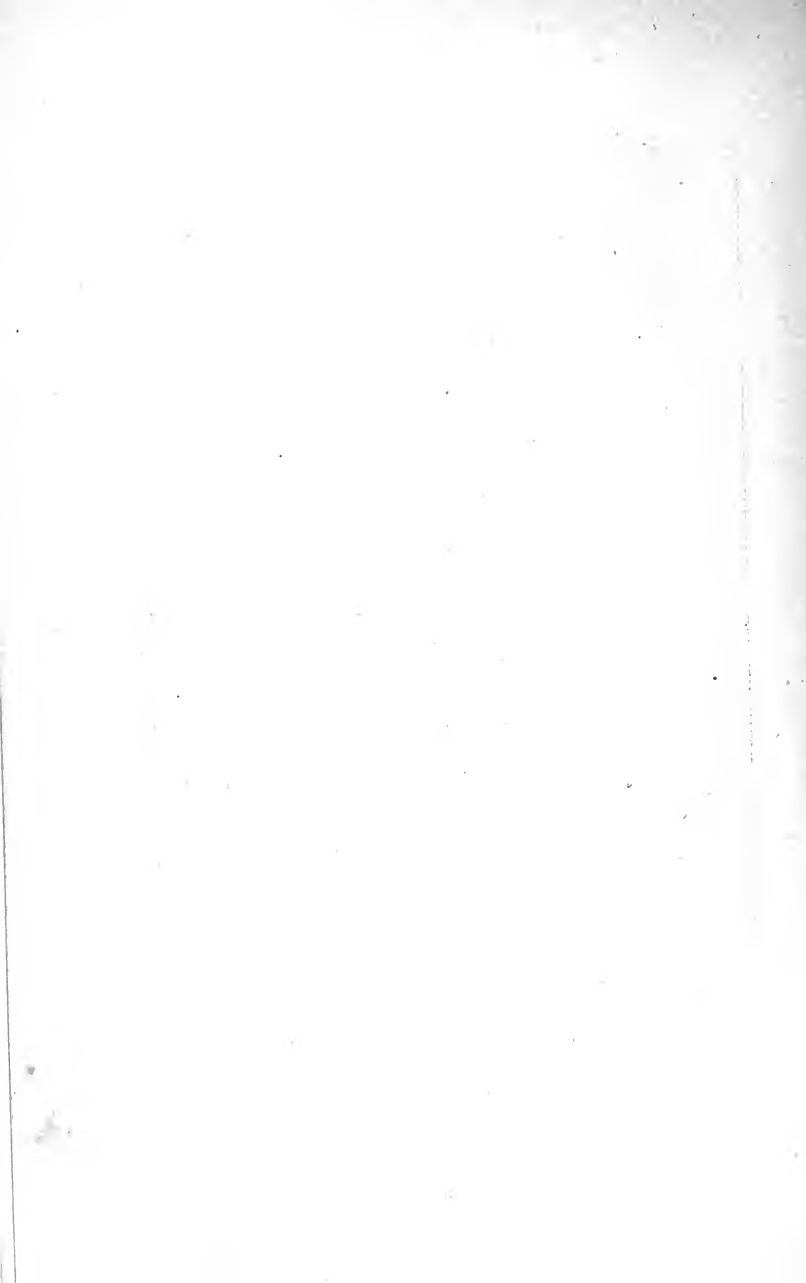
close to each other had come the two! The PAST, with all its age upon it, sitting so silent and so grand on its mount; and the PRESENT pushing impetuously forward, and threatening to undermine and cast down the Old. But we must leave the two to fight out the battle between them, which they are doing in the valley of the Tagus as everywhere else. Having reached the main line, we resumed our course to the south. Our way is once more over the dreary plains of New Castile. Night brings with it a bitter wind, without tree or hill to break its force; and the brilliant moon on the desert plain makes it look white as chalk, and almost as clear as day.

By morning, we are threading the defiles of the Sierra Morena. The ravines are narrow, the tunnels are frequent; the bottoms of the gorges are far beneath, and high above us are the naked, splintery peaks, with here and there a picket of soldiers stationed amongst them, to guard the pass from the violence of revolutionary bands.

We descend on the plains of La Mancha; the traveller discovers that he has not seen the worst till now. The genius of Cervantes has thrown a charm over this region, for here were done the exploits of his imaginary hero, Don Quixote. One almost expects to see the gaunt figure of the



COL DE PERTUS.



knight, attended by his trusty squire, riding slowly and solemnly athwart the plain, so much do the creations of Cervantes dwell in the mind as realities. But nothing is now to be seen here but desolation, scarce relieved by a single dwelling, or a single wayfarer. It is well the novelist has clothed these plains with his wonderful conceptions, for they are clothed with nothing else. The region is a tawny wilderness—a vast *despopolado*—with here and there a long line of melancholy road, on which traveller is now rarely seen; or a few villages, dotting with patches of black, at wide intervals, the white surface of the plain, mere assemblages of huts, like Santa Cruz, such as one would look for in Kaffirland perhaps, but would hardly expect to find in Spain. The Sierra Morena, however, somewhat redeems the tameness of the plain; it runs along in a blue line on its northern edge, bounding a desert, where, were man not incurably stricken, there would be a paradise.

The Guadalquivir, ho! Adieu the desolate Castiles! They are now behind us. Let us dismiss the images of desolation and hideous ruin, physical and moral, with which they have filled our mind. We are now at the gates of the sunny South. We are now on the frontier of Andalusia—“the land that once was Paradise.” This is its

bounding stream that is flowing past. With the Guadalquivir how much romance and poetry are associated! Let us see it. Let us feast our eyes upon its waters, its palms, its gardens, its Moorish castles, its opulent cities, where dwelt knightly Saracen and learned Jew, and where shone beauty, and grace, and chivalry. Let us see the famous stream. Better not. Better for once that we shut our eyes, and be carried across without seeing it. This we would undoubtedly do, were it not that we must journey some couple of hundreds of miles along its course, and must, perforce, see it at some point; so better make up our minds to the shock now. There it is! A broad canal of bluish water, stagnating between banks of white earth.

A vast robe of brown, with a fringe of green. So may Spain be described. The Castiles, Old and New, are the brown; all round goes the emerald border. The Pyrenees on the north; the seaboard of towering crag and watered ravine on the west; the sweet Andalusia on the south; and on the east and north-east the fertile strip, in which are situated the towns of Valentia and Barcelona: these make up the fringe. But the fringe is not so green, after all. Bits there are of surpassing luxuriance and beauty; spots that do indeed look an Eden; but they are the exceptions, the brown much predomi-

nates. Still, no one can have any difficulty in seeing that in Spain, wasted as it is, there are still all the elements of its former fertility; and that were some moral Spring to set in, it would speedily be followed by a physical Spring, which would do more than restore the Andalusia of past times. Especially do its wonderful natural facilities for irrigation remain. Mountain-chains, running from east to west, traverse the country, holding, betwixt their several ranges, plains of vast extent and amazingly fertile soil. These are so many cisterns or aqueducts, not literally hung in the clouds, yet suspended above the plains, amply replenished with water; for these mountain chains abound in fountains, in torrents, and, some of them, in snows, ready, when the clouds are sealed, to pour their contents upon the thirsty plains at their feet. It needs nothing more to make the land run over with flower and fruit. The Moors, it is well known, dealt in this way with the Vega of Granada. They were wise enough to see for what end the snows of the Sierra Nevada were hung in mid-heaven above them. By means of canals they made them water every foot-breadth of their plain, and its fertility and beauty passed into a proverb; and a real "Garden of Hesperus" bloomed where the glowing fancy of the classic writers had placed the fabulous

one. There is scarce a plain of any extent in all Spain that does not admit of being dealt with as the Moors dealt with their famous Vega. And were it so, the sowing and the gathering would go on together at all seasons, and an eternal Spring would clothe the ground. As it is, two-thirds of Andalusia are lying in a state of nature—the hills unplanted, the fields unploughed, the torrents running to waste, and the arid earth affecting the very sky, and sealing up the rains, so that long periods of drought combine with man's neglect to smite the ground with a double barrenness. Yet no dawning of this seems to visit the poor inhabitant. Enter any country village, and, ten to one, you will find the greater part of its population lying in groups in the streets, and sleeping in open day.

We are now drawing nigh Cordova—that "Athens" of the West, which burned like a lamp when the night of the Middle Ages covered Europe. We are on the out-look for it, for the guide-books tell us that its approach is signalled by groves of palm and of lemon and orange trees. These, alas! flourish only in the guide-books. Still, as we draw nigh it there is a perceptible increase of cultivation. The hills of the Sierra Morena are here clothed with trees and sparkle with white villas, reminding one somewhat of the lovely

Colina which walls in the valley of the Po at Turin. Aloes along the road-side become frequent, with occasional thickets of orange; but up to the very gates of Cordova, and all round it on the south, the white thirsty plain continues.

CHAPTER XV.

CORDOVA.

Expectation of Better Things—An Incident—Railway-station—Cordova—Past Populousness and Grandeur—Desolation Within and Without—Its Mosque, or Cathedral—Its Streets—Their Names—Its Inquisition—Its Archbishop—Its Evangelisation—Its Promise at First—A Blight—Apostacy—Burning Scene—Linares—Commencement of its Evangelisation.

IT was nearly noon when we reached the station at Cordova; the cold during night had been excessive, but now the heat was almost tropical. Breakfast awaited us at Menjibar, and it helped to improve the relish with which we partook of it, to think that it was eaten on the frontier of Andalusia, and within a stone's throw of the Guadalquivir. Farewell the sterile mountain and the arid plain! now we are about to enter the land of the orange and the palm-tree; and surely we may expect in the sunny South, if anywhere, to see the flowers appearing on the earth, and to hear the singing of birds. Away we went, hoping against hope; our expectations were moderate, and a very slight improvement would have contented us. But that improvement was long in coming. The plain still

kept its whiteness ; the green came not to relieve the almost intolerable glare of the sun, whose rays were reflected from its naked surface. The Sierra Morena, however, kept us company, walling in the valley on the north with a line of peaks, the lower slopes of the mountain being softened with olive woods, with here and there a villa or castle gleaming out from amid their foliage. Nearer us, along the railway's course, grew the aloe and the cactus with a powdering of white dust upon their branches and occasionally would come a clump of orange-trees, the fruit just passing into the golden hue.

At this part of the journey an incident occurred which gave us a little insight into the Spanish character. A small party of soldiers travelled in the same train ; at one of the stations where we halted they stepped out upon the platform, and, gathering around one of their fellow-passengers, an old man, they asked him for whom he was—Serrano or the Insurrection ? He at once replied, "Serrano !" The soldiers cheered him again and again, till the tears rolled down the old man's cheeks. We were pleased to see it ; it bespoke, we thought, an enthusiasm not yet trodden out of the Spanish character, and which a greater cause may yet kindle into generous and devoted effort. A people that can weep are not wholly lost. They

have within them the elements of restoration. Who can tell but that when the Gospel shall fully enter, and they see what they did three centuries ago, they will weep—aye, the whole nation—till the voice of their lamentation shall be heard in other lands; and when “the time to weep” shall have passed, then will come the time for effort—combined, resolute, heroic effort—to repair the injuries and crimes of the past?

The railway-station is a mile from the town. It is a roomy and rather handsome erection, on the model of our English ones. There, as everywhere in Spain, a small detachment of the civil guard, armed with muskets, attend the arrival and departure of the trains. The approach to Cordova from the station is by a new and spacious promenade, just beginning to be adorned with edifices, which as far surpass their fellows within the city in their showy exteriors as they fall beneath them in massiveness and durability. We are close on Cordova, and yet nothing of it is visible save the summits of a few church-towers, and here and there a majestic palm, which rises aloft, and hangs its crown of leaves above the buildings.

Of this town, as of another yet more ancient and renowned, it may be said, “How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!” More popu-

lous than Jerusalem ever was, Cordova is said in the tenth century to have contained 1,000,000 inhabitants. In those days, instead of occupying the modest space on the plain to which it is now restricted, it ran over its walls, and filled the surrounding region with suburban magnificence. Along the banks of the Guadalquivir, and up the low hills on the east, ran a gay profusion of villas and gardens. "A circuit of twenty miles," no smaller area, it is said, could suffice for the Cordova of those days. It was a sight worth seeing. Industry filled it with wealth, genius clothed it with beauty, and learning spread its renown wide abroad. It was the pride and boast of the Moor; it counted 600 mosques, 900 public baths, and 4,000 minarets. In all the West there was no city like Cordova; but, alas! into what sorry dimensions has Cordova now shrunk. It cowers within its old walls; it is silent almost as a mountain hamlet. The only signs of trade in its narrow winding lanes is an occasional mule with his sack of charcoal, or a market-woman with her basket of half-ripened fruits on her head. Outside the city all is desert; there is now neither garden by the Guadalquivir nor villa on the mountain-side, and were it not for the Sierra Morena on the north, where linger still a few olive woods, the prospect

around Cordova would be one of unmitigated barrenness.

The most remarkable monument in Cordova, indeed the only one worth one's special attention, is the cathedral or mosque. It is unique in Europe, and, so far as we know, in the world. It is in a style of architecture unknown to the Egyptians, unknown to the Greeks, in short, unknown to builders of all ages and all countries; and as it had no predecessor, it is not at all likely that it will ever have successor. Its taste may be questioned; its originality cannot, yet is its plan simple. It is a plantation of marble columns, ranged in line and at regular distances, with a roof thrown over them. The space covered cannot be less than from ten to a dozen acres. At whatever point one stands, there stretch out before him vast avenues of pillars, surmounted by light Moorish arches, on which the roof rests. Let us suppose Palmyra, or Jerash in the Hauran, roofed in, and you would have a spectacle something like the cathedral of Cordova. But whence came all these pillars—for there are upwards of a thousand of them, of jasper, and porphyry, and marble, all finely polished, beautifully variegated, and no two of them alike? The old temples and ruined towns of Africa, Asia, and Europe, were ransacked,

and hence this extraordinary assemblage. It was the work of the Moors ; and was at first a Moslem temple. When the monks took possession of it, it underwent a thorough purgation. There were no images to break in pieces, and probably if such there had been they would have been spared ; but the priests waged a war of extermination against the inimitable arabesques with which the exquisite taste of the Moors had adorned their mosque. They covered them inch-deep with whitewash. Some few memorials of the Moslem times and worship however remain. The richly carved chest in which the Koran was placed ; the seat, or recess in which sat the Caliph while at his devotions, and the Ceca or "Holy of Holies," and the Kiblah turned towards Mecca—the high temple of the Mahommedans—to which the Mosque of Cordova was second.

Along one side of the cathedral runs the orange garden of Abdu-r-rahman, with its palm-trees and its marble fountains : the continual dripping of the water suggests cooling fancies to slake one's thirst. In the times of the Moors the mosque opened into the orange court, and the devotee, as he wandered amid the streets of columns within, could see the golden fruit which grew luxuriantly without, and hear the cool trickle of the fountain.

But the priests, deeming it a work of merit to disfigure whatever the genius of the Moor had left perfect, shut out the view by a dead wall, and put down in the very centre of the columns a square coro, which reaches from floor to ceiling, and mars the striking effect of the vista which otherwise would be seen running on in long lines of pillars from end to end of the vast enclosure.

Under the cathedral are, it is said, ranges of subterranean chambers, enough to accommodate all the priests of Cordova, and, it may be, a few from the neighbouring villages in addition. This underground retreat may be useful on occasion. The bishop, who lives next door to the British consul, is well known to be not at all displeased that the heretical flag should float so near the episcopal residence. Its proximity neither hurts his digestion by day, nor disturbs his sleep by night, but very possibly improves both; indeed, he has been heard to hint that the arrangement may yet be found a convenient one. We visited the cathedral at all hours, but never saw any one in it, save some half-dozen priests within the coro, and double that number of beggars outside of it. Indeed, had it been built and maintained solely for the use of the latter, they could not be more completely at home in it, or ply their trade with greater

sang froid. They hunt the visitor all over it, and round and round it; they whistle and halloo after him, utterly regardless if the noise they make should spoil the fine chantings of the choir, or disturb the devotions of the priest at the altar. Some one has said that the mosquito and the Spanish beggar are equally gifted as respects their scent, the one for English blood, the other for English money. But what can the poor people do? Their misery is great. The heavens over them are as brass; and the earth around them is as iron. But, alas! can any possible amount of alms meet their case? The only true charity is to give to Spain that "Bread that cometh down from heaven;" and to that Bread the bread of earth, and all other necessary things will soon be added.

Cordova is a truly Moorish town. Its streets are exceedingly narrow, so that one standing in the middle of the path, should he extend his arms, may almost touch the opposite walls with his finger-tips. They are crooked and winding, being the most ingenious riddle of the sort we ever attempted practically to solve. "It is a long lane," the proverb says, "that has no turning." Where-soever that proverb had its birth, it was not in Cordova, for there all the lanes are long, and there is not one of them without a dozen turnings. In

traversing its mazes we had—as if on the trackless sea or the pathless desert—to look up to the sun by day, and to the stars at night. It imposes upon one, too, as regards its wealth. One would take Cordova, at first sight, to be little better than a collection of prisons; for its houses, like those in Pompeii, have either no windows in the lower story, or windows heavily grated with iron. But a peep within the doorway shows that there is still much splendour and some opulence in Cordova. The outer door is of iron bars, but within is a marble porch, leading into a central quadrangle, paved with marble, gay with tropical flowers, open to the sun, cooled by fountains, and surrounded by elegant pillars, supporting a balcony which gives access to all the apartments of the house. It must be admitted, further, that Cordova is an eminently evangelical city, if the testimony of its streets is to go for anything. We noticed one street named the “Holy Trinity;” another, the “Incarnation;” a third, “Christ Crucified;” and so on, till we had a whole body of divinity in stone. Surely no one can deny that the citizens of Cordova obey the Scripture injunction, and “walk in the old paths.”

The old walls of Cordova, washed by the Guadalquivir, still remain. So, too, does the In-

quisition, a huge pile of buildings running along the banks of the river, and now converted into the common prison. It was the palace (*Arabicè*, Alcazar) of the Moorish kings. We chanced to visit it just as they were leading away two poor republicans, whom the soldiers had brought in, to be locked up in its cells. We did not penetrate farther than the vestibule, where we found three priests in consultation, one of whom was evidently the Bishop of Cordova, for, after a few minutes' talk, he crossed the street to the episcopal palace. The porter at the gate, when he saw him coming, dropped on his knee, and, as the bishop passed in, he seized his hand and kissed it.

It remains that we speak of the evangelisation in Cordova. The evangelisation is one in all the towns of Spain—it is the same old Gospel which is being revived, or rather planted, in them all—but in each it is seen under a different form. In Cordova we behold it in an aspect under which we have not yet met it in Spain. But, first, let us tell how it began in Cordova. Its commencement, which was unobtrusive in the extreme, shows what may flow from one step, even a small one, if in the right direction. There has been resident in Cordova for many years an energetic Christian gentleman, Mr. Shaw, who, moreover, is British consul.

Mr. Shaw has a large factory in the neighbourhood of Cordova, in which, in company with his nephew, Mr. Poole, also an earnest supporter of the evangelisation, he employs several hundred men. The habit of profane swearing was common among the workmen, and it occurred to Mr. Shaw to attempt the suppression of the practice by imposing a small fine on each oath. The workmen concurred in his proposal, and very soon a reformation began to be visible. Having begun to reverence the Name of God, they were drawn to read the Word of God. Why not introduce the Bible into the factory? The Bible was introduced, and read at meal-time and leisure hours. Soon thereafter came the revolution of September, which gave liberty of worship, and now the workers in Mr. Shaw's factory took another step. Why not have an evangelist? A preacher came, and instantly a numerous audience sprang up. As many as a thousand would assemble of an evening to hear the sermon. Eventually a preaching-hall, school-rooms, and the whole material machinery of the evangelisation was provided, and the work progressed in the preaching of the Word, in the distribution of Bibles and tracts, and in the rapidly-increasing numbers in the schools and in the chapel. But this goodly promise of early and vigorous maturity

was suddenly and lamentably blighted. And now comes that peculiar aspect of the evangelisation, to which we would call attention as one that might have been expected to occur, and which has occurred, and brings with it its special lesson.

Every one sees that if this work of preaching the Gospel and distributing Bibles goes on, Spain is lost to Rome. The priests see this just as clearly as other men. What are they likely to do in these circumstances? Sit still, and permit this movement to sweep them away? Sit still, and permit this fair realm of Spain, which has so long been their paradise, and which is still so rich in temples and devotees, to be wrested from them? Not so. Whatever art, stratagem, and cunning device she practised in days gone by, Rome will assuredly employ in this crisis, when she needs them all, and needs them so much. No stratagem ever served her better than that of sending Jesuits, under the guise of very zealous evangelists, into the Protestant camp, to sow divisions and create scandals. We do not affirm that this is what Rome has done in the case of Cordova, but what has happened is as like it as if it were the thing in reality. We only state facts, leaving every reader to form his own judgment. One thing, unhappily, is beyond the reach of doubt; even that, at one

time, the evangelisation in this ancient and still important town was almost ruined.

Señor Soler, the evangelist at Cordova, was a professed convert from the Church of Rome, where he belonged to the Order of the Jesuits. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? If Mr. Soler knew not how to change his skin—which we by no means affirm—yet he knew how to conceal its blackness by drawing another and a fairer skin over it. A man of decided talent, he was employed during several years, in various parts, in the evangelical work. He was sent to Cordova soon after the revolution, and for a few months all went well. By-and-by he began to slacken in his efforts; he would drop strange remarks, which startled his hearers; he began to discourage the reading of the Bible—it was a book, he would hint, that was rather dark without an authorised interpreter; he would suddenly disappear and be absent for weeks, and, when he returned, would excuse himself by saying that he had been to see his mother. Some folks were uncharitable enough to say that this mother was she who is “mother and mistress of all churches,” and that this dutiful son was gone to make his report to her through a superior. Mr. Soler became hand-and-glove with the priests of Cordova; the work of

Bible and tract distribution entirely ceased ; the congregation dwindled down to nine persons ; and one day came a strange spectacle—a great burning, in the cathedral square of Cordova, of Bibles and tracts, with a man stirring the flames, dressed in the exact style, an eye-witness assured us, which one sees in “Foxe’s Book of Martyrs.” Soon after this, Señor Soler went for the last time to see his mother, and cast himself upon her forgiving bosom, doubtless to be parted from her no more. And this sad drama ended by Señor Soler’s public re-admission into the Church of Rome, in the city of Cordova, on Sabbath, the 31st of October, 1869. To give the greater *éclat* to the event, and to complete the triumph of the priests over the little evangelical flock in Cordova, Señor Soler was appointed the preacher for the day.

Such occurrences as that which we have just detailed ought not to cause one moment’s surprise or discouragement to the friends of the Gospel. They ought to lay their account with such things. “It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man through whom they come.” Some may be offended, and withdraw their hand from a work which they think has been disgraced. Not so the man of faith ; he will hasten to repair the damage which has been inflicted upon a cause which will

triumph in the future, as it has done in the past, over the wiles of the hypocrite, as well as over the bloody force of the man of violence.

But the most painful thing, after all, in such occurrences, is the mistrust they are apt to engender of the sincerity of Christian men, if not also of the truth of the Gospel itself. This doubt ought also to be repelled. As no one can doubt the sun, who sees him scattering before him the darkness of night; so no one can doubt Christianity who sees her, like a blessed sun, scattering the moral darkness on every land on which she rises. And, as regards the other branch of mistrust, there is no Christian man, who—conscious that the diffusion of the Gospel is the uppermost thought, wish, and prayer of his own heart—will not find unspeakable happiness in believing that the same gracious Spirit, who has put this desire within his own breast, has planted it—it may be in even stronger measure—in the souls of thousands and thousands around him. This reflection will restore his tranquillity and vigour. Some, he knows, will fall, that others may be tried and purified; but the majority will persevere unto the end, and the cause will triumph.

The reader is to bear in mind that the above account was written in Spain in October last. It states the matter as it stood then. Since that time

a young evangelist, trained in the theological college at Seville, has been stationed at Cordova. The evangelisation has taken a new start; and the adherents of the Protestant cause have so increased, that it is in contemplation to purchase one of the confiscated cathedrals for their use.

In the towns around Cordova we expect that the evangelical movement will soon begin to attest its presence; indeed, it has done so already, and preachers only are wanted to extend it indefinitely. On the first Sabbath of February of the present year, Mr. Benoliel, of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, visited Linares and preached—the first Protestant sermon ever preached there—to a congregation of 600. Linares is situated in the centre of one of the richest mining districts of Spain; it lies a league or so off the railway line, near the Sierra Morena mountains. It has a population, chiefly miners, of 18,000, a bull-ring, and a theatre. The use of the theatre was granted willingly for sermon by the authorities. The scene we shall permit Mr. Benoliel to describe:—

“At 12, yesterday, we proceeded to the theatre, formerly a church. The doors were not yet open, but the street was crowded with a mass of men. We called at the house of the municipality near by, and I was introduced to the *alcaldes*, who were

together in session at the Hall. They received me courteously, and at once ordered the theatre to be thrown open. We found it no easy thing to force our way on to the stage through the compact crowd, eager to gain seats. Before we could reach it, the place was crammed—galleries and every available space, and even the projecting stones near the ceiling; and large numbers must have remained hovering outside. My first words were a request for heads to be uncovered and mantles to be cast aside, which was done promptly; and then I offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the establishment of religious liberty in this land. The lessons read were Isa. li. and John iii. I preached from Matt. xi. 28. Mr. Poole, from Cordova, and our English friends, assisted in singing two hymns during the service, for which we had trained our voices the previous evening, when there burst forth a loud demonstration of applause with clapping of hands, which I put a stop to, and it was not repeated. Three of the *alcaldes*, several members of the municipality, two theological students, and a good sprinkling of the local aristocracy were present. Considering it was a theatre, and the first meeting of the kind, the conduct of the audience was remarkably good and becoming. On asking whether they wished to know why the

reading of God's Word is forbidden them, a general affirmative response rung through the place. There were at least 600 souls inside the building, almost exclusively grown-up men. When the service was concluded—it lasted about an hour and a quarter—the people appeared unwilling to leave, till requested to do so with good order, and they retired with evident reluctance.

“It is not for me to state the effects produced, or the results likely to flow from this one day's work at Linares. Suffice it to say that the Lord gave me utterance, and the people heard the Gospel gladly.”

CHAPTER XVI.

VALLEY OF THE GUADALQUIVIR.

Conscripts—Scene at Railway-station—Valley of the Guadalquivir—Its Neglected Condition—Absence of Rain—Want of Irrigation—Natural charms of Region—Its Social Misery—Problem presented by Spain—The Tree for the healing of the Nations.

A SOJOURN of two days completed our stay in Cordova. If one should sweep away all the monuments which the Romans and the Moors have left in Cordova, nothing would remain which could induce one to go a mile out of his way to visit it. At the railway-station were a number of young men, who had just been impressed into the army, and who were being led away—not to risk life in the wars of liberty or patriotism, but to the ignominious fate of killing, or being killed by, their own countrymen. Spaniard fights with Spaniard at the bidding of factions, which climb to power, each in its turn, only to squander the blood, and enrich themselves with the wealth of their country. These men were accompanied to the railway-station by their mothers and sisters, and when they entered the cars, and the train was put in motion, the shrieks and wailings of their relations were truly heart-

rending. We never, throughout our journey, were able to disconnect the miseries of the present, which every hour thrust themselves on our sight, from the follies and crimes of the past; so manifestly lies the hand of doom on the wretched land and the poor suffering people; and when these bitter lamentations rang in our ears, we could not help fancying that well might the martyr of the sixteenth century, when he was being led away to the stake, have addressed those in the crowd who bewailed his fate, if any such there were—Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, ye daughters of Spain; for the days will come when they shall say, “Happy they who died at the stake, or in the dungeon, and did not live to see the calamities that were to come upon their country!” Full, and running over, is the land with misery—more even than Spain herself knows; for she cannot contrast her condition with other nations, or see the spectacle she presents to the eyes of the stranger; just as one in a pit, the deeper down, becomes the more insensible to the darkness in which he lies. This self-unconsciousness is one of the most affecting features of Spain’s degradation.

