

is superb. The terraced city, the busy harbor, filled with vessels from all parts of the world, the thriving suburbs of Carleton and Portland, now incorporated with the city, and the glimpse obtained of the beautiful Bay of Fundy, make the whole scene one of the most attractive in Canada. The cantilever railway bridge, immediately above the suspension bridge shown in the engraving, has a total length of 2,260 feet, with a river span of 825 feet.

PALMYRA.

WAY in the mystic east, far off on an oasis of the desert, once flourished the large and beautiful city of Palmyra. It is now but a neglected hamlet, noted for its noble ruins, the traces of its past glories. It is about 150 miles north-east of Damascus and five days' camel journey from the Euphrates. By means of the numerous inscriptions found amongst the ruins, in addition to what we learn from ancient history, it is evident that an interest of no ordinary kind attaches itself to the rise and fall of this ancient city. It seems to have been originally an Arabian settlement, and as far back as B. C. 42 or 41 was noted for its wealth, for at that time Mark Antony invaded it for plunder, the inhabitants escaping by flight; but it is not till about the middle of the third century of the Christian era that it appears before us in the zenith of its loveliness and power. Then it was that Odenathus flourished as its king, and his wife Zenobia, one of the most wonderful women of history, as its queen. While the king pushed his conquests against Persia, Zenobia marched in person at the head of other detachments of the army and secured permanent victories in other directions. It would seem, however, that Odenathus soon died and left supreme control to his wife, who soon proved herself capable of assuming the high and important trust. Her ambition knew no bounds and soon under it and her indomitable will Palmyra rose from a city to an empire, as Zenobia loved to call it, of the East, and this in opposition to Rome the Empire of the West. Her court was set up as that of an Empress and her three young sons were arrayed in the robes of the Cæsars and designated by their names. This excited the jealousy and rage of Aurelian, the fierce and uncompromising soldier who then wore the Imperial purple, and war was quickly declared upon the presumptuous queen. The descriptions given us of Zenobia's preparations for this war reveal the marvellous wealth and resources of such a city of "the gorgeous east." One of its prominent features of beauty was the Temple of the Sun. "Upon a vast platform of marble, itself decorated with endless lines of columns (elsewhere of beauty and size sufficient for the principal building, but here a mere appendage) stood in solitary magnificence this peerless work of art." So, in a single sentence, does William Ware describe it in his highly interesting book called *Zenobia*. What a

life of unparalleled ease, luxury and wealth is presented to us in that book! Besides the temple of the Sun there was the Long Portico "with its interminable ranges of Corinthian columns and the busy multitudes winding among them and pursuing their various avocations. Here assemble the merchants and here various articles of more than common rarity are exhibited for sale. Here the mountebanks resort and entertain the idle and lovers of amusement with their fantastic tricks. And here strangers from all parts of the world may be seen walking to and fro, observing the customs of the place and regaling themselves at the brilliant rooms, furnished with every luxury, which are opened for their use, or else at the public baths which are found in the immediate neighborhood."

Such is a brief description given by a supposed eye-witness in the time of Palmyra's greatest power, when it was flashing with that magnificence that was the speedy precursor of its final overthrow and extinction. Few things could equal the glories of the palace of Zenobia. Fountains of all descriptions threw up their solid streams of cool, refreshing water, often scented so as to fill the air with a delightful fragrance. These fountains were usually of fantastic shapes. One favorite one for the guests of Zenobia was a colossal elephant with his trunk stretched high in the air, from which, in graceful form, issued forth a huge stream of water, drawn from a river fresh from the cool sides of the mountain, and falling over the elephantine form into the reservoir prepared to receive it.

The people of high life are represented to us as persons of culture and refined tastes. Men and women of learning discourse with profound wisdom upon some of the most abstruse subjects of the day. The celebrated Longinus was the chief wise man of Zenobia's court and he loved to discourse upon the immortality of the soul in which he was a firm believer. Mr. Ware puts into his mouth the following reasoning:—

"It is a feature of humanity that all men *desire* an immortal life. They perpetually dwell upon the thought of it and long for it. Is it not so with all who reflect at all upon themselves? Are there any such, have there ever been any, who have not been possessed with the same thoughts and desires, and who, having been greatly comforted and supported by them during life, have not at death relied upon them, and looked with some degree of confidence toward a coming forth again from death? Now I think it is far more reasonable to believe in another life, than in the delusiveness of these expectations. For I cannot suppose that this universal expectation will be disappointed, without believing in the wickedness, nay the infinite malignity of the Supreme Ruler, which my whole nature utterly refuses to do. For what more cruel than to create this earnest and universal longing and not gratify it?"

At this time Christianity had made rapid strides and was well known as a growing power in religion, but Longinus was not a Christian. He had