

This semi-pagan festival we did not see, but we studied very thoroughly the more pleasing and not less sumptuous ceremonies of Palm Sunday.

About nine o'clock in the morning the *kawass* of the consulate called for us by appointment at our hotel. He was a stately-looking fellow in Turkish dress, carrying a huge curved cimeter and a silver-topped staff of office like that of a drum-major. We felt quite outshone by his magnificence. We went through the narrow "Christian Street," lined with stalls, where the principal

articles for sale seemed to be enormous wax candles, painted with religious pictures, and lovely palm branches plaited in graceful designs.

The approach to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was crowded with pilgrims, chiefly Russians of the old Greek Church, among whom our *kawass* unceremoniously forced his way, we closely following him. Places had been reserved for us in the great gallery, which looks through open arches into the circular area beneath the dome; but how to get there—that was the question, every place being filled with crowding, jostling pilgrims. We were led



PRIEST OF GREEK CHURCH.

through dark corridors and narrow passages, through the sacristy of the Latin monks, who were robing in their sacred vestments, and up a steep stairway in the thickness of the wall.

Here we were confronted with a new difficulty. This gallery was so sacred that within its precincts no woman's foot could tread. If it could the place would be a good deal cleaner—it was abominably dusty and unkempt. So for Madame some other place must be found. Our faithful Abdallah was equal to the occasion. He procured for her an admirable position in a gallery overlooking both the Greek Chapel and the rotunda, where she witnessed both the high functions of which we saw only one.