The railway to Seville runs along the valley which the Guadalquivir waters—no, not waters—makes its channel to the ocean; for its floods

roll along without refreshing the thirsty earth. For that, however, the poor resourceless beings who live on its banks, and not the river, are to blame. Spain is one of the driest countries in Europe; it is so, partly by reason of its position, but mainly by the improvidence of the inhabitants, who, for a thousand years past have been cutting down the forests, without planting a single tree to replace them. The naked earth is thus left to be baked by the sun; after undergoing that process for centuries, it is now tolerably baked—in short, is about as dry and arid as the sands of Arabia. No evaporation can it yield to cool the air, or to form clouds; and unless the winds bring rain from the ocean, or from some distant region, the country must go without it. When we were there it was suffering greatly from drought. Only two or three showers, we were told, had fallen in Andalusia since April—that is, in a period of six months; the rains of the former winter had failed, moreover, and the peasants' crops—scanty at the best—had well nigh perished outright. In the rain-forsaken plains of La Mancha, five years will sometimes pass by, it is said, without a shower. Revolution and famine—two sore evils—are seldom absent from that unhappy land.

But if Nature has made Spain a dry country,

and if the stupidity and indolence of its natives have made it still drier, a compensation has been given it. It has noble rivers; it has numerous mountain-chains, some of them snow-clad, the birthplace of springs and fountains. For what purpose? To water the plains at their feet. But the poor ignorant native cannot see this, or will not avail himself of it. The Moors were wiser; they introduced a system of irrigation at Granada and some other parts of Spain, teaching the snows which crown the summits of the Sierra Nevada to water the sugar-canes and the palm-groves which flourish at their feet. But the Moor had little thanks, and eventually was forcibly thrust out of a country which he embellished by his genius, and enriched by his industry.

When we passed along the valley of the Guadalquivir to Seville, it was suffering greatly from drought; and yet there was the river flowing uselessly to the sea. Thousands of tons of water were, hour by hour, rolling along in its bed; but it did not occur to the peasant, whose fields were perishing from lack of moisture, to take so much as a bucketful to water them therewith. A few forcing-pumps, put down at intervals along the course of the stream, would enable it to water the earth as it passed onward, and to cover the sodden ground

with a carpet of verdure, decked with such flowers as might have bloomed, and such fruits as might have ripened in Paradise. But no: the river runs to waste. The Arab of the Nile knows well how to utilise the river by which his hut is placed. But the Spaniard, it would seem, is less skilful, or more indolent than the Arab. In rags, and with no bread to eat, he sees a river of gold flowing at his feet, and will not stoop to pick up the precious ore. We do not exaggerate in calling it a river of gold, for water in these countries is the source of all fertility.

And yet the region has a charm, and no mean one, to the traveller whose home is placed under a northern sky. Many of the sights around him are distasteful, some of them are disgusting; but others are novel and grand. There is the air so dry and sunny; there is the vault overhead so deeply azure; there is the glow with which the morning breaks; there are the tints with which evening beautifies sky and earth; there are the Moorish remains, carrying the mind back to an age of intellectual splendour; there are the aloe and the cactus, struggling through the dusty soil; there is the fig-tree by the way-side; there is the olive, dotting the fields; there is the orange-tree, from amid whose fresh foliage the golden fruit peeps forth; there is the banana, waving its gigantic

pennon-like leaves ; and there is the palm, prince of vegetable productions, displaying its feathery crown on its pillar-like stem high in air. The traveller, fixing eye and mind on these, and struggling to shut out everything else, succeeds in creating around him a gorgeous Oriental scene, such as he may have seen in pictures, or read of in books, where such things are got up in much the same way ; but, in an unhappy moment, his eye chances to light on the arid mountain, or the brown plain stretching far and wide around him ; or he finds himself plucked by the sleeve, and turning round he sees before him some dozen of wretched creatures, with tawny faces, matted hair, and thick black beard ; a blanket thrown over their shoulders, hunger in their cheeks, the ferocity of the barbarian in their eye, their head, bosom, legs, feet, all naked, imploring him, *para amor de Dios*, for bread. Then it is that his illusion is dispelled, and that he is made to feel that, despite its magnificent cathedrals and its Moorish monuments, despite its palms and banana trees, Spain is a wreck—a most fearful wreck.

The guide-books say nothing of all this. They feel it their duty to embellish the land over which they conduct the tourist, and to point his eye away from the sights of human misery to some

monument of antiquity, all the more interesting that the hoar of age is upon it. Ordinary travellers mostly pass these things in silence, and dwell on the pictures, the statuary, the theatres, bull-fights, and hotels—as if these made up a country, or formed the great and sole ends of travel. We have looked at Spain itself—not its buildings, museums, or even its mountains, but its people. The people are Spain. We have found them kindly, though proud; richly endowed by nature, though barbarised by superstition and tyranny; possessing a vivid fancy and a copious eloquence, though all their noble faculties are running to waste, or are perverted into passions. We have found them without a moral principle of conduct, “without God, and without hope.” We have found the physical ruin of their land but the type of the moral ruin of the people; much, very much, wretchedness and vice on the surface, but this is the index only to those abysses of deceit, hypocrisy, intrigue, passion, and torment which lie below, and fully to know which one must be a Spaniard, and go down and dwell in the same frightful gulf with themselves. It is not the beggar only that feels the torment of these ever-gnawing pains; it is every class; it is the entire nation. Surely it concerns humanity to ask, “Who or what has created all this misery?”

Who is to be held responsible, at last, to God and man for the ruin, moral and physical, of Spain?" This is a problem far more worth inquiring into than thousands of those which political men so keenly debate, and philosophical men so ingeniously discuss. We repeat, Who or what is it that has ruined Spain? and who is to be held accountable at the bar of futurity, and at the bar of the Great Judge, for this unhappy country? For there must come a day of reckoning for the destruction of the life of nations, not less than for the destruction of the life of individuals. Meanwhile it most of all concerns Christian men and Christian churches to ask, "What can be done towards preventing this vast misery perpetuating itself, and going down, as it has done hitherto, from generation to generation?" The Christian well understands that this question admits of but one answer. It is not a monarchy that is to regenerate Spain: it is not a republic that is to regenerate Spain. It is not ploughs or trade even that are to regenerate Spain. Send the Spaniards all the implements of Britain; they would but let them rust. Where then is the remedy? There is a Tree, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. We must plant that Tree in Spain. The "salvation" of the world must come "out of Zion."

CHAPTER XVII.

SEVILLE.

Beauty of its Climate—Its Antiquity—Promise of “Dawn” in the Sixteenth Century—The “Dark” Returns—Imposing Appearance on the Approach to it—Its Winding and Narrow Streets—A Moorish House—Repulsive Appearance of Exterior—Elegance and Beauty of Interior—Drawbacks of Seville—Idlers—Beggars—A Second Promise of Day.

ONWARD still, along the valley of the Guadalquivir. This river is often mentioned by poets, whose verses invest it with all the charms of romance; but we suspect those who have so sung of the Guadalquivir have never seen it. Nothing can be farther removed from romance than the river itself. Its waters have a dull, bluish tint. It creeps sluggishly onward between banks which the bloom of no flower and the carol of no bird enliven. It seems to feel the languor which weighs upon all things and persons in this country. By-and-by, as we go on our way, signs begin to appear of a somewhat better system of husbandry. Ploughs are at work here and there, preparing for the winter sowing—if we can speak of winter in a region where winter is all but unknown—the cultivated patches become more frequent (and how

lovely they look by contrast with the white desert !), olive plantations, hedges of aloes, and clusters of orange-trees delight the traveller. At length the valley begins to wear a continuous covering of green, for now we are in the midst of the gardens which supply the markets of Seville, the towers of which are seen rising before us.

Were we to fix our residence in Spain, we should be somewhat at a loss to decide between Malaga and Seville. The former is laved by the sea, and walled in grandly by the ragged purple mountains. But there is a quiet charm in the valley in which the latter is situated that wins upon one day by day. The sky, air, and earth of Seville are truly delicious. The daily sight of a firmament so tranquil, and an earth so exuberant, have a tendency to engender that repose of mind which enriches and strengthens it, and which gives warmth and colouring to the imagination ; if one can but avoid the seductive influence which comes along with all this—the snare even of slothful, luxurious dreaming. To walk out at all hours of the day and night and to find the air around one so balmy and the light so pure—to find all things breathing peace and speaking of enjoyment—to hear the plash of the fountain in the marble-paved court at heat of noon—and to look up at night to

the moon-lit skies, and around upon the palm-tree's feathery crown, tipped with silver, and the motionless, broad banana's-leaf—is to find that to exist is to enjoy. But when mere existence becomes enjoyment, one is apt to sit down content and to forget nobler things. When at Seville we felt how sweet it is to sit and dream under the orange-trees—to sit and dream till the rust and the rags should come upon us, as upon all around us.

Seville is one of the most ancient cities of the West. Its foundations were laid by that energetic race who were the pioneers of commerce and of colonising, and, of course, of city-building and husbandry—the Phœnicians. It has had a varied but not a renowned career; indeed, somewhat stormy, considering its inland position and unobtrusive character. Perhaps its most intellectual age was the sixteenth century. From its towers a light was then seen to break, which promised to illumine all Spain, and inaugurate a day such as had never before shone upon it. The greatest of the Spanish reformers arose in Seville, and it did seem as if the hour of Spain's emancipation was come. But the "dawn" passed, and the "dark" returned—darker than before. Rome took the alarm; nor did she long hesitate what measures to pursue. The reformers of Spain and the hopes of

its liberty perished together in the cruel fires of the Inquisition. It has truly been "*Væ victis!*" for the "chains" of political despotism, and the darkness of superstition have ever since been the fate of Spain's sons, who refused the light and the freedom which the Reformation offered them.

He who goes to Seville simply to see its sights will hardly deem that he has had a fair return for his time and money. In former days—that is, 300 years ago—when the cities of Great Britain were mostly of wood, or even of humbler materials, it might have been worth one's while going all this long way to see the glories of Spanish architecture. But times have changed since then. The cities of England have been rising as rapidly as those of Spain have been falling, and now what remains of the once opulent and magnificent towns of Cordova, Seville, and others, is but the traces of a glory that has passed away. The eve has come upon them, and long and deep has the shadow rested where once shone so brightly the day.

Still, Seville is imposing on one's approach to it. Its balmy sky infuses into the soul a quiet, delicious pleasure. The stately palms, the gigantic cactus, the golden-fruited orange-tree, which herald one's approach to it; and the bits of cultivation which dot its environs, so vividly green, and so

tropically luxuriant, shown in contrast with the brown desert out of which they spring ; these and other things never fail to charm the eye, and even the heart, of the traveller who comes from the sterner climes of the North. And then, rising over the Moorish walls which still encompass Seville, stately and airy in the sunny firmament, are seen its numerous monuments and turrets, conspicuous among which are its cathedral and Alcazar towers, imparting to the view a touch of Oriental grandeur. The visitor's imagination, too, comes to his aid, and hangs around these historic monuments the halo of a traditional glory. All this is fine, or would be, were the traveller to remain outside, and never contemplate Seville but at a little distance. Let him fix his dwelling here, two or three miles away, and if possessed in any degree of the faculty of ideality, what a treat awaits him ! There, hung up against the sky, at the hour of dawn, or at the still sweeter hour of eve, is a gorgeous picture of Moorish towers, battlements, and palaces, suggestive of no small amount of earthly glory and happiness. But should he enter the city of ideal splendour, he will find that the illusion is gone, and the spell broken.

The first stroll through the Queen of Andalusia disappoints one. With one or two exceptions, the

visitor sees nothing in Seville that corresponds with his idea of even a street. This city, which so impressed him when viewed externally, he finds to be but a labyrinth of narrow lanes. These turn and wind as ingeniously and capriciously as if devised on purpose to perplex him. He is a bold man who will venture into them without a guide. One might as well think of threading the catacombs themselves. The visitor finds himself between two lofty walls of dead mason-work, covered with whitewash, and pierced here and there with a square hole, grated with iron, suggesting the not very agreeable idea of seclusion from the open air by day, and peril and insecurity by night. The turnings are so sharp and frequent, that the visitor can see neither before him nor behind him, and soon he loses all idea of his whereabouts, and must just wander on, threading these endless mazes till at last he finds himself at some known spot of the city, or emerges on the open country outside its walls. Yet is the cool shade of these narrow streets most acceptable when the sun is high or the dog star burns.

Most of the houses in Seville were reared by Moorish architects, and for Moorish tenants. The Moors are gone, but the edifices they erected remain, and very nearly in a perfect state of

preservation—monuments of the genius of that remarkable people, and of the wealth which their energy created. The age and the circumstances in which these dwellings were erected determined their character. The age was one of violence. The Moor had to shut out not only the sun, but the robber and the murderer, and therefore he made his house in fact what every Englishman's is in law—"his castle." He surrounded it with a wall strong and high; he hid his wealth behind this barrier; and was as careful to conceal the elegance of his abode as we sometimes are to display that of ours. And so it happens that the stranger is apt to misjudge regarding the beauty of the houses of Seville. "Palaces!" says he; "they are more like prisons."

But let him pause before one of these unpromising entrances, and take a glimpse, through the iron-fenced door in the outer wall, of the dwelling within, and he will alter his opinion. He will perceive that within this rude exterior is much elegance, and possibly not a little wealth. Let him mark the narrow passage which leads from the street-door to the interior of the mansion. It is paved with Moorish tiles, or *azuelos*. No mean knowledge of chemistry did it require to produce these vivid and beautiful tints; and these tiles are useful

as well as ornamental, for vermin cannot lodge in them. And then there comes the quadrangular court, a glimpse of which the passenger gets through the inner door of open ironwork. This is the centre of the mansion. It is its drawing-room and garden in one. It is beautifully paved with white and black marble. How cool the drip of the fountain in the middle! Quite a grove of tropical plants is gathered round that fountain, drawing continual freshness from its waters. How richly hung are they with blossoms! and how sweet the fragrance with which they fill the air! Around the four sides of the court runs a row of marble pillars, slim and elegant, which support a corridor. All the upper apartments open upon this balcony, giving the inmates direct access to the open air. Sweet it is to come forth at the delicious hour of eve, and sit here and listen to the soft drip of the fountain, or inhale the fragrance which ascends from the orange-trees and other plants in the court below. Not unfrequently are all the meals of the family taken in this court. There, without the fear of chill, or other evil, one can breakfast, dine, or even sup, while the stars look down upon him from the open vault of night.

These are some of the beauties and delights of Seville, but there are drawbacks, and these are neither

few nor inconsiderable. The heart, rather than the sense, feels that here there is no true enjoyment. Underneath that balmy sky, alas! how much is there of misery! Everywhere signs meet the eye of a deeply disordered social condition. There is languor in the eye and languor in the blood of the Spaniard. There is more: his face is sad, telling you that his heart is unhappy. The once joyous Queen of Andalusia—the beauteous capital of a beauteous land, into whose warehouses and palaces the gold of the Indies was wont to flow in a continuous mighty stream—is now a forlorn city, sitting mournfully by the Guadalquivir, which, as if in sympathy, creeps in silence past it, between treeless and verdureless banks. Everywhere there is filth—in the streets, in the houses, in the churches, and on the persons of the people. All the public places swarm with idlers. There they stand, gathered in knots—for to move about would imply too great exertion—their figures draped in long brown *capas*, and their faces shaded by huge sombreros, underneath the slouching brim of which there is seen to curl up the inevitable puff of tobacco-reek from the universal cigaritto. And then there are—sorrowful sight!—the beggars. Let one go where he will the mendicant's rags are ever in his eye, and the mendicant's whine is ever in his

ear. They are truly legion ; and custom, or pressing hunger, has made them bold. They besiege the traveller at his hotel door ; they waylay him in the narrow lane ; they encompass him by dozens in the public square ; they halloo after him in the cathedral ; and sometimes they beset him in the railway-carriage, clustering at the window, or clambering up upon the top, and vociferating, with all the energy of their clear, ringing voices, for alms, and not unfrequently carrying their suit by storm and terror. But, meanwhile, let us drop the curtain upon the deep humiliation of this once noble but now fallen country. The evils at which we have glanced are not a tithe of the wounds from which Spain bleeds, but let us turn to more grateful themes. There is yet hope of this fallen country.

Now, again—and it is a most instructive illustration of God's Providence, as well as a very striking fulfilment of His Word—streaks as of morning appear in that very quarter of the Iberian sky, where, three centuries ago, there shone a sweet but too brief dawn. The "souls" of them who were slain for the testimony of Jesus in Seville are coming out of their graves, and are beginning to live and reign upon the earth. Consigned to anathema by Rome ; bound to her stakes, and

burned to ashes ; forgotten by their countrymen, whose freedom they sought to purchase with their blood ; they yet, after the lapse of three centuries, begin to reap the promised benediction—" Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection." They have waited long. How often has that cry "how long!" gone up from their martyred ashes! But now it would seem as if that Voice had spoken, which shall assuredly one day say—if it has not already done so—to the slain for the testimony of Jesus, wherever they sleep—whether by the rivers of Spain or of Italy, whether amid the fens of Holland or the moors of Scotland, whether in the lagunes of Venice or beneath the waves of the English Channel—" Awake, ye that sleep in the dust, arise and sing!" Over all lands "the earth shall cast forth her dead"—not her dead bodies, but her buried principles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW REFORMATION.

The Revolution—Marshal Prim at Algeciras—Words which Mark an Epoch—Cabrera goes to Seville—Preachers—The New Life—Sermon at Grave of Inquisitor—Great Excitement—The Movement spreads over all Andalusia—The Convent of Las Virgenes—Testimonies—What do you bow to?—Madrid—Protestant Congregation at Seville—Calumnies of Ultramontane Press—Religious Press—Training-college—Personal History of Students—Life of Señor Cabrera—Nursery.

AT the foot of the Sierra Nevada, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow, and whose feet are planted amid orange and palm groves, did the dawn of this new evangelical day, now rising on Spain, take place. Its first ray issued, as we have already said, not from a palace, but from the prisons of Granada and Malaga.

In the lovely city of Seville, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, the Reformation of the sixteenth century—as every reader of Dr. McCrie's "Rise and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain" knows—found its head-quarters. That city is famous as having in almost every age given birth to great men. In Seville appeared the leading minds among the Spanish reformers of the sixteenth

century. Its Inquisition was of all others the most dreadful, and its confessors and martyrs the most numerous. At this day, as if the soil retained its old qualities, the New Reformation is finding here a centre of union and action.

It was the revolution which opened a great highway for the entrance of the Gospel into Spain. On the 19th of September, 1868, the banished generals landed at Cadiz, and hoisted the flag of liberty. With the speed of lightning the news reached Gibraltar, and travelled over all Spain. The little Protestant Church, whose foundations were laid just five months before, now understood that the hour for which it waited was fast approaching. Señors Cabrera, Alhama, and Hernandez crossed the Bay of Gibraltar, to obtain, if possible, an interview with General Prim, who was daily expected at Algeciras. Scarcely had they landed at the little town, when the war-steamer which bore the general was seen rounding the point and entering the bay. A few minutes afterwards, the anchor was dropped, and Prim stepped on shore amid the rejoicings of the population. The representatives of the young Spanish Church were among the first, if not *the* first, to be admitted into his presence. "Are you of those who were condemned in Granada because you

were not good Christians?" he asked. "You are welcome," he continued, "from to-day there will be liberty in our country—true liberty. The reign of tyranny is over. Every man is master of his conscience, and may profess that faith which appears to him the best. You can enter Spain with the Bible under your arm, and preach the doctrines it contains."

These few words mark an epoch in history. It was Canning who boasted that he had called a new world into existence. With still more truth, might Prim have boasted, not indeed that he had called a new world into existence, but that he had unchained influences that could. He might not know the full meaning of his words; the changes destined to follow from the regenerative forces he let loose will be none the less on that account. The few quiet sentences he had let drop had in them more real power than the thunder of a hundred battle-fields, and sounded doubtless more terribly in the ears of Rome.

The church on the Rock did not delay. She knew that the hour was come. In the wonderful events which these few days had witnessed, she heard the voice of Providence, saying, "Behold the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it. Fear not, neither be discouraged."

The pastors separated, and spread themselves over Spain. Alhama went eastward to Granada: Cabrera departed for Cadiz, setting out on the very day—the 29th September—on which Queen Isabella quitted the kingdom by the northern frontier. From Cadiz Cabrera went on to Seville. On the 4th October, being Sabbath, he held his first service in a vermicelli manufactory. Each Lord's Day the audience increased. The room not being able to contain the numbers, they now assembled in the patio—the large quadrangular space in the middle of the house, and which is invariably paved with black and white marble. This, too, in a very short time, was crowded to the street-door. A petition, signed by 336 citizens, was now presented to the authorities, praying that one of the suppressed churches might be given for the Protestant worship. The answer returned was in effect that the time for such a step had not yet arrived; and the matter was not pressed. When the evangelist appeared in the street, the multitude pressed round him, grasping his hand, and otherwise expressing their welcome. Hundreds came every day to his lodgings, to obtain copies of the Bible; and the demand was far beyond his power of supply. The political parties in Seville were very anxious to enlist the preacher as a champion, and

they took him to the empty churches and convents, that he might address the people ; but Cabrera, refusing to identify himself or his cause with any political party, preached to them, as Paul on Mars' hill, "Jesus and the resurrection from the dead." He proclaimed the higher liberty which the Gospel gives.

On one occasion he found himself standing on the tombstone of a noted Inquisitor. The epitaph served him for a text. The marble on which he stood spoke of the great deeds which had been done in the days of his mortal life by the man who slept underneath, in the way of suppressing the heresy of the sixteenth century. Cabrera, noting the glorying epitaph, took occasion to refresh the memories of his hearers, who had not been reading the tombstone much of late, touching the services of the defunct Inquisitor, appealing in proof to the memorial which still remains of those services in the burning-ground outside their city. But, surely, despite all the cruel stakes which had been planted in the Quemadero, the "heresy" had not been so completely suppressed as the tombstone affirmed ; for here was he, the preacher, standing over the Inquisitor's bones, and preaching the self-same doctrines for teaching which the martyrs had been burned. It was amid scenes like these that the Protestant Church of Seville had its birth.

Writing of these scenes and times, we find Mr. Clough, in whom Cabrera found a true yokefellow in labour and suffering, saying (*Times of Refreshing*, January, 1869), "In this city—which has been for centuries a stronghold of idolatry, where men were torn asunder by horses, the horrors of the Inquisition perpetrated, Christians burned, and untold numbers assassinated for adherence to the truth; where even, but a few months past, an open declaration of belief in Jesus would have called forth the vengeance and unalterable vindictiveness of the enemies of the truth, the standard of the Cross is now boldly upraised, the Lord Jesus is openly preached, and songs of rejoicing are heard in many parts for the great things the Lord is doing for the salvation of souls and the glory of His Name."

Sometimes in the public piazza, and sometimes in the café, which, after the piazza, is the place of greatest resort in the Spanish cities, did Señor Cabrera take his stand, preaching the "good tidings" to his countrymen; and wherever he appeared congregations of from one to two thousand persons gathered round him. The priests raged and threatened, but the power to strike had been taken from them. Threats of death, written in chalk, appeared on the walls; but the courageous

preacher went on undismayed. The archbishop, unable to realise the new times which had dawned on Spain, summoned Señor Cabrera to his bar, and was not a little scandalised and amazed to find his citation treated with contempt. Alas! the once mighty name of Rome had lost its power. Like the descent of darkness in an eastern clime on the sun's departure, so was the rapid wane of the "Church's" influence, now that the queen was gone. Like the rush of vegetation when the ice of winter is melted, so was now the development of the evangelical movement. Tired of the husks on which the priests had fed them, the people eagerly desired the "bread of life." Whole Bibles were preferred to New Testaments or portions. Señor Cabrera had brought five cases of books with him; these were soon borne off by the crowds that besieged him. "What was this little bread among so many hungry people?" he asked, when writing for more. "Not five, but five dozen of cases would be speedily distributed." Other publications were scattered in thousands. The *Resena*, or historic narration of the first assembly of the Reformed Spanish Church, held in Gibraltar in April, 1868, together with an appeal to Spaniards by Señor Cabrera, its president, was placed in the cafés; and so great was the demand for it, that it had to be printed and reprinted

many times. From the country appeared persons on mules, who asked for Bibles, which they might distribute to their countrymen in the rural parts. From distant cities came letters, begging that a preacher might be sent to them to show unto them the way of life. Cheering signs, truly; and yet they awakened regret as well as joy—joy that the harvest was so plenteous, regret that the labourers were so few.

The next point gained was a suitable locale for public worship. We have seen how the apartment in the vermicelli manufactory speedily swarmed over into the patio, and the patio, in like manner, soon overflowed into the street. This compelled the Seville Protestants to look out for a larger and more commodious place of meeting. They found that they might have for hire a large apartment in an old suppressed convent—"the Convent of the Seven Virgins." It was cleaned out, and opened as a place of evangelical worship on 27th December, 1868. It was the *first Protestant Church* publicly opened in Spain. We find Señor Cabrera writing of it, "Our church, which should hold 400, usually has 500, hundreds being obliged to go away. The street is lined by men and women sitting on the doorsteps, waiting for the door to be opened; and the church is invariably filled, even to the pulpit-stairs, and

indeed, every available spot, an hour and a half before service. I get in with difficulty, and should be unable to do so, but that I am the minister. The congregation is composed of all classes, even to priests and soldiers. The services are held every Lord's Day at 12 noon, and at 6.30 p.m.; and on Thursday evening at the same hour. On Tuesday evening there is a Bible class; a singing-class is held several times a week; a baptism has been celebrated; and application has been made for six marriages, which will be performed when our petition to the Alcalde of this city (to hold them legitimate) is granted." (*Times of Refreshing*, April, 1869.)

We trace the onward progress of the movement in the letters of Mr. Clough, some three months later. "A steadily growing interest," says he, "is clearly proved by the fact, that those who have been once continue to attend, and bring their wives and families and friends with them. If we had a church capable of holding as many thousands as ours can hundreds, I believe it would be filled to the pulpit-stairs. At every service we are pained, for the sake of the people, to see crowds turn away with expressions of deep regret at their inability to hear the preaching of the Gospel. They frequently form themselves into groups down the

streets, and listen with intense interest to some voluntary evangelists, members of the congregation, who explain, so far as their knowledge and ability permit, the truths of the evangel.

“At first there was considerable surprise at our church having nothing but plain walls. ‘Where is the holy water?’ one would ask. ‘What do you bow to?’ would another say; and looking towards the pulpit, the only elevated object, they would bend and cross themselves. Inquiries have been made as to the price of masses, indulgences, &c., and when told that neither holy water nor incense was used, that crossing and bowing, masses, image-worship, and indulgences were disapproved of, they used to wonder how it was possible to worship without such appliances. By-and-by, when the service commenced, an interest was awakened, and almost any night the following remarks may be heard: ‘I understand everything said. I can certainly bless God better in my own language than in Latin.’ ‘These Protestants love Christ.’ ‘How awfully our priests have deceived us, by saying Protestants worship devils!’”

