

feet, and supplying the city constantly with a body of water equal to that carried down by a river thirty feet broad by six deep. Our improvements in sewerage have never yet produced anything like the Cloaca Maxima, of Ancient Rome, built by Tarquinius Priscus five hundred and eighty years before Christ. Time would fail me to tell of Ninevah, with its colossal winged-bulls, carved with the nicety of a cameo; of Babylon with its mighty walls; Jerusalem, with its glorious temple; Tyre, with its countless fleets; Sidon, with its labyrinth of workshops and factories; and Persepolis, with its world of palaces. Centuries before Romulus marked out the site of the city which was destined to be mistress of the world. Etruria was a flourishing kingdom, embracing the region now known as Tuscany, was thickly studded with noble cities, had its paved roads, admirable system of drainage and tunnelling, the marvellous ruins of which still bear testimony to their ancient glory. More wonderful still are the ruins of Boalbec, those mountains of carved stone in the midst of a desert, which baffle the imagination to conceive how they were transported thither, or what race of giants they were who were able to construct monuments that bid defiance alike to the gnawing tooth of time and to the unrelenting hand of man. We boast of our English commerce—world-embracing, various, gigantic, penetrating all lands, laden with the produce of all climes; and yet when David was singing his immortal Psalms, at no great distance from Jerusalem, stood Phœnician Tyre, the mistress of the seas, the great colonizer and trader of the ancient world, interchanging the commerce of the East and West, having her factories on the Black Sea, and her gold mines in Greece and Spain, gathering the rich treasures of Ethiopia, Arabia and Hindostan, having Petra as a storehouse and depot for her Midianitish caravans, exporting her purple robes to every quarter of the globe, hewing down the cedars of Lebanon to build her navies, or to aid in the erection of Solomon's gorgeous Temple, and from her Mediterranean throne ruling the destinies of the nations. Over all the fertile shores and glittering isles of that inland sea, where civilization first developed itself, the Tyrian sceptre extended. Carthage, one of her colonies, grew into a powerful, independent state, and long contended with Rome for the sceptre of the empire. Broad as the known world was her commerce, and in every land her name was known and her power dreaded. The proud dames of old Tyre trod her streets adorned with the flashing diamonds of Golconda, the glittering pearls of Arabia, the richest products of the looms of India. What more can be affirmed to-day of their successors in London, Berlin, Paris or New York? The form, the manner of industry, art and commerce *have changed*; but the highest praise we can bestow upon our modern civilization is that it reproduces the splendour of those old nationalities, and perhaps rivals the long-buried glories of the past.

Passing from art and industry to the higher and finer productions of the intellect, here, at least, some may say, we moderns leave the ancients far behind. This, however, is not quite so certain. Take Homer who sang three thousand years ago:—