

with lofty buildings—once occupied by the aristocracy of Ireland, but now devoted to merchandise. When lit up at night it has quite a dazzling appearance. In the centre of it is the Nelson Monument, a graceful Doric pillar, 108 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar, Copenhagen, St. Vincent, and the Nile. A little further down is the O'Connell Monument, a splendid national tribute to "the Liberator of his country." The handsome new bridge across the Liffy is as broad as it is long. The Phoenix Park, containing 1753 acres, is a splendid enclosure. Near the entrance is a mammoth obelisk 205 feet in height on which are recorded the victories of the Duke of Wellington. Here too is the vice-regal lodge, immediately in front of which, marked by two crosses on the footpath, Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated. The Liffy, which flows through the centre of Dublin, were more appropriately called the *Letha*. It is a dark stagnant pool, spanned by numerous bridges, on whose banks stand the largest breweries in the world. Among the public buildings the most remarkable are the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College, in close proximity. The latter is famous the world over as a seat of learning. The buildings are very large, surrounding a square of 560 by 250 feet. It is attended by over 1,300 students. In its library are 120,000 volumes and 1,500 rare manuscripts. Its geological and natural history museums are also extensive and valuable. The "castle" is disappointing. Whatever it may have been, it now exists but in name. The only trace of the original fortress is a small remnant of a round bastion almost hidden by the gloomy pile of barracks in which the Lord Lieutenant spends the winter months. The adjoining chapel is a most elegant specimen of Gothic architecture. Not far off is Hoey's Court, where Dean Swift was born, and Aungier street, where Thomas Moore the poet first saw the light. Mornington House, in which the Duke of Wellington was born, is now used as the offices of the dis-established Church of Ireland.

I spent a very pleasant Sunday among the churches. In the morning, at Rutland Square Church, a handsome edifice, built by a Mr. Findlater some twenty years ago, during the incumbency of Dr. John Hall,

now of New York. It cost a deal of money, but, owing to its cramped site, it is only lighted from one side, rather it is not lighted, for the windows are filled with rich stained glass, giving the interior of the church a heavy, almost gloomy appearance. The Sabbath-school room in the basement must be lighted with gas, even on such a bright morning as this. I was invited to meet the kirk-session, and observed that their custom is to unite in prayer along with the minister for a short time before public worship. One of the elders led in prayer. They seemed to be an earnest band of men of the genuine Aaron and Hur stamp. The minister is a twin brother of Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamilton of New York, and an excellent preacher. The congregation, a fashionable, and to-day a representative one—many being away at the sea-side. In the afternoon I visited the Glasnevin cemetery, and was much interested in looking at the tomb of O'Connell. It is a vaulted chamber underneath a massive tower of dressed granite, built in imitation of the old round towers of Ireland, 175 feet in height. Through a grated door is seen the coffin covered with crimson velvet which contains the dust of the man most dear to the heart of every Irishman. Around this grand mausoleum are flower-beds and shrubbery, and sombre yews that stand like sentinels on hallowed ground. Catholics and Protestants lie alongside of each other in this cemetery.

"There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes."

Among the monuments are some beautiful imitations of the old runic crosses, elaborately carved in granite. Curran's tomb is in the form of a sarcophagus, constructed of great blocks of red granite weighing from four to five tons each. The grounds, extending to some sixty acres, are not well kept. It is a wilderness compared to our own Mount Royal Cemetery. At four o'clock heard a rousing sermon on the duty of "forgiveness" in the Roman Catholic Cathedral which was quite full. This fine edifice was built in 1816. But by far the finest ecclesiastical structures in Dublin are the two Protestant Cathedrals—Christ's Church and St. Patrick's. They are both old, and very large. The former was recently