

I am suddenly aroused—the time is fast approaching midnight, and we must hasten.

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In the solemn air of the Cathedral, the altar lights are burning brightly, incense softly floats in mimic clouds, the murmuring echoes of the mass gently lead the thought, till, from the lips of trumpets a flood of music bursts upon the ear, and organ-pipe, and reed, and string, swell the rich chords as voices loudly sing the Christmas tidings,

“Gloria in Excelsis.”