

into a fortress. For centuries the ruthless destruction of the columns and carved stones has gone on unchecked. "Happy the traveller," says Dr. Jessop, "whose lot it shall be to see Baalbec even in its present declining glory before the relentless forces of nature and the not less relentless hand of man shall have completed the destruction."

NOTE.—The only ruins in Syria that will at all compare with those at Baalbec are the remains of the city of Palmyra, the "Tadmor in the wilderness," built by Solomon. (1 Kings ix. 18 ; 2 Chron. viii. 4.) The clustered columns are far more numerous than at Baalbec, but none of them are of such stupendous size. One colonnade was originally more than a mile in length. The great central square was over 700 feet on each side. One hundred of the more than fifteen hundred columns, with two crumbling triumphal arches, still remain ; but the thousand statues of the heroes and gods, with the carved plinths and capitals, lie in tumbled confusion on the ground.

An evidence of the great population of Palmyra is the vast cemetery, containing a number of towers of silence in every stage of dilapidation. One of these is shown in the cut on page 430. It had places for four hundred and eighty bodies.

Here was the school of the sublime Longinus and the throne of the noble Zenobia, after whom are still named many of the maidens of the East. For a thousand years after Solomon, it is not mentioned in history, but it rose to fame in the early Christian centuries. The Roman Emperor Adrian adorned the city with many of its greatest temples and colonnades and gave it his own name, Adrianopolis. The brief but brilliant career of Zenobia, her defeat and capture by Aurelian, and the gorgeous pageant, in which, with a long train of captives of many lands, loaded with golden fetters, she was led in triumph to Rome, make one of the most striking episodes in history.

NATURE has ripened her fruit and grain ;
But what, O soul ! are the sheaves you bring ?
While the rich earth offers her golden gifts,
What is the gain of your harvesting ?

Have you garnered patience from day to day ?
Have you gathered the precious fruit of love ?
Has charity grown by the dew of tears
And the sunshine streaming from above ?

In the sheathing husk of the outward life
Have you found the kernel God yearns to give
Have you gained with the body's nourishment
The "word" by which a man doth "live" ?

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.