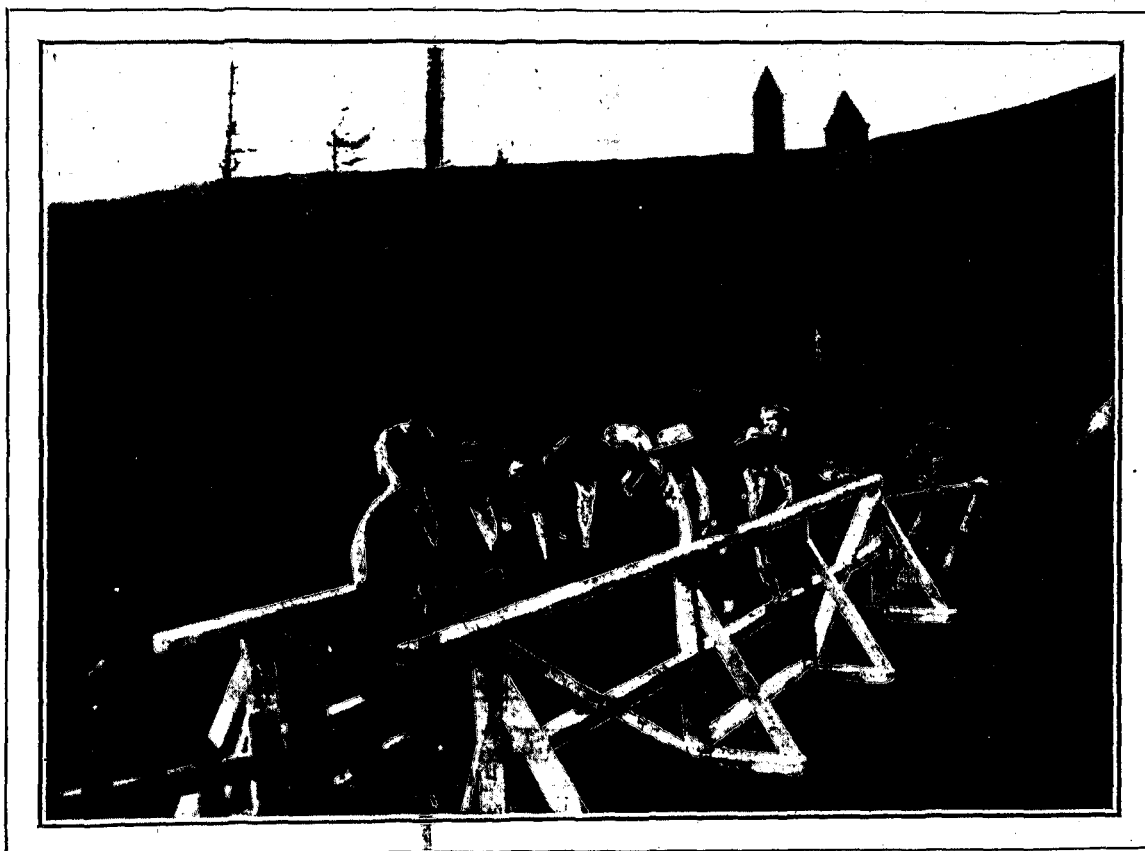


### GLENDALOUGH.

It was a happy party (72 in number) which at the close of the Conference on Friday, June 6th, mounted three huge brakes and set off for a day's outing into the heart of the Co. Wicklow, the destination being Glendalough, the valley of the two lakes and the seven churches, with which is bound up the history of St. Kevin—St. Kevin who took the cowl at the age of twenty, and living to one hundred and twenty, ruled the valley for one hundred years. Tradition has it that he fled there in the first instance because he was beloved by a maiden for seven years and feared to succumb

undulating moorland on either side, and the gorse rolling itself out before us a sheet of golden glory. Arrived at Glendalough, luncheon was served in the hotel, and then we all took our separate ways. The writer set her affections on an outside car, drawn by a game little animal answering to the name of Fanny. Fanny trundled us along to the lake, through country which was a dream of loveliness, and incidentally we considerably enlarged our knowledge of St. Kevin, and also of Finn MacColl. It appears the Finn MacColl, whose height was somewhere about 120 ft., was in love with a lady of the valley, who refused him because



ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN, GLENDALOUGH,—MEMBERS OF NURSING CONFERENCE.  
Mrs. Major, Mrs. Manning, Miss A. Towers, Miss Macdonnell, R.R.C., Mrs. Gordon, Miss Towers, —, Miss Johnston.

to her charms, but maidens 1,500 years ago were much then as now. So Kathleen, to her undoing, traced him to his valley with the help of a little dog, and he awoke one morning to find her bending over him. Alas poor Kathleen! Having no use for her he summarily disposed of her by dropping her into the lake, a way of settling the question which seems to find favour locally, as shall be told in due season.

So we started for St. Kevin's valley, having lovely glimpses of the sea, and the Wicklow mountains, and later getting into the heart of those same hills, with exquisite stretches of

she preferred someone a size smaller, so to relieve his feelings he took his axe and hewed a gap through the solid rock. We suggested that was preferable to venting his feelings on the girl, to be asked in astonishment, "Did ye ever know an Irishman hurt a woman?" We mentioned St. Kevin, to be told reproachfully that "St. Kevin was a saint, and seven years was a long time."

Just then we suggested to our driver that Fanny's harness apparently needed attention as her crupper was nearer her left ear than her tail! "Ah!" he said, composedly, "I was in a hurry

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