

the island to receive their ecclesiastical training. Over 600 picked students now reside continually within its walls, and receive from a brilliant Faculty that instruction and formation which makes them the finest body of priests in the world to-day. Leaving Maynooth we quickly covered the fifteen miles which separated us from Dublin. We found the capital more gay and animated than when we left it, for the great annual Horse Show was now on. The Horse Show means really more than its name implies, for besides the magnificent exhibition of animals and the daily programme of equine sports in the fine grounds at Ballsbridge, Show-week gives one the opportunity of seeing the brighter side of life in Ireland, since Dublin is then the Mecca of Irish fashionable society. And, indeed, nothing could be gayer than those merry crowds of well-groomed handsome men, and ladies with gowns lovely as themselves, who came out each day to show their interest in Ireland's favorite animal, than which no better specimen exists the wide world over. At the end of a thoroughly enjoyable week, we proceeded once more northwards. "Full speed ahead" was the order, and our Daimler "40" simply devoured mile after mile until we reached Downpatrick. This is one of the most ancient cities of Ireland, having been the capital of the native kings of Ulster; but its chief glory consists in its intimate connection with Erin's patron saint, who in 440 established here a great monastery and church, where his ashes repose even to this day in the same tomb with those of saintly Brigid and Columba. Our hearts were filled with pious joy as we knelt by the boulder which marks his grave, to murmur a prayer for the nation whose apostle he was.

The present Cathedral is comparatively modern and replaces the ancient fane which, after being destroyed by the Lord Deputy in 1538, was allowed to lie in ruins until 1790. We visited the interesting Rath of Downpatrick, a mound some 60 feet high and 2,000 feet in circumference, built as a fortification by one of the famous Red Branch Knights.

From Downpatrick we continued north-west till we reached the shores of Lough Neagh, beneath whose limpid waters legend has it that a city lies buried—

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays
When the clear cool eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

However, we were not so privileged, so we hastened on to the "top of Ireland," until finally we reached the Giants' Cause-