

splendent civilization of the Republics of ancient Greece. Why should all that magnificence have darkened down into hideous night? Think of Sparta with its discipline and valour! Think of Athens with its liberty, its philosophy, and its art! Think of the names that flung their splendour on that region of the sky; a Homer, a Thales, a Pythagoras, a Herodotus, a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Pericles, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Demosthenes, a Leonidas, a Themistocles, a Phidias, a Praxiteles; where, indeed, an electric diamond glittered on every corner, and a coronet of brilliants flashed on every hill. There were the Areopagus, and the Parthenon, the Agora, and the Pnyx, the Statuary and the Temple, the Academy and the Grove. There were philosophers and their investigations and controversies, and orators with an immortal eloquence. There were statesmen with their politics and lawgivers with their codes. There were architects with their imperishable temples, the models of the ages; and heroes and commanders with their armies and navies, the inspiration of courage in every conflict on land and sea. There were poets of deepest, richest tone, and artists of purest, divinest touch. There were citizens of generous freedom and lofty aspirations, and rulers with a noble patriotism and an unswerving fidelity. There was a civilization that shone like the imperial sun in the dome of the sky. How could so great a glory be won by so small a nation, and burst forth so early in the morn of the cras? Why should it suffer eclipse, and now shed only the lustre of an eye glazed in death?

"The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece,  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung:  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
And all except their sun has set."

Equally potent in our language, life and law is the civilization of ancient Rome, a constellation of government, power, and wealth which blazed for centuries in mid-heaven. To it are we indebted for the very word Civilization, the word Capital, the word Republic, the word State. Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Seneca, Cato, Tacitus would light up any hemisphere with an inextinguishable splendour. A Justinian, a Tribonian would have honoured the courts at Westminster or Washington. The Scipios and Caesars, the Antonines and Constantines would immortalize any nation and dignify any race. Military genius, imperial unity, colonial policy, and provincial administration here registered the loftiest achievements of the olden time. Municipal government, state rights, national authority, republican equality and liberty are the example and instruction of our own age.

Poetry, eloquence, and architecture flourished in an abounding felicity, and won the unfading chaplet of renown. All incursions of barbarians, all devastations of Goth and Frank and Hun, all sack and pillage, in waves of slaughter and flame rolling over the imperial city, have not buried in oblivion the ancient monuments of its power and glory. Rome's name was a terror to foes, and a tower of strength to friends to the ends of the earth. "I am a Roman citizen," was the shield and boast of the prince of the apostles. Why should not such a civilization still endure and shine as brightly to-day as ever? Why should not the seven-hilled city yet be mistress of the world? The patriot and poet explains the catastrophe in the agony of his cry, "O tempora! O mores!" as he beheld the rising flood of vice and violence hurling their torrents on the foundations of the state.