

temple, is a glorious record of those former days when man bowed to a thousand gods and worshipped a hundred demons beneath its dome. It tells us of the time spoken of by Bossuet, when he said "everything was God except God Himself."

And the mighty Coliseum—which must be seen and studied in order to form an idea of its greatness, of its power, of its majesty—the

"Type of the antique Rome! rich reliquary
of lofty contemplation left to Time,
By buried centuries of pomp and power!"

It tells us of—

"Vastness! and age! and memories of old!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim
Night!"

It is described by Edgar Allan Poe in his own glowing language and poetic style—

"Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in
gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their
gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and
thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch
loll'd,
Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones."

But Rome's modern history is likewise found in her monuments. Towards the centre of the ages a light flashed upon Golgotha's top—its rays lit up the world; they penetrated into the deep winding corridors of the catacombs, and there remained pure and brilliant until the time came for those beams to gild the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's. They transformed everything, and under their fructifying influences we find the Vicar of Christ sending forth his mandates from the throne of the Cæsars.

It would be impossible for us to mention any more of the numberless piles which tell so powerfully of the past—likewise would it be impossible to touch on the different nations and their monuments. Space will permit of neither one nor the other. But we will merely speak of one particular country where in more ancient relics are to be found

than, perhaps, in any other land in the world. We refer to the "sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled Isle" known as Erin. The history of Ireland may be found in her songs, in her records, in her fairy tales, but above all, in the olden monuments of Erin can we read of her former days, her days of glory and of freedom.

To tell us of her early Paganism, of her sacred Druidism in every barony, in every county, in every grove, by the banks of nearly every stream, by the side of nearly every hill, in the depths of nearly every vale—there stands some Druid altar, perfect as when the last bloody sacrifice was offered upon it.

It tells of her ancient laws, and of how justice was dealt out to the tribes, we still meet with the Brehon's chairs, where sat the prophet-judges of whom blind Carolan, and still earlier, Ossian, sang. Then the Ogham stones and the mats and the fairy hills.

But above all, the historical monuments *par excellence* are the Gubero towers. Built by the fabled man known as the Gobhan Saer, they are supposed by some to have been sun-towers, and this supposition gives rise to the study of the fire-worship of the day. Others call them temples of Druid worship, and thus cause us to study the rites of the Druid faith. Again, they were styled bell-towers, and every title they got, every line found in them, every object about them, gives rise to the study of Ireland's past. What they were it is hard to say, but what they are we know. They are the mile-stones along the way of Irish history.

Denis Florence McCarthy thus speaks of them—

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how gloriously they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys of the land,
In mystic file throughout the Isle they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time.

Beside these gray old pillars how perishing and weak
Is the Roman's arch of triumph and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium and the painted Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.