

A proclamation was issued. In return for the surrender of Limerick the inhabitants were to be granted civil liberty and liberty of conscience; the Irish noblemen were to be given back their estates. Full and free pardon was offered to all the garrison and their officers, and employment in the king's service for all who desired to enter it. In spite of Sarsfield, in spite of the protest of a great number among the defendants, a parley was agreed upon.

To the bitter grief and indignation of many in the city of Limerick, the treaty was signed. The Irish forces were drawn up in array, at liberty to return to their homes, take service with King William, or enter the ranks of the French Army. Every inducement was made to the men to enroll under the English banner, but the number of those who chose to follow Sarsfield and fight for France was fourteen thousand. About a thousand of the soldiers enlisted in the English service.

As for the agreement, it is enough to say that Limerick is known as the City of the Violated Treaty.

From Limerick we go to Blarney—the famous castle which was built by a McCarthy many hundreds of years ago. Near the top of the south side of the castle is the famous Blarney Stone. This stone is popularly supposed to possess wonderful qualities which are said to be communicated to the fortunate kisser. If a maiden kiss it she will be lucky in finding a husband, if a young man kiss it he will grow so eloquent that neither man nor woman can withstand him.

About three miles south of Blarney is Cork, derived from the Irish word *corrach*, a marsh. A little to the north of the city is a grave in which rests one of Ireland's poets and novelists, Gerald Griffin. Having tasted of life's joys and felt its woes, he forsook the glitter of the world and became a humble Christian Brother. He is buried in the cemetery of the Brothers, North Cork.

Scattered in the valley of Glendalough are rounded stones which bear on their sides a certain resemblance to loaves of bread. These, we are told, were once real loaves which a woman was carrying under her apron, for it was a time of great scarcity, and she hid them for fear any one would ask to share her store. Meeting St. Kevin, she told him she was carrying stones. 'If what you say be not true,' returned the saint, 'I pray that they may become such for your punishment,' and instantly the loaves turned to stone and rolled upon the ground.

In Glendalough is shown the Giant's Cut, a curious cleft right through the rock, made by the great Fion MacCoul nearly three hundred years before St. Kevin. St. Kevin's Kitchen is close to this famous spot, in which are shown St. Kevin's griddle cakes.

A short drive from the city of Belfast one comes across the ancient Irish cromlech called the Giant's Ring. Neither history nor tradition can inform us for what use this great circular enclosure of more than two acres was erected. An outer wall was built round the embankment some years ago to preserve it from depredation. There is, of course, a popular legend connected with the Giants' Ring. The giant—he who built the Causeway—quarrelled with his wife one day, divorced her on the spot, and tore the wedding ring from her finger. Fearing that if he threw it into the sea the waves would bring it back, he flung it inland with all his strength. It fell on this spot, and he sent all the sappers and miners of his army to cover it with earth. There it still remains. The giant having committed the sin of divorce, subsequently erected the altar to appease the gods.

To look at the ruined castle of the O'Donnells, one could scarcely dream of the stirring events that marked the life of its most notable lord—Red Hugh. The English, fearing him, had him kidnapped and imprisoned. He escaped, only to be captured again. Again escaping at the end of the fourth year of incarceration, he was pursued and hunted and sheltered by turn until he reached Tyrconnel, where he was received by his own clansmen with tumultuous joy. A party of marauders, sent by Bingham, had driven out the monks from the monastery close by, and established themselves there, issuing forth at times to plunder the city. Without delay O'Donnell ordered them to leave—which they did, and the monks returned, to pray for Hugh Roe, one of the bravest Irish chieftains that ever drew a sword.—*Benziger's Magazine*.

It must be a very shallow erudition that does not teach reverence for human kind. There is no more fascinating study than humanity with its history, its struggles, its ideals and problems—not masses nor classes but individuals, alike but for ever different, each with a separate story to be worked out.

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Chucked away his dummy,
Squirmed and screamed and squirmed again,
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