

Here the broad Kenmare sweeps in its serpentine course, reflecting the verdure of an Irish sky ; while on one side, the placid lakes of Killarney repose in all their grandeur, and on the other picturesque Glengariff, and farther on the bay and the hills of Bantry vie with one another in charms of scenery. Farther off still the Magillicuddy's Reeks, the peak of Cairn Tuathal, the cliffs of Ballybunion washed by the foaming Atlantic, the fastnesses of Derrynane, and the summits of the far away Toonies raise their heads to the sky, and seem to stand sentinels over this lovely spot. In such a home Miss Cusack lives and toils. Here it is that she, in the words of John Mitchel, bids fair to outrival any of the learned Irish monks of old—making Kenmare as famous and illustrious to lovers of Irish history and literature as the Abbey of the Four Masters ever was.

"The Convent of the Poor Clares," writes Mr S. C. Hall, "is a very graceful structure, designed and built by Pugin, situated amid scenery that ranks among the most perfect in Ireland, midway between Killarney and Glengariff, in the midst of mountains and at the head of a bay second to none in these kingdoms, where the whole navy of Great Britain might anchor, and in a district fertile of wealth—lacking only the application of capital. The convent consists of twenty-five ladies in the higher as well as in the ordinary sense of the term. The principal of the Sisters is a lady who occupies a prominent position in literature. They are *Poor Clares*, who give to the poor and needy whatever of wealth is theirs, and dedicate their lives mainly to the duty of rearing and educating children, acting on the Divine precept—'Suffer little children to come unto Me ; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' But the children are not only taught,