

expense is spared by the Chapter in celebrating the feast.

It is about half past five on a winter's evening. The last rays of the setting sun have stolen in through a western window and have slowly crept up the retablo until they bathed in a glory of crimson and blue and gold the figure of Christ on the Cross which towers almost into the vault some hundred feet high. The canons from their coro are chanting the last verses of the Benedictus (they sing Matins and Lauds over night) and the beautiful silvery blue of the incense is still clinging round the altar, waving through the blinding tapers and curling upwards round the throne, bearing up to Him the prayers of His faithful. At this moment from the doors of the small sacristy behind the high altar troop down on either side Los Seises. They descend the twelve steps and take up their position by the draped benches on either side of the large free space just within the screen. There they stand facing one another. There are ten in number, five on either side. Their dress is very becoming. It dates from the time of Philip III. The tunic, of blue silk, shaded with gold, has long steamers from either shoulder; knee breeches of white satin, white stockings and shoes with blue and gold bows; old world frills, such as you see in Spanish pictures of the sixteenth century, are round their necks and from right to left a white silken scarf hangs like a deacon's stole. In their hands they carry three-cornered hats of blue and gold trimmed with white ostrich feathers and they hold in their hands small Spanish castanets. The boys stand waiting. Meanwhile a small orchestra

