

BOOK
III.

large letters carved high on the wall of the ceiling hall, "God is Love." Rather incongruous! I thought as I came away, "Why am I out, and in?" And so I found myself in the eternal conundrum of responsibility, will, fate, cause and effect, right and wrong, and the rest of the everlasting puzzle. Gallows give peculiar actuality to metaphysical puzzles.

Tuesday, Sept. 26, 1894. — Went over Mountjoy Prison — the convict prison for Ireland — 382 men. A repulsive business, but they seem to make the best of it. They set them to various trades — shoe-making, tailoring, weaving, mat-making, etc. — and industry gets its reward, to say nothing of a roof over its head and a sure dinner, and warmth. The sorry people knew who I was, for one of them begged to be allowed to speak to me. He had been condemned to death for murdering his wife; respited; had served ten years of the life sentence; wanted to go to Canada with his two daughters, one twenty and the other fifteen; his old father still alive, aged 90; had sent £100 for their emigration expenses. I had the case carefully looked into, and satisfied myself, and the officials were of that clemency of the Crown would do no harm. They were packed off to gladden the eyes of the ancient patriarch in Canada. The Governor told me many of his flock were great readers. I looked into the library and found books like Macaulay's *Essays* very thumbed. Other history, they told me, was very popular.

Worked away at the Castle. To dinner, Lytteltons and Fr. Delany. Pleasant talk about usual topics. Among other things Miss Barlow's *Irish Idylls*. I said how much I liked the workman-