

"As we were passing the Gap of Dunloe, on pony-back, with our feet almost touching the ground, I related an anecdote to the group of tourists who were accompanying us, saying this ride reminds me of the Rev. Lachlan Taylor, D.D., of Canada, who, when visiting the Holy Land, in company with the Hon. Mr. Ferrier, of Montreal, were riding on ponies like ours, when Dr. Taylor's long legs touched the ground. At a certain down grade, the pony made a sudden start and ran from under the Doctor, leaving him high and dry on the hill, shouting after it, 'Stop, you daft beast!' This story caused a laugh, and just as we turned a point who should we see but the veritable Dr. Taylor. Pointing to him, I said, 'and there, gentlemen, is the very man himself; ask him if I am not telling the truth.'

"The Doctor, who knew all our Toronto party, rushed over to greet us, and we had a joyful meeting.

"Our next visit was to Nenagh, our father's native town, where we made a long and delightful visit at the hospitable mansion of C. C. Foley, Esq., who, with his amiable and cultured family, entertained us in a princely style.

"While there we made a pilgrimage to the shrine of 'the Palatines,' a sketch of whose history you gave in your 'Sainty Smith.' As we picnicked under some spreading oaks at Balangar, the native place of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, we rehearsed their antecedents, and were proud of our descent from such a good old German stock.

"After leaving here we will visit bonny Scotland, England and Wales; and then cross the Channel to Brussels, Paris and the continental cities on the Rhine. Yours, etc., J."

CHAPTER VI.

"COME BACK TO ERIN."

I now bade adieu to London and crossed over to Ireland, landing at Belfast, where I sailed from when a boy. Belfast is one of the finest towns in Ireland, and so much improved that I scarcely recognized it again, especially in the principal streets and the docks. One day, while passing the quay, I noticed a neat little octagon building with a sign-board over it, "The Irish Temperance League, a Cup of Coffee a Penny." "Well done, Belfast!" said the writer, as he stepped into the little building, which was neatly fitted up as a coffee-house. Behind the counter we noticed a young man and a pretty, rosy-cheeked little woman serving out coffee and cake to some sailors and dock hands. How much better, we thought, this than beer or whiskey for working-men. In turn, we sampled the invigorating beverage, and complimented the purveyors by praising the