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while his youth was spent in the house of his parents, many miracles were wrought through him. These are not written, it is alleged, so that thus his biographer might sooner arrive at those incidents, connected with our saint's more mature age. Seeing so many indications of sanctity in their son, the boy's parents placed him under direction of three holy men, who dwelt in a cell. Guided by these venerable seniors, who were named, Eogoin, Lochan, and Enna, our saint prosecuted his studies with the greatest diligence. A local tradition has it that St. Kevin lived near Bray, in the county of Wicklow, before he went to Glendalough. Nothing is distinctly known regarding Eogoin, Lochan, and Enna, although it may fairly be supposed they lived not very far distant from the home of St. Kevin's parents. This event of our saint's life is said to have occurred in his twelfth year, and consequently, assuming the earliest chronology, about A.D. 510.

We are told, shortly after this period and in the bloom of youth, that our saint was greatly distinguished for his comely appearance. While engaged at work with the brethren of his cell the young novice was one day seen by a young and beautiful maiden. She then conceived a particular affection for him. At first this female began to manifest great friendship towards our saint, but dissembling her real object for some time, she endeavoured to engage the love of this holy youth by her looks, her words, and sometimes by her messages. However, Kevin rejected these several advances. Thus baffled and disappointed, the maiden sought an opportunity and found him alone. The brethren being at work in the wood, Kevin separated from them. Soon was he found in a solitude by that young female, who had followed the band of workmen. Seizing an opportunity that now presented itself she approached our holy youth. With words of affection, and with blandishments capable of overcoming one less firmly resolved, she sought to tempt him from that course of life he had voluntarily embraced, but Kevin arming himself with a sign of the cross, and being filled with the graces of the Holy Spirit, at once fled from the maiden's solicitations. He sought concealment within a wood. Here the pious youth buried himself among some nettles; yet, having discovered his place of concealment, the girl followed him thither, when binding a bundle of nettles our saint repelled her further advances by striking her several times with them. These nettles stung her severely. In fine, she became repentant, for indulging in her former thoughts. Prostrate on her knees she asked pardon from God, and from the saint. Kevin offered up his prayers for her. Afterwards she promised to dedicate her virginity to God, and in presence of his servant Kevin. At this moment, the brethren coming up were in admiration at what they had heard and seen. The maiden modestly related what had taken place before their arrival; and, on learning this the brethren were more confirmed in their love for holy purity. Thenceforward that female became distinguished for great prudence and sanctity. During the whole of her subsequent life, she diligently observed the wise and holy admonitions of blessed Kevin.

There is a local tradition that when St. Kevin resolved on retiring from the

world, to commence his religious course of life, he selected for such a purpose, that retired and deep valley, now known as Luggela. Whether this was the place of his noviceship or not is unknown, but it seems to be sufficiently probable. It must be observed, according to the peasantry living near the district of Lough Tay, county of Wicklow, St. Kevin is said to have founded a monastery, in the upper part of this romantic valley, before he retired to Glendalough. The site of this cell or monastery is yet pointed out, on a delightful spot, adjoining the waters of Lough Tay, where the Annamoe River enters it, and on that beautiful lawn, extending in front of Luggela Lodge. Hardly a vestige of the old building now remains. A shapeless pile of stones, just rising over the earth, and grass-covered mounds, mark the site of a former religious edifice, which undoubtedly occupied this exact spot. The people of Luggela neighbourhood supposed it a profanation to destroy any of those branches, that grew within the ruins of St. Kevin's deserted hermitage, and that some evil must be sure to await any such offender. The local traditions hardly leave a doubt on the inquiring mind, that at one period of his life St. Kevin hallowed this lone dell with his presence and prayers. The scenery around possesses features of the most magnificent and romantic character. Even in a district of country, unrivalled for the grandeur and loveliness of its varied landscapes, no more appropriate or fascinating spot could be selected for the quiet hermitage of an ascetic or a contemplative. One day our saint was told to go into a wood near the cell, and in company with a namesake, known as Coemgen the senior. This latter told our saint to bring fire into the wood for some purpose required by the brethren. His orders, however, were forgotten and neglected. When they had come to the place where he wished it to be kindled, the senior Coemgen asked where was the fire. Then St. Coemgen, junior, declared that he had forgotten the mandate. The senior cried out: "Brother, run quickly for the fire and bring it with you." St. Kevin asked in what manner he should bear it, when his senior rather hastily answered: "In your bosom." Then going to the kitchen Kevin placed a burning torch, as we are told, with some living coals, in his bosom, thus literally observing the senior's mandate. Coming towards him the young novice threw his fire on the ground, in the presence of his superior. Not alone his flesh, but even his garments seemed to suffer no injury. When the senior Coemgen witnessed this miracle, he cried out: "O holy youth, I see that thou art full of the Holy Ghost, and that thou oughtest to rule over our community. The youthful saint replied: "It must be an absurd supposition that reverend old men should serve under the rule of a foolish young man; but tell this occurrence to no person." The senior said: "Now it is more proper that thou be set over others than that thou shouldst be under a superior. Truly a day must come when all of us and our place shall be subject to thee." The senior then related such a miraculous occurrence to Kevin's superiors, and to all the brethren. This, however, displeased our saint, and it gave him much inquietude. His resolution was soon formed. As a lone wanderer he took his

departure from among them. He then journeyed far off, and through a desert country, to seek a more convenient retreat for practices of austerity and contemplation.

