

when I started, and I hadn't time to settle it. I'll settle it now. Fanny's very quiet."

St. Kevin's Kitchen, as shown in our picture, with an equally interesting round tower in the background, is not a kitchen in fact, but a church, many hundred years old, containing some interesting examples of sculptured stones and crosses, discovered and put there by the Board of Works. One cross with characteristic Irish carving at the back, which has no beginning and no end (like eternity, remarked our guide) was specially beautiful.

It was with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from this valley of natural loveliness, romance, and poetic charm, with its legends of deep religious fervour; and Fanny, tail in crupper this time, trotted us back again to the world, for the hotel is the world. Everything is relative, and one might not think so in London perhaps,

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It was a happy chance that set Newcastle on the road on the way home from Glendalough, thereby making it possible to visit the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, where the Conference guests were most cordially received by the Matron, Miss Jessie Powell, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. R. Orpen, and the medical officers. As the three great brakes drove up to the door the crowd of patients cheered so lustily as to warrant the hope that the healing air of Newcastle was having a beneficent action upon damaged lungs.

By the kindness of the Board of Governors and the Ladies' Committee, tea was most hospitably provided, and greatly appreciated—as the afternoon



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but go to Glendalough and you will find out that, if you take a walk of about ten minutes in length from the hotel you are in an altogether different Ireland, "mystic, wonderful." When we go back to Ireland at some future date—may it be soon—Glendalough will certainly have a foremost place in our itinerary.

Tradition tells of St. Kevin that "On the northern shore his dwelling was a hollow tree; on the southern he dwelt in a very narrow cave, to which there was no access except by a boat, for a perpendicular rock of great height overhangs it from above. Soon the peasants discovered the holy man, brought him simple foods, spread his fame abroad, and crowds came to visit him. They built him a little cell and an oratory. But disciples came in so fast that, at the bidding of an angel, he erected the monastery of the valley of the two lakes, which was the parent of many others."

had become somewhat chilly—were the relays of hot cakes which appeared as if by magic as fast as others disappeared. Soon little parties of visitors under the guidance of a Sister, or a nurse, made a tour of inspection of the building, which was in beautiful order. All the wards had windows opening wide on to sunny verandahs, with lovely views over the Wicklow mountains, while, in the garden, beds were set in tents and shelters with the sweet fresh air blowing in on all sides.

Before the members of the Conference left the hospital a group of the Matron and visitors was photographed, which should serve as a reminder of a most pleasant visit.

Mr. Orpen then addressed the visitors, welcoming them in the name of the Board, and saying that he was glad they should have an opportunity of seeing the institution which the Board determined should be second to none in regard to the appli-

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