

Yes, and natural that I should say, give me 'the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. The lower lake, which is the largest, is the least interesting. And now we are at Muckross, before being permitted to land we had to settle on the amount of the honorarium for the boatmen. He hinted at twenty shillings but he did not get it, not by a good bit, the reason given for the refusal being conscientious scruples. One might not grudge these frequent calls on the pocket if the recipient showed gratitude, but with the exception of the one who offered up the prayer on my behalf, all the others looked as if they had expected a much larger sum, and it is this which provokes one. He hates to be thought mean even by a beggar, and he cannot afford to be lavish, unless he is a millionaire.

On landing the party had a pressing invitation to visit Muckross Abbey. We had a distinct view of the outside, tumbling to decay, from the landing, and we concluded that a visit to the interior could be dispensed with. The jaunting car was awaiting our arrival and in a short time we were in Killarney. After a while we got on board a slow and dirty, that is comparatively, train for Dublin. On some Irish lines the services of a car cleaner are, at times, dispensed with.

I omitted to say we spent a Sunday in Dublin. In the morning, our party, as all good Scots people do, sought and went to a Presbyterian church at the extreme end of Sackville St. We were recommended thither by an Episcopal clergyman in the hotel, who said that is where he would go if he were at liberty. His father was a Scot and a Presbyterian. We did not ask him how he turned renegade and by a lapse of memory he omitted to explain. The minister was from Edinburgh; he had formerly had charge of this congregation. He preached an excellent discourse. His subject was Paul's view of temptation, 1st Cor. 10 and 9, and James' view. James 1st and 2nd. "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." He dwelt forcibly on the temptation to speak and of the temptation, and the cowardice of, at times, remaining silent. The congregation was large. At night, in another Presbyterian church, we heard a second excellent sermon. In the forenoon the collection was taken up at the door; in the evening by plate, and yet at neither morning or evening service was there a solo, an anthem or anything extraneous. The people did their own singing and they did it whole heartedly and well. In this country we would say that both congregations were behind the times. I am not so sure of that. If solos and anthems are necessary to draw and interest the crowd then have them, as those who came to hear the singing may, perchance, be benefitted by the sermon and worship; but if they are not needed, do not have them. There are very many, a great host, let me say, who declare they are edified by the anthem and the solo. That may be even so, but I wonder if they do not mean they are pleased which is not quite the same as edified. There are some others, a narrow, miserly few, who affirm that a vast majority of the anthems and solos are uttered in an unknown tongue, and, do you know, I don't blush a bit in declaring that my sympathies go out to the despised, narrow minded, ill trained, uncultivated few; these are the terms applied to those who do not

clap their hands at a display of fine mechanism' In nine cases out of ten anthems and solos are sang in an unknown tongue. Paul says something on this subject of speaking and singing in an unknown tongue, and though our sprightly youth, male and female, consider poor Paul old fashioned, he is not to be downed. He says a lot of good things. In Cor. 14 he tells soloists and so forth, that if there is no interpreter present they are to keep silent. The last time I was in St. Andrews Church, Halifax, the Rev. Mr. Johnstone did not exactly interpret, but he read out beforehand the words of the anthem. Experience likely had taught him that if he did not tell what the choir was about to sing, very few would make out from listening to them. My humble apologies to all choristers.

A run of three hours or so takes one from Dublin to Belfast. The scenery is interesting, chiefly pastoral. Nearing Belfast we passed through towns and villages noted for battles between the orange and the green. Arriving at Belfast we were surprised at the lack of knowledge displayed by people who were asked where the wharves were. Even a policeman could not tell; but thought they were in such and such a direction, and advised us to take a tram, going, as we surmised, in a contrary direction. We had an idea where the 'Lough' was, so declined his advice. By patience and perseverance we hit at last the Mark. Having secured berths, we daunted round the town. Belfast reminds one very much of Glasgow. It has fine shops, with inviting displays of goods in the windows. Belfast is a thriving and prosperous town. It is dependent for much of its prosperity on ship building. Here are the famous yards of Harland and Wolf and Workman, Clark and Co. A good view of both yards is had from the deck of the steamer. Harland and Wolf generally head the list in the amount of tonnage produced yearly, though Russel and Co. on the Clyde have taken first place at an odd time. Russel & Co. build more steamers, but not of so great capacity. The White Star Line is the life of Harland & Wolf, or they are the life of it, one or the other. We steam out to sea. The land is being lost sight of. Is it fancy or do we really hear voices singing "Come back to Erin". Whether or no, we say: "Good bye, dear old Ireland, we may see you again."

"A youth named Bernard Scharf was arrested in Brooklyn for theft last July and placed on probation. The other day Dr Seigfried Block stated in Court that he had cured Bernard of his evil impulses. "I have him under hypnotic control," said the doctor, "and he is industrious and honest, instead of thriftless and lazy." Magistrate Nash inquired further and found plenty to corroborate this story. "Whatever is the cause of it," said the judge, "he is at work and doing well in spite of bad home surroundings." We used to think of hypnotism as quackery and charlatany, but the best of the regular doctors are coming to admit its proper use in medical practice. Mr S. G. Jay tells us he has obtained precisely similar results with lads to those which were secured with the boy Scharf.