

quality which belongs to glass. On the other hand, there are certain things a picture can do much better than a window: such as effects of light and shade, and perspective and distance. These things a window had better not attempt, partly because it can never do them well, and partly because, if attempted, they would be likely to diminish the very qualities of brilliant color which are its especial glory.

A window differs from a picture in another way. A picture is not a necessity; we can, if necessary, do without pictures altogether, and therefore a picture, in order to justify its existence, must have something important to tell us. A window has a utilitarian necessity: we must have it to keep out the rain and the wind—it is justified if it does nothing more; and if the glass is colored, it is justified if the colors are so arranged as to give pleasure to our eyes. It may be nothing more than a pleasant arrangement of lines and colors, and still it is justified. But the designer of a window may, if he will, fill it with figures of men and women and saints and angels, and so make expression of thought and emotion; he may let the red and blue and green and golden light so shine through the glass as to quicken the hearts of worshippers and guide their intelligence. And so it follows that there are two main points by which a window may be judged—color and draughtsmanship.

Of course, there is no rule by which we can say whether the color of a window is good or bad. You may think the color of one beautiful, and I of another; there can be no proof which is right; all we can do is to train our judgment by continual observation of good examples, and all who have done so are agreed that much better coloring is found in old glass than in new. . . . I venture to say that anyone who is taking upon himself the responsibility of beautifying, or possibly degrading, one of our churches by the addition of a window should, if possible, spend some time in studying the examples of ancient glass at Gloucester or Malvern or Warwick or Oxford, or even, if he can find time to get there, as far off as York or Chartres or Bourges.

I shall, I am sure, be asked if it be true that the coloring of ancient windows is richer and more beautiful than that of our modern windows—what is the reason why this should be so. Was the ancient glass in itself better than ours? I would answer that 60 or 70 years ago, when the revival of painted or stained glass windows began, this was undoubtedly the case. There was only to be got at that time smooth, flat, very clear glass from which it was impossible to get the variety and richness of color and texture which marks the old windows. But since that time many varieties of glass have been introduced, and although the very skill with which

modern glass is made has robbed it of certain qualities which made easier the task of the window painter, still there is now obtainable glass of admirable color and of great variety of thickness and texture; and we must, I think, admit that if ancient windows are as a rule better than modern windows the difference is due not so much to the quality of the materials we use as to the knowledge and skill with which they are manipulated.

The quality of color in a window does not depend entirely or even principally upon the quality of the color of individual pieces of glass. A single piece of color does not make its quality felt until it is seen in relation and in juxtaposition to other colors. The skilful arrangement of pieces of colored glass is more important in relation to the final effect than the quality of the color of individual pieces. You or I may get together a collection of the finest and most costly pigments in the world and put them together on a canvas, and the result might be some kind of a mess; it might not in the real, true sense be color at all. But let a Raphael put colors on a canvas, let his skilful hand arrange them in certain proportions and certain ways of juxtaposition which are revealed to his trained intelligence by intuition of laws which he himself perhaps only partly understands; then the colors begin to sing together, as the painters say, and for the first time you have what can really be called color.

I am not one of those who can even begin to explain the laws which govern the harmony of color. I suppose there are no colors which a great painter cannot mate together. A square foot of green and a square foot of red may be enemies for ever: but reduce the red to a square inch and the two may get on very well together. One tint of blue and one tint of red may clash: alter the strength of one or the other, and they may harmonize. An easier method, and one much used in mediæval times, was to separate colors by a neutral color or white or black. The brightest and even crudest vermilion and greens and blues are found in the coloring of our mediæval screens in Norfolk and Devonshire; they are separated from each other by lines of white or gold, and the result is soft and harmonious.

This method was embodied in the heraldic rule that color is never superimposed on color or metal on metal, but always color on metal or metal on color. Metal means gold and silver, and covers also white pigments instead of silver and sometimes yellow instead of gold. Black will also serve, and so will a neutral tint like brown or grey. In the roof of the sacristy at Sta. Croce at Florence the brown pine beams are partly colored: the brown of the timber separates and harmonizes the bright red and blue