We have to add the testimony of the Rev. L. S. Tugwell, of the Church of England, and chaplain to the British residents in Seville. Mr. Tugwell is himself a most indefatigable labourer in the cause

of Spain's evangelisation. Writing 12th of January, 1869, he says: "The work has grown immensely. It would gladden the hearts of British Christians, could they but see the large and earnestly attentive congregations which now regularly meet for worship in the church. On Sunday evening last I went with Mr. Clough to attend the service; and although there early, we could not possibly squeeze ourselves into the church—it was literally crammed with people. At least 500 must have been there, and a great many more were unsuccessful in gaining admittance. I believe, if four churches could be established at once in different parts of the city, that they would be all well filled, whenever opened for Divine service. To visit systematically, from house to house, all the Protestants, I conceive to be as important as the preaching of the Gospel, to form Bible-classes for young men, to receive the visits of vast numbers of anxious enquirers after truth, and to establish Sunday and day schools. If this plan be energetically carried out, I feel convinced that Seville, which has been the most fanatically Popish city next to Rome, will become a very important centre of the Reformation in Spain."

The awakening was by no means confined to Seville. There was scarce a town of any importance in the whole of Andalusia in which it did not

show itself. It appeared in Cadiz, which, as we have already said, was the first to "pronounce." Signs of the new life broke out in the towns on the bay—inhabited mostly by merchants, and the workmen in the government arsenals—Puerto Real, Puerto de Santa Maria, San Fernando, San Lucar, and onward to Huelva. Not a few copies of the Scriptures had previously been distributed in these cities, despite the vigilance of the authorities, who watched with the utmost jealousy lest Protestantism should enter the navy. Inland, along the course of the Guadalquivir, the movement extended to Jerez, to Cordova, and onward, along the line of the Sierra Morena. It stirred the trading towns on the seaboard of the Mediterranean—Malaga, Valentia, Barcelona—to which some seeds of Christianity had previously been wafted on the wings of commerce. Granada, amid its great mountains, Rondo and Antequera, and Toledo, on the banks of the Tagus, felt the universal quickening. The capital especially showed signs of life. On the 23rd of November, 1868, a deputation, consisting of various nationalities, waited on the Government with a petition, signed by 13,000 citizens of Madrid, craving "liberty of public worship." The petition was granted. It was at this time that the congregation was founded in the capital

which has since so greatly flourished. To only a few of the above-named places could evangelists be sent ; to the others were dispatched colporteurs and Bibles—in every case the most efficient pioneers of the pastor.

We return to Seville, where the first Protestant church in all Spain was opened in the Calle de las Virgenes. Let us state first of all, in a short sentence, what we found in that city on our arrival there in October of last year. We found an organised congregation of converted Spaniards ; we found a school of evangelical theology ; we found the seat of the synod of the Andalusian Protestant Church ; we found a Creed, or Confession of Faith, provisionally approved of by the synod in 1869, in course of being printed ; and we found an appeal being drafted to be sent to the other Protestant Churches of Christendom, greeting them as elder Churches in Christ, and craving in return their recognition of the “ Reformed Church of Spain ” now constituted. A few facts under each of these heads will go a good way to give the reader a tolerably clear idea of the actual position, genius, and prospects of the new Reformation in Spain.

Let us speak first of the congregation in Las Virgenes—the eldest daughter of the new Reformation—the “ mother of the Spanish churches.”

We worshipped there on the third Sabbath of October, and found an audience of about 400; not more—for this simple reason, that the building could not contain more. It was filled to the door, and a little crowd covered the steps on the outside, although the chances that evening were against a large attendance; for a few poor republicans were to be executed next morning, and an insurrectionary outbreak being seriously apprehended over night, it was somewhat dangerous to be abroad. Señor Fernandez, the young minister who was accustomed to preach the Lent sermons before fashionable audiences in San Isidoro, occupied the pulpit in the forenoon. His sermon was a plain and impressive exposition of Divine truth. In the evening we had the pleasure to hear Señor Cabrera. He was grave, weighty, eloquent. The truths of the Gospel he presented in a rich setting of original illustration and metaphor. We could not help fancying that his treatment of his subject strongly partook of the massy thinking—a grand blending of theology, logic, and poetry—which characterised the English divines of the seventeenth century. The audience hung upon his lips from beginning to end. The Ultramontane organ advertised the Protestant Church to the Seville community in its own happy way. A tavern, it said,

had been opened in the Calle de las Virgenes, and it hinted that all who chose to go there might have plenty to eat and drink at exceedingly moderate charges. The celebration of the Lord's Supper by the Protestant congregation—about 200 sat down—presented to this journal an opportunity too tempting to be let pass of being witty. It announced that it understood that next Lord's-Day all would be supplied with bread and brandy *ad libitum*, and that Luther's coat would be exhibited for worship. A great crowd went thither on the day in question; and when they witnessed the simple, solemn service, and saw how they had been befooled by the priests, they went away in no little indignation, and the matter all but exploded in a riot. The writers of these smart paragraphs must be excused, however. They felt, doubtless, sore and mortified, for their grand procession of Holy Week had that year been celebrated with diminished splendour. The idols were paraded in great force, and the bells were vehemently tolled, but there was little enthusiasm in the crowd—and it did not escape observation, that for every priest in the procession there were three soldiers armed to the teeth.

Nor, when one considers the deep and bitter mortification of the priests at this sudden collapse of their power, need one wonder that their fana-

ticism overflows, not only in the columns of their own prints, but even on the walls of the houses. We saw nearly every street scribbled over, in black letters, with the words "MUERA CABRERA. MUERTE A LOS PROTESTANTES Y VIVA LA RELIGION ROMANA." (Death to Cabrera. Death to the Protestants, and viva the Roman religion). Occasionally we read VIVA CABRERA. The hostile inscriptions, which were the most numerous, were supposed to be the work of some very zealous members of an old Popish corporation. They show, at least, that the evangelical work is not being done in a corner, and that there are yet fanatics enough in Seville to do not a little mischief, could they only prevail on some one of the old Inquisitors to rise from his grave and head them.

The Quemadero is shut up, the stake is a forbidden weapon, otherwise there can be no manner of doubt that Cabrera and a few besides would have made the acquaintance of those time-honoured and orthodox modes of extirpating heresy and heretics. The press, however, is free, and the Ultramontanes are heartily welcome to use it. And they are using it; and they have fallen on a most ingenious device for extending its popularity. Our readers will hardly guess what it is. They have financed it with absolutions! The bishops of the province

of Seville met in the beginning of this year, and published an indulgence of 180 days to all those who should read and subscribe to their journal—the *Propagador*. The stake is a game at which only one party can play: the press can be wielded by both sides. Already the New Reformation has called into existence several organs for diffusing the light. It has two in Seville, *El Christianismo*, and *El Eco del Evangelio*. In Barcelona it has *El Eco Protestante*; in Cordova *La Reforma* was started last January. *El Christianismo* is edited by Señor Cabrera. A copy of it is sent to all the archbishops and bishops of Spain, and to the leading members of the Cortes. It discusses with great breadth all questions appertaining to the social and religious regeneration of Spain. Its articles are not unfrequently quoted into the political papers, and thus its sentiments find access into quarters where *El Christianismo* itself does not come.

We come next to the college, or theological training-school, at Seville. The Gospel must be preached to Spaniards by Spaniards. From every city comes a cry, "Send us a preacher." A nursery of young ministers is one of the first necessities of the work. The formation of such a seminary was in a sort forced upon the directors of the

evangelisation of Seville. In the first days of the movement the Bible entered the University; it was read by numbers of the students, and of these a few had their eyes opened, and of that number was the nephew of the rector of the University. These youths—some of whom are connected with the first families in Seville—were cast off by their relations; and now here they are, all living together, and studying together in the seminary in Calle Lista. We had the pleasure to breakfast with them one morning. The table was spread in the patio, or quadrangular court, open to the sky. We found some dozen of young men present, their ages ranging from twelve to twenty years, with remarkably open faces, and some of them giving promise of high intellectual power. At the head and foot of the table sat the gentlemen who superintend their studies—Señors Cabrera and Clough. First came family worship, then breakfast, then the recitation of passages of Scripture, from memory, bearing on the idolatry of the Roman Church. We were amazed not less at the accuracy than at the extent with which the Bible had been committed to heart. There are hours for rising and retiring, for meals, for classes, for private studies; morning and evening worship is conducted by the students in turn. Their text-book is Hodge's "Outlines of Theology,"

edited by the Rev. Dr. Goold, of Edinburgh. They read, moreover, the Bible in the original tongues; and when we chanced to visit the seminary they were reading the Apocalypse. We were told that they would often pause and exclaim aloud, "How like! Yes; it is Rome, and none other!" as the portrait of the Roman Church came out, trait after trait, in their daily readings in the Apocalypse.

Not one of these young men but has a history. Each has lived in two worlds. Take an instance or two. An English Christian gentleman, Mr. C. Gladstone, was one day making researches in the archives of the Escorial; he there met a student of the Romish Church, for a school of monks is now held in the palace of Philip II. He spoke a few serious words to the young Spaniard on the love of Christ. What was Mr. Gladstone's surprise two years after, on visiting the Protestant seminary in Calle Lista, Seville, to find among its youths Señor Pizarro, the young student with whom he had held the short conversation in the Escorial! "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

Take another. Señor Fernandez used to say mass to the workmen in the Cartuja, or China manufactory, at Seville. His popular gifts were such that he was appointed "Lent preacher" in

the San Isidoro—the church in which the martyrs of the Reformation, attired in their *sanbenito*, were compelled to witness mass, before being led to the Quemadero and burned. “He belonged to the Order of the Jesuits,” said Mr. Clough, speaking of him to us; “a bold step it was, no doubt, to receive him; but he had previously given good evidence of having transferred his allegiance from the Society of Jesus to Jesus himself.” It was this young pastor to whose earnest evangelical discourse we had listened the Sabbath previous.

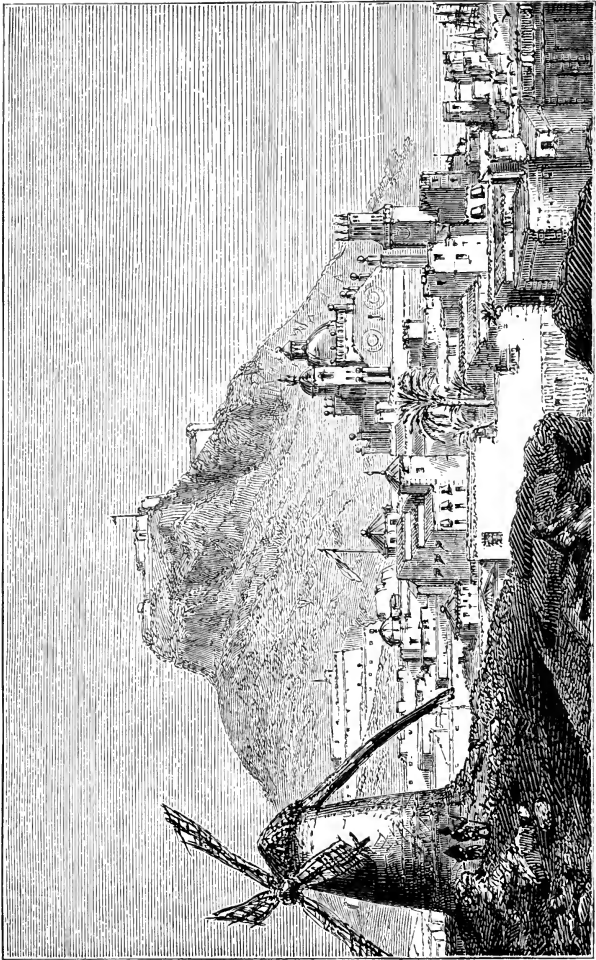
Another of these young students had been accustomed to dance before the Virgin in the Cathedral of Seville. These dances, every one knows, were practised at the Pagan shrines of Greece; and here are they still in use in the cathedral of Seville. And this youth, with twelve others, dressed in the Venetian costume—slippers and silken hose, breeches tucked up at mid-thigh, embroidered vest, slashed jacket thrown over one shoulder, cap and feather—was wont to dance with castanets on certain festivals before the image of the Virgin. He chanced one evening to enter the Protestant Church, and hear Señor Cabrera preach, and has never since danced in the Cathedral, or indeed gone thither at all.

A fourth—Señor Sanchez y Meneses. “His

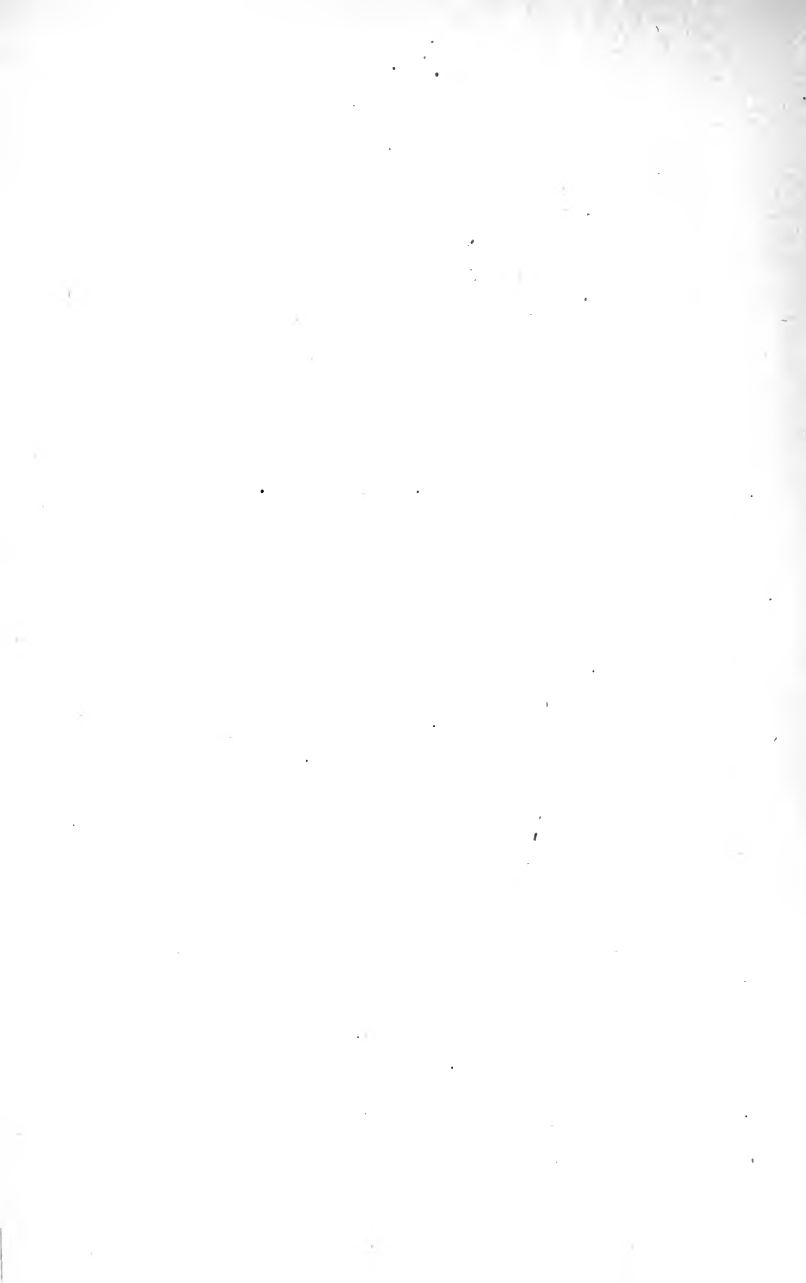
education," says the *Times of Refreshing*, October, 1869, "commenced in the college of San Felipe Neri, of Seville. It would take a small volume to write the history of this young man. The struggles of his conscience, the weariness of his heart, amid the rigid routine of his studies, and the services he had to undergo and perform, bowed his soul within him. Fasting brought no peace, penance no satisfaction, and the repetition of Ave Marias and Credos nothing but barrenness. When the revolution broke out, the monastery was abandoned ; and he, being freed by the law of his country from the shackles which had bound him, though scarcely able to believe it, for a time was as one stunned: He wandered about the streets, spending his slender stock of resources, wondering what was to become of him. He had heard distorted statements of Protestantism ; but, after receiving a Gospel-portion, and some other publications of the Spanish Evangelisation Society, he determined to learn for himself whether these things were so. The irresistible truths placed before him in the Protestant Church led him to openly abandon Rome. A severe trial still awaited him. His brothers and sisters and other relatives besought him with entreaties and tears to return to the Church of Rome. He endured days of agony ; but these

words came to his aid, 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' His decision was finally taken, and he now found peace."

This is the place for a few biographical lines touching one to whom we have had so frequent occasion to refer—Señor Cabrera. Born at Benisa, in the province of Alicante, in 1837, he was educated at the college of the Escolapios, in the city of Valentia. The Escolapios are an order of monks who have laboured with great earnestness in the work of instruction, and most of the distinguished men who have of late years appeared in Spain have come from their colleges. As the Escolapios are the *real*, and not merely the *professed*, friends of education, they have incurred the bitter hatred and persecution of the Jesuits. However, they have had their reward; for, while all the other orders were suppressed, the Escolapios were spared. Señor Cabrera taught with *éclat* as a professor in one of their colleges; he carried with him to the study of theology the habits of free inquiry which he had acquired in the schools of the Escolapios; and so, when he encountered the dogmas of Rome, he asked on what foundations of reason and truth do these dogmas rest? He obtained a copy of the Scriptures; but the more he read the more he doubted. The conflict in his



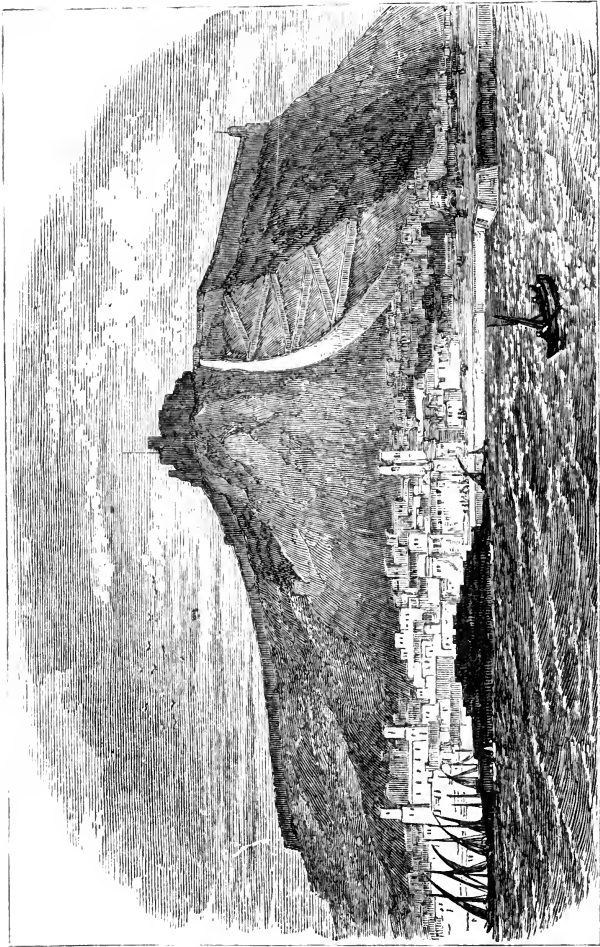
VIEW IN ALICANTE.



soul grew greater every day. Of his state at that time he has given us the following picture : "I began to read diligently pious books, and mortified myself frequently with the 'cilicio' (an elastic waist-band, covered with sharp points, which all had to wear every Friday ; upon drawing a long breath the band tightened, and the points penetrated into the flesh right round the body), and with the imagined consolations of the confession. But all in vain ; my heart was dry, my soul in darkness, my eyes continually filled with tears of sorrow and desperation, bitterness and sadness being my lot." A ray of light shot into the darkness ; it was the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." His trouble was somewhat assuaged ; the time was approaching when he must receive ordination as a Presbyter. He felt that his vow obliged him to go forward, and he received orders from the hands of the Archbishop of Valentia in 1862. It was about this time that the imprisonment of Matamoras and his companions took place. The eyes of Cabrera, in common with those of his countrymen, were fixed on the spectacle of men suffering bonds and imprisonment for the Gospel. How it affected him he tells us : "This event deeply impressed me, showing in lively colours the cruelty of the Church on

the one hand, which persecuted in the name of the Gospel; and on the other the faith and valour of a few men who did not fear persecution in the defence and confession of the Gospel they had embraced. And these were Protestants." This completed the great change; his eyes were fully opened, and he now clearly saw the vanity of the faith in which he had been born, and that the really Apostolic Church was the Protestant one. At this time, too, a Protestant catechism happened to fall in his way, which gave him, what he had not till then seen, a concise and fair representation of the doctrines of the Protestant Church. His decision was now finally taken, although not without a struggle; for country, relations, monastic vows, all rose up like "menacing giants" in his path. He obtained from his superior a license to travel in the provinces; he fled to the Rock of Gibraltar, and there became the leader of that little band of exiles and disciples whom the persecution of Rome was chasing thither, there to await the hour of their country's deliverance.

We return once more to the nursery of Spanish pastors in Seville. When we visited them they were but twelve in number; and it may be asked, "What are these to so many cities and towns, all ready at this hour to receive a pastor, and many of



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them earnestly entreating that one may be sent to them?" But we recall to mind that at a former epoch twelve was the number of preachers sent forth, not into a nation only, but into a world, to begin the work of its conversion. If the hour of Spain's conversion be come, these men will not remain alone; other preachers of talent, zeal, and single-mindedness will be forthcoming. But we must use the means; and what other means can we use but just the multiplication of such seminaries as the one in Calle Lista, at Seville, that Spanish evangelists may go forth, not merely by dozens, but by hundreds—nay, by thousands? If the waters, at present so deeply moved, shall become frozen over by indifference or atheism, nothing but some great European convulsion will be able to stir them a second time; and others, besides Spain, may have reason to regret that the opportunity was lost.

Since the period of our visit (October, 1869) the numbers in the college of the Reformed Church of Spain have been increased; and the Rev. John S. Black, of the Free Church of Scotland, a young minister of great talents and accomplishments, has gone out, to be associated with those who are engaged in the great work of training the first apostles of the New Reformation in Spain.

CHAPTER XIX.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AND CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Necessity of Order—Ends of a Creed—Meeting of Pastors at Seville in July, 1869—First General Assembly in Spain—Constitution of the Assembly—Its Work—Compilation of a Creed, or Confession of Faith—Titles of its Chapters—In Harmony with the Confessions of the Reformed Churches—Closing Address of Señor Cabrera—This “Confession” a Testimony to the Sufficiency of Scripture—To the Presence of the Holy Spirit—To the real Unity of Protestantism—Form of Worship in the Andalusian Church—Worship, as a Spiritual Act, being restored in Spain—Draft Address of Andalusian Church to other Churches.

THE greatest enterprises have often the smallest beginnings—at all events, beginnings they must have. The rivulet must be before the river; the handful of settlers, such as the Pilgrim Fathers, before the empire or commonwealth; the corner-stone, unseen in the depths of the earth, before the top stone that crowns the edifice. We see the corner-stone being laid of the future Church of Spain; its foundations are the twelve apostles of the Lamb, and the edifice to be reared upon them will, we trust, form no insignificant part of that glorious spiritual Temple which will yet embrace the world.

The root of the New Spanish Reformation, unless we greatly mistake, is at Seville. There the Church apostolic is springing up, confessing the same truths—only these systematically arranged and scripturally expressed, and wearing the same simple form—simple, yet organised, in order to preserve order, and guard liberty—with the Church in primitive days.

There can be no tree without a root; and just as little can there be a Church without a Creed—something believed by its members in common. That creed may have fewer or more articles; it may be more or less systematic; but something known to all its members—whether printed in a book, or on a single leaf, or not printed at all, but expressed in some brief formula—there must be, if there is to be a Church. And we should say, and it appears to be but plain sense, that the more clear, well-arranged, scripturally-founded, and comprehensive that creed is, the better will that creed gain its end; which is, not to fetter either the understanding or the liberties of the Church's members, but to minister to their instruction, and to guard their spiritual and ecclesiastical liberty. And we must say farther, that the more complete and perfect the creed which any Church is able to receive, the more it is manifest that Church has

progressed towards a manly maturity and a rational unity.

Let us now fix our eye upon the form which the Church is assuming at Seville. The men who there direct the work early saw the indispensable necessity of organisation. In a country like Spain union is a first necessity; for a congregation to stand apart is to invite attack. It places itself between two fires—that of political parties, and that of the priests. If the ground already won is to be held, and especially if it is to be enlarged, the congregations must stand shoulder to shoulder, and prosecute the work with the wisdom that lies in united counsels, and the strength that is imparted by mutual assistance. In the July of last summer (1869) all the pastors and evangelists labouring in Andalusia, with lay delegates from all the congregations, met in Seville. A consistory, or small committee, which had been formed on the Rock of Gibraltar the 25th of April, 1868—for at that time it was not possible to hold any such meeting on the soil of Spain—issued its summons to the Andalusian pastors to meet and deliberate on what it was best to do in the novel circumstances in which they and their country were placed. They obeyed the call; and in that land, where ecclesiastical synod or assembly had never met before, and

in that town, even in Seville—which was the first in Spain to respond to the call for reform given by Germany three hundred years before—did this assembly convene. They appear to have come together openly, to adopt whatever order or organisation the Word of God and the Holy Spirit might lead them to deem the best for advancing their great cause. They only felt that by the establishment of religious liberty as a fundamental article in the code of the Spanish nation, they had the call of God “to travail,” to use their own words, “for the propagation of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ in their country; and, in order that their efforts in that holy cause might produce the largest amount of fruit, they must march in one body, and work together in a common obedience.” The representatives of the Andalusian Churches being met, the consistory of pastors deposited in their hands the powers they had been invested with, and in virtue of which they had summoned this meeting. A new consistory was appointed, and that body proceeded to draft a programme of the more important questions to be discussed by the assembly. These questions were the preparation of a more correct translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Spanish tongue, the compilation of a Confession of Faith, and the enactment of a Directory for

Public Worship. Thus did the assembled pastors endeavour—to use their own words—“to consolidate the unity of their faith and their action, and to place their great work on an immovable foundation.”

On the 5th of July, 1869, did this synod convene in Seville. Presbyter Juan B. Cabrera, as president of the central consistory, in a short speech, solemnly opened the session. He recounted the reasons which had induced the consistory to summon this meeting of pastors, dwelling especially upon the manifest interposition of God in behalf of their country, in the establishment of liberty of worship, which they were bound to construe as the arrival of the fitting moment for forming themselves into a corporate body, and presenting themselves as an organised Church to the nation, to the Government, to the Cortes, and to all the evangelical Churches of the world.

The assembly being thus constituted, it entered on the consideration of the first point—the preparation, to wit, of a new and purer translation of the Bible. After a long discussion in that and the following session, the assembly unanimously agreed that the version of Cipriano de Valera, a new edition of which had this year been printed at Madrid, should be adopted meanwhile, and that

time be given for a careful revisal of this version, in order to the issuing of a new translation of the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures.

There came next the very important matter of a confession of faith—a body of truth, founded on the Word of God, to be held aloft by this young Church in the midst of the Spanish darkness. A commission, consisting of five members, was named by the assembly, to prepare, and lay on the table, “the project of a Confession of Faith,” in order to its being discussed in future sittings of the assembly. This matter occupied much time, as it deserved; the discussions upon it lasted from an early stage of the meetings onward to the 5th of August. It was felt to be of the last importance that no statement or dogma should find a place in that document which was not manifestly drawn from the Word of God, and which could not be clearly proved from the Holy Scriptures. It was judged also of almost equal importance, that every member of the assembly should, by discussion and study, make himself perfectly acquainted with every statement in this confession, and give his assent to it with the full conviction of his understanding and the full approval of his conscience.

