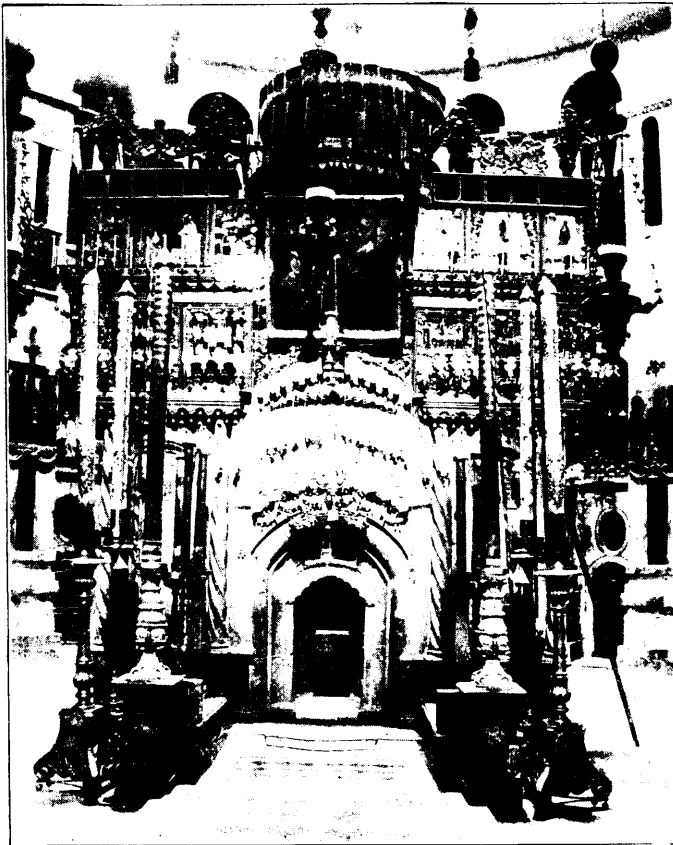


forth, carelessly idle, as though gathered in the pleasure spaces of some great arcade. The tongues of every nation mingle on all sides, and every curious, twisted assortment of man made in the image of God leans in idle converse against massive pillars supporting mighty statues swathed in wild draperies and tawny hair. One moves easily up the great spaces that are still left, despite the immense crowds, to where, in the distant gloaming, can be heard faint echoes of music. About the High Altar, canopied by the great Baldichino placed under the central dome, the people are packed closer, and one stands awhile in wonderment at the surging throng listening to the vespers still vague and distant.

Within the chancel the people stand in a solid block, and here, while the

twilight deepens, falling softly on the people and separating each from the other as by a heavy veil, they listen to the solemn chanting of *Tenebrae*. The vast cathedral is wrapt in the black pall of night, and the giant statues, arches, aisles, and domes fade into deep and mystic distance, with only the ruddy glare of a single light shining through the latticed front of the choir-loft. A deep pause after *Tenebrae* is finished, and the sound of the restless multitude becomes a low, expectant murmur. Then a feeling of awe touches the lightest, as from far among the distant arches comes a thread of pure music that seems to have no beginning, trembling, vibrating, as it is poised a moment high above in the depths of invisible space; a stray note as of angel melody that has wandered

from the choir of heaven. Gradually it grows in rich volume till the vast spaces are pervaded with a tumultuous rush of exquisite sound, filled with the grief and pathos of the Psalmist, and the first wailing notes of the *Miserere* pour forth from the silver throat of the Pope's "angel," Moreschi. Then the despairing cry is taken up by many voices, mingling, parting and crossing each other in a wondrous succession of minors and cadences filled with the woe of unspeakable sorrow, rising and swelling till the farthest niches and chapels echo again and again with a sublime mingling of passionate, imploring tones, weary and



"THE HOLY SEPULCHRE."