

side-arms marched in, hustling the pilgrims to either side and crowding the women and children to the wall. The boys climbed higher wherever clinging space was possible. Now the double line of soldiers divided, and standing shoulder to shoulder, formed a living lane, leaving space for the religious processions. The soldiers did not hesitate to shove back with their elbows the crowding pilgrims behind, nor to drop their muskets on the toes of any trespassing beyond the prescribed limit. If some *laggard* failed to get out of the way, he was seized by the collar and hustled ignominiously out of the building, perhaps after waiting for hours to see the spectacle.

When a kind of quiet and order had been secured, a brilliant procession emerged from the Greek chapel and marched round and round the sepulchre many times. At its head were white-robed boys singing in a high, sustained note bearing palm branches in their hands. Jewelled banners were borne aloft, embroidered and painted with religious pictures. The clergy were gorgeously dressed in white silk vestments embroidered in red and gold. Thurifers swung silver censers from which strong aromatic incense rose. Bells rung and swung and almost made the solid walls to rock. A large gold cross was borne in the procession, a very stout ecclesiastic carried a jewelled mitre on a silver tray, and surpliced boys strewed flowers before his eminence.

Then came the Patriarch in a robe ablaze with gems, wearing a Greek mitre adorned with jewels to the value, we were told, of seventy thousand pounds. About one hundred and twenty clergy walked in procession, chanting with deep bass voices, while the thin treble of the boys rose high over all. On either side of this procession stretched the dull red line of fezzes and sombre uniforms and stolid faces of the Turkish guard.

So dense was the crowd that, as my Greek neighbour expressed it, "if one of them moved a finger, the whole mass swayed like the waves of the sea." I saw one Turkish officer rudely slap a pilgrim several times in the face. He took it submissively, showing no resentment, and I thought of the meek Christ who was buffeted and spat upon near this spot so many centuries ago.

The Greek Patriarch was a tall, dark, handsome man, exceedingly dignified in demeanour. He was continually making the Greek sign of benediction and gently waving a crucifix which he carried in one hand. After marching around the Holy Sepulchre several times, the Greek procession re-entered the chapel. The sepulchre was ablaze with candles and lamps within and without, and standing in front of it were large silver candelabra with enormous wax candles.