

could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States and Canada, a Church which has now under its influence about seven millions of the germinant mind of the new and teeming hemisphere!"

All along the wild north coast the sea has cleft its way between the rocks, leaving deep fissures which separate the cliffs. One of the most singular of these is on the west of Fair Head, known by the name of "The Gray Man's Path." It is a deep, wild chasm, which strikes one with a feeling of awe almost amounting to horror, dividing the headland sheer down over two hundred feet. Down the side of this chasm is a path, by which, if adventurous enough, you may descend to the base of the cliff. One of those massive basalt pillars, in ages too remote for memory or tradition, fell across to the other side, and rests by a hold so slender that it enhances the frightful character of the place, seeming almost ready to fall down; while, looking up from below, it forms as it were the huge lintel of a giant door-case.

Five miles to the west of the city of Cork, in a valley where two streams meet, is the little village of Blarney with its castle, whose fame is widespread. For high in the north-eastern side of that castle is a stone, and he who is adventurous enough to reach it; and has faith enough to kiss it, will be sure to possess thenceforth a gift of marvellous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips; persuasive power will hang on his utterances; he will win his way everywhere and with

everybody; and, when mankind, and much more womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say, "He has kissed the Blarney Stone."

There are two stones which claim to be the real talisman—on the north side of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

What is the origin of this imputed virtue is lost in the mist of antiquity. There is a legend that a certain lord of Blarney, who was required to show his loyalty by delivering up his castle to the English, always expressed his readiness so to do, but contrived to amuse the Queen's representative by plausible excuses; and so the word blarney came to mean something very like humbug. But Blarney Castle is itself an interesting object. It is on the south of the village, and rises precipitously from a limestone rock. A strong castellated pile, four-square and high, rising one hundred and twenty feet, it is described as "composed of four piles joined together, having walls eighteen feet in thickness." Attached to it is a mansion of more recent date. The whole forms a highly picturesque feature in a district which has many beauties. The stronghold was built in the fifteenth century, as appears on the stone already mentioned.

About midway between Cork and Dublin is the city of Kilkenny, in the heart of the fertile county of that name. It is rich in historic associations. The glory of Kilkenny is its Cathedral of St. Canice. It stands on an eminence, and commands a fine view. There is a steep