

washing a brief sermon was addressed to the pilgrims, in which the love of Christ was set forth especially as it was shown the last night of His life. Then began the foot-washing. One hundred and sixty pilgrims were present. There were also sixty women, I was told. The pertinent passage from the Fourth Gospel was read, and some prayers said by Cardinal Prince von Schwarzenberg. Any Catholic layman or cleric can assist at this ceremony. He only has to announce his intention beforehand and inscribe his name in the book of the brotherhood (*confratelli*) and wear a red coat. The pilgrims sit round the room against the wall, each with a basin in front of him. The *confratello* draws off the pilgrim's shoes and stockings, washes his feet, dries and kisses them. The last is not always done. Among those who this evening performed this service were Cardinals Schwarzenberg and Corsi, and the two sons of Don Carlos and several other aristocratic personages. I was told that at the foot-washing of the women some ladies of the highest family took part, including a princess. The names of those who take part in this service are engraved on marble slabs on the walls of the wide halls, together with the sums they contribute. Among the names is Christina of Sweden, who contributed to the establishment 1600 scudi. After the foot-washing, the pilgrims and the *confratelli* passed into a large hall. After prayer they were treated to a very simple, yet very good and abundant, meal and refreshed with wine. It is very interesting to go up to different pilgrims and to watch their faces under the influence of the distinction shown them by personages of high birth. One eats with great appetite, forgetful of the surroundings; another is full of humility and thankfulness; a third looks as quiet and undisturbed as if he were sitting in his own house. The one eats properly; the other with his fingers, in the way to which he has been accustomed, and letting spoon and fork rest where they were first put. After so much standing and listening to-day, I return home fagged out and longing for rest.

GOOD FRIDAY, 25th.—I went at eight o'clock to the Protestant service in the chapel of the embassy.* Strengthened and refreshed, I started out for the Sistine Chapel. The services:

First—Different from yesterday, the lights are lit in the chapel and on the altar is a white linen cloth, and the pope comes himself to dispense the blessing. The mass (*Messa del Presantificate*) begins with the singing of Isaiah's prophecies and passages from Exodus. After this three singers sing from John xviii., xix. Christ's seizure, Peter's denial, the hearing before Annas, Caiaphas, and Pilate; the scourging and crowning with thorns, the *Ecce Homo* (Behold the Man), and *Crucifige* (Crucify Him), the condemnation and crucifixion, the taking leave of Mary, and other scenes pass before you like a drama. Not only does the ear hear, but the eye sees as well, until at the words *Et*

* The Prussian embassy.