

Each of the apostles receives a beautiful bunch of flowers and two medals, the one of silver and the other of gold, as mementoes of the honor placed upon them.

Fifth—The meal of the apostles in a room near the Capella Paulina, in memory of our Lord's last supper with his disciples. The crush was so great that the perspiration soon began running down my face. The table was adorned with flowers in gold and silver vases. As the pope arrives, the apostles (the same parties whose feet have been washed) fall on their knees. The pope blesses the table. A chaplain reads the passages of Scripture bearing upon the feast. The pope then serves one after the other and as many times as there are dishes, also giving to them several times wine, which he pours into a beautiful goblet. Each of the dishes and the flagon of wine are handed to the pope by a prelate in kneeling posture. As in the foot-washing, so here the value of the vessels and the circumstance of the service are in great contrast to the humility and simplicity of the beautiful event which it is designed to commemorate.

Sixth—Service on Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel from four to six, as yesterday. First, the Lamentations of Jeremiah by four voices, by Palestrina. How woful are these pining notes! How deep these sighs from the distant city of the King! They express the birthpains of the advent. "Oh, all ye who have gone your own way, stand still and see whether there be any sorrow like unto mine, for the Lord hath filled me full of sorrow, as He promised in the day of His wrath." Wonderfully moving is the pathetic prayer, "*Convertere ad Dominum*" (Turn to the Lord). The agony and the suffering of the dying Saviour seems to repeat itself through the sounds, "As a lamb was He taken to the slaughter, and He opened not His mouth." Pity, sorrow, longing, aspiration, devotion, thankfulness, in turn, fill the soul in listening to the splendid strength and depth of the tones. After this various other parts of the history of the Advent and Passion were said as they are prescribed in the Roman Breviary, followed at last by a *Miserere*. This pierced and lifted the soul so powerfully, so deeply awakened the sense of sin, and so stirred up fervent sadness and deepest consecration, that it will always remain in my memory. After the *Miserere*, a short prayer and a noise like yesterday's and the service was ended.

Seventh—In the evening at half-past seven, I saw the ceremony of the foot-washing and feeding of the Catholic pilgrims, which occurs on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings of Holy Week, and dates from St. Philip Neri, 1548. A very pleasant custom. There is for the female pilgrims a distinct apartment, to which only women are admitted. The pilgrims, carrying a certificate from their bishop that they had come to Rome to worship, are taken care of three days near the Trinita des Pellegrini and their feet are washed once. I was much pleased with the place and the custom. Before the foot-