

takes up its place just behind them on the Gospel side of the sanctuary and on the other side seats are arranged for the Archbishop and the Chapter.

The final words of the office have been sung ; and now a stream of black trained beneficiados pass along the gangway to their seats behind the screen ; they are followed by the purple trained canons and finally, preceded by the great golden double-barred patriarchal cross, comes the Archbishop himself in a wonderful robe of cherry-colored satin, which has an enormous train some twelve or fifteen yards in length. On the pageant passes to their allotted seats and, at once, the orchestra starts the prelude to a hymn which the boys sing sweetly and melodiously. There are three or four verses of it. After the last strophe Los Seises, genuflecting to the altar, put on their hats. The music changes to another rhythm. It is in triple time and has a well marked rhythm. It is somewhat of the bolero style. Then, singing the praises of the Lord, Who has made Mary Immaculate, the boys advance one row towards the other, keeping time with the music, one step to each bar. Then one row crosses the other ; they form squares, stars, circles, and various figures, all the while singing. Towards the end of each verse they so manage their steps that, one by one, they return to their original positions by the benches and at the last note they mark the conclusion by a rapid twirl on one foot. Then, as the band plays the interlude, they advance again, row towards row, not singing now but playing their castanets while they dance. The effect is delicious. First a faint click which swells with the music, then dies away to the merest sound. I had no idea of the beautiful addition the Spanish castanets could be to such music. After the interlude the boys sing another verse and dance in the same way. The whole ceremony lasts about twenty-five minutes. The scene is very beautiful in the darkening church, for now all the light comes streaming from the silver altar and lights up the beautiful, happy, bright faces of the boys, and the deep, earnest look of the Spanish congregation who gaze on much moved at the touching spectacle. When the dance is over the Archbishop ascends the altar and kneels there while a motette is sung. His great train is spread out