

and water with the stern sublimity of mountain scenery.

"Its mountain cincture imparts a solitary beauty and intensity of interest to be found in neither of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur amidst her primeval mountains. The very solitude and stillness seem to proclaim that here God sits enthroned in the majesty of His own works. Passing Arbutus Island, we enter the Long Range, and come upon the Eagle's Nest—a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, 1,100 feet high, clad on its base with luxuriant verdure, but perfectly bald on its peak. Here the eagles have for centuries built their nests, hence its name. It is remarkable for its echo. A bugler, who always accompanies the parties, sounded a single note; the effect was wonderful—the solitary note rebounded from peak to peak, cliff to cliff, mountain to mountain, and finally died away in the distance with a soft, incomparable melody that challenges language to describe. Then he sounded a succession of notes. Instantly the mountains, like a huge orchestra, pealed forth. The numbers

"Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music
floats,
Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay and melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

"About a mile further down, our boatmen ship their oars, and we are shot like an arrow down the rapid current of the stream, under the old Wier Bridge, into the Middle Lake. The Lower Lake is the largest of the three, being five miles long by three broad, and studded with about thirty islands, and is noted for the glorious softness of its scenery. The two largest of its islands are Ross and Innisfallen. On the former

stands the picturesque ruin called Ross Castle, formerly the stronghold of O'Donoghue, 'The King of the Lakes.' Immediately under the ivy-mantled walls of the castle is the famous echo, 'Paddy Blake,' which, on being asked, 'How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?' at once responds, 'Mighty well, I thank ye.'

"This castle, in 1652, was garrisoned by Irish troops, and was the last place in Ireland to yield to the forces of Cornwall. As we approached it, we asked our boatman what ruin it was. 'Ross Castle,' said he. 'Oh, that's where Cromwell made things pretty hot for you Irishmen, is it not?' 'He did that,' was the reply, 'but you may depend on it he's payin' up for it now.'"

The county of Limerick, traversed by the winding Shannon, is one of the most fertile in Ireland, especially the beautiful region known as "The Golden Vale." The city of Limerick is one of great antiquity and of much historic interest. The Protestant part of the city is thrifty and clean; but just reverse must be said of the Roman Catholic portion. It is situated about eighty miles from the mouth of the Shannon, and has an active foreign and coasting trade. It has two fine cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and many of the older houses are in the Flemish style.

In the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale, was the settlement of Palatine refugees, among whom some of Wesley's earliest converts in Ireland took place.

In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their