

icebergs were seen to the north, two of which were of magnificent size, presenting a novel and beautiful spectacle to many who were crossing the Atlantic for the first time. Somewhat rough weather was encountered when a few days out, attended, by the usual results, and for many days the stewards in the dining saloon had little to do. By the time the coast of Ireland loomed into sight, however, all were bright again and full of anticipation. Moville was reached early Monday morning, and passengers for Derry embarked on the tender, among them being the writer and his friend Rev. Mr. Lowe. Derry was made about 3.30 a.m., and as the day was already dawning a tour of the city in a jaunting car was decided upon, and an obliging and typical Irish driver hoving in sight, their decision was speedily carried into effect. The descriptive powers of the writer are not equal, he confesses, to convey anything like a proper conception of the beauties of the scenery adjacent to Derry. The well trimmed hedge-rows, the sloping lawns, soft and glossy as velvet, the luxuriant foliage, and ivy covered walls, the sleek, fat cattle browsing in pastures which only Ireland can produce, all combined to present a scene which must be seen to be appreciated. Bicycles were now unpacked and put together and the journey to Dublin commenced, the trip occupying a little over two weeks. The places of interest visited included the towns and villages lying along the northern coast, among which may be mentioned the Giant's Causeway, Port Rush, then south to Glenarm and so to Belfast. The road from Port Rush to Larne is simply superb; the roads for bicycling are excellent and the scenery unexcelled. A couple of days were spent in Belfast, and on Sunday Mr. Gorman attended the Parish Church together with Mr. Lowe. The Church of Ireland impressed them both as being particularly unprogressive, and the Irish eloquence of which one hears was not much in evidence. The fine monument which commemorates the battle of the Boyne, a few miles out of the town of Drogheda, County of Meath, was visited, and viewed with the deepest interest. After "doing" Dublin thoroughly, train was taken for Killarney, and the beautiful lakes visited. The return journey was then made to Dublin, and steamer taken to the Isle of Man. The following towns were visited, viz.: Douglas, Peel, Ramsey, and Castletown. Peel Castle and the ancient Castle at Castletown with their remarkable history were full of interest. The old Manxman, who figures conspicuously in one of Hall Caine's works, acted as guide at Peel Castle, and finding the writer had met Hall Caine in Canada he was loud in his (Hall Caine's) praises. A visit was then made at the house of the famous novelist, and in the course

of conversation it was learned with some satisfaction that Hall Caine retained pleasing recollections of his visit to Ottawa, and he made many kind enquiries about several of our prominent residents. The island abounds in buildings of great antiquity, but the churches naturally claimed the greatest attention and well repaid the time thus spent. Liverpool was the next point made for, which was reached in about four hours, and a tour of this fine city was made on the top of the trans. The distance between Liverpool and Oxford was covered on bicycles over roads which were perfect in every way. To describe in detail the journey from Liverpool to London would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that a very delightful Sunday was spent in the old city of Chester and the grand and impressive services in the fine Cathedral deeply enjoyed. Bishop Jayne preached an eloquent sermon at the morning service. The early communion at Hawarden church—about eight miles outside of Chester—was attended, and after the service the rector kindly pointed out the seat in which the late Archbishop died so suddenly, and the seat also which Mr. Gladstone occupies. Beautiful old churches were also met with at Nantwich, and at Coventry. Lichfield Cathedral, Stafford, simply baffles description. It conveys to the spectator some idea of the deep religious spirit which has always found a place in the heart of the English people. Continuing their journey these wanderers next visited Kenilworth Castle, immortalized as it has been by Sir Walter Scott, and Warwick Castle, and so on to Edge Hill, Banbury and Woodstock to Oxford. Several of the colleges at Oxford were inspected, and the distance between this place and London was covered by train. A little over two weeks was spent in London, excursions being made in all directions to points of interest. One Sunday was spent in St. Paul's Cathedral, and another in Westminster Abbey. The Bishop of Zanzibar was the preacher in the former, and Canon Gore in the latter. Among the places which received inspection during the week were Westminster Abbey, Tower of London, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas' Hospital, House of Commons and House of Lords, Hyde Park, St. James' Park, British Museum, Earl's Court Jubilee Exhibition, National Gallery, etc., etc.

A final pilgrimage was made by train to Canterbury, where the Cathedral was inspected, and St. Augustine College, and other historical buildings were visited. Mr. Gorman then bade good bye to Mr. Lowe, who is remaining some time longer in England, and taking steamer at Liverpool on the 26th August returned to his parish after a somewhat lengthy passage on the SS. California, benefitted in every way by a most enjoyable and instructive tour.