

as he had for ages past, upon their crumbling ruins. I tried to restore in my mind the stately temple of the vanished past. I beheld the gorgeous pageants and processions, and the priests and devotees of the bygone worship of the sun and of Jupiter. I heard again the choric chant and saw the incense smoke arise. Then I woke from my reverie, and cold reality became again a presence. Those six lonely columns—all that was left of this great and goodly temple—seemed more deeply to emphasize the sense of desolation. "O ye vain, false gods of Helas, ye are silent evermore!" In the soft afternoon light, an old-gold colour suffused the mellow surface of the columns, clearly defined against the background of the blue sky and the distant snowy Lebanon, and tender shadows slowly crept across the mighty ruin. The whole weird scene made a picture which is stamped upon the memory forever.



RUINS OF PALMYRA.

A short distance without the walls is a another lovely octagonal structure, the so-called temple of Venus, forty feet in diameter, surrounded by a peristyle of six Corinthian columns and a rich Corinthian frieze, shown in the upper part of cut on page 427, with niche-like recesses on every side for statues of the gods.

In a little marshy meadow, not far off, is a roofless, ruined mosque, its columns of syenite and porphyry taken from the courts of the temples, and capitals and carvings stolen from some older ruin.

Near the wall is the quarry from which these huge stones were brought, and here still lies the hugest of them all, not quite detached from the native rock. I climbed to its top, on which two carriages could easily drive abreast. It is sixty-eight feet four inches long, seventeen feet wide, and fourteen feet seven inches high. Its estimated weight is about 15,000 tons, or nearly