

There is not a sound in the air other than the roll of a passing car, and though wrapped in a stillness that breathes drowsiness and sleep, I find myself lingering fondly around the distant Pyramids, the Acropolis of Athens and the ruins of Ancient Rome. Before me, too, is a grove of Arabian palm, from which peals of rich harmony come mingling with the breeze, and subsiding there steals gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appears to come mellow and sweet in its passage down the old cathedral aisle in answer to the *Benedicamus Domino—Deo Gratias.*