The programme of “Confession” drawn up

and discussed consisted of thirty-five chapters, the titles of which are as follows :

CONFESSION OF FAITH OF THE REFORMED
CHURCH OF SPAIN.

- Chap. 1. Of Divine Revelation.
 2. Of the Holy Scriptures and of Tradition.
 3. Of Symbolic Books.
 4. Of the Trinity and Unity of God.
 5. Of Creation.
 6. Of Providence.
 7. Of Predestination.
 8. Of Original Sin.
 9. Of the Covenant of God with Man.
 10. Of Jesus Christ, the one Mediator.
 11. Of the Holy Spirit.
 12. Of Free Will.
 13. Of Grace.
 14. Of Justification and Sanctification.*

* The reader will observe that "Justification" and "Sanctification" are included in one and the same question. It was one of the leading errors of the Roman Church to confound the two, and thereon to build her doctrine of Justification by Works. The Reformation drew clearly the line between justification and sanctification ; and as regards the individual pastors of the Spanish Church, we can say, from personal knowledge, that on this, as on other points, their opinions are in perfect accordance with the theology of the Reformation ; and farther, we can say with tolerable certainty, that before the "Confession of the Spanish Reformed Church" shall be finally adopted, this blemish will be removed from it.

- Chap. 15. Of Faith.
16. Of Good Works.
 17. Of Repentance unto Life.
 18. Of Perseverance.
 19. Of the Perseverance of the Saints.
 20. Of the Law of God.
 21. Of Christian Liberty and Liberty of Conscience.
 22. Of the Civil Authority.
 23. Of the Church.
 24. Of the Christian Ministry.
 25. Of Religious Worship and of the Sabbath.
 26. Of Vows and Lawful Oaths.
 27. Of the Sacraments in General.
 28. Of Baptism.
 29. Of the Lord's Supper.
 30. Of Councils.
 31. Of Church Censures.
 32. Of the Communion of the Saints.
 33. Of Marriage.
 34. Of the State of Man after Death, and the Resurrection from the Dead.
 35. Of the Last Judgment.

The headings of these chapters are almost identical with those of the Westminster Confession of Faith: in substance as well as in titles, the two

documents are similar. From the same fountain of truth have both been drawn—the Word of God. And while the pastors of Seville exercised their own independent judgment in framing the manifesto, they have wisely availed themselves of the labours of the great minds of the sixteenth century. They have gone forth by the footsteps of the flock. Not less is the Seville Confession in beautiful harmony with the Confessions of the reformed Churches. In all important points the testimony borne by the Churches of Germany in the sixteenth century, and the testimony borne by the Andalusian Church in this, the nineteenth, is the same testimony. They agree in declaring man to be fallen, and utterly unable to help himself; they agree in declaring salvation to be wholly of grace, to the exclusion of all human merit; they agree in declaring that there is but one Sacrifice for sin, offered once for all, and that Christ is the one Mediator between God and man; they agree in declaring that the Word of God is the only rule of faith, that the Holy Spirit is the only Sanctifier, that Christ is alone the Head and King of His Church, and that He has appointed therein a form of government distinct from, and not subordinate to, that of the civil magistrate. In short, we here behold the Reformation rising from the dead; or, if that be too strong a phrase, awakening

from its slumber; proclaiming the old truths, and displaying the old banner, with the old motto blazoned thereon—"Salvation of Grace." Thus, after a long pause, the trumpet again sounds, and the march is resumed.

As indicating the spirit by which these Reformers are pervaded, we quote from the concluding part of the Moderator's address at the closing of the Assembly:—

"Gentlemen and Brethren,—Last year, when the first Consistory was formed, we only numbered six; to-day this number is tripled. Who can tell how many may be at the next Assembly? God, who knows His chosen ones, will bring them to the fold of the Good Shepherd; and, though some who are called brethren may backslide—returning from whence they came—we will not be disheartened, in the assurance that those whom the Father has given to the Son shall not be taken out of His hand. Our warfare is spiritual and not carnal. We fight for the cause of God, and must prepare for the battle, and by constant prayer seek strength from its Fountain, even Jesus Christ; so that our life and conversation may show forth whose we are and whom we serve, and men may take knowledge of us, and desire to follow after the Good Master—thus proving that the calumnies so

diligently propagated against us are without foundation. I charge you, ministers and evangelists, and all of you, to be humble-minded and filled with love. Be seasoned with grace in your preaching and conversation, emulate one another in Christ as becomes his followers, and be wise in winning souls. It is for us to employ the whole of our time, not in a party spirit, but in faith, making known the kingdom of God and His righteousness. The words of our mouth must be those of the Gospel, so that even our enemies may fear them ; and unyieldingly let us preach the kingdom of God, conscious that He is for us ; without pride or high-mindedness, for it becomes us to be very humble ; without affectation of worldly wisdom, our highest aim being to serve the Lord and bring lost sheep to His fold. Set apart a time for private reading, meditation, and prayer. Unless this be done, and there be much of the latter, the soul becomes parched ; and how can we communicate to the hearts of others a knowledge of the reviving grace of God, if we do not realise it in our own souls ? Satan does not cast out Satan. We have to preach faith in Christ and not fanaticism ; love and not prejudice ; and work that the old Adam may die, and there be a rising in the Anointed. Although the harvest is plenteous, and the labourers

be few, yet God, who is able to raise up from stones, were it necessary, children to Abraham, will provide workers for His vineyard. You all know the truth and importance of the observations I have made, of the great responsibility resting upon us, and of our duty to preach to all men the Word of life. Go then and preach the Gospel of Christ, and may God help you with His Holy Spirit, that you may faithfully discharge your ministry; and when we meet (God willing) next year, the Lord grant that we may be able to speak of His marvellous works and praise His holy Name, through Christ Jesus our Saviour, who gave His life to deliver us from this world, and who now sits on the right hand of the Father, ever making intercession for us."

We hail, with no ordinary measure of joy, this noble confession on the part of a Church just risen from the ashes of the Spanish *autos-de-fé*. We hail it on many grounds. It is a testimony to the fulness and sufficiency of the Scriptures. To the Bible the Church went in the first age, and there she found that truth which is her substance and life. After a long period of decay, she went back to it in the sixteenth century, and found in it more than the vitality and energy of her youth. In Spain, stricken down by the blows of Rome, she lay stunned and senseless for three centuries; but

once more she returns to the old Book, and finds in it the breath of life. What a wonderful Book is this! What a fountain of the water of life—destined to yield its living streams to every age and to every land!

What a testimony, too, to the presence of the Holy Spirit! “Without my infallible guidance,” says Rome, “you will inevitably err. The Bible you cannot understand till I interpret it to you.” Have Christians misunderstood it? In the first century, in the sixteenth century, and again in the nineteenth century, they have gone to the Bible, and on all three occasions they have found in it the same way of salvation, the same system of truth—salvation by grace. The guidance of Rome they did not enjoy: they sought only that of the Holy Spirit, and the promise was fulfilled to them—“The Spirit, whom I will send unto you, He shall abide with you for ever. He shall lead you into all truth.”

What a testimony, too, is this to the real unity of Protestantism! It shows that the Protestant Confessions, in the various countries and the various lands, are, in fact, but one Confession. They all agree, whether in the sixteenth century or in the nineteenth, with the Scriptures and with one another. It is the same truths which form the

Confession of the Church in Spain as in Germany—the same in the valleys of Andalusia as amid the mountains of Switzerland. This is the best answer to the accusations advanced against us by Rome. We can triumphantly point to great facts, and say, “We are not divided—we are one. Whether it be the sixteenth century or the nineteenth; whether it be France, or Scotland, or Spain, we read God’s Book alike. Ours is a unity that is celestial, and which embraces in one body Christians of all ages and of all nations. This sheds hope on the future, for it gives us a glimpse of the way in which our dissensions are to be healed, and the names of our several sects and denominations to be merged in some comprehensive name, descriptive of the whole Catholic Church.”

In fine, this “Seville Confession” is a new monument of the truth of the Reformation. These Reformers in Spain have had time, surely, to get out of the old rut; they are fettered by neither old associations nor by new ties; they appear, as it were, upon a new earth, unpledged either to party or to prejudice; they go as freely to the Word of God as if no one had ever gone to it before them; and here is what they find in it—just the same body of truth the Reformers of the sixteenth century found in it. A second time has the Reformation

been justified, and a second time has the Roman Church been condemned.

We ought to state that this "Confession of Faith," which is in course of being printed, was approved only provisionally by the Synod of 1869: it awaits its final revision and enactment by the Synod of 1870. We trust that, by the good hand of God upon the Spanish pastors, they will be permitted to hold their projected General Assembly of 1870, and to complete the good work they began in their Assembly of 1869, so far as concerns the framework of their young Church.

Farther, the Seville Assembly of 1869 framed a directory for the orderly conduct of public worship; that, too, in the main, is the same with the directory in use in most of the Churches of the Reformation. Their worship, as we saw it, is characterised by great simplicity, yet perfect order and reverence. The simplicity of the French and Scottish Churches seems to have been taken by the Andalusian pastors as their model next after the Divine model, enunciated eighteen centuries ago by the Great Founder of the Christian Church: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In Spain, as in all Popish countries, worship is a thing which is performed by the hands, not by

the heart. To count with the fingers so many beads before an image is worship; to press the stone floor with one's knees, or lick it with one's tongue, is worship; to dip the finger in the font of holy water, and sprinkle one's self therewith, is worship; to recite with the lips (as really a corporeal act as counting beads with the fingers) a score or so of Ave Marias is worship. Not only is spiritual worship extinct in the Popish world, but the idea of worship, as a spiritual act, is lost. The young Protestant Church of Spain is restoring it.

A Church is not to be measured in square miles, or counted by hundreds and thousands of members; it is to be looked at and judged by the truths on which it is founded. If these are the truths which God has revealed, then it has in it a principle of vitality which is inextinguishable, and it must grow. And, though meanwhile it may not cover more of the earth's surface than a single acre, or number more of the earth's inhabitants than "two or three," it has the Spirit dwelling in it; it is linked to God's promise and providence, and is part of that spiritual empire which shall yet cover all realms with its shadow. We look at the Church in Seville with the eye of faith; we see it founding itself on eternal truth; we see it framing an organisation for the diffusion of that truth; and we feel assured

that it shall one day—it may be soon, or it may not be till fiercer tempests pass over the nation than any that have yet visited it—be in *fact* what, as yet, it is only in name, THE REFORMED CHURCH OF SPAIN.

As a sample of the spirit that animates this young Church, we conclude by quoting the address it has just drafted, with the view of transmitting it to the older Churches of the Reformation.

“Dearly Beloved Brethren,—We, the members of the Central Consistory of the Reformed Church of Spain, united with you in the profession of the Gospel, and the prosecution of the same great work of spreading it over the earth, approach you, to lay before you our position and prospects, and to ask your sympathy, prayers, and assistance in the peculiar and most solemn circumstances in which we find ourselves placed.

“When God, by the establishment of religious liberty by the Cortes, a few months ago, opened the gates of our country for the return of the Gospel, we made haste to obey the call, and embrace the opportunity thus given us. We returned from the various places to which persecution had driven us; we resumed our posts in our native country; we gathered congregations around us in the various cities in which we laboured; and, God

prospering us, we felt how much it would conduce to the stability of our work, to its progress, and to the ultimate triumph of the Gospel in Spain, to give such organisation to our infant Church as should be according to the Word of God and after the example of the Reformed Church of other lands.

“Accordingly, in last July, we convened a synod, or general assembly, consisting of the pastors, evangelists, and lay delegates from most of our congregations, with the view of solemn prayer touching this most important matter, and taking such action in it as we might deem most for the glory of God, and the good of his Church in Spain.

“The first fruit of our deliberations and labours was a statement of doctrine, or “Confession of Faith,” in thirty-five chapters, founded upon Holy Scripture, and in harmony with the early Confessions of the Reformed Churches of Christendom. A copy of the “Confession” of our faith we herewith transmit, and beg to lay it before you.

“We also drew up a code of government and discipline for the Reformed Church of Spain, which we believe to be agreeable to Holy Scripture, and in conformity with the order generally adopted by the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth century. These documents are, meanwhile, only provisional,

and await the final revision and adoption of a future Assembly of our Church.

“Beloved brethren : It gives us unspeakable joy to say that there is at this hour a great willingness on the part of the people of Spain to listen to the preaching of the Gospel, and to receive and read the Word of God. And it is also with deep thankfulness that we are able to add that wherever we are able to send ministers there we readily find congregations to listen to them. This is the day of Spain’s visitation. Such a day it has not had for ages—if, indeed, it ever had such—and if allowed to pass unimproved, it may not return for ages to come. We are desirous of doing our utmost to take advantage of this marvellous and blessed opening, and we pray you to aid us, as you may be able, to acquit ourselves of this most solemn responsibility.

“We recall the days of old. We think of the confessors and martyrs whom God raised up in Spain in the sixteenth century—of the noble testimony they bore to the Gospel, and which they were honoured to seal with their blood. We cannot think that these sufferings have been endured in vain ; on the contrary, we assuredly hope that a plenteous harvest will yet spring from the seed they sowed.

“It appears to us that the conversion of Spain

to the faith of the Gospel would tend, above most events, to the overthrow of the great Antichristian Apostacy, to the revival of the cause of truth and vital religion in all the Churches of Christendom, and would hasten the coming of the blessed era when liberty and truth shall universally prevail, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the channels of the great deep.

“These are the motives which have moved us, dearly beloved brethren, to make this appeal to you and to the other Churches of Reformed Christendom. Your recognition of us as brethren in the Lord Jesus we earnestly beg; and we cast ourselves with confidence upon your prayers and your assistance in the great work which God at this crisis of our country and the world hath laid to our hands, and which, in humble dependence upon Him, we have undertaken.”

CHAPTER XX.

MONUMENTS OF SEVILLE.

The Giralda—The Cathedral—Change of Gods—The Alcazar—Its Airy Beauty—San Telmo and the Duke de Montpensier—The Throne of Spain—House of Cardinal Wiseman—Murillo and the Monks—Dismantled Convents—Their Size and Interior Arrangements—Strength of Catholicism in Spain—A Great Redemption.

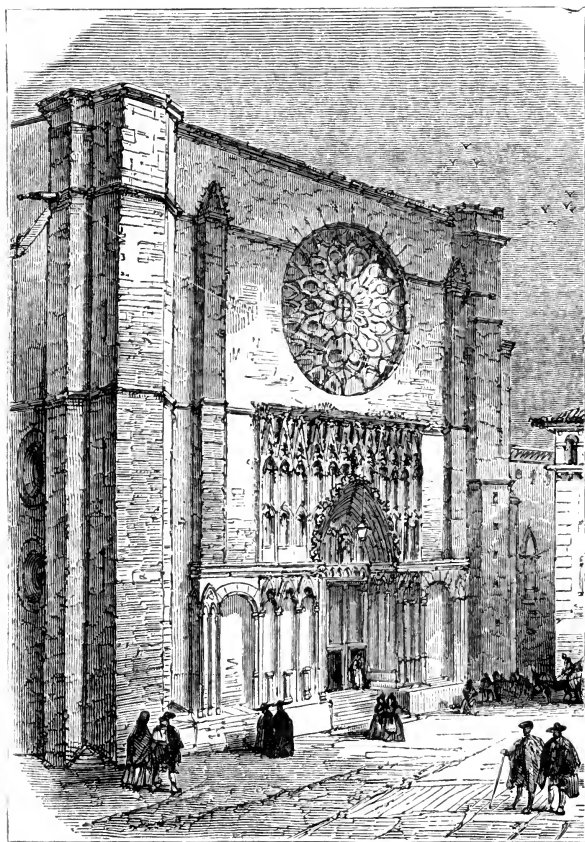
BEFORE leaving so famed a city as Seville our readers may look perhaps for a few words supplementary of our brief notice in an earlier chapter of the beauties, real or supposed, of a place which every visitor accounts it his duty to admire or at least to laud. It is with the utmost difficulty that the traveller from Britain can reconcile himself to the labyrinth of dead walls and narrow lanes, winding and windowless, which constitute the exterior of the Andalusian cities; but the delicious climate and the Moorish monuments no one can help admiring. It is on the latter that we mean to say a few words. We write under correction, for our taste has not been disciplined by the study of architecture. We speak of alcazars and cathedrals simply as they impressed us, and as that may not

have been the right impression—we mean the impression they would have made, had we been educated up to the right point—the opinions we express may, at times, be exceedingly heterodox. In one point, however, we cannot be far wrong—Seville was admirably adapted to the age in which it was built. But if the new Reformation shall make way, it will give us, among other things, a Seville much superior to the present—a Seville, in which the splendour of the palace will not need to hide itself behind the grated doors and dead walls of a prison.

We give the clergy the precedence, and begin our tour at the cathedral. Its tower, the Giralda—so prominent an object from whatever point the city is viewed—has been much praised. It would be worthy of all the praise it has received, were it as its original builders left it. The Moors put their hand to nothing on which they did not leave the imperishable traces of their taste; but, unhappily for the Giralda, the monks took it into their heads that they could improve what the Moors had perfected, and so they placed upon its top an ingenious model of a bride's cake, surmounted by a colossal figure emblematic of the Faith. The Faith ought surely to point steadily in one direction, but the "Faith" that tops the

cathedral tower of Seville veers about with every wind that blows over the Guadalquivri. It points northward to Rome to-day; it turns eastward to Mecca to-morrow, as if it felt a hankering after the creed of its original founders. But passing this, for we feel that some little margin ought to be allowed in these times, the Giralda, up to a certain stage, is faultless as regards its proportions and symmetry, and yields only pleasure to the spectator; but beyond that stage it suddenly effloresces into grotesqueness, reminding one of some staid and orderly personage, who all at once loses the balance of his deportment, and bursts into an exuberance of gesture and a vivacity of talk, for which we were not prepared.

Next comes the cathedral. It is stable, vast, grand. It is one of the largest cathedrals in all Spain, and that is saying a great deal in a land where the whole wealth and talent of the people were at one time concentrated on the erection of structures of colossal size. The ground on which it stands, and which extends to many acres, has witnessed quite a succession of fanes and worships. There rose here, first of all, a Pagan temple, of which the Phœnicians were the builders, and Astarte the goddess. When the Roman came, he found both a shrine and deity ready to his hand,



CHURCH OF ST. MARIA DEL PI, BARCELONA.



and without more ado set up his worship, simply changing the Assyrian Astarte into the Italian Venus. But in process of time appeared the Moor, and he was not quite so accommodating. He demolished the structure, which had already served for two worships; he cleansed the site from the defilement of graven images; and erected thereon a mosque, using for its foundations and walls the carved gods to which his predecessors had bowed down; and now, from the top of the Giralda tower—of which the monk had not yet transformed the grace into grotesqueness—was heard, sounding duly at morn and noon and eventide, the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

The changes destined to pass over this building were not yet ended. The Romanist came in his turn, the mosque was converted into a cathedral, and had to receive back again the gods it had cast out. Astarte, Venus, Mary, constitute the trinity of deities which has been worshipped on this most ancient and venerable of European pagan sites. Mighty pillars uphold the lofty roof. It is replenished with all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the pencil and the chisel, with pictures, with statuary, with curious carved work, with precious stones, with silver and gold. This, however, is a grandeur of another sort from that of the chapel in the Calle

de la Madera in Madrid, or the "Las Virgenes" in Seville. No ray of truth shines in this gorgeous temple. Here broods the darkness of the pagan night.

Scattered round its precincts are the graves of statesmen and abbots famous in their day, and some of whom have left their names not only on the marble of their tombs but on the page of history. Outside is the court of oranges, the all but invariable concomitant of the mosque. The Moors loved to assemble round their houses of prayer not the tombs of the dead with their glozing epitaphs and their rotting bones, but the fragrance of aromatic trees and the blossoms of flowering shrubs. In the orange court is the marble fountain whereat the Moslem was wont to wash. It is now, we fear, disused by the Catholic, who contents himself with dipping his finger in the oily fluid which stagnates in the stone basin at the portal as he enters to pay his devotions.

The exterior of the cathedral is more like a fortress than a sanctuary. Its walls, buttressed and battlemented, are suggestive rather of siege and battle than shrine to which peaceful worshippers may resort. It is not improbable that its builders thought it not unwise so to construct it, that, as occasion required, it might serve both purposes.

In that age the priest passed easily into the warrior, and the falchion was ever within reach of the hand that held the crosier.

To the east of the cathedral, at no great distance, stands the Alcazar, or "castle" of Cæsar. It was first raised in the tenth century on what had been the residence of the Roman prætor, by a Toledan architect, for Prince Abdu-r-rahman. Subsequently Ferdinand and Isabella, and the kings of their line, made it their abode. It is especially associated with the memories of Don Pedro the Cruel, and the gentle and beautiful Maria de Padilla, his good angel. Here are still shown the apartments of Charles V. and his bride, Mary of Portugal, and those of his imbecile descendant, Philip V., who lived here in seclusion, beguiling his retirement with fishing in the pond, which is still pointed out to the visitor.

The Alcazar has a beauty all its own. Its style is wholly unlike that of the cathedral; and, in passing from the one to the other one feels as if he had passed into another hemisphere, or been suddenly carried to the Orient. The cathedral is grand and solemn, the Alcazar is airy and graceful. The tall, slender pillars; the ceiling, here painted to resemble the starry vault, there all agleam, like roof of cave, with crystals and stalactites; the walls

in rich arabesque, or lined with glistening azuelas ; the abundance of light—all combine to make us feel as if we were treading a palace of enchantment. The dreams of our early days about genii and their wonderful creations come up from the past. The effect produced by the Alcazar is reached, not by the embodiment of a great conception, but by unwearied touches of exquisite beauty, repeated and repeated without end.

Near by the Alcazar is the Palace de San Telmo, the residence of the Duke de Montpensier. The duel in which he struck down Henry of Bourbon and his own candidature had not taken place at the time of our visit, and he was prosecuting to the utmost his claims to the throne. His duchess, who was quite as much set upon the project as her lord, repaired daily to the cathedral, with a long string of beads and a purse full of reals. The former she devoutly counted before an image of the Virgin, and the latter she charitably scattered among the beggars—a feeble attempt to buy a crown with prayers and alms. We may here state, what we believe to be the fact, without giving an opinion one way or other, that the growing feeling in the Spanish nation is in favour of Republicanism. The people are tired of kings ; and one cannot greatly wonder at it, considering the

experience they have had of royalty these three hundred years past. We do not lay much stress upon the political settlement of Spain, one way or other, for we are perfectly convinced that till the nation be evangelised true liberty is impossible, be the form of government what it may. The direction of affairs meanwhile is in the hands of those who are determined to maintain the religious liberties; and the balance—or strife as some may deem it—which reigns among political parties, is, in our opinion, a shield above the evangelisation. To raise up the throne of Spain will be no easy matter. It lies pressed down by a great weight—the blood of hundreds of thousands of martyrs.

Cardinal Wiseman was a native of Seville; and the municipality, who thought this “a feather in their cap,” have, since the decease of the prelate, placed a tablet notifying the fact in the front wall of the house in which he first saw the light. We may be permitted to doubt whether the municipality of Seville a hundred years hence will be equally proud of the fact, and equally forward to proclaim it. We have heard Hugh Miller remark that the book that continues to be read in its hundredth year is fairly entitled to be ranked as a standard work: it is the hundredth year that tests men as well as books. Spain gave this man a cradle, and

England a tomb ; but it will not go well with the liberties of either country if 1970 shall find this man's memory still green and his tablet flourishing in Seville.

Of another, also a native of Seville, we must say a word. He has borne the test of the hundredth year, and his works still delight us. Murillo was born in Seville, as was also Velasquez, of whom we have already spoken. The museum at Seville is small, nevertheless it well merits a visit, being chiefly filled with the masterpieces of Murillo. What a magic in his pencil ! He touches the canvas, and it lives. His figures are not likenesses, they are the men themselves ; and the spectator expects almost to see them step down and join him on the floor. The house is still existing in the Juderia, near the city wall, where, in 1682, he died. The monks of a certain convent were ambitious of having their likenesses drawn by the great painter. Murillo, however, had no heart for the work ; but in those days it was not easy resisting the importunities of the good Fathers, when even kings had to come, cap in hand, craving their pardon when they chanced to have given offence to the Order. The monks shut up the painter, it is said, in their convent till he had done their bidding, and so here they are, immortalised in the canvas

of Murillo, and hung up on the walls of the museum. But the painter has had his revenge, although it is of so quiet a kind that we dare say the good Fathers did not perceive it. Murillo has painted them exactly as they looked; and if one wishes to see the veritable monks of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—a fair specimen of the men who never failed to turn out in crowds to the *auto-da-fé*, ready to furnish cords, or to bring faggots, or otherwise make themselves useful in the despatch of the heretic—he has only to look at the faces on the canvas of Murillo. One sees at a glance the sort of men with whom the Spanish martyrs of the sixteenth century had to contend; it was the conflict of all that was refined and noble with all that was coarse, brutal, and bigoted.

And when we speak of convents, it is incredible how rich the Seville of other days was in these institutions, and how colossal their scale. We were threading a narrow lane one day with a friend, when a sudden turn of the street brought us full in view of a hideous gap in the middle of the city; the space laid waste might be some three or four English acres. This field of ruins was curiously picturesque: houses without roofs, fragments of walls, gables tall and gaunt, stood up in naked desolation; the whole forming such a group as one

might expect to meet on the banks of the Euphrates or the Tigris, where the ruined palaces of Babylon and Nineveh strike the traveller with wonder and terror. As if to complete the resemblance, there yawned abysses and pits amid the heaps of rubbish strewn over the ground. These buildings, it was evident, though within Seville, were not of it. They had formed a distinct community, being, in fact, a city within a city; the wall that once enclosed it, and which shut it in from the rest of the community, could still be traced; the ponderous gate, wrenched from its iron hinge and set up on edge, blocked up the entrance, lest any one should stray in the darkness, and fall headlong into the caverns with which the place abounded.

“What has happened?” we asked. “Has a besieging army been here; or has some frightful convulsion laid half the city in ruins? or what?” “Simply a convent in the act of being dismantled,” we were told. And now, better than if it had been entire, with roof and gateway untouched, we could gauge its size, and survey the whole arrangements of its interior. It had its walls and gates, its streets, its prisons, its law, its sovereign—the lady abbess, or the lord abbot—whose will was as omnipotent over all in it as that of the King of Spain over his subjects, and perhaps a little more

so. How near the outer world, and yet what a gulf between! He who crossed that gulf could never return to tell what he had seen or suffered in the unknown region beyond; he had passed out of the sphere of human help as well as of human sight. Whatever the horrors amid which he now found himself, escape there was none. He was under an inexorable power, which never opened the doors of its prison-house.

Beyond Italy even, Spain is the land which one ought to visit if he wishes to see what Popery is when full grown. Let one go thither and survey the monuments it has there left of its power—the size and splendour of the structures it reared for its worship; the wealth and genius it expended in their creation; the idols of gold, and silver, and brass, the marbles, the precious stones, and the pictures with which it filled them; the armies of priests by which they were served; the numerous confraternities which covered the land, the friars of all colours, the legions of monks and nuns; the lands, heritages, and tithings appropriated to their maintenance; and he will begin to have some idea of the prodigious strength of Spanish Catholicism when in its prime. Let him think, too, of the ruined trade, the decayed towns, the beggared population, and the desolated land, in the midst of which sat the

gorged Church, mocking by her splendour the misery on which she looked down. Let him reflect that the condition of Spain was, to nearly the same extent, the condition of every country in Christendom, and he will feel that verily the greatest miracle of all time was the redemption of mankind from this awful tyranny.

That redemption has been going on for three centuries. Down to the Reformation the power of the Church of Rome is seen steadily advancing. Not an opponent rises to oppose her whom she does not crush. At last she stands with her foot upon all the powers of society. The conscience and the intellect, the prince and the people, all have been vanquished. An eternal servitude seems to await the race. And so it would, had not a Divine principle come from the skies to quicken the human soul. The literary, political, scientific, and mechanical forces rallied, no doubt, to the help of that principle; but the interposition that saved the world came from without—was from God.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM SEVILLE TO JEREZ.

Adieu to Seville—Beauty of Morning—Railway—Cabins of Cultivators—Market-gardens of Seville—Enormous Cabbages, &c.—Want of Fruits in Spain—Rearing-ground of Bulls—The Bull Fight—Steam Ploughs—Gipsy Encampments—Faded Towns—Desolation—Jerez de la Frontera—Fertility of Neighbourhood—Evening.

NEVER shall we forget the sweetness of that morning on which we bade adieu to Seville. It was just daybreak. The hour of dawn has a charm in all regions ; but in Spain, where the purity of the air gives a rare brilliance to the light, it is specially sweet. The porter undid the bolt and threw open the gates of the Hôtel de Madrid, and as we stepped over the threshold, it was with the feelings of one who parts from old friends. Under that huge banana tree in the centre of the marble-paved patio, the splash of the fountain in our ear, we had sipped our morning cup of coffee. Its broad pennon-like leaves had covered us at noon ; and when evening came, and the moon was in the sky, with her attendant train of golden stars, there had we sat till almost midnight, noting down the thick-coming fancies. Now, alas ! all this was at an end.

This dreamy, half-Oriental sort of life we must exchange for rough journeyings by rail and steamer, and the likelihood was small that ever again we should rest at noon or eve under the shade of that goodly banana. Nevertheless, fare thee well, thou glorious tree! Other travellers will come and dream beneath thy boughs, and, after a while, they too, like us, will rise up and go on their way. It is under a fairer Tree than thou, and in a yet lovelier clime, that we must seek our endless rest.

We stepped out and were in the street. It was quiet and cool, and full of that chequered brilliancy—pencils of gold and specks of shadow—which morning brings with it in cities. There were few people abroad except the chance traveller, on his way, like ourselves, to the railway station, followed by a porter carrying his luggage. We traversed the spacious Plaza de la Constitucion, once the site of the Franciscan convent; but now monk and nun have been cleared out, cloister and cell have been demolished, and the place converted into a public promenade. Its four sides are lined with double rows of orange trees, whose golden fruit peeped out from amidst the fresh foliage of the boughs, on which, although thousands congregate round them daily, the fruit is suffered to hang

untouched till it is fully ripened. We passed along in front of the cathedral. Its portals were not yet opened. The hour was too early for priest, and too early even for beggar, who comes as duly, all dirt and rags, to ply his vocation amid these glorious aisles, as the other, in golden chasuble and purple stole, to ply his. Passing the cathedral, we held on our way by the Alcazar, under whose gorgeous roof no emperor sleeps now, and in whose gardens no fair beauty now walks. Soon we were outside the walls which the Moors reared around the "Queen of Andalusia," and which still remain in a state of tolerable preservation.

It was here, disentangled from the buildings and narrow lanes of the city, that we met the morning face to face. It was coming onwards, along the valley of the Guadalquivir, from the open portals of the East, bidding mountain and plain and city hail! Even the dull river seemed quickened into animation. The plain, too, was transformed into something like beauty by the magic influence of the light, and one forgot, with the flush of morning upon it, that its surface was bare and flowerless. The palms borrowed a new glory. High in air, mounted upon their tall slender stems, rose their feathery tops, fringed with the morning's gold. And then behind us was

Seville, its old walls and grand monuments looking fresh and young in the morning beam. We forgot for once the wearisome delays at the railway office. These afforded us full time, to enjoy the loveliness of the morning, and to note the fine points of the landscape ; and never had we felt more fully the beauty of Seville and the softness of its skies than now, when in the act of bidding it farewell.

At length the billets were all handed out, the steam was slowly got up, the officials, gathered in a knot on the platform, had consumed a reasonable number of cigarettes, and exchanged a very great amount of small talk, and all farther excuse for waiting being impossible, the train was put in motion. The course of the railway to Cadiz lies along the valley of the Guadalquivir. The general character of that valley is bareness—a bare soil beneath the most delicious of skies—yet here and there are patches of intense beauty and of tropical fertility. These are unspeakably welcome to the tourist, gladdening his eye, freshening his heart, and bringing with them memories of the paradise that Andalusia once was, and pledges of the paradise it will yet become, when the lamp of Christianity shall be rekindled in it.

We soon crossed the Guadira, and came to a little clump of cabins, and in five minutes after to

another and similar clump. These cabins reminded us of what one sees in the worst parts of Ireland; they appeared to be constructed of the same humble materials, timber and clay; there was the same air of squalor about them; only here the soft and balmy air rendered their discomforts matters of much less consequence. One need scarce care how open one's dwelling is where there are no damp, no chilly winds, where winter's icy breath is never felt, and where—if the land is without tree or blossom—the skies are always in smiles.

These cabins give shelter to the cultivators of the neighbouring fields, and this part of the valley offers a specimen of what, for Spain, is a very careful and skilful state of husbandry. The plough had been here, and the rich furrows which it had left in the dry powdery shining soil, seemed to laugh as they opened to the sun. The sower, too, had been here, and all kinds of garden vegetables were growing profusely. But these were such gardens as one might look for in the valley of Egypt, where the onion, the garlic, and other plants, drinking at the streams of Father Nile, rush up with a rapidity like that of the prophet's gourd, and a stature almost as lofty. Such were the onions and cabbages that were growing in these fields. They made one ashamed of the puny pro-

ducts of one's garden at home. To see these goodly products—onions, which looked as if some dozen or score of ours had been rolled into one; carrots, whose girth was like that of a young ash-tree; and cabbages, which rose on their stem and opened out into an amplitude of leaf almost equal to that of a banana—was to see a goodly sight, and to learn, in a way one perhaps had not had opportunity of learning before, what marvels sun and soil can do. But these exceptional tokens of Spain's fertility only deepen one's regret that so little labour should be bestowed where a reward so abundant waits upon it. Cannot the peasant see what riches are laid up beneath his feet? Hungry and in rags, he treads a soil whose bosom is a very storehouse of boundless wealth. He has only to stir the earth with spade or plough, and it will pour him out corn and oil and wine till his barns burst and his cup runs over. It is painful to think that thousands and thousands are starving in this land, and yet exhaustless magazines of food are within their reach.

The high cultivation of this particular spot is quite out of the ordinary course, and is accounted for by the fact that the fields we were now passing are the gardens of Seville, and that the vegetables grown upon them supply the markets of the city. While touching on the subject

of gardening we may be allowed to say that Spain ought to possess a better supply of delicious fruit than any other country in Europe. It has all the conditions necessary for its production. It has hill and valley ; it has rock and meadow ; it has every variety of climate, from the arctic to the tropic, for even when the dog star burns snow crowns the summit of the Sierra Nevada ; and when the winter solstice holds the North in chains the flowers of spring and summer clothe the plains of Valentia and Granada. And yet there is scarcely any really good or eatable fruit in Spain. The natives gather and carry it to market before it is ripe. The grape alone almost is permitted to come to its maturity. The other kinds—the apple, the pear, the peach, the pomegranate—are placed on the table in a state in which they can scarcely be eaten unless previously cooked. Italy and Piedmont, although from five hundred to a thousand miles more to the north, have a store of all that the tree and the field produce, and in excellent condition. But in Spain all this is lacking, and one wanders through a land which poets have painted as “the gardens of Hesperus,” to find in that garden no fruit, or fruit which, like the apples of Sodom, turns to ashes in the mouth. It is true all the while that some of the choicest fruits which are to be seen on the

tables of England are imported from Spain ; but these are grown chiefly by English cultivators, who bring the necessary skill and pains to the task of rearing them, and are willing to give the delicate manipulation which they require when ripened if their flavour is to be preserved. These good things the natives themselves do not taste. They are reared for the foreigner, and one cannot but pity the poor Spaniard, forbidden to enjoy what his own sun and soil have produced ; but that pity is apt to be blended by a sterner feeling when one reflects that it is his own indolence and unskilfulness mainly that shut him out from the blessings that grow so plenteously around him, or would, were he willing to cultivate his fields.

It must also be pleasing to the reader to learn, as it was to the writer to see, that in this part of the country English farming is beginning to make its appearance. Ransome's steam ploughs, and the accompanying agricultural machinery may here be seen at work. "Most marvellous!" exclaims the reader ; "how has this come about?" This bold innovation—and only he who has seen Spain can fully comprehend the amount of courage, as well as of benevolence, which it required to adventure on such a step, an innovation enough to make the Cid himself rise from the dead—was made by a

former alcalde of the little town of Utrera, which stands hard by. The name of this enterprising gentleman is Señor D. Clemente Caudra y Gibaja. He and his son have here quite a model farm, and the Spaniards may come and see for themselves what is in their soil, and what a little labour may bring out of it. We trust they will learn how much better it is to wield the spade than the sword, to cultivate the earth than to shed the blood of man, and how much more likely they are to enrich themselves by new modes of farming than by spending their days in inventing new constitutions. These, to us, seem self-evident truths ; one is almost ashamed to put them on paper ; but, looking at the course which the nations of Europe have pursued for centuries, and looking at the millions of men at this hour enrolled in the armies of the Continent, and looking, too, at the honours and other more substantial rewards which are allotted to the heroes of the sword, one is forced to the conclusion that these are yet undiscovered truths to the bulk of mankind, and that the nations generally hold it as an axiom that the earth is more fertile when watered by blood than when watered by the dews, and that the harvest of glory is a more enriching one than the harvest of grain. A great moral revolution is needed before Italy

and Spain can become again cultivated countries. In short, the Gospel must open the way for the plough. This is the order of the world's restoration as set forth in the old Psalm—"God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us. That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations." And when the night shall pass away from the soul of man, the earth shall cast off the curse of barrenness—"Then shall the earth yield her increase: and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

This valley seems made for peace. All things speak of it, and seem to woo it, from the serene sky overhead to the palm and the budding flower below. Yet there is a secret fire in the blood of its people which teaches them to find delight in cruel and bloody sports. Seville is the birth-place of the bull-fight. In this valley, and near by the place where we now are, are reared those fierce bulls which have been so renowned in the ring, and which, if the dread of the piccador, are the favourites of the spectators. Bashan was of old famous for its kine. The bulls fed in its rich pastures were noted for strength and ferocity. Scarcely inferior to them are the bulls bred on the banks of the Guadalquivir—a proof, among others,

of the richness of its pastures. It is, too, worthy of note, how much hero-worship in Spain runs in the direction of the bull-ring. The successful picador is a great public character, and divides the admiration of the populace with the priest and the statesman, and, as happens to other persons of eminence, his photograph is displayed in all public places. And to do him justice, his profession demands some valuable qualities. Without calmness, self-possession, and dexterity, he would make but a poor figure in the arena, and might come off only second best in its combats. The sport is brutal and brutalising; but till some great moral change pass over Spain, men will be found ready to engage these fierce bulls, and crowds will throng to the sport, and reward with their plaudits the last dexterous thrust, the lightning-like touch on the spinal cord, which lays the animal bellowing, plunging, foaming—an embodied tempest, in short—at the feet of the matador, still for ever.

But we go on our way. The country does not improve as we advance. We leave behind us the garden-grounds of the city, with their gigantic onions and cabbages, one of which were dinner enough for a Goliath of Gath. We leave behind us, too, that sweet little oasis where the steam plough is beginning to bring back the lost paradise

of Andalusia, and make the beauty of Hesperia no longer a memory only, and we come out again upon the bare valley, with its covering of white earth. There is nothing to cheer us but the sky, but it is bright as ever. Occasionally along the course of the railway come bits of hedge formed of the cactus, with its club-like leaves and its strong barbs. And, perched behind these bits of hedge, is seen at times a gipsy encampment. Around it is a littering of straw, rags, and chips of willow, with half-naked children playing about; and, as the train passes, one may see a soft face with dark Oriental eyes peering out between the folds of the canvas. Alas, that from eyes which bespeak a soul capable of being awakened to pure and lofty emotion, should be hid the light of truth! Poor wanderers, for whom no man cares—outcasts, even in Spain—it is yours to dwell in every land, but to find a home in none! The Bible will yet enter your tent; those bright eyes will kindle into yet greater brightness; and a morning, clearer even than that of your own East, will break upon you. Then your weary feet shall find rest. Then the Western nations will learn to prize and to profit by those treasures of intellectual beauty and Oriental ideality which you have carried with you, unheeded and despised, round the world.

The gipsies in Spain are supposed to amount to 40,000. They make their livelihood by selling sand, manufacturing baskets, and clipping and doctoring mules. To these arts they add the less reputable ones of begging, thieving, and fortune-telling. Any one who will cross their palm with even the smallest coin will forthwith learn what great things await him in the future. This skill in palmistry is taken advantage of by many who nevertheless affect to disbelieve it. The gitanos get drunk and quarrel; they hatch robberies and spill blood; and generally are at war with a world which is at war with them.

Their women, if not beautiful, are pretty. Their faces, though dark, are pleasing; their figures are handsome, their hands small, and their eyes burn with the fire of the East. In dress they show a preference for gaudy colours. They wear a red silk handkerchief on their head, tied under the chin; their waist is enveloped in a yellow boddice, slashed with velvet, and sleeves which leave their arms bare to the elbow. A red flannel petticoat, descending but to mid-calf, and bare feet, complete their *tout ensemble*. The men have something of a scowl upon their faces; but the looks of the women are more kindly.

Of the ride to Jerez not much can be said. It

presents a monotony of bareness. Thickly strewn throughout the entire region are the monuments of a bygone age, which strive to maintain a feeble record of the glory of the past amid the ever accumulating wrecks of the present. We halt occasionally in the neighbourhood of a faded town. These places look so forlorn that one wonders whether they contain any inhabitants; yet, on consulting the guide-book, the traveller learns that they have had a past of opulence and distinction. Some of them have given martyrs to the stake, emperors to the state, and grammarians, poets, and historians to literature. In the town just passed, Utrera, there is a tomb to Ponce de Leon. Not far from hence is the birthplace of three emperors, Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; and the faded burg, on the height above us, Lebrija, was the native place of one of the restorers of letters in Spain, Farana del Ojo, or Nebritensis. Thriving and gay were those cities then, and learned geographers were careful to note their place on their maps. What are they now? Places one is glad to hurry past. The very sight of them oppresses one. Sounds of life from within there are none. All is silent, as if the inhabitants were dead or asleep. The passer-by sees simply a collection of brown roofs, clustering round an edifice taller and bulkier than

the others—the cathedral, to wit; for even in the mud-built village the portly cathedral is never wanting. Up to their very gates comes the desert—not tree or shrub beautifies their environs. Perchance a herd of swine is scouring the common around them in the desperate hope of finding something to fill their lank forms, and impart to them a little more rotundity of figure. A few loiterers may be seen at their gates. Muffled up to the eyes in black cloaks, they look as much the things of a bygone age as their buildings. These men are not doing anything, nor are they going anywhere. Having nothing to detain them indoors, they have come out to sun themselves in the air and look up into the sky.

Soon we reach Jerez de la Frontera. The environs of this renowned wine-producing town are as tame as need be—they are simply an extensive flat, dotted over with white one-storey houses, and planted out with vines, which, being cut down and kept low, have but little appearance; and the absence of enclosures adds still farther to the uncared-for look of the region. Jerez itself, situated on an eminence, with its Moorish walls, its alcazar, and cathedral, and convent-towers, is not unpicturesque. Its streets are clean and spacious, and its general air is that of a half-Spanish, half-

English town. This it owes to the foreign element in its population—its large and wealthy wine-growers being mostly Scotch or French. Its central square, or Plaza de la Reyna, has a thoroughly Oriental look. It is a spacious quadrangle of tall white houses, with a row of stately palms on each of its four sides. It appeared to be market-day when we visited it, and a great concourse was gathered in the Plaza, gossiping and trafficking beneath the palm-trees. We had nowhere seen finer or portlier figures, and all attired in the ancient costume of Spain. Exceedingly picturesque is that costume; and with what a grace is it worn! Even the beggar wears his rags “as Cæsar wore his gown,” much more the Spanish gentleman his capa; and his bearing is all the more dignified that it is not his dress, but himself, of which he is proud.

We rode a few miles into the country, and visited one of the merchant-princes of Jerez—Mr. Gordon, the representative of an Aberdeenshire family which settled here a century ago. It was vintage time, and his people were busy in the vineyards. At intervals, along the fields, were laid down large white cloths, and on these were piled in heaps the luscious amber-coloured grapes as they were gathered—a sight for a painter. The



LA CARTUJA DE JEREZ.

quality of the wine is improved by the grape being allowed to lie in the sun a couple of days or so before being put into the wine-press. All around the land bore signs of most exuberant fertility. Every garden-plant was enormous, every fruit-tree was laden, and the hedges of cactus or prickly pear that lined the road showed stems like those of forest-trees, and attained a stature nearly as lofty. In the far-off East stood up the great mountains of Ronda, with snow upon their crests. By-and-by evening came, and then the glow of the sky and the tints of the landscape were those of Syria.

CHAPTER XXII.

CADIZ AND ITS PROTESTANT CHURCH.

The Ancient Tarshish—Where Situated—Indications of the Bible—Tarshish lay Westward of Palestine—A Mediterranean Country—Tarshish a Generic Name for the South of Spain—Proof from Classic Writers—Cadiz—Its Site—Its Beauty—Its Antiquity—Its Early Commercial Eminence—Its Vicissitudes—The Gospel—Cathedrals and Priests—Its Protestant Chapel—Progress of Evangelisation.

THERE is a mysterious region which is ever and anon cropping up in Old Testament story. The glimpses we obtain of it are dim and unsatisfactory; but, at the same time, such as to make us wish to know more of it. The region in question passes under the name of Tarshish. Where did it lie, and what was its character? There is no one passage in the Old Testament which, by itself, enables us to answer these questions; we must put together all the notices of it extant, and compare their meaning, before we can speak with certainty regarding it. Two things lie on the surface; it is a distant country as respects Palestine, and it is a rich country. We see vessels departing to it, but it is not till many months, and sometimes years, that they return. Moreover, the vessels that trade

with this region are noted for their size and strength. Destined for a long voyage, and built to encounter heavy seas, they are known as the "ships of Tarshish," just as at this day we speak of an "East Indiaman," or a "trans-Atlantic steamer." The products with which they return freighted sufficiently attest the wealth of the country from which they come. Gold and silver are among the articles which they bring back, and in such abundance that the vessel, as it struggles up to the port of Joppa, is seen to be laden down to the water's edge.

Let us hastily put together the principal notices of this country in the pages of the Bible, in order to see whither and to what region their combined light may conduct us. In Genesis x. the sons of Japheth are seen going forth to people the "isles of the Gentiles." This term always signifies in Scriptural geography the countries lying on the coast of the Mediterranean. But Tarshish, in the passage before us, is comprehended in the "isles of the Gentiles," and, along with Greece and Italy, is spoken of as having been peopled by the sons of Japheth. This so far determines its position; it undoubtedly lay westward of Palestine, and on the coast of the Mediterranean. With this, the earliest indication of its position, all subsequent notices of

it in the inspired pages are in perfect agreement. In the Psalms it is classed with the "isles," that is, the Mediterranean or Occidental countries. Its great commercial ally was Tyre, whose trade lay in the Mediterranean. The sailors who manned the ships of Tarshish were Phœnicians, as were also the merchants who owned the trade carried on with it. The port of departure was Joppa, which we cannot by any effort reconcile with the idea that Tarshish was situated in the East; for, in that case, a ship setting sail from Joppa would have to circumnavigate Africa before reaching its destination. Ezion-geber in the Red Sea would, undoubtedly, have been selected as the port of departure, had Tarshish lain in the East. When Jonah was bidden go *eastward* to Nineveh, he went down to Joppa, with intent to flee, of course, *in the opposite direction, westward*, to Tarshish. The "ships of Tarshish" were liable to be "broken" by the East wind. This wind, now termed a "Levanter," is still formidable to the navigator in the western regions of the Mediterranean. The seventy-second Psalm pictures a glorious procession of converted nations, one from the West, the other from the East, meeting before the throne of the Messiah. In that prophecy "Tarshish and the isles" are put for the *West*, as "Sheba and Seba" are for the *East*. In

short—for it were tedious here to go more minutely into the question—all the notices of Tarshish, whether in sacred or profane history, point with one consent to the extreme west of the Mediterranean—in other words, to Spain—as the country intended. There is but one passage (2 Chronicles xx. 36) which occasions the least difficulty, and that is a difficulty noways insurmountable.

When Tarshish is spoken of as a country, Andalusia, or the south of Spain, undoubtedly is meant. When it is spoken of as a city or port, the reference is to Carteia on the bay of Gibraltar, or Cadiz on the Atlantic coast, one or both. The Phœnicians had a colony in the western part of the Mediterranean. Their chief city was Tartessus, and their power extended probably over all those parts, on both the European and African shores. The freights which the ships of Tarshish brought back strongly corroborate this. Beyond all other countries known to the ancients, Spain abounded in the precious metals, and these were the chief attractions to the Oriental merchants. “Spain,” says Heeren, “was once the richest land in the world for silver; gold was found there in great abundance, also the baser metals. The silver mines were in those parts which the Phœnicians comprised under the general name of Tartessus or Tarshish. The

immeasurable affluence of the precious metals, which on their first arrival they found here, so astounded them, and the sight thereof so wrought on the imagination of the people, that fact called fable to its aid, and the story gained currency that the earliest Phœnician colonists not only filled their ships with gold, but made of the same metal their various implements, anchors not excepted." These are the precise articles which form the list given us by Ezekiel (chap. xxvii. 12) of the products of Tarshish, " all riches, silver, iron, tin, and lead."

It is interesting to notice that both Pliny and Strabo place these mines of silver and gold in that very region of Spain which is still famed for its mineral riches. The oldest mines, according to these authorities, were in a mountain where the Baetis (the Guadalquivir) rises, and which, from the exuberance of its yield, was called the "silver mountain." The richest mining district in all Spain at this day lies on the Guadalquivir, and not far from one of the sources of that river. The chief town, Linares, contains a population of 18,000, mostly miners; and just two months ago a "jewel," of greater price than all the mines of Spain could buy, was for the first time offered to its inhabitants. Mr. Benoliel, of the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland, visited the town, and preached in the

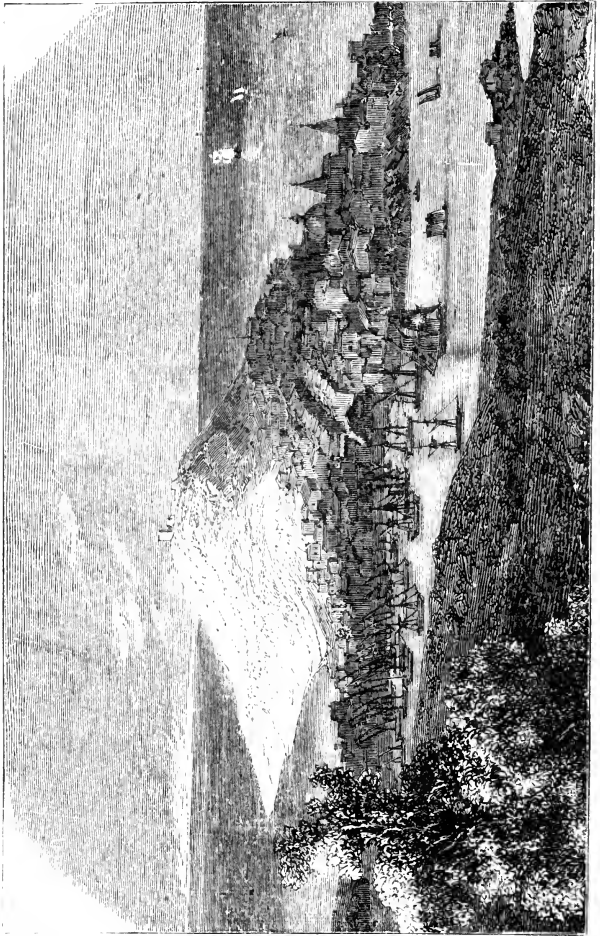
theatre to an audience of 600 Spaniards who "heard him gladly." "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."

This puts the country we are traversing in a new and very interesting light. A ray falls upon it from the past, connecting it with that more than classic shore where the world's true civilisation had its birth. And there comes, too, a light from the future, which promises to Spain a more glorious day than any it has yet seen. Inspired bards have mentioned its name in connection with the coming scenes of the world's redemption; and in the grand procession of nations who are seen, as we have said, in the latter day, bringing their gifts and proffering their homage to the "King of Sion," the "kings of Tarshish" are beheld marching in the van. Keeping this in view, let us lead the reader in fancy, as ourselves in fact, round the shore of this interesting land—interesting for what it was, yet more interesting for what it is to be.

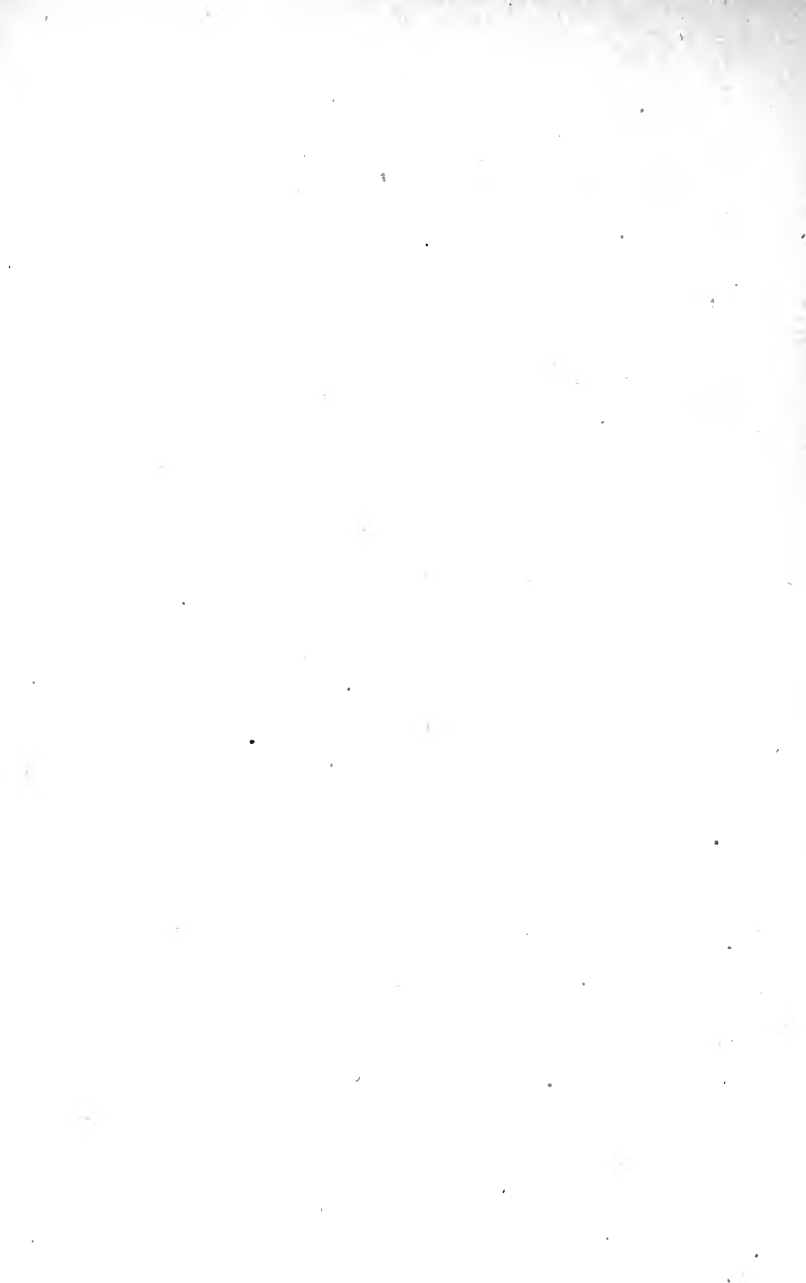
We start from Cadiz, which competes with Carteia for the honour of being the representative of the ancient Tarshish, when that term is restricted to a

single city. At the mouth of the Guadalete, on the western shore, looking out on the great billows of the Atlantic, stands Cadiz. Its site is not unlike that of Venice. A curved neck of sand, laid down on rock, runs out into the ocean, and broadening, ham like, at the extremity, gives standing room to this ancient Phœnician-built town. The houses cover the entire site, leaving only a narrow margin, which runs all round ; and being strongly fenced by stone bulwarks against the billows, and planted with palm-trees, and adorned with fountains, forms a delightful and fashionable promenade. When the sea-breeze cools the air, and the moon's silver falls upon palm-tree and city-roof, and ocean's murmur is low and soft, crowds of gaditanas in their black lace mantillas, and caballeros in their graceful capas, throng the alameda. During the heat of day the inhabitants mostly remain within doors.

Cadiz is perhaps the oldest city in Europe. It was founded by Hercules, tradition says, eleven hundred years before the Christian era. "Then," says the reader, "it looks grey and faded?—it has fallen into its 'sear and yellow leaf?'" Quite the reverse. Cadiz carries its age exceedingly well ; in fact, it is the youngest-looking city in all Europe. Wherein lies the secret of its perpetual youth?



BAY OF CORUNNA.



It is soon told. Every house in Cadiz is white-washed every year. The means are simple, but the result is striking. It looks a mount of snow rising out of the blue sea. In fact, we never saw anything so gay and pretty. Scenery it has none; architectural grandeur it has none; it has only the beauty of extreme whiteness, set off by green window-shutters and a fringe of palm-trees. The azure main which surrounds it forms the vast, limitless canvas on which this dazzling speck of picture is put down. It is bright and shining as a silver dish—to use the happy phrase of the natives, who call it a “taza de plata.”

Nor is its cleanliness all on the outside. The streets are well paved and carefully swept. In these respects Cadiz may compare with, if it does not excel, most of our English towns. The excellent sewerage of the circumambient sea may perhaps have something to do with this (for Spain) unusual amenity and cleanliness.

After Tyre, Cadiz was the great entrepôt of the ancient world. It was specially the link betwixt Phœnicia and Britain. Had we stood on these ramparts three thousand years ago, with look directed seaward, we should have seen many a prow pointed in the direction of Cadiz. Ascending from the south, and gleaming in the bright sun,

would have been the silken sails of Tyre ; while rounding Cape St. Vincent, on the north, would have appeared the adventurous craft which came laden with the tin of Cornwall and the amber of the Baltic. Here at this port were their cargoes discharged, and, being transferred to Tyrian bottoms, were borne off through the pillars of Hercules to the markets of the East. When Tyre fell Cadiz felt the blow. With the rise of Rome its prosperity returned. A second time it declined, when Constantinople was built and the ships of the East crowded to the Bosphorus. The discovery of America brought back more than the early prosperity of Cadiz. Again the white sails enlivened its seas, and the riches of Peru filled its warehouses ; but with the loss of the trans-Atlantic colonies of Spain, Cadiz sank a third time, and now its population of seventy thousand is barely half of what it was in the days of its opulence.

Cadiz begins to be enriched by better wares than any that were carried thither in the olden time from the mines of Cornwall or the shores of the Baltic. It was one of the main entrance-gates, in the evil days preceding the Revolution, of the Bible into Spain ; and the blessing it was instrumental in conveying to others has come back upon itself. There are now two Protestant congregations

in it—a Spanish and an English one; the first under the care of a native convert, the second served by a minister from Scotland. If report speaks true, there is need of some counteracting element in this community. It is made up of divers nationalities, and has but one thing in common—intense devotion to mammon and pleasure. Yet is Cadiz open to better influences: there is a salt of liberty, if not of Christianity, in it. It was the first town to “pronounce” in the Revolution of 1868; and we feel certain that it will rally strongly, in due time, to the flag of a truer liberty, without which that which went before will but little avail. The population has slipped from the authority of the priests, and the priests know it. We gave a passing look into several of the cathedrals while morning service was going on; and, judging from what we saw, we should say that the Cadiz priests are striving, by showily-painted churches, lively music, and bizarre dresses, to lure back the runaways into their fold. Nowhere have we seen such furious devotion. The drowsiness that afflicts the bishops-celebrant at Rome is unknown in Cadiz. The congregations did not average over a dozen each, and yet the priests were going through their attitudinising as if they were performing before as many thousands. They would cross themselves and bow, they would

fall on their knees, and again start to their feet, with a spasmodic celerity which made us tremble for the health of the good men. They flung their censers to the roof with so wild a jerk, that we thought the chains would have snapped ; and through the cloud of smoke, in which they enveloped themselves and the altar, they sent at times such a startling burst of music, that not only did it waken the sleeping echoes of the empty building, but, escaping at the door, it struck sharply on the ears of the passers-by in the street. To nothing could we compare the scene—the comparison is most irreverent, doubtless, and ought not to have occurred to us—but to what we have seen at a fair, where a dozen showmen were striving, by dint of drum, and trumpet, and fiddle, each to drown the other, and draw the crowd all his own way.

Will the reader accompany us to a different scene ? It is the Spanish Protestant Chapel, which—although a week-day evening—is filled with a most attentive congregation, mostly men. The preacher is an erect, spare man, of about thirty, with an air of intellect and energy, and without symbol in his church, or sacerdotal vestment on his person. We give his antecedents in a few words. One day, in the year 1854, a young Spaniard happened to pass

the church-door of the Rev. D. Sutherland, the Scotch minister of Gibraltar. The bell was ringing for worship, and the Spaniard inquired what it meant. He was told that it was the Protestant service, and his curiosity made him desirous of witnessing the religious rites of a class of persons who, he had been told, if they worshipped anything, worshipped the devil. He entered, and, to his surprise and partial disappointment, he could see neither sign, nor ceremony, nor object of worship, save a grave gentleman, earnestly addressing those assembled, with a book open before him. The discourse was in English, and the young Spaniard, to whom the language was unknown, could make nothing of it; but the sight of the open book struck him much. He inquired what book it was, and was told that it was the Bible. He had heard of the Bible before, but till this moment he had never seen it. He could not rest till he had obtained a copy; he took it home with him, read it, and embraced the truth. He showed it to his father and family, and the result was the conversion of the whole household. The young man, up till this time, had been studying for the Spanish bar; but, to use his own words when narrating the circumstance to ourselves, he now renounced the study of the law of Spain for the study of the law of heaven.

He was taken under careful instruction by the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, and in due time was qualified for doing what he greatly longed to do—proclaim the truth to others. This was the young man whom we found that evening occupying the pulpit of the Protestant Church at Cadiz.

This congregation was no exception to the intense earnestness which pervades all the young Spanish congregations we have seen. From beginning to end they hung on the lips of Señor Hernandez. Traders and artisans composed the bulk of the audience. On the Sabbath previous, three curés of the Romish Church were among the hearers of Señor Hernandez, as was also the Countess Rio de Molino. At the close of the service the countess came up to the preacher, and begged to be permitted to buy a Bible. Señor Hernandez had not a copy beside him, but promised to procure one, which her ladyship said she would receive from him next Sabbath.

Señor Hernandez brought out his congregational roll-book, and showed it to us. The reader is curious to know how many names it contained. He began his ministry in Cadiz in the middle of July, 1869, that is, just three months before our visit, and his roll-book showed a list of 100 names. But no name had he inscribed on that roll till first

he had examined the person who bore it, and arrived at the conclusion that, in the judgment of charity, he or she had undergone a saving change of character. Three times the number had solicited enrolment, but he had accepted of those only, who, he had ground to believe, would abide steadfastly in the profession of the faith. On the evening of our attendance at the chapel, the wife of the secretary of the prefect, and the chief magistrate of Cadiz, the *alcalde*, were in the congregation. The presence of the latter struck us the more, from our recollecting a fact told us on the eve of our departure for Spain. A friend of the writer's, the Rev. William Tasker, of Edinburgh, having, some dozen years ago been stationed for a few months on the Rock of Gibraltar, paid a visit to Cadiz. On the day of his arrival he gave away one or two copies of the Bible. He was roused from sleep at midnight by the *alcalde* and police thundering at his bedroom door. When they had got admittance, they clamorously accused him of violating the laws of Spain, and demanded that he should quit the city that very night. He sailed in the steamer that left for the Rock at six o'clock in the morning. It did strike us, as a sign of the times, that, not indeed the same man, but the same functionary, who had

driven out our friend in such hot haste, was present that evening in the Protestant congregation, and listening to the preaching of the Word of God.

A hundred converted men in a city like Cadiz ! What a power ! And these but the first fruits—the creation of three short months. “Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows ?” Already do we begin to see the head of the advancing processions, which, coming from different quarters, are to lay their offerings at the feet of that Great King, whose sceptre both hemispheres shall obey. “The kings of Tarshish, and of the isles, shall bring presents : the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him : all nations shall serve Him.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

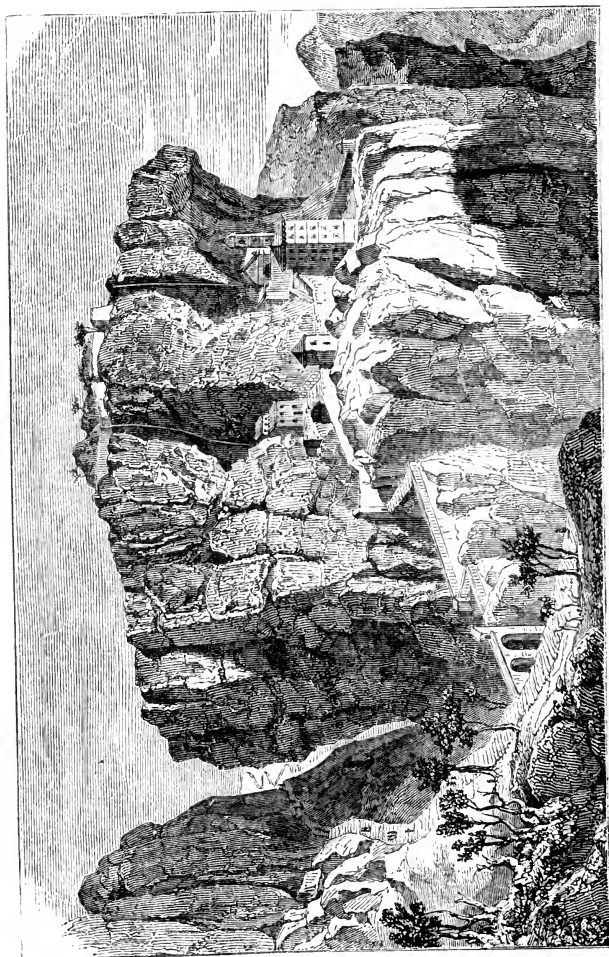
FROM CADIZ TO GIBRALTAR.

Embarcation—Cadiz from the Bay—Coast of Spain Southward—Cape Trafalgar—The Battle—Africa—Tarifa—The Straits—A Levanter—Algeciras—Scenery of the Bay—Walk round the Bay—The Palmones and Guadارانque—Ruins of Tartessus or Carteia—Spanish Lines—British Lines—The Rock—A Warrior in Steel—Moral Uses of the Rock as a British Possession.

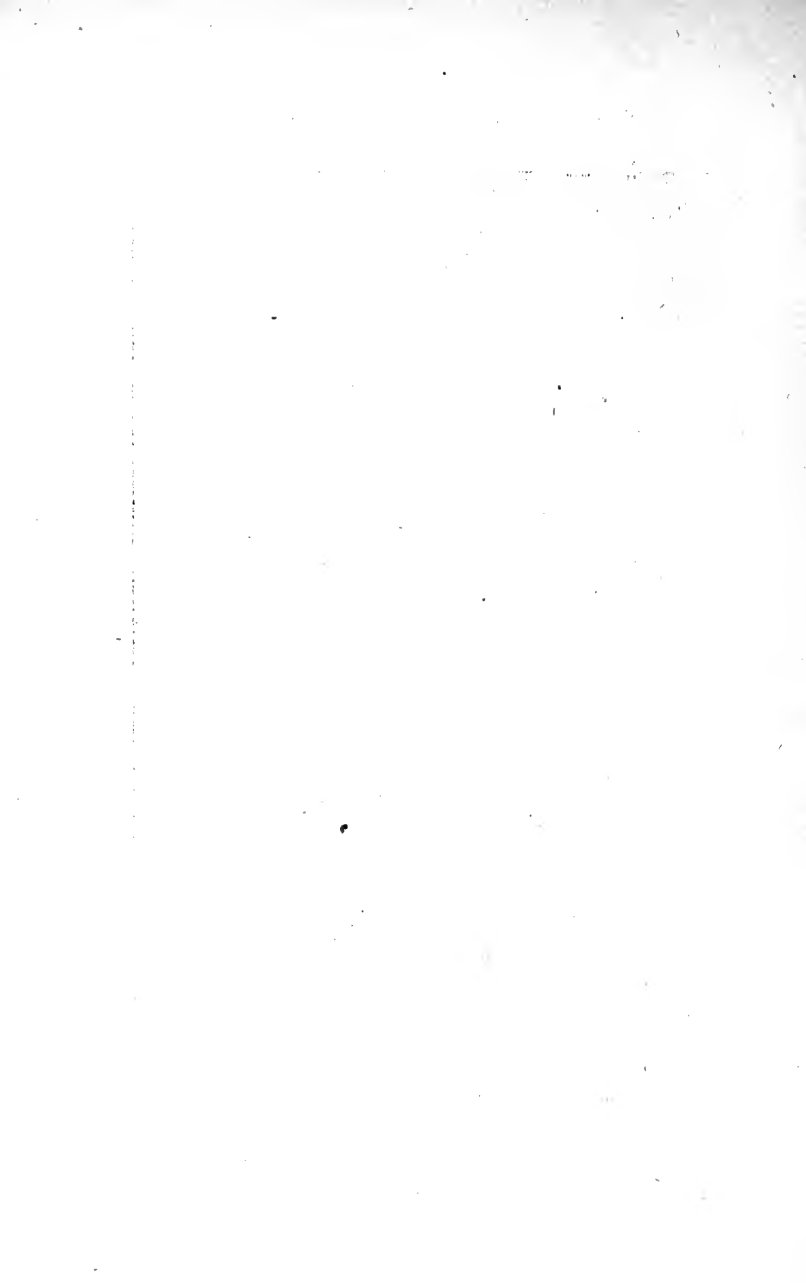
THE steamer in which we left Cadiz lay anchored in the middle of the bay. When we got on board—which we did with some difficulty, for our skiff had to tack against a head wind, and as misfortunes never come single, we ran foul of other craft, and were a whole hour on the voyage—we saw this, the oldest of European cities, to more advantage than when on shore. It was white and glistening, like a celestial city. It had, too, innumerable turrets atop, for every house has its observatory; and to this array of pinnacles the cathedrals and churches added their yet more imposing towers, giving a grand appearance indeed to the little town. We steamed slowly out of the bay, which is more like a vast lake than a harbour, being about twenty miles in circumference; we rounded

the tall snow-white lighthouse, which stands on the extremity of a reef of rocks, which runs out some way into the ocean, and once saved Cadiz from destruction. The great earthquake which swallowed up nearly the whole of Lisbon in 1755 sent a huge wave along the coast, which would without remedy have engulfed Cadiz, and left its site, like that of her renowned sister Tyre, a place for fishermen to spread their nets upon, had not this reef broken the force, and changed the direction of the mighty billow. Rolling away into the Atlantic, and spending its force there, it left the little Cadiz undisturbed on the site on which Hercules—*i.e.* the Phœnicians, the real Hercules—had placed it twenty-eight centuries before.

All sail set, we bore away to the south. The snow-white Cadiz sunk into the blue wave. The coast of Spain kept in sight on the larboard, but fell back, and swept on in a great crescent, which at its southern extremity displayed a lofty-peaked mountain, which stood up like a great horn. It was bare, scalpy-looking, noways picturesque, but prominent, and grew bigger and bluffer as we neared it—and now we could see that it bore a tower atop. We inquired its name. The answer made our pulse beat quicker, as what British pulse would it not? TRAFALGAR! So, then, we were



DEFILES OF CORUNNA.



gazing on the scene of Nelson's crowning victory. There has been no naval engagement since the destruction of the Armada which has so greatly influenced the destinies of Europe, and, by consequence, of the world, as the battle fought at the foot of this bluff headland. Had Napoleon won, despotism would have got a half century's lease of power; for the way would have been opened for the realisation of those projects of universal empire which he was then meditating. The issue, however, made Britain mistress of the seas, and determined that, probably before the century in which "Trafalgar" was fought shall have run out, freedom of conscience will be the law of the world. Great Britain is quite as much mistress of the seas to-day as she was on the morrow after "Trafalgar;" nor are there any symptoms at this hour of her losing her naval supremacy. Britain, being mistress of the seas, is mistress of two-thirds of the globe we live on. And when we throw in the nowadays contemptible space of dry land of which she is also mistress, we find that the portion of the world covered by her flag is by much the larger half of the whole. And let us think what that flag is becoming in the eyes of all the nations of the earth. It is the symbol of a power which appears to them marvellous, united to a justice and an honour

which appear even more marvellous. Not a tribe is there on the earth that would not mourn were Britain to fall, feeling that the shield of a mighty protectress had been withdrawn. As we sailed over the spot where the men who fought on the 21st of October, 1805, shed their blood, we felt that this great victory had not been over-estimated ; that it was one of the turning points of history, and a stride towards that grand emancipation for which the world groans.

A breeze sprang up off Cape Trafalgar. The waves danced and played around the foot of the headland where the great battle had been fought. The gale kept freshening, and now the main was freckled all over to the horizon with white crests. We reefed all sail. By-and-by a grand sight showed itself. Old Africa rose above the waters. Its dark mountains came in a crowd, tumultuous and grand, but a dimness shaded its shore. As we ploughed our way to the south, along the stony flanks of Trafalgar, we could, by-and-by, distinctly make out, glimmering on its coast, the white dwellings of Tangiers. Many memories did the sight of that land call up ; the "wonders" done of old "in the field of Zoan," the Pharaohs that once ruled in "Ham's land," the destinies that still await it, and the fate of that intrepid traveller—pioneer of

its liberation from the worst of all tyrants, sheer brutish ignorance — who five years ago passed within its mysterious confines, and has not returned since. Sleeps he in the grave? or lives he still, heroically going on his way, in hunger and in thirst, under burning suns and freezing cold, amid savage beasts, and yet more savage men?

We were now near Tarifa, which nestles quite at the mouth of the Straits, amid the spurs of the great mountains which form the south-western extremity of Europe. This little town is equally famous in the history of Roman conquest and of Moorish adventure; for sitting, as it does, at one of the main entrances of Spain—the Calais of the Iberian peninsula — its possession has been the object of many a bloody contest. It is still renowned for the bravery of its men and the delicious quality of its oranges; though where there is soil to produce the latter we could not imagine, for nothing met the eye around it save great rocks, which ran out in a bristling reef into the sea, with the billows breaking over them in cataracts of foam, and giving augury of what we might look for when we should open the Straits of Gibraltar, and face the Levanter, which was now blowing.

In a few minutes we bore into the Straits, and were fairly under weigh on the

“ Blue sea’s waves,
Where Calpe looks on Afric.”

Now the scene opened in all its grandeur. On the right rose the giant forms of “Mauritania’s mountains,” their tops buried in the haze which the Levanter brought with it. On the left, running on in a lofty wall of alternate headland and ravine, embosoming plantations of the cork tree, was Europe. The space between the two continents was filled with the great seas which the Levanter, as it met the current, which always sets in here from the Atlantic, heaped up and rolled before it. We breasted the billows, we rolled down into the trough; but no harm befell us. Only we had a taste of that “east wind” which the “ships of Tarshish” sometimes encountered on their return voyage, and from which they did not always escape so scathless as we now did. We passed numerous craft—for we were now on that great highway along which is borne the world’s commerce—all bearing westward under bare poles. When we were about half way up the Straits, a great mountain, one of the giants of the earth, stood forward into the ocean from the European shore. We could not possibly mistake it; we

knew that the flag of England floated on its lofty summit—the symbol of a greater power than the fabled Hercules, with whose exploits tradition had filled this region, and in whose honour it had appropriated this very “Rock,” for we were now gazing on one of the pillars of Hercules. After another hour and a half’s steaming we hove round, and entering the quiet bay at the foot of the great mountain, we cast anchor off the little town of Algeciras.

The anchor was hardly down when there gathered round the steamer quite a shoal of small craft, rowed by savage-looking men, gesticulating and shouting wildly for “fares.” We should have run some risk of being torn in pieces, or tumbled into the surf, which broke in huge ground-swells on the shore, had not accident given the Spanish captain an interest in our safe landing. This man had been entrusted at Cadiz with despatches “On Her Majesty’s Service,” addressed to the admiral commanding on the station of Gibraltar; but, as he was to sail next morning for Algeria without touching at the “Rock,” he begged us, the only Englishmen on board, to do him the favour of conveying the despatches to Gibraltar. This, of course, we willingly undertook to do, and accordingly he took care to commit us to the least savage

of the crowd and the most seaworthy of the boats which pressed round the steamer, and soon thereafter we were safely deposited on the heap of stones which serves for a pier.

Poor, barbarous, beggared Algeciras! It, too, has lived through many eras, and seen mighty empires pass away. It sat here, on this same shore, when the Persian was reigning; hither has come Phœnician, and Roman, and Moor, and Goth. Christian crusader and Saracenic knight have met before it. Under its walls mighty hosts have contended. It is now a miserable place, and one can scarce realise or credit its past grandeur. Its position is fine; it reminded us of that of Burntisland as respects Edinburgh. Looking across the bay is seen the giant form of the "Rock," just as looking across the Frith of Forth is seen Arthur's Seat; and to perfect the resemblance, "Old Gib," as the Levanter was blowing, wore a "nightcap" of mist. The moon was now out, and the scene was still and lovely; and felt to be so all the more after a day's tossing. There was the quiet bay; the magnificent mountain, which, though five miles away, seemed to rise right above one, the lights of Gibraltar gleaming at its feet, and the dark shadows of the vessels which lay motionless on the tide. By the gate of Algeciras did the Moor enter Spain; by

the same gate did Prim and Serrano enter it in 1868; and by this gate did a greater power than either enter it, for here were spoken the memorable words of Prim to Cabrera, "You may enter Spain with the Bible under your arm." These words mark another of history's grand landmarks. They fell quietly, but they had in them more real power than the thunder of a hundred battle-fields. It was CANNING who boasted that he had called a new world into existence. Prim might have repeated the boast, had he understood the full import of the edict that had passed his lips. A new world he could not create, but he had unchained forces that could.

Next morning, instead of being ferried across the bay, we resolved to walk round it, and enter Gibraltar on foot. The journey is a dozen miles. Road there can scarce be said to be; and the population, demoralised by smuggling, is the most lawless and daring in the Peninsula. This latter fact, however, we did not know at the time. Toil we felt none, and if danger we incurred, we were amply recompensed by the magnificent views which every step presented, and the historic, and once populous and luxurious, sites, now grass-grown, over which our walk led us. The most prominent object in the scene was, of course, the

“Rock;” every few paces showed it under a different aspect, and in each aspect it was majestic. In some it strikingly reminded us of Arthur’s Seat; it had the same lion-like form, the same couchant attitude, only it was six times bigger. Through the opening of the bay on the right were seen the mountains of Africa; and behind the towering summits of the front range stood up the yet mightier summits of Mount Atlas, that great giant on whose shoulder the ancients placed the burden of the globe. The only burden he bore when we beheld him was the snow of immemorial winters. On our left, in the eastern horizon, were the mountains of Ronda and the snowy crests of the Sierra Nevada.

Our path was now the sandy beach, now the trackless plain, with an occasional half-mile of ancient road; but we could not stray; we had simply to steer upon the “Rock,” and that was a beacon which we could not miss. The half-naked population through which we passed bore about them an air which made us sorely mistrust them; but every mile or so brought us to the Spanish patrol. We had to halt on the banks of the Palmones, and next on those of the Guadارانque, till a chance passenger should turn up, and then we were ferried across in very primitive fashion. On

the sloping ground beyond the latter river we saw on the left the poor farm-house which marks the spot where stood the Tartessus of the Phœnicians and the Carteia of the Greeks. Ferns and stubble-land, from amid which looked out fragments of city walls and the dim traces of an amphitheatre, covered the spot where the merchants of the East were wont to meet those of the West, and chaffer over their bargains. Here Scipio Africanus fought, while the galleys of Rome crowded that bay; and hither fled the younger Pompey after his defeat. Fighters and traffickers are alike departed, and the shore is abandoned to silence. When we passed it by, a solitary Spaniard, wrapped in a brown cloak, and attended by two dogs, was coming along the rough road that leads down from the old site, driving before him a little herd of cows.

Here we fell in with what might have been an adventure. At a turning of the road, where a thicket of trees shaded the path, we saw a fellow in rags waiting for us. He was about twenty-two, tall, and muscular. We shrewdly guessed that his object was to beg or rob. We had no weapon of defence save our umbrella, but we settled it with ourselves that the civilised man ought to be more than a match for the barbarian, unless, indeed, it comes to a physical struggle. We walked on with-

out slackening our pace, or showing the least signs of fear, which indeed we did not feel; and when we came up with him, we took care that our eyes should meet his. He appeared to give way a little, but growled out "*I want mooney.*" We made as if we might not decline his suit, but looked him always broadly in the face. Our object was to lead him on till we should reach the beach, where we knew we would be under the protection of the Spanish patrol. He kept growling out his demands and threats, wheeling round us with the agility of a tiger, but not an instant did we let his eye escape from ours. In this fashion we led him on a quarter of a mile or so, when, happily, a turning of the road brought us out upon the shore of the bay. There, quite at hand, was the Spanish guard. When he saw how he had been served, he stopped and took leave of us with an oath which made our flesh creep. It was on the same ground, some months after, that the two English travellers were, unhappily, kidnapped by brigands.

By-and-by we reached the low sandy isthmus which joins Gibraltar to the mainland of the Peninsula. We seemed here to stand under the precipices of the mountain, so much did the Rock appear to overhang the road. We approached the

Spanish lines—a row of white sentry boxes which ran right across the narrow strip of land. The sentinels were taking it easy, lounging and chattering; and perhaps they were wise, for Spain's danger is within, not from without. A few yards farther, over the neutral ground, and we stood before another row of sentry boxes, painted blue. The soldiers on duty here were tall, erect fellows, and they strode along with firm, measured step. "A British subject, sir?" demanded one of them. "Yes," we replied, with a feeling of pride, and passed under that sceptre which could as effectually protect us here at the southern extremity of Europe as in the heart of London itself.

The wondrous character of the Rock began now to unfold itself to us. The entrance, which is closely guarded and terrifically armed, leads across drawbridges, through gateways bristling with portcullis and cannon, along galleries with bombproof roofs, and under bastions defended by other bastions; while overhead tier on tier of cannon look down upon one, and the whole mountain bristles with guns, as hedgehog with prickles, round and round, from base to summit. It is a vast fortress hung in air, ready, on a signal being given, to transform itself into a mountain of fire, and rain death on the invader from a thousand

port-holes. We could not help picturing it to ourselves as a giant warrior, clothed in armour of proof from head to heel, standing on this great highway of the world, and holding out to him who comes peaceably, or who flees hither from the tyrant and the persecutor, a hand of welcome ; but uplifting against the foe an arm that strikes with speedy and exterminating vengeance.

How wonderful that Providence which gave this Rock to us ! For great moral and spiritual ends, which only now begin to be realised, was it, without doubt, committed to our keeping. We remember, when standing upon its highest summit, Europe behind us, Africa frowning in front, the Mediterranean on the east, and the Atlantic on the west, having it demonstrated to us that Gibraltar could not defend the Straits, seeing its guns did not reach to the opposite shore, and that an enemy's ship could pass through in despite of us. We laid our hand on the flag-staff, and looked up at the flag floating at its top. "We may not be able," we said, "to shut the Straits, but we can hoist that flag on this staff, and where that flag floats conscience is free." To hoist the symbol of a "free conscience" in the midst of enslaved nations is a mightier service than to stop a hostile ship in these waters. Is not this a grand



GIBRALTAR.

pulpit from which to preach a sermon on toleration? Here you have Europe and Africa, Egypt and Palestine for an audience. The guns with which this Rock bristles cannot carry beyond a certain range, and that a narrow one; but the truth—of which this flag is the symbol—the supremacy of conscience, to wit—will dethrone tyrants everywhere. There are no limits to its range but those of the world. Besides, is not this Rock a practical illustration of the doctrine of a free conscience? Toleration is here seen in operation; for there, in the town at our feet, Moors, Arabs, Jews, Romanists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians are all living peaceably together, and are all protected, without reference to the truth or falsehood of their opinions, till light come to open their eyes. This is a better way of proving the truth of Christianity than by crucifying a Jew, or burning a Moslem. What is this Rock but a city of refuge in the midst of lands overspread by bondage and death? Hither may flee the persecuted of all creeds. Here they may learn a better way, and from hence they may go forth to spread the light in the dark lands around. Moreover, it was the Rock of Gibraltar which furnished a material basis for the evangelisation of Spain. Here the infant Spanish Church was nourished while the Bourbon dynasty and the Spanish priest-

hood were accomplishing their times: and when these were fulfilled, that Church went forth to begin her work in Spain. This is the war in which the Rock of Gibraltar as a British possession was meant to do service. It was not as the "keys of the Straits," but as the "keys of Pagandom" that it was put into our hands; and we trust Great Britain will never part with it till the evangelisation of all the countries around it, Popish and Moslem, has been fairly initiated, and the Bible and the missionary enjoy the same full protection in them which Romanism and Mohammedanism do among us.

Our stay on the "Rock," lengthened out for a week, was made doubly pleasant by the genial and Christian society of the Rev. John Coventry, minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and one of the chaplains to the British forces. Two observations which fell from him we must here note. We were out on the "Rock" on one occasion after dusk. The vault over our heads was crowded with stars, large and lustrous, and their brilliancy made them look so many more. Looking up, Mr. Coventry remarked that it was interesting to reflect that, being in much the same latitude with the Holy Land, we were now gazing on the same stars which met the view of Abraham when God

brought him forth abroad, and said, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be." At another time, referring to the opinion of the ancient nations, and more especially the Hebrews, that the pillars of Hercules—in other words, the two great mountains, Gibraltar, and Abyla, or Gibel Musa, on the opposite shore—marked the boundaries of the habitable globe towards the west, Mr. Coventry remarked that we were now experiencing the forth-putting of that upholding Power on which the Psalmist cast himself when he so sublimely said, "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA.

Bay of Gibraltar—Its Grand Scenery—The Night Sky—The Stars—“So shall thy seed be”—Covenant of the New Earth—The Moors—A much-needed Shower—The Coast of Malaga—The City—Its Climate—The Andalusian Woman—Protestantism of Malaga—An Edition of the New Testament Printed in a Cellar in Malaga—Popish Riots in Saragossa—In Barcelona.

DULY, at sunset, a gun is fired on the summit of the rock, and the gates of Gibraltar are closed. All whom the signal finds outside the walls must remain outside for the night. Entering or departing there is none, till the gun is repeated next morning at sunrise. Knowing the law, and how inexorably it is enforced, we took care to be betimes on board the steamer in which we were to sail for Malaga. It lay at anchor in the middle of the bay, and certainly no better point could we have selected from which to survey the surrounding region. As we sat on deck, watching the sinking of the sun and the fall of the shadows, new lights fell every moment upon the picture. There was, first of all, the lake-like bay—a circuit of not less than fifty miles; there were the mountains of Spain walling it in in a line of stern naked gran-

deur ; for no tree or green thing was to be seen upon them ; there was the opening from the bay into the Straits, guiding the eye to the distant hills of Africa ; there was the giant Rock towering sublimely in front, with the flag of England on its summit gleaming in the gold of the sinking sun, and conferring an equal protection upon the native of Britain, the child of Spain, the son of Africa, and the poor, despised, wandering descendant of Abraham. Stern and still rose that mountain, a warrior in steel. What an assemblage of great objects ! and all linked with grand historic associations, beginning with the early times of the Phoenicians, and coming down to the triumphs of the British power. Every moment there was a new panorama around us. The sun, as he hastened to his setting, struck now on this mountain, now on that ; casting this into shadow, gilding that with glory. There, right across the bay, was the little Algeciras, covered by the great hills at the foot of which it nestles ; and yonder, in the north-east, perched upon its volcanic mount, was the picturesque San Roque, with its colony of aborigines, who, expelled from Gibraltar when the British took it, built here a new city, and, by their lawless, thievish, and idle habits, vindicate the genuineness of their descent from the band of

marauders and fighters which formerly held possession of the Rock.

At length the anchor was lifted, and the vessel, getting under weigh and skirting the great shadowy silent mountain, steamed out of the bay. We rounded Europa point, and the lighthouse, on its lofty terminal rock, threw its ray, like a farewell greeting, down upon us as we passed. Again we were in the Straits, and bearing eastward into the Mediterranean. The Levanter had gone down, and the ocean was like a lake in calmness. On our larboard was Europe, its mountains looming grandly through the obscurity of the moonless night. Africa was on our right, but it had retreated into the darkness; not a glimpse did even Mount Atlas permit of his snows, by day so brilliant and so far seen. But it was in this as in matters more important. If earth was veiled, heaven but shone the clearer. Overhead in the sky what an array of stars!—the old, glorious stars on which the Phœnicians had gazed. From where the morning breaks to farthest west, the whole firmament was ablaze with lights. On the north, almost touching the rim of the dark earth, was the “Plough;” while constellations, which never appear in the skies of Britain, lent a glory to the southern hemisphere. In splendour how bright! in number how countless! Lit

in the far-off dawn of Creation—and how far off who can tell?—their fires glowed as brightly this night as when they were first kindled. Eternal lamps!—lights of all ages!—by you did the early navigator steer his bark over these same waters, boldly voyaging to the earth's utmost “bounds,” and only turning back when, catching sight of the lofty summit we were leaving behind us, he learned that he was entering unknown seas, which fable had peopled with hydras, tempests, and shapes of unimaginable terrors.

More venerable eyes than those even of the Phœnician mariner had been lifted reverently to that firmament, and had there beheld the same constellations on which we were now gazing. As the Patriarch surveyed the glittering throng, and felt how vain the attempt to count them, he heard the Voice, saying, “So shall thy seed be.” These words were the echo of that eternal oath which was sworn to a greater, and which was floated down to the ears of the man who was constituted the type of Him who was “before Abraham.” So does the prophet Isaiah teach us to interpret them; for the prophet traces the words spoken to the “Father of the Faithful” to the earlier promise given to the “Son, when, in his sublime prophecy of the Messiah, he says, “He shall see His seed.”

The announcement, traversing the mighty gulf which divides the world above from the world below the stars, came down to earth, and has descended to our day. If the rainbow is the covenant of the old earth, the starry vault is the covenant of the new. From being monuments of creative power, as at the beginning, the lights of heaven have now been made attesting witnesses of redeeming grace. Each star, as it rises in the sky, repeats, night by night, the words, "So shall thy seed be," lasting as the firmament, numerous as its stars.

We had a party of Moors on board. The Moors are a noble race of men, finely formed, tall, manly, with an air which bespeaks the freedom of the desert around them. Their faces are open, intelligent, and kindly. They plant their feet as if they were lords of the soil, and stride along with the lofty bearing of men who never bowed their neck to the yoke of tyrant, nor bent their knee to graven image. Their dress well becomes their erect, portly figure. They wear the fez ; their outer robe is a flowing gown of white or blue linen, richly embroidered ; a vest, yet more richly ornamented ; a red sash bound round the waist, white cotton or linen breeches reaching to the knee, bare legs, and feet thrust into red slippers. Till we saw these men in the south of Spain, our imagination

had painted them as a puny race, their bodies dwarfed and shrivelled up by the meagre fare on which they live and the hot suns which shine above the lands of their birth. But how utterly mistaken we were regarding them we soon came to know. One sees at a glance that the Moors are a race capable of those feats of arms which history records them to have performed, and of those marvels of architectural art which still remain in Spain to testify to their genius. What a blunder the Spaniards committed when they drove so fine a people beyond their borders! Spain could not have become the wilderness it now is, had the Moors been suffered to live in it.

Two things above all others the Spaniard wished to secure from contamination and taint—his blood and his soil. As regards his blood, we will not say with certainty how the case stands. The Old Castilian has, we fear, a little alloy in it; but as regards his soil, its catholicity is indisputable, that is, if barrenness be catholicity. When the Moors lived in Andalusia they ploughed, sowed, and watered it, and the consequence was that it flourished like a garden. But this did not please the Spaniards: a cultivation that smelled so rankly of infidel and heretical pravity offended their delicate tastes, and they thought that better

their land should be a wilderness than that it should be ploughed by infidels. It was, accordingly, very thoroughly purged ; no taint of Moorish husbandry defiles it now, and this holy soil is as bare as the most advanced Catholic could wish. If famine is the lot of the Spaniard, it is a famine heroically devout. If he goes without his dinner, he has his mass ; if the pangs of hunger sorely press him at times, he tightens his belt ; and when he dresses himself in his rags, he has the satisfaction of thinking that they are thoroughly and most unexceptionably orthodox.

The Moors on board carried the whole of their household stuff with them. It was not much—a few cooking utensils and a little bedding stowed away in a basket. Stools and tables are superfluities not needed in the desert, and, on a journey, great encumbrances. When it pleased them they ate ; and when night came they slept. They spread their mat on the open deck, and, drawing over them an ample coverlet, and burying their heads in its folds, they lay there till morning. When the East began to brighten they got up, and, folding up their quilt, they squatted cross-legged on the mat which had served them for a bed, and duly said their prayers, their faces turned in the direction of Mecca.

One of them—an old man with fine flowing beard and most benevolent aspect—came up to us in the course of the morning, and making his salaam, began a speech in Arabic. He went on in his discourse for some time, his earnestness rather increasing than abating, when he found that our response was not forthcoming. Alas! we did not know a word he said. And most sincerely did we regret our inability to converse with him. Not a word had he or any of his party exchanged with the Spaniards during the voyage. The old hatred still divides the two races. Rarely does Moor consort with Spaniard, or Spaniard with Moor. They pass each other with sidelong glances, and sometimes with scornful words. The compliment this venerable and sheik-like man paid ourselves, or, rather, our country, therefore touched us all the more; and much we should have liked to have shown him that the Christianity of England comes not a whit behind the faith of the Prophet, in its power to awaken kindly feelings and to teach courteous words to all men, be their country, their colour, or their tongue, what it may.

The night was gone, but with it had gone the almost continuously brilliant weather we had enjoyed ever since we entered Spain. The morning broke amid lowering clouds. The face of ocean

was black, and its calm beginning to be broken by low heavings. Away in the south, brooding over Algeria, was a cloud of inky hue, from which, ever and anon, flashed forth great gleams of lightning; and then, along the face of the deep, travelling more slowly, came the bellowing voice of the thunder, with that hollow muffled sound which the thunder has at sea. This change of weather may seem a small affair, scarce worthy of a place in even these jottings of travel, and yet to thousands and thousands what a blessing was this cloud and the drops that fell from its bosom! The south of Spain was then suffering dreadfully from drought. Not a drop of rain had fallen from the sky for eight long months. The herbs were dead; the torrents were long since dried up; the water tanks in Gibraltar were all empty; and the cattle in Tangiers were dying from want of fodder. But now it had pleased Him who is the "Father of the rain," and who "watereth the hills from His chambers" to hear the cry of His suffering creatures, and to send them relief. And as we saw the cloud bearing westwards with its watery stores, we thought how the weary land would bless it, and what a welcome it would meet from the dwellers scattered along both shores of the Straits. Did He who made man wish to destroy him, how easy were it

for Him to do so! He need not awaken the volcano beneath man's feet, or shoot his lightnings from above: He has only to command the clouds that they rain no rain upon him, and man and all that live would as surely perish as if the earth were overflowed with a flood or wrapt in a shower of fire.

We now began to bear down upon the coast of Malaga. How grand it looked! Ridge rose behind ridge, till the whole horizon was crowded with great mountains, naked and bare, but now empurpled with the shadow of the rain-cloud. We did not wonder that the early mariner took these great hills for the bounding walls of the earth, and trembled to pass into the unknown region beyond. The mountains came close up to the shore, and we could not imagine how standing-room could be found for city or village between them and the sea. By-and-by a little speck of white shone out from amid their stony arms; it grew bigger as we approached; and now we were off Malaga. The site of that city, which at a distance appeared a mere foot-breadth amid the brown mountains, now enlarged till it grew into a plain of some dozen or score of miles, which extended along the shore. But that plain, how luxuriant! and that shore, how balmy! Whether there be climate more delicious on earth we know not. Open to the south,

the sea-breezes cool it in the heats of summer ; and the lofty wall of rock, which encloses it on the other sides, defends it from the biting winds of the North. How various the products which diversify its surface ! The palm, the aloe, the cactus have wandered hither from their native East ; and so fair and stately are they, that they seem quite unconscious that they have changed their clime, and are not flourishing still beneath the skies of Syria. On this happy shore, too, where winter is unknown, are to be found the trellised vine, the orange, the cotton-plant, the sugar-cane. But one thing it lacks to perfect its beauty—the light of Christianity.

The town offers nothing remarkable. As one approaches it from the sea it spreads out to the eye an expanse of rusty-brown roofs embosomed amid the great treeless hills. On the west of it are to be seen a few factories, showing that the modern industries have begun to make acquaintance with this ancient shore ; while on the east of the city rises the Gibelfaro, or “hill of Pharos,” with the ruins of a Moorish castle upon it—the representative of the olden times, with their tragedies of war and blood. Nearly in the centre of the town, on a small eminence, stands the cathedral, much more remarkable for its bulk than for its elegance.

Malaga is very old—no one knows how old it

is. In point of interior arrangements it is precisely such another town as Pompeii—the same narrow winding lanes, the same rutted pavement, the same quadrangular dwellings, the same shops, all window and door. Take off the upper storey from the Malaga houses, and you have a model of Pompeii. The two are manifestly towns of the same era, a thousand years or so before the epoch of Christianity. There is this difference, however, that while Pompeii has been seventeen centuries and more below the ground, Malaga has been all the while above it, and has grafted upon its Phœnician trunk a few French modernisings. Its alameda is good, and is worth visiting, if but to see how the Andalusian woman can walk. Her step she would seem to have borrowed from the Arab. It is slow and stately, but with an ease which makes it the perfection of grace. Her face has an air of pensive softness, which might be styled beauty, would she but pay a little attention to her toilet. It is not so bad in youth; but the combined influence of dirt, passion, and years, begins very soon to wrinkle that countenance into grimness and ugliness.

When one wearies of the sea and the mountains, he has only, if he wishes to vary his enjoyment, to turn to the city—the labyrinth of alleys

and courts which goes by the name of Malaga. What a curious old town! more so, even, than Cordova. We make a dive into it, and forget the modern times. We are in a very old world; all around reminds us of a state of things which may have existed before the Christian era; and most probably there has been little change in the general aspect of Malaga since the time when the Phœnician ships were wont to cast anchor in its bay, and crowds of Phœnician sailors and traffickers to choke up its narrow streets. These streets are deep and tunnel-like. Indeed, passing from the bright warm shore into these alleys, one can scarce get quit of the feeling that he has left the surface of the earth, and is threading the mazes of a subterranean city. A cloud of Phœnician memories gather round one; and one can wander about—he cannot wander wrong—in this fashion all day, pausing now in front of this bazaar, with its primitive merchandise and its apathetic owner, and now turning into this court, with its trickling fountain and palm or banana tree, and now stepping aside to avoid the laden mule which is coming along the narrow street, gaily decorated with tassels, and driven, or it may be, bestrode, by its Andalusian owner. Let us observe the rider. His form is a perfect model of manly grace; his eye

is dark ; his complexion is a clear olive ; and his black bushy locks show themselves from under his sombrero. He wears a short jacket, closely fitting the shape, decorated with a little needlework and rows of buttons ; a cigarette in the mouth, a red sash round the waist, and tight-fitting breeches, relieved by rows of buttons. Bottinas of russet leather encase the legs, and are left open at the calf to show the white stocking.

There is one thing touching this town of Malaga which we must not pass without notice, and which gives it a special interest to the heart of the Christian tourist. From Malaga came the first edition of the New Testament ever printed in Spain in modern times. This was greater boon than ever proceeded from the most renowned of its colleges. There were, in those days, a few small communities of Christians in the Peninsula—the same which have since grown into Churches, and are now giving colporteurs and preachers to the evangelisation—but, deprived of that Word which is the “Bread of Life,” their souls languished. It was with the utmost difficulty that a single copy of the Bible could be got across the frontier. What was to be done ? It was then that Matamoras proposed that the Word of God should be printed in Spain itself ; and the work was under-

taken and accomplished by the National Bible Society of Scotland. In a cellar in Malaga an edition of the New Testament, consisting of 3,000 copies, was printed, and circulated over Spain before the Revolution of 1868.

If the man who plants a tree, or who digs a well; or who kindles a light in the darkness by which the mariner may steer, deserves well of mankind, how much more the man who, at the risk of liberty and life, kindles a beacon which can illumine a whole realm, and chase the night from the soul of a nation ! Such was the feat performed in this city. The story is not without its interest. Some old type was procured, a rickety printing press was purchased, and was set up in a cellar ; and, last of all, a Christian man was found who understood some little of the business of printing, and who could act both as compositor and pressman. With such imperfect machinery, the process was a tedious, a very tedious, one. In this dark cellar, by the light of a lamp, did this man toil, day by day, for eight long months, with no assistance, save that of his son, a mere boy. The damp, unwholesome air in which he worked brought on paralysis and blood-spitting. His friends entreated him to desist. The cellar was destined, apparently, to be his grave; but this noble man refused, saying,

“If these three thousand Testaments cause my death, I shall die with the joyful consciousness of having provided the ‘Bread of Life’ for three thousand souls.” Persevere he did, till the work was completed. And now a Christian woman in the town received these three thousand copies, and hid them in her house, whence they were taken, like so much seed-corn, and duly scattered over the fields of Spain. We would rather have been the doer of this deed than the builder of the Alhambra.

In this city—the first to give the word of God to its sister cities of Spain—there is now a Protestant congregation, no longer hiding in darkness, but assembling in open day, and celebrating its worship in public. The attendance ranges from 200 to 300, and would be larger, did the building permit. The congregation is ministered to by the venerable Don Pablo Sanchez.

Malaga, like most sea-ports, the resort of men of diverse nationalities, cannot boast that its moral condition is high; but its people are characterised by the energy and the public spirit which commerce brings with it; and we augur well of the evangelisation here. Not a few of our countrymen are settled in it as merchants. Affable, hospitable, and wealthy, they are transplanting some of the more characteristic virtues of England to this old Phœ-

nician resort. To their fostering care we specially commend the good work of the evangelisation. They cannot but feel that the city of their adoption, with its benighted population of upwards of 100,000 souls, has powerful claims upon their sympathy and liberality. In Malaga, the last weapon of the priests—the mob, to wit—has given way. It has failed them too in Saragossa, where, as an inland city, we should have expected the bigotry to be yet strong, and where, at the era of the Reformation, there existed one of the most powerful of the provincial tribunals of the Inquisition. The first Protestant sermon was preached in Saragossa—the scene of numerous *autos-da-fé* formerly—last April; and the priests, hoping to extinguish the evangelisation at its outset by a summary blow, organised a mob, and assailed the building in which the Protestants were assembled; but the populace, learning the true state of matters, hastened to the aid of the police who were sent to quell the riot; and so the stroke dealt by the priests recoiled upon themselves.

Similar riots, with a like result, have occurred at other places. In the fair held at Barcelona during Christmas week, the agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland opened a tent for the sale of the Scriptures. This roused the indignation

of some Church officials, who did all in their power to excite a riot among the people. The current of public opinion is indicated in the following extracts from *La Razon*, a small daily paper published in the town, whose editor says, under date 23rd December :—" In the public plaza of the town there has been erected a pretty tent, from which there are sold Bibles and other Protestant books at an excessively low price. Yesterday afternoon, some fanatical sacristans caused a perfect scandal by presuming to interfere with the sale." In the following day's issue the editor continues :—" The ridiculous presumption of the sacristans who presumed to prohibit the sale of Protestant books caused yesterday afternoon a veritable riot, which excited no little alarm among the peaceable passers-by. Some unhappy persons, who think they serve God when robbing their neighbour—and, certainly, to take books which are for sale without wishing to pay for them is, according to us, a robbery—after vainly menacing the sellers, took some of the books and ill-treated the salesman. Some peaceable spectators took part in the affair. The tumult increasing, several agents of police seized on those who were most excited—who, indeed, appeared to be possessed—and conducted them to the Police-office. Among those who are arrested, we are

assured, were the sacristan of the cathedral and the sacristan of one of the parish churches. The alcalde, Señor Soler y Matas endeavoured to restrain those who were so excited, but it was impossible. He did, however, as much as was in his power. The bystanders behaved nobly."

The correspondent of the National Bible Society gives the following graphic account of the affair:—"It seemed, indeed, at one time as though we should have been torn to pieces. They did their best to destroy the tent, threw at us stones, tomatoes, old shoes, and a turnip. One fellow raised a large club and aimed a deadly blow at the guard. Another guard seized him and took him before the mayor. He proved to be the chief sacristan of the cathedral. Next day a man snatched books out of Fernando's hand. The people charged him, and took him, too, before the mayor. Five prisoners in all were arrested.

"An old rich priest, one of the leaders in the late Carlist rising, came up to the tent, and in my face cried out 'Embustero, embustero!' (Liar, liar!) The people cried, 'No, no! you are the liar!' I stood upon a box and begged them to be still. Then, taking off my hat, I said to him, 'Do, sir, come up here and say what you please; I have no greater pleasure than to meet my opposers face

to face.' The people seconded this, and after a while he came up, and cried, 'Tell us, then, when and where your religion was born.' I was going into the matter, when he interrupted. The people cried, 'Do not interrupt the stranger; let him reply!' Many ordered him to begone; and as I went on, he excused himself on the plea that he had to visit a sick person. The people laughed and hissed, and then urged me to continue. I did so for some time, taking for my text the motto above the tent, 'God is love,' and pouring out saving truths to the square full of people, they evidently rejoicing in what was said, and applauding at the close. Then we fell to selling Gospels as fast as Fernando, Francisco, my wife, myself, and another could despatch them. In the three days we sold more than 20,000 Gospels.

"A blind man came to help at the tent. He played on his guitar with one hand and on a sort of flutina with the other, and sang some of the sweet songs of Zion in Spanish verse.

"This caused a double attraction. This man preaches with much originality, and is a subtle controversialist. I intend to get him a table for the sale of Bibles, &c., with letters in cloth, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' with the answer, 'Neither hath this man

sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.'

"Our receipts, chiefly in copper, were 2,800 reals, or about thirty pounds, and our grief was that we were sold out before eight o'clock at night. As it was Christmas-eve we should have continued till morning, the people turning out at midnight. I cannot tell you the exact number sold. The boxes sent from Madrid were taken at once to the fair. I had no time to count their contents. Our house was ransacked for anything in the form of books or tracts or Gospels. Anything would have sold, and just at the busiest moment we had to stop for want of stock. Counting all, 50,000 must be under the number. Several alcaldes and police inspectors were near us most of the time, and when we had finished, the chief said, 'You have carried the palm in Barcelona; we see you are fit for your work.' God be praised for his goodness! I never saw the like, or such testimony received with so much pleasure by the people. But this is only the beginning; we shall do like glorious things in other places of the province."

CHAPTER XXV. '1

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

Railway through the Mountains—Night-ride to Loja—Daybreak and Antequera—Vega of Granada—Its Amplitude and Fertility—Granada—Grandeur of its Position—The Sierra Nevada—The Evangelisation—Visit to Alhama in Prison—The Alhambra—Style of its Architecture—Description of its Chambers—A Dream of the Orient in Stone—Campo Santo of Granada—Journey Homeward—Sandy Gate of Granada—Jaen—Beggars—Spain's one Remedy.

THE wave, as it rolled shorewards, brought with it airs so soft, and broke in sounds so musical, that it was sweet to dwell on this Malaga coast. The rains had refreshed the plain, and the aloe and the orange-tree looked greener than ever. Around us was the various fruitage of the warm sunny shore; and there were, too, the grand mountains, the purple shadows in their clefts, and the sunlight upon their peaks, walling in the city with magnificence and strength. "Here you need not fear the breath of the cold North," the hills seemed to say; "this shore knows no winter. Here the myrtle's bloom and the citron's fragrance are to be found at all seasons."

But it is time to bid it adieu, and begin our

journey across the mountains to Granada, from whose battlements, when it was the capital of the Moors, the crescent proudly floated so long. But how surmount the wall of rock which divides the plain of Malaga from the famous Vega, which formed the kingdom of the Moors? English skill and gold have cleft a road through these great mountains, now daily traversed by the railway car. We cross the narrow plain; we enter the gorge of Hoyo, whose funereal gloom justifies its name, "the grave," and come amidst the savage grandeur of the mountains. Onwards through tunnels and viaducts; onwards through black gorge and across yawning chasm; onwards round dizzy peak, while far-retreating ravines, unvisited save by the tempest and the bird of prey, open right and left, runs the railway. The wild and desolate scenery fills the traveller's imagination with images of terror; but it is only the image, not the reality. He crosses this mountain chain about as safely as he would any meadow in all England. Of the journey to Granada there yet remains a part to be gone by *diligence*, and that is enough to give the tourist a taste of what this journey once was, and of what a tour in all those parts of Spain to which railways have not yet been extended still is.

We made the journey by night. There was no moon ; but there was an abundance of stars, and these of a size and brilliance such as only that clime can show. They came in such crowds that one feared that room would not be found for them in that vault, wide and lofty as it was. By-and-by we had a proof that we were rapidly gaining on the mountains in the keen air that now met us. How different from the balmy breezes of the shore we had just left ! We ventured a look out at the carriage window. Around us were peaks shooting far up among the stars ; abysses running down, and yet deeper down, and losing themselves in the darkness ; and there were savage jagged cliffs frowning terribly at each other across narrow ravines. This array of terrors, magnified and multiplied by the dim light under which it was beheld, set our imagination working. Terrible fancies came crowding into our mind. What if we should dash against that crag which seemed to stand right in our path ? What if our train should take a leap down into this gulf ? Here are we nearing a chasm—is there a bridge across it ? This thought-taking would not add, we reflected, one atom to our safety, so we drew in our head, and fixed our eyes upon the lamp that was burning at the roof of our carriage with quiet steady flame.

Onward sped our train; shooting chasm and circumnavigating crag, like some night-dragon, scattering the darkness with the glare of its red eye, and startling the silence by the rush of its iron wings, steering its way in safety through all the perils of that dark land.

After a four hours' journey of this fashion, we halted at Bobadilla. The mountainous region had been traversed, and now we were to be transferred to the diligence. Now commenced our acquaintance with a new set of experiences. On leaving the railway-carriage we found the wind like ice—it cut to the bone. "*Mucho frio! mucho frio!*" shouted our conductor, as he hurried us along over a heap of stones which served as a platform, towards a bulky object which loomed at a little distance in the darkness, and which turned out to be the diligence which was to convey us to Soja, where the railway to Granada again resumes. "*Mucho frio!*" reiterated the man, as he urged us to seek shelter in his cavernous-looking vehicle from the cutting blasts which came down upon us from the snow-clad hills to which we were drawing nigh. We made haste to obey our conductor, by tumbling into his conveyance, which stood ready yoked to go on its way through a country which, so far as it could be seen in the darkness, looked

wild enough, and by a road which, if it existed at all, needed something brighter than starlight to make it visible. The rickety diligence was well littered with straw; it had a musty smell, and, having seen a good deal of service on the road, it gave signs that some day, soon—we hoped it might not be just yet—it would fall in pieces, and deposit its freight in the highway. It was not over-capacious, and some dozen of Spanish men and Spanish women, besides ourselves, were crowded into it.

The *magos* were in their brown capas, the *magas* in their lace mantillas or cotton handkerchiefs. We were closely packed, and that was a comfort in a night so bitter; but Spaniards seldom wash either person or clothes, and so, the hotter the air of the diligence, the more odorous it grew. Before many minutes had passed we had an addition to its fragrance, for now scarce a mouth but held a cigarette. London in a fog will give a lively idea of the interior of our diligence. We almost wished we were back in the cold. Our companions talked, laughed, and jested. They were obliging and kindly, only they followed in all things the manners of their country; and the man who expects that foreigners are to forego their usages on his account had better stay at home.

We had unmistakable proofs as to the kind of road on which we were travelling. It seemed to belong to that class of roads for which the highlands of Scotland were famous before the arrival of General Wade, the great road maker. Now we were toiling slowly up the steep ; now we were rattling down the declivity. Every few minutes a fearful jolt would throw the passengers all of a heap, and threaten to lay our vehicle on its side. The plash of the horses' feet, at times, told us that we were taking rivers at the nearest, without going round by the bridge—for this good reason, perhaps, that the bridge was not yet built. The rolling of our vehicle had, at length, the same effect upon the passengers which the rolling of a ship at sea has on landsmen—that is, some of them got very sick. It was no place for ceremony. Must we write it ? Our sick passengers disburdened their stomachs just as sick men in a ship will, and, happily, there was abundance of straw in the bottom of the diligence. *Cosa de España* ; no more need be said about it.

If the night was long and weary, it made the dawn all the more welcome. It seemed unwilling to come, but at last the stars gave place, and the light shone out. We found ourselves on the skirts of the Vega, in fact, passing through that gap in

the mountains which, like a gateway, gives entrance to this great and fertile plain. On our right was the old gaunt town of Antequera, just beginning to awake. The great mountain that leaned over it wore the glow of the young day. The face of the mountain yawned in numerous caverns, the entrance, as the natives of these parts believe, to subterranean halls, where genii dwell, where vast hordes of gold and silver are laid up, or where warriors and princes hold wassail. On these grandeurs we cannot with certainty speak, not having seen them; but of the wealth above ground, or rather of the wealth that might be, we have no difficulty in speaking. It was a feast to our eyes, after the weary night-ride, and our dismal acquaintance with the arid plains of Castile and La Mancha, to see the meadows around Antequera, watered by living streams, shaded by goodly cork-trees; while the vegetable products in the gardens—the onions, cucumbers, and carrots—were of girth so enormous that they were meet for the table at which only Goliaths of Gath should sit and dine.

A league or two beyond Antequera, that is, at the little town of ~~Soja~~, the railway resumes, and the journey thence to Granada is over the famous Vega, the garden of Spain. This magnificent expanse—some thirty miles by twenty—laid down

Loja

at an elevation of 2,400 feet above the sea-level, and walled in by mountains which reach the height of the Swiss Alps, has shared the fate of most great plains—it has been a frequent battle-field. At those seasons when the plough had quiet possession of it, it was a paradise, a wide expanse of waving grain, intermingled with orange and citron groves; when the sword had the dominion, it was a field of blood. Fertile it ought to be, for the contests of Christian and Saracen have left scarce a foot-breadth of it unwatered by that “red rain which makes the harvest grow.” By the early days of November—the season when we made our visit—its verdure is somewhat faded; the crops are reaped, and the plough is again at work. But the fields, we marked, were well dressed, and the means of irrigation were abundant. Numerous canals and streamlets sparkled in the ploughed land, and gleamed out from amidst thickets of orange and citron and rows of mulberry and olive trees.

We were now near the great snow-clad mountains that wall in the Vega on the east. Suddenly there appeared to rise at their feet, glittering in the sun, a glorious vision of Moorish towers, castles, and edifices. This could be none other than Granada, long the royal city of the Moorish kings. Than

this old capital of the Moors there are few cities on earth more grandly situated. It has the spacious Vega in front ; behind it, at the height of 12,000 feet, are the snowy crests of the Sierra Nevada ; at its feet is an eternal summer : there are waters that never fail, trees whose leaf fades not, and flowers which at all seasons yield their fragrance and display their blossoms ; above it is winter, enthroned upon the Sierra Nevada, his stern presence tempering the voluptuous softness of the scene, and enhancing rather than impairing the beauty over which he hangs his snows. The sky rains upon it a serene crystal light all the year through, unless at those rare times when the tempest gathers darkly on the summit of the Alpujarras, and the thunder's voice resounds along the plain.

Of the city of Granada we leave other travellers to speak. It is a Moorish jewel in a setting of mountain grandeur. It has a spacious plaza ; a fine alameda, shaded by trees ; a magnificent cathedral, in which repose the ashes of Ferdinand and Isabella ; and, as for the rest, it is a labyrinth of narrow, winding lanes, climbing up the steep, and crowned by the red walls of the Alhambra, of which we shall speak by-and-by.

We have only a few words to say of the evan-

gelisation. It was under a cloud when we visited Granada. Some enemy of the cause had contrived to connect the name of Alhama, its evangelist, with the insurrection then raging; and the consequence was, that he and his flock, one night as they were assembling in their little chapel, were swept off to prison. We visited him in prison, in company of his daughter and brother. We entered a huge quadrangular pile, preceded by the turnkey; we crossed the courtyard, in which numerous felons were loitering about; we mounted a wooden stair, and entered a square, unfurnished apartment, with a plain deal table, and matting on its floor. This was Alhama's place of confinement, the same in which he and Matamoras were confined in the days of Isabella. The ordinary prison was the cells below; and in these were the members of his congregation who had been apprehended with him, shut up along with robbers, homicides, and the ordinary malefactors of the country.

Alhama we found a man turned, we should say, of fifty, but hale and vigorous, with a face betokening openness, courage, and energy. He was cheerful, deeming it no small honour to suffer bonds for the Gospel, and rejoicing to think that his imprisonment would turn out for the furtherance of the evangelisation. His incarceration had excited no little

discussion, and awakened inquiry both in Granada and other cities. He dwelt strongly on the groundlessness of the accusation touching political matters which had been preferred against him, expressing his deep conviction that it became the friends of Spain, in seeking the good of their country, to work only with the higher liberty—the truth that makes free, and from which alone can come the regeneration of the Peninsula. The matter was in due course represented to the authorities at Madrid, and the Government, which never had the least desire to restrict the religious liberty, ordered the instant liberation of Alhama and his friends. It was interesting in no ordinary degree to be in this prison. We stood here by the cradle of the evangelisation. From this prison came forth the movement which is now pervading Spain; here it dwelt before it showed itself to the world—its nurse a jailor, malefactors its associates, and its swathing-band an iron fetter.

The anticipation expressed above has already been realised. Since the imprisonment of Alhama the work in Granada has taken a new start; the place in which they formerly met could no longer contain the numbers which now crowded to the preaching of the Gospel, and the Protestants removed to a new building in the Calle Zacatin,

which could commodiously hold four hundred. This larger temple is already overcrowded, and they are compelled to think of one still larger; thus, as they enlarge the capacity of their edifices, so do their congregations grow.

From the prison let us go to the Alhambra—one of the world's wonders; yet fated, it may be, in ages to come, to be less an object of reverence than the cell we have just left. The Alhambra overhangs the city, being perched upon the precipitous cliff, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, which divides the two rivers, the Darro and the Zenil, which rush down from the mountains to water the plain. The Alhambra has been sacked and devastated; the monks whitewashed its walls, and the French mined and blew up its towers; its beautiful patios have been made a stable for donkeys, a shed for cattle, a pen for sheep; it has been converted into a barrack for soldiers, a storehouse for merchants; and the list of its fatalities has been swelled by earthquake, which has shattered its walls. But its beauty, as if inextinguishable, still survives.

A few words only may we offer upon the style of the Alhambra. It is truly a thing of the Orient. It differs as much from our western edifices as the palm of the Syrian plain differs from the pine of the Alps, or as the silken tent of the Arabian emir from

the stone-built castle of the German baron. In fact, the palm-tree and the tent have served as the models of the Alhambric architecture, just as the branching elms and rocky caves of the North suggested the style of the architecture of Europe. Accordingly, beauty and brightness—a beauty like that of youth, and a brightness like that of morning—is the characteristic of the one; strength, solidity, and grandeur is the characteristic of the other. The Alhambra is a brilliant assemblage of pillared gateways, horse-shoe arches, marble floors, and azulejos pavements, walls of curious arabesques and brilliant enamels, fountains and alcoves, pillars of white marble, slender and graceful, like rows of palm-trees, and roofs, light as the gossamer, and spangled and shining like the firmament. It is a dream of the Orient in stone.

Let us ascend to it. We start from the great square of the Vivarambla, where, in the days of the magnificent Moor, gallant knights jousted in tournaments, but now loiterers in brown cloaks and poor market women have it all to themselves. We traverse the Zacatin, whose narrow pathway and bazaar-like shops remind one of Constantinople. We climb another narrow winding calle, and pass out at the city gate. We are in the domains of the Alhambra. We ascend a steep avenue, shaded by

elms, and can see on our left, through the over-arching boughs, the towers of the Alhambra on the crown of the steep; while on the right, occupying the opposing summit, are the Torres Vermejos, or vermilion towers. These are much older than the Alhambra, seeing they can be traced far back in Arabian story, under the title of the "Red Towers." Some assign their erection to the Romans, others to the earlier Phœnicians.

We reach the top of the avenue; we turn sharply to the left, and we stand before a square Moorish tower, or gateway. This is the "Gate of Justice;" for here, after the manner of the Orientals and the precedent of Scriptural times, sat, sometimes the king, sometimes an inferior judge, to hear causes, pronounce sentence, and see the punishment inflicted. This was a despatch which mocks the slow delays of modern times. The arch is in the horse-shoe form; on the key-stone on the outer side is graven a hand; on the inner side is graven a key. The hidden meaning of these symbols has much perplexed interpreters. There went abroad a tradition that till the hand should reach down, and, passing under the arch, grasp the key, the Alhambra could not be taken. But the result has not verified the prophecy, and we scarcely think that this was what the wise Moor meant.

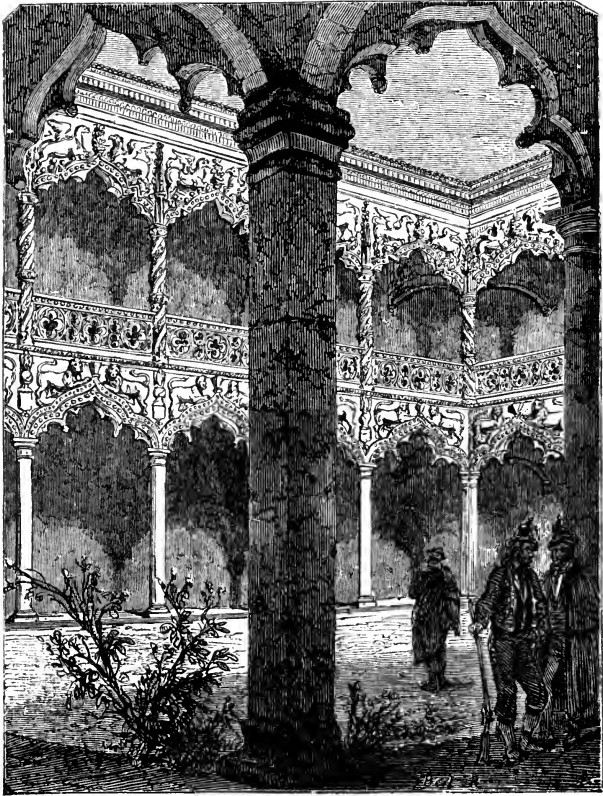
We enter at the gate—we pass on through tortuous stone alleys. Spanish soldiers, portly priests, tatterdemalions, an hidalgo, though in rags, and guides, paced up and down, or slept on stone benches. Threading this passage, we now emerged on the esplanade on which stands the Alhambra. We are impatient to enter and feast our eyes on its unique beauty. But, stay, there is a preliminary which must be gone through. However little the stone key may be understood, all understand the silver one; and unless the hand of the visitor lay hold on this key, he will linger long on the threshold of the Alhambra.

We enter, and find ourselves in another clime. The East, with all its radiant beauty, has suddenly opened to us. To go over the whole pile were impossible; we select as a specimen one or two apartments. We enter first the Court of the Alberca. It is paved with white marble. In the centre is a spacious basin, 130 feet long, and of proportionate width; it is softened by a hedge of roses, whose foliage and blossoms are scarcely more delicate and lovely than the azulejo walls and the Moorish peristyles which encompass the apartment.

We proceed next to the Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice, perhaps, from which a

more correct idea can be got of the original splendour of the place than this. In the centre is still the alabaster basin, supported by its twelve lions, which legendary story has immortalised. We heard its waters trickle even as when Moorish princes or Arabian caliphs walked here. The floor is paved with azulejos, interspersed with flower-beds; around the four sides run Arabian arcades, the filigree work of which is delicate as gossamer, soft and lovely as hangings of lace; the arches are supported on rows of white marble pillars, some hundred and thirty in all, tall and palm-like, and so slender that one wonders to see them bear up the arches. A more fairy-like scene it is impossible to imagine. Here, as everywhere in this wonderful pile, grace and loveliness, a beauty most exquisite, is the prevailing characteristic—not grandeur which stimulates, but beauty which soothes the mind, and woos it to voluptuous enjoyment.

Let us ascend the great tower of the Comanes. It dominates the whole place, and looks down into the deep ravine of the Darro, affording, as we pass up, beautiful glimpses of the distant mountains, and of the river and gardens which it overhangs. We enter a vestibule; though only an antechamber, we are charmed with its elegance, its alcoves, its slim pillars, and the lace-like tracery of its walls.



COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF GUADALAJARA.



A Moorish archway admits us into a lofty hall. It is called the "Saloon of the Ambassadors," from its having been, as is supposed, the audience-chamber of the Moorish kings. Traces of its former splendour remain in the rich arabesques of the walls, and especially in the lofty vaulted ceiling of cedar-work, on which the Arabian pencil has lavished all its marvellous powers. Ornaments of gold glitter on a ground of blue and red. Opposite the entrance is the spot where the throne stood; the place is marked by a suitable inscription on the wall.

There is the Hall of Justice, there is the Mosque, there are the Baths, there is the Queen's Dressing-Room, and some dozen besides, on which we cannot dwell. They are all alike in their exquisite beauty and fairy magnificence, and yet each differs from the other. The Egyptians affected the solemn in architecture; the Moors strove to excel in the light and graceful. And wonderful, indeed, is the art with which they wrought. Under its plastic power the marble shot up, tall, graceful, and elegant as the palm-tree; the solid stone grew into a substance as delicate as the fabrics woven on the looms of Ghent, or knitted by the lace-workers of Mechlin. The fret-work of the walls and the tracery of the arcades was like the

silver-work of the Turin artificers ; the tints of the azulejos, or Moorish tiles, were like light itself ; and the paintings which adorned the chambers, though simple—all representations of living forms being excluded, and only geometrical figures admitted—had, from their ingenious combination, a most dazzling effect. And then the roof ! It glowed like a heaven ; it glittered and shot forth rays of light, as if formed of crystal, or gemmed with precious stones. A rare and marvellous art it truly was that could create all this ; it was born with the Moor, and it died with the Moor—it was sunny as the clime from which he came, graceful as the vegetable forms which nature presented to his eye, brilliant as the starry vault hung above his head, and fragile and movable, apparently, as the tent in which his ancestors lived. And yet it is not so. Here has the Alhambra been standing all these six centuries ; the rains and the winds of the mountains have beaten upon it, yet it has not fallen ; earthquake has rocked it, its tall slender pillars are still erect ; armies have assailed it, yet its arches are not bowed, nor its roof crushed ; barbarous occupants have lodged in it, and time has laid his hand upon it, yet its glories, though dimmed, are not extinguished. If such the Alhambra still is in its age, what must it have

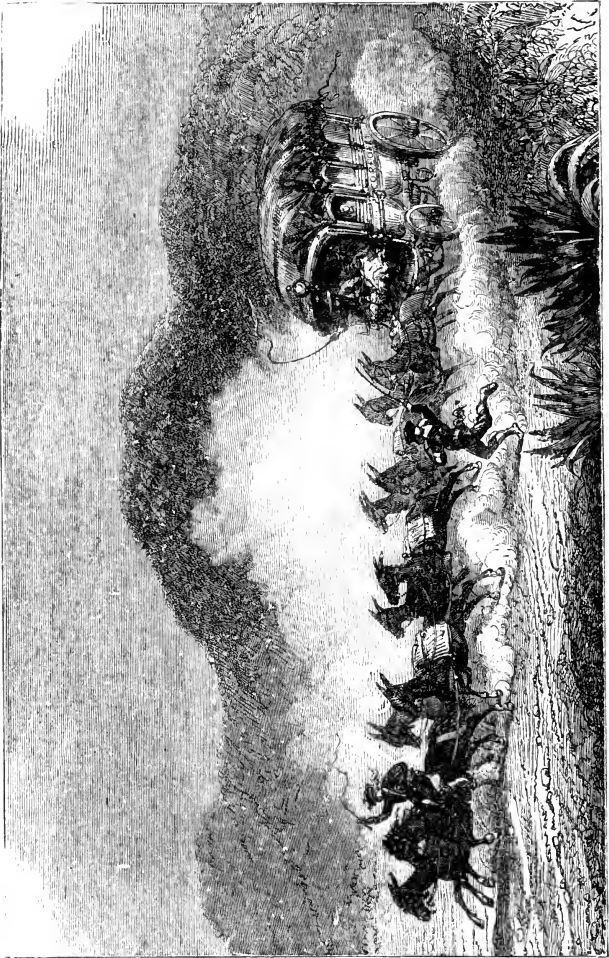
been in its youth? How fresh and fair when newly from the hand of its builder!

The Alhambra is another instance of the powerlessness of art to civilise. Beauty the most exquisite, even the beauty of the Alhambra, cannot expel passion, or woo the soul to virtue. In these lovely chambers what fearful crimes have been committed! How often has the blood of the innocent deluged these marble floors, and mingled with the crystal waters of these fountains! Men have lived here in the midst of all these elegances, and yet the tiger within them has all the while been unsubdued. To tame man's soul and make it gentle, to purify man's heart and make it holy, needs something more than the creations of the chisel and the pencil. And we were unspeakably delighted to read, in a recent communication from Spain, that a young Scotch minister, descending from the Alhambra, saw seated under the trees, in the calm evening air, a party of Spaniards busy reading the Bible.

At a distance of two miles beyond the Alhambra, and higher on the mountain, is the burial-place or Campo Santo of Granada. It was All Souls' Day, and so we visited this place of tombs. The area enclosed extends to some twelve or twenty acres. The bounding walls are honeycombed with holes

or niches. Into these the coffin is slipped, and then the opening is closed with a slab or board, inscribed with the name of the deceased. The place was like a fair. A profusion of lighted candles, crosses, images, garlands, and flags covered the graves alike in the walls and the ground-area which they enclosed. There were little temples, in which priests were saying mass, while the crowd gossiped or walked amid the tombs. Not a line of Scripture did we see in all that burial-place. It is darkness without a ray to tell of a life beyond. It was truly a valley of the shadow of death.

From this point we may be said to have begun our homeward journey. A ride of eighty miles by diligence through the mountains brought us to Menjibar. The diligence was wonderfully appointed for Spain. We had relays of mules by the dozen every eight or ten miles, which trotted our bulky vehicle briskly onwards. The road was excellent; the mountain views were fine; and amid the summits that stood up to greet us as we passed there would come at times a white top, which gave grace to the rest. At one or two places on the road the farming was excellent, in fact, like that of England. The land, beautifully dressed, was black and shining, and the olive and fig trees



SPANISH DILIGENCE.

scattered over the fields looked as if they were no cumberers of the ground. But these fertile spots were the exceptions. Generally, all the way it was a weary land, overspread by silence and nakedness. In vain we looked for pastures and flocks, for woods and homesteads.

“There deserts, like no meaning, fill the page.”

At last we arrived at the Puerto de Arenas. This is a wild gorge amid sand hills, which narrows as we advance, till at last the mountains meet, and the road is carried through a tunnel, thirty-five yards long, named the “Sandy Gate of Granada.”

We now emerged on the champaign country, which looked calcined and dusty. Soon we sighted Jaen, picturesquely situated on an eminence, looking toward the hills we had just traversed. Here we must take farewell of the reader. The first town we entered in Spain brought us acquainted with sights of misery unimagined by us till then. We end our journey as we began it; for the last town we visit offers spectacles of wretchedness not less affecting than the first. Jaen was a place of note in the days of the Moors, being one of the chief towns of their kingdom. Then, it was a land of corn and wine. But the mosque was transformed into the cathedral, and from that

hour a shadow began to creep over the region, which has now settled down into the night of utter stagnation and barbarism. The Plaza Mercado, where we stopped to dine, was occupied with knots of loiterers in sombreros and brown capas. They were doing no business; they were simply smoking their cigaritto and looking up into the sky. A few stalls stood there, and these helped us to guess what the people of Jaen were able to get out of the glorious plains around their city. Onions and Indian corn seemed to be the staple of their produce; and no wonder the harvest was so scanty, seeing those who ought to have been guiding the plough were idling or begging. As for the mendicants, alas! the rattle of our wheels entering the silent town brought them out in troops. Before the mules could be unyoked, a ring of spectres stood round our vehicle. Men and women, old and young, all in the same dire misery; all so worn and woe-begone that they looked like ghosts rather than human beings. How importunately and piteously they whined! And yet, alas! there was no need by voice or sign to make known their suit. Their miserable rags, their emaciated forms, and their eyes wolfish with hunger, told their tale but too eloquently. May the maledictions of mankind rest eternally on that

system which has plunged this once noble race into a misery so awful! and may the prayers and offerings of all Christian men speed onward that Power which is now advancing to pluck them out of the abyss—the only Power that can by any possibility do so—the blessed Gospel!

“The ships of Tarshish first”—so does the prophet marshal the procession when he shows us the nations returning at the latter day unto Zion. He places Spain in the van. We cannot close without expressing our hope that in the remarkable movement in that nation we see the begun fulfilment of the prophecy. Let us think what the conversion of Spain would bring after it. When we reflect on its central position, and the native enthusiasm of its people, we cannot but feel that its accession to the evangelical faith would be the kindling of a glorious beacon upon the mountain tops. Its light would flash across the Straits, and the snows of Mount Atlas would begin to burn. It would gild the sands of Egypt, and the old Coptic Churches would look up from their grave. It would shine along the shores of Palestine and of Asia Minor, and the Seven Churches would awake from their sleep and begin to trim their lamps. The peaks of Mount Ararat would catch the glory, and would convey it onward to

Persia, and the tribes of the East would arise and come to the brightness of Zion's rising. Northward, over Italy, over France, over Germany, would its light travel, bringing with it a second morning to the Churches of the Reformation, and saying, as it journeyed onwards, "Now is come salvation, and the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ."

THE END.

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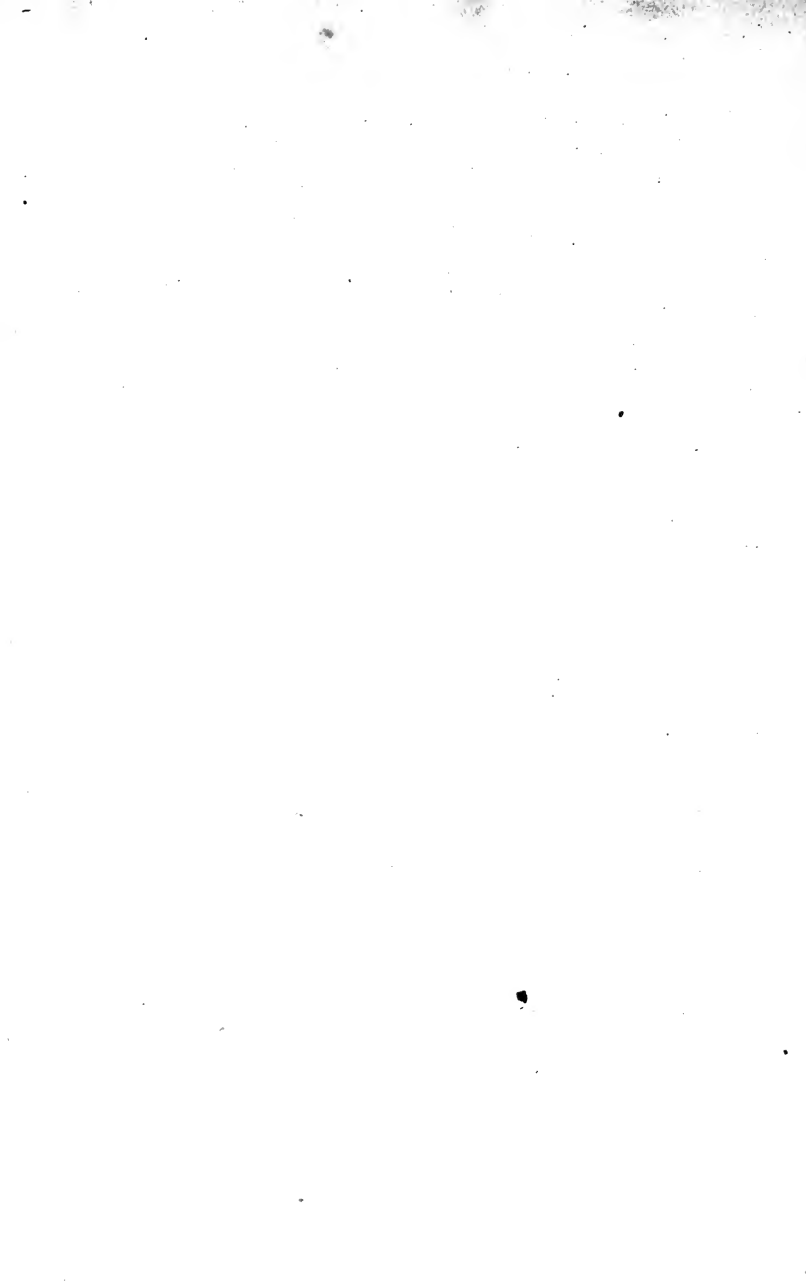
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