

Free, free, to fly over the sea
Like the birds that were cousins
Of Kevin and me!

Her head at last on the pillow, she lay, with her face to the east, where she could see the breaking dawn through her open windows, hear the first whisper of life coming back to the world. The landrail sent up its shrill cry from the meadows below, harsh yet sweet; delicious from its association with the peace of the summer night. A deep quietude was in the air, and the fragrance of multitudes of roses came in and hung round Franchea in her bed, where she kept warbling forth little couplets and sending them through her open window, across the darkened woods and fields. The nightingales had done singing, and there was no bