

woman. Don't you consider that a merciful spirit?"

Katish looked at me severely and said: "Do you see that orange boy down there? Is it possible that you want one here?"

"It is and you do too. Please don't explain."

The gamin below had been watching us intently. A dart apparently and he stood before his prospective customers Rosy and with a multitude of curls he beamed upon his wares and then upon us. He spied other susceptible ones in the square below and was off instantly.

The oranges were just about to reach a decided crisis in their careers, when Katish's and mine went tumbling down to mingle with the relics of former ages.

"How cruel of you Katish!" I exclaimed. Behind me the clanking of hoofs. Oh horrors! It couldn't be a Cook's party. No, fortunately, as I glanced around there were only five or six inmates. As the women descended there was a vigorous, lovely frou-frou.

"Oh Katish, you sacrificed our oranges for that frou-frou. Confess! It was reverence for that fascinating rustle. The parasols were beauties. Perhaps they influenced you a bit, too?"

The party went into the church, but soon reappeared.

Some way it is noticeable that very splendid frou-frou; hats raised upon the rue de la Paix, gowns that have breathed the breath of Doucet's shop, and that thrive neither upon flights of time or steps; and vigorous sight seeing are not well acclimated. But travellers thus equipped are soul-satisfying, to say the least. Their locks are well trained. Neither wind, nor rain, nor curiosity have ever brought them to the point of defying a hair-pin.

Their hats are never askew, nor has the Italian sun absorbed or rearranged each atom of their coloring. Nor has the rain destroyed the perspicuity of shape of these millinery creations or done away with the perpendicularity of the skirts, of this particular sect of sight-seers. You are proud of travellers like these and proud that they belong to the great American Commonwealth. They have not wasted precious moments in mourning over the fact that the Corso is faced with plate-glass windows, but rather have they revelled in the beautiful mosaics these very windows had to offer. They have been to St. Peters and St. Pauls, to the Colosseum by moonlight, and have purchased a colored copy of the Aurora Borealis. Hath Rome greater possibilities than these?

"My aunt is waiting below for us," exclaimed Katish. We got into a carriage, and, soon in the distance, dwarf-like flocks of people, gathered about St. Peters, were discernible. As we drove up to the great steps a very unusual sight, for Romedom, greeted us. Carriages with coat-of-arms and harnesses that glimmered with their silver mountings.

On the steps groups of men, tall, imposing and in evening dress. They greeted their friends as they descended from private carriages, with a wondrous grace and charm of manners. About these women there was an odor of violets, a touch of ermine, of velvet and of chinchilla.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I feel quite as if I were going to a reception. This isn't a bit like the St. Peters of yesterday."

Just then we stood near a Signora with Madonna eyes, and an air that spoke of family and insignias. The men flocked about her and if there is balm of Gilead, certainly her "buonogioruo signor." "How do you do" to these slaves, was of this nature.

"Let's follow her," said Katish. "She's so terribly fascinating. It won't matter for we can't understand very

much of what she says. Just let's see Holy Thursday and St. Peters through her eyes." As she entered, groups of men and richly gowned women hastened to welcome her. They chatted, they laughed, they joked, and we all walked on.

"Katish, if one of those splendid looking Swiss guards would only descend from his perch at the Vatican and bring us an ice, how perfect it would be!"

"It would," she asserted. "I wonder that he doesn't think of it. But where is the St. Peters of yesterday?"

Then we had come with g'eamings of church history, with wonderment and with awe. We had wandered from the bronze statue of St. Peter with the emaciated toe to La Pieta Fresh from reading the "Marble Faun" we had found the English Confessional and left a humble leaf of thought for Hilda. Today, today, the gay frolicsome crowd!

We lost the little coterie we had been following and unconsciously found ourselves behind the great altar. The music, heretofore, had been but a distant murmur, drowned by the babbling of the people, but now we were at its very source. Just beyond, was the screened choir, and around about groups of quiet, joyful people, whose souls drank in the gloria.

Occasionally a voice pitched too high, a laugh too boisterous grated upon the peaceful atmosphere. It didn't seem possible that we had been among those gay throngers, even more hilarious than they.

A man, not far off, with a spiritual, aesthetic face of the New England type followed closely the service. We had seen him often before in church and cathedral, until imperceptibly a basis of likes and dislikes had been established between us. Katish intent upon the music, had a far-away, up-lifted look upon her fair face, and this young American when pleased, displeased, touched or awed, often turned to her for sympathy; for her face was a transparency of her inmost thoughts.

The music stopped, the dim twilight was creeping in, relieved here and there by a great candle. But strange and awesome the great cathedral looked in this mistiness of light and dark.

We wandered out into the nave. Around the altar marched bishops and cardinals, pouring water upon it and washing it in memory of Christ's washing the disciples' feet. High above in the balconies, priests were showing the impossible relics of the church, and women in the prescribed Easter gown of black, with black lace scarfs thrown over their white faces, were kneeling in fantastic groups.

The mysteriousness of it all swept over me and wrapt me in its blanket. The fifteenth century seemed indeed the distant future. And down beneath the vast dome Katish and I knelt, and then came the silent man and knelt beside Katish. We staid some moments until Miss Beman came rushing up. "Hurry girls. Hurry. It is getting late!"

We rose and went out into the early night, and the silent man found us a carriage and helped Miss Beman in.

The spell, the charm of those few hours was still upon us. We said nothing all the way home. Just as we reached our door Miss Beman demanded "Who can that man be? We've met him so often!" and turning sharply upon Katish she added: "Don't you know?"

"No, I haven't any idea."
"Why, haven't you noticed, Miss Beman," I enquired. It's St. Sebastian. He saw Katish and his soul flew earthward again."

"How can you?" she retorted. "But he is just like all the St. Sebastian pictures. Arrows trouble neither his spirit nor his expression. He thrives upon them. It does not matter about their source. Arrows are arrows." But Katish heeded not.

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Piano—"Frühlingerauschen," Sinding; Miss Marie Hoover.

"A Summer Night," Goring Thomas; Mrs. J. B. Wright.

"Autumn," Franz; Mrs. Marion Treat Taylor.

Quartette—"An Autumn Song," Kreeger; Mrs. Taylor, Miss Oakley, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Campbell.

Recitation and Cavatina—"From Lupland Caves Now Rushes Forth Rough Winter—Light and Life Dejected Languish." (The Seasons); Hayden. Miss Bessie Turner.

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