

destined to become the apostle of a great religious movement in the New World—as true a Scriptural bishop in saintly zeal and tireless toil as the world ever saw.

By a Hibernian privilege we may conclude our pictures of “Round About England” with one from Ireland—the O’Connell Bridge, Dublin. The famous patriot lives in the heart of his countrymen and is commemorated by the fine structure shown in our cut, page 403. The finest thing I saw in Dublin was Trinity College; indeed, not even Oxford has as large and wealthy a foundation. In “College Green,” so called, I suppose, *more Hibernico*, because it has not a blade of grass, stands the most preposterous equestrian statue in the world—that of William III. One would



ASBURY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

think that the man who made it never saw a horse in his life. As I strolled through the old Parliament House, now a bank, I asked a servant if he would like Home Rule again. “Some might, belike,” he said, “not I; shure, what’s the differ?” which cheerful philosophy I did not seek to disturb. St. Patrick’s Cathedral is said to have been founded by its patron saint A.D. 448. If that be so, it has done little for its environment in those 1400 years, for it has around it the most squalid purlieus of the town, which is saying a good deal.

The Liffy, the Four Courts, Nelson’s Monument, and the “Phaynix Park,” provoke the pride of every patriot, and not without due cause. The castle, a stern feudal tower, is characterized by strength rather than beauty. The carving in the Chapel Royal