

more like fifteen than forty-five minutes, and his opinions of the world were so outspoken and bold.

His sermon was based on the theory that there is pleasure in everything—in doing good or evil ; that the greatest sinner after doing some most diabolical act feels his own particular delight in it. This, however, he went on to say, is not the right sort of pleasure, it is not lasting enough, and it is only by doing good in a right spirit that this lasting pleasure or happiness can be obtained.

Brooklyn is in reality a suburb of New York, and stands in the same position as Birkenhead does to Liverpool. It is a fine city and has a very large trade.

In the afternoon we went to Prospect Park, the prettiest and most English-like park we have seen.

The Central Park, New York, is also very pretty and handsomely supplied with monuments and fountains, and well laid out with walks and drives ; but it is not so undulating, nor has it such picturesque little nooks as the Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

One afternoon Charley and I chartered two horses and rode to the Central Park. There is a ride for equestrians, but we were disappointed that it did not keep near the carriage-drive as the Row does. We did not meet a single lady riding and only a few gentlemen. The ladies in America, as far as I have