

whose degradation of to-day seems but the deeper from the relics of their former greatness: the cities and temples, of an extent and magnificence ever since unrivalled, crumbled into shapeless ruin, leaving scarce a trace of what they were; the sunny hills and pleasant valleys, exuberant with luxurious plenty, withered into deserts; the land where the wise men dwelt, and mighty captains governed, ruled over by craven, sensual slaves; the birthplace of an Eternal Hope, now but the grave of a departed glory. Over this page in the great chronicle of the world, is written the memory of the Past.

Then comes our Europe, with its very large towns, excellent gas lamps, highly efficient police, comfortable churches, with good stones and ventilation; with its express trains, and well-regulated post-office, improved steam-boats, electric telegraphs, and electric agriculture, liberal education, and respectable governments. In all these we feel, and hear, and see, the reality of the Present.

Now we turn to the West. Over its boundless tracts of rich and virgin soil is spreading a branch of the most vigorous among the European families, bearing with them every means and appliance which the accumulated ingenuity of ages can