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PICTURESQUE IRELAND.



ANY hearts in Canada turn with peculiar fondness to that green isle of the sea, which for centuries has attracted the attention of Christendom for its picturesque beauty, its pathetic history, its political unrest and misfortune. There is much in its past to cause the thrill of patriotic pride. There is much in its sufferings to call forth the tear of sympathy. The home of wit and humour and eloquence, it has also been often the home of suffering and sorrow and poverty. Scourged by famine and by fever, its children have been exiled by thousands from its shore.

In speaking of Ireland one must bear in mind that it contains two races widely different in their characteristics. The Protestant minority are thrifty, industrious, and, on the whole, prosperous and contented. The Roman Catholic majority are restless, turbulent, poverty-stricken, and discontented. Canada and Canadian Methodism owe much to the Protestant emigration from Ireland. It was Barbara Heck, an Irish immigrant, who first brought Methodism to the New World, and to this northern land. And at the present day Canadian Methodism owes many of the brightest ornaments in its pulpit, and many of its most useful and prosperous members, to the Protestant Methodist population of Ire-

land transferred to our shores. In this paper we do not propose to discuss the social or political status of the Green Isle, but to present illustrations of its beautiful scenery which shall carry back the thoughts of many of our readers to some of the most picturesque aspects of that lovely land that still haunt their memories with an undying spell.

Ireland is rich in ecclesiastical remains—abbeys, monasteries, and churches; for, in the earlier ages of Christianity in the west, she was indeed the "Isle of Saints." Her schools of theology were famous; to them men resorted from Britain and the Continent, and from them went forth great scholars, to teach and to preach, whose names are still commemorated in France and Switzerland and Germany.

That genial tourist, Mr. B. E. Bull, B.A., thus describes a visit to those loveliest of Irish lakes, the Lakes of Killarney:

"In no part of Ireland will the student in search of the grand and picturesque receive more ample reward than in the south-western portion of the island. Lakes, which in romantic beauty vie with the boasted ones of Switzerland; mountains, that for sublime grandeur might proudly rear their majestic heads in rivalry with Scotia's own 'Ben Lomond'; rivers and rippling streams, whose sylvan charms are as deserving the homage of the poet's pen or the painter's brush as the more favoured banks of the classic Tiber or the grand old