

the cure having been effected, the king's pet bird flew all around Glendalough and the valley of the "Seven Churches"—which, thereupon were erected by St. Kevin.

The legend of St. Kevin and Kathleen, as it has been sung by Moore, and more recently by Gerald Griffin, is totally void of foundation in fact. Not to speak of the absurdity of the Saint's qualifying for canonization by committing murder, there is no trace of such a tale in any ecclesiastical MS., Latin or Irish, that has survived our times. This, at least, is the opinion of all from whom we have sought for information on the subject, and amongst whom not a few were antiquarians and erudite clergymen. In particular the reverend priests of Glendalough, to whom the legends of the lakes are as familiar as their shadows,

avouch that the whole story which tries to prove that "Saints have cruel hearts," is a recent invention and finds no echo by the fireside of the glens. Tradition authorizes and poesy loves to contemplate the grouping of St. Kevin and Kathleen in the same picture. But beyond their names we have no certain data. We are therefore inclined to follow the more natural and simple version, as rendered by Williams, that Kevin and Kathleen were betrothed in early youth. Beyond this, we do not travel. Whether Kathleen died young or retired to the neighboring convent of Luggelaw, where it is easy to suppose Kevin's pious sister may have been also, we do not know. Great shadows must have fallen before he gained the strength that reared the churches so wonderfully and made him in the end a saint.

