

We cannot forget Florence—Naples—nor the foretaste of life is in the delicious atmosphere of Greece—and surely not Athens—broken temples of the Acropolis. Surely not venerable Rome—green plain that compasses her round about, contrasting its with her gray decay—nor the ruined arches that stand apart in and clothe their looped and windowed raggedness with vines. remember St. Peter's: not as one sees it when he walks the Rome and fancies all her domes are just alike, but as he sees away, when every meaner edifice has faded out of sight and dome looms superbly up in the flush of sunset, full of dignity, strongly outlined as a mountain.

We shall remember Constantinople and the Bosphorus—the magnificence of Baalbec—the Pyramids of Egypt—the prodigious the benignant countenance of the Sphinx—Oriental Smyrna—Jerusalem—Damascus, the “Pearl of the East,” the pride of the fabled Garden of Eden, the home of princes and geni of the Nights, the oldest metropolis on earth, the one city in all the world has kept its name and held its place and looked serenely on while Kingdoms and Empires of four thousand years have risen to life, their little season of pride and pomp, and then vanished and forgotten!

