

and so sweetly sung into imperishable history as Ireland, and the muse of Tom Moore was not—as some suppose—wholly devoted to the expression of a true Irish gentleman's devotion to his sweetheart and the tender language of love, but some of the sweetest songs in the hymnology of the Methodist Church came from the pen of this erratic but sweet singer.

Where can we find greater comfort than in his

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,"

What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

The pulpit, the press and the bar have had their loftiest, their brightest, and their keenest representatives from among Ireland's distinguished sons.

"The sun never shone on a lovelier country, as nature made it," says Froude. From the Mourne mountains to those of Kerry, down to the charming lakes of Killarney, and thence up through two hundred miles of the most charm-



GLENDALOUGH—ROCK OF CASHEL.

or sweeter aspiration than in this:

"O, Thou who driest the mourner's tears ;"

or a stronger note of jubilation than the following:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea?"

Dr. William Hunter, of Irish birth, wrote that charming hymn,

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,"

and Joseph Scriver, a local preacher born in Ireland, is the author of the beautiful lines:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear ;

ing scenery in the world to Cork and Dublin, sea-coast and inland scenery and lake scenes of unequalled beauty are the characteristics of this region.

The old-time Irish hovel is fast disappearing, and the homes of the rural community are comfortable, and in many cases really attractive and picturesque. The family life is altogether changed, the pig having been relegated to the newly-constructed sty, while the chickens are no longer permitted to roost on the foot of the family bedstead. It is difficult to eradicate preconceived notions or impressions re-