THE LAMENT OF FINOOLA, DAUGHTER OF LIR.

THE CHILD'S SONG IN "HISTORY OF IRELAND," VOL. II, p. 227.

In Moyle's cold waters I'm all alone,
On the cruel hard rocks are my frozen feet,
And the harsh wind piercing my every bone
Through ruffled feathers doth fiercely beat.

On Carrig-na-ron I sit lone and weary,
With the cold grey sky far above my head,
And white-topp'd waves sound sad and dreary,
Ever breaking from Ocean's bed.

Oh, brothers, why have ye from me flown?
From each wave's crest on the foaming sea,
Aed and Fiechra, and Conn, my own,
One of your fair heads look up to me.

Once we were happy on Moyle together,
Happy were we on this rocky hill;
Ey kin forgotten and robed in feather,
Lone and deserted, yet happy still.

Oh! Aed the noble, if here once more,
With Fiechra, the pleasant, and Conn so true
On Carrig-na-ron, as in days of yore,
My happy wings I would spread o'er you.

In our own form on Slieve Feu together,
Contented we with our father slept;
And happy once in the stormy weather,
In the sheltered clefts of the rocks we kept.

J. A.

CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1902.

The state of affairs with regard to the progress of the scheme for holding an International Exhibition in Cork from May to November next year ought to be of some interest to the readers of this journal.

The idea, when it was started in February last was not a very ambitious one, but as time went on the scope of the project spread, and a site was selected extending to some 40 acres on the banks of the Lee, partly inside and partly outside the city boundary. This site was selected from three suggested ones by reason of its natural loveliness, and buildings covering some eight acres in extent are now pretty well advanced. They include an Industrial Hall, a Machinery Hall, a Concert Hall, a Fine Arts' Gallery, an Agricultural Hall, an Aquarium, and various other buildings of a minor character.

The time limit for receiving applications for space closed on the 30th of November, and on that date the space applied for was 10,000 feet in excess of that originally provided, and the committee were obliged to considerably extend the Industrial Hall in order to make room for the applicants. Towards the close of the time fixed for receiving

the applications many of the Foreign Governments began to wake up, and send official applications for sections, Canada being now, as in all cases of the kind, one of the first to see the advantage to be gained from making its products known to the citizens of the world.

Apart from the foreign exhibitors, the great percentage of the space applied for belongs to Ireland, as it is natural it should, and in this connection it should be mentioned that one of the most remarkable features of the entire Exhibition will be the collection of exhibits made by His Majesty's Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, which has put forth the efforts of its great organisation for the purpose of showing numerous small industries now in operation on the Continent, and altogether unknown in Ireland, and which it is considered might be introduced to advantage into this country. The Department will deal not so much with what is being manufactured at present in Ireland, therefore, as with what is possible of successful introduction with inconsiderable outlay. Under the department also will be shown a variety of exhibits of fish, hatching in an aquarium, and in ornamental ponds scattered through the beautiful grounds.

The Department, indeed, hope to effect much good to the country by this great scheme of theirs, and the opportunity that is presented to them of making such an exhibit is one that they have every reason to warmly welcome.

The Exhibition project has the support of all classes and creeds, and shades of political opinion in the country. It was the idea of the Lord Mayor of Cork, the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, and he takes a leading part in the work of the various committees, having practically given up his own business, that of builder and contractor, for the time being, in order to devote sufficient time and attention to its development. He is supported by a very strong committee of the leading business men of Cork and vicinity, and amongst the office-bearers are many of the leading men of the country.

The Women's Section is in charge also of ladies of note in Ireland under the presidency of her Excellency the Countess Cadogan.

The Executive Council of the Exhibition are making a special feature of the side shows, believing that an exhibit of products and industries is not in itself sufficiently attractive as a money-taker for a six months' Exhibition without diversified amusements, and so far arrangements have been made for shows such as Switchback Railway, Water Chute, Shooting Jungle, Cave of the Winds, Aerial Rope Railway, Baby Incubators, Electric Launches, Gondolas and Swan Boats, Miniature Railway, Swiss and Ashanti Villages.

But what is of more interest to us in Ireland is the Irish Village, which it is proposed shall be under the direction of the Gaelic League branches of Cork, and the intention is that a little hamlet shall be put up as near to life-like appearance as possible, consisting of a few white-washed thatched cottages, and one more pretentious but still small building for a museum or a concert or lecture hall, and cottages for each of the Irish-speaking provinces—Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. The Gaelic League intends to provide one or two

tidy, intelligent families from say Donegal, Connemara, and Kerry, who would carry on such industries as spinning, weaving, knitting, lace-making, net-making, preparation of flax, etc. In the museum would be an ample store of historical, literary, and archæological treasures, and in addition the League would intend to arrange for a constant supply of Irish concerts and dances, indoor and outdoor, and interesting lectures and explanations on the subjects of the industries and contents of the museum.

HERBERT HONAHAN.

THE FAIRY WIFE OF MEEHIR.

'HISTORY OF IRELAND,'

VOL. I., Cap. 21.

Will you come with me away to see,
A wonderful land of mine,
Where the body doth show like the
driven snow,
And the hair like bright gold doth
shine?

Nor grief, nor care, can come near us
there,

There is beauty on all around.
On each cheek doth linger a fairy
finger,*

Black brows and white teeth abound.

The flowers blow with a crimson glow,
Speck'd like eggs in a blackbird's
nest,

Though here they're seen in meadows
green,
In my land you'll find the best.

Inisfail has good wine and ale;
Yet they cannot with mine compare.
No place so grand as my own great land,
Youth lasts and death slays not there.

The soft streams flow as through plains
they go,
Flowing with mead and wine,
And never a sin to love steals in,
And beauty is all divine.

Whate'er may be on this world we see,
Yet we cannot from it be seen,
The clouds of sin man's heart within
Have woven a veil between.

J. A.

* "Foxglove" or "digitalis" is in Ireland often
called "fairies' fingers"

THE BRUIDIN DA DERGA.

BEGINNETH THE DESTRUCTION OF DA
DERGA'S HOSTEL.

There was a famous and noble king
over Erin, named Eochaid Feidlech.
Once upon a time he came over the
fairgreen of Bri Leith,¹ and he saw at
the edge of a well a woman with a
bright comb of silver adorned with gold,
washing in a silver basin, wherein were
four golden birds, and little, bright
gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of
the basin. A mantle she had, curly and
purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the
mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a
brooch of fairest gold. A kirtle she
wore, long, hooded, card-smooth—of
green silk with red embroidery of gold.
Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in
the kirtle on her breasts and her
shoulders, and spaulds on every side.
The sun kept shining upon her, so that
the glistening of the gold against the
sun from the green silk was manifest to
men. On her head were two golden
yellow tresses, in each of which was a

¹ Myder's elfmound, west of Ardagh, Co. Long-
ford.

plait of four locks, with a bead at the
point of each lock. The hue of that hair
seemed to them like the flower of the
iris in summer, or like red gold
after the burnishing thereof.

There she was, undoing her hair to
wash it, with her arms out through the
sleeve-holes of her smock. White as
the snow of one night were the two
hands; soft and even, and red as fox-
glove were the two clear-beautiful
cheeks. Dark as the stag-beetle the
two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls
were the teeth in her head. Blue as a
hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan-
berries the lips. Very high, smooth,
and soft—white the shoulders. Clear-
white and lengthy the fingers. Long
were the hands. White as the foam
of a wave was the flank, slender, long,
tender, smooth, soft as wool. Polished
and warm, sleek and white [were] the
two thighs. Round and small, hard
and white the two knees. Short and
white, and rule-straight the two shins;
justly straight. . . . Beautiful the
two heels. If a measure were put on
the feet it would hardly have found the
unequal, unless the flesh of the cover-
ings should grow upon them. The
bright radiance of the moon was on her
noble face; the loftiness of pride in her
smooth eyebrows; the light of wooing
in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of
delight in each of her cheeks, with an
amtw in them [at one time] of purple
spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and
at another with the bright lustre of
snow. Soft, womanly dignity in her
voice; a step, steady and slow she had;
a queenly gait was hers. Verily, of the
world's women 'twas she was the dearest
and loveliest and justest that the eyes of
men had ever beheld. It seemed to
them [King Eochaid and his followers],
that she was from the elfmounds. Of
her was said, "Shapely are all till
[compared with] Etain." "Dear are all
till [compared with] Etain."

A longing for her straightway seized
the King, so he sent forward a man of
his people to detain her. The King
asked tidings of her and said, while an-
nouncing himself: "Shall I have an
hour of dalliance with thee?"

'Tis for that we have come hither
under thy safeguard," quoth she.

"Query, whence art thou and whence
art thou come?" says Eochaid.

"Easy to say," quoth she. "Etain
am I, daughter of Etar, King of the
cavalcade from the elfmounds. I have
been here for twenty years—since I
was born in an elfmound. The men of
the elfmound, both kings and nobles,
have been wooing me; but nought was
gotten from me, because ever since I
was able to speak, I have loved thee
with a child's love for the high tales
about thee and thy splendour. And
though I have never seen thee, I knew
thee at once from thy description; it is
thou then that I have reached."

"No seeking from an ill friend afar
shall be thine," says Eochaid. "Thou
shall have welcome, and for thee every
[other] woman shall be left [by me] and
with thee alone will I live so long as
thou hast honour."

"My proper bride-price to me!" she
says, "and afterwards my desire."

"Thou shalt have [both]" says
Eochaid.

Seven *cumals* are given to her.
Then the King, even Eochaid Feidlech,
dies [leaving one daughter named, like
her mother, Etain, and wedded to Cor-
mac, King of Ulaid].