

preachers) have been preaching the gospel in the old Gregorian Church, and in the very midst of the old Gregorian ritual. The people, too, in the very midst of their sorrows, have turned their attention to religion in a way that has probably never been known before. All the churches are crowded, generally twice a day, and the people will sit for hours listening to the consolations of the kingdom of God. Yesterday, as I said, was our great day. Dr. Fuller, president of the American College, has been invited to preach at the Gregorian High Mass, and he obtained permission for me to come and share the privilege with him. It was the first time he had ever had the opportunity, and the first time I had been in anything of the kind. The service began before daybreak, and, as the ritual is extremely long, and without any preaching occupies about two hours, you can judge what it would be like with a couple of Protestant addresses intercolated in it. I was out of bed by ten minutes after five, and after a cup of coffee and a bit of bread we were soon on our way to the church, where we found the service already well advanced. But what a sight! From end to end of the building a sea of heads; the men stood, of course, as there are no seats, but only carpets on the floor, and I need not say that the capacity of a building is vastly increased when the people stand, or when they sit close packed on the floor; away in the galleries and behind lattice-work was a throng of women, and a glance overhead at the lantern showed that a crowd of women were also listening on the roof. I suppose there must have been three thousand people present, and they say that another thousand was in the court-yard and unable to get into the church. When the first sunbeams fell on this crowd

within the church, with their red fezes, blue jackets, and striped shirts, it made a fantastic sea of color that is not easy to describe. The service is much more extended than most masses of which I know anything. The main features of the eucharistic method, however, were not difficult to recognize. The Nicene Creed was recited by the whole congregation, and the kiss of peace was given, usually by turning one's cheeks to one's neighbors, first to the one side and then to the other, but without any actual contact between the lips and the face. The procession of the priests, as they brought the elements from one altar to the other to place them in the hands of the celebrant, was very interesting. The approaching priest recites from the psalm, "Lift up your heads," &c., and the celebrant enquires, "Who is this King of Glory?" and so on, the elements being placed on the altar. But I need not enlarge further on this ancient ritual. Indeed I do not understand it as well as I could wish (speaking as an archæologist). In the midst of the service one of the clergy read a paper of subscriptions for the poor, usually in the form of thanksgivings or requests for prayer, and it was very interesting to note that no less than four donations were made in thankfulness for the safe return of the American doctor (Dr. Shepherd) from Zeitun. One person added, and for the safe return of the English consul who has been prayed for by the people in the great church. When it came to the time for the sermon, Dr. Fuller was introduced and preached to the people extempore; and they listened with breathless attention, and often by a murmur of sympathy or by a responsive "Amen" expressed their approval of what was said. I was back in Antioch by this time with Chrysostom. Then