

BOOK  
III.

harm, I'll be bound. Swan gave me a history of the Institute — started by a citizen of Waterford, not a great number of years ago; used to work in England, now in Ireland, Colonies, India. The brother who showed me round had been thirty years at work in India.

Visited Convent School in King's Inn Street. Shown round by sister in charge — such a comely young, bright, kindly creature: kind eyes, pleasant voice, lively sympathetic ways, and a touch of Irish accent. This is a school under the National Board, and therefore no emblems in a technical sense. Plenty of holy pictures, and the good women themselves in nun's full uniform, with brass crucifixes dangling down and rosaries at their girdle. No Protestant child in the school, and the atmosphere is Catholic as you please. How many hundred times have I heard about Catholicism being much more a whole and minute and pervasive system of life than Protestantism seems to afford! But then the Protestant would say he is himself, not the servant of another man.

Same thought on my visit to the school training-college in Bagot Street. Delighted with the training-college, airy, spacious, clean. Can hardly understand the eagerness for admission. Young women come up from all parts of Ireland, rough and unkempt; are put into the civilising mill; made neat, books, baths, infinite tidiness and order, and the friendly guidance and sympathy of the reverend mothers and sisters. I must say that these women please me vastly. Their atmosphere is human; they are keen about their work; it is all moving and alive with sympathy; not mechanical, all chalk