

a painter, does not there catch ideas of light, and shade, and colour. The Gothic, or rich Roman architecture, the carved screen, the statues softened by a subdued light, form altogether a magnificent scene. The effects of light and colour are not matters of accident. The painted glass of the high window represents to the superficial observer no more than the rich garments of the figures painted there. But the combination of colours evinces science; the yellows and greens, in due proportion with the crimsons and blues, throw beams of an autumnal tint among the shafts and pillars, and colour the volumes of rising incense. The officials of the altar, the priests in rich vestments, borrowed from the Levites under the old law, are somewhat removed from the spectator and obscured by the smoke of the incense. The young men slinging the silver censers, in themselves beautiful, and making the volumes of incense rise, give the effect of a tableau defying imitation; for where can there be such a combination to the eye, joined to the emotions inspired by the pealing organ, the deep chant, and the response of the youthful choristers, whose voices seem to come from the vaulted roof? There is something too in the belief that the chant of the psalms is the early Jewish measure.

It was scarcely possible, during the struggles of the Reformation, to keep the middle course, and retain the better part of the Roman Church. Enthusiasm would have the recesses of each man's breast to be the only sanctuary; that, even while on earth, and burdened with the weakness, and subject to the influences of an earth-born creature, he should attain that state of purity and holiness, when, as in the apocalypse, there is 'no temple.' Philosophy came to countenance the poverty and the meanness of our places of public worship. Climate, it was inferred, influenced the genius of a people; and, therefore, their government and mode of worship. The offices of religion in hot climates were said to require some sensible object before the eyes, and hence the veneration paid to statues and paintings; whilst in the colder climates we were to substitute internal contemplation and the exercise of reason for passion.

We trust, or hope, that in the breasts of those who fill the family pew in these northern churches, there may be more genuine devotion; but to appearance all is pale and cold; while to the subject we are now considering, at least, no aid is afforded. What

* If the painter requires to know these vestments, he will find an account of them in Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii. Antiquity characterises every thing in the Roman Church; and to the English traveller this affords additional interest. The vestments are ancient; the language of the service is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of Christianity; the ceremonies are Jewish—at all events very ancient and majestic. Let every thing be simple and true, the artist should know the origin of the story, or his lines and folds will be unmeaning.

† Some such thoughts must have come early into my mind, in trying my pencil on the ruins of an ancient abbey; and when, afterwards within the dark, I looked to the rafters, as often I have, and saw the swallows flying about during divine service.

a contrast is offered to the eye of the painter, by the figures seen in the churches of the Roman Catholic countries of the south, as compared with those in our own! There are seen men in the remote aisles or chapels, cast down in prayer, and abandoned to their feelings with that unrestrained expression which belongs to an Italian from his infancy; and even the beggars who creep about the porches of the churches are like nothing we see nearer home. In them we recognize the figures familiar to us in the paintings of the great masters. In visiting the church of the Annunziata in Genoa, I found a beggar lying in my way, the precise figure of the lame man in the cartoon of the Raphael. He lay extended at full length upon the steps, crawling with the aid of a short crutch, on which he rested with both his hands. In Roman Catholic countries the church door is open, and a heavy curtain excludes the light and heat, and there lie about those figures in rags singularly picturesque.

In short, the priests in their rich habiliments, studiously arranged for effect—the costume of the monks of the order of St Francis and the Capuchins,—the men and women from the country, and the mendicants prostrate in the churches, and in circumstances as to light, and shade, and colour, nowhere else to be seen, have been, and are, the studies of the Italian painters.

—Again, in passing from the galleries of Rome, to the country and villages around, we cannot doubt where Raphael and Dominichino found their studies and prettiest models. The holiday dress of the young women in the villages is the same with that which we see in their paintings; and as each village has something distinguishing and characteristic, and still picturesque, in its costume, much is left for good taste to select and combine.

When a man of genius, nurtured in his art at Rome, where every thing conspires to make him value his occupations, returns home to comparative neglect, he is not to be envied. He wants sympathy, and associates. David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, in a letter to Gavin Hamilton, whom he had left in Rome, laments the want of living models, and the defective sensibility of his countrymen. He says, we rarely see in this country a countenance like that of a Franciscan or an Italian beggar, so full of character, so useful to the study of history painting. But, he adds, we have nature, and with the assistance of ancient models and casts from the Greek statues, much may be accomplished.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLE.

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This work was published some time ago. The author is understood to be of that party, popularly termed the Pusey-party, of the Church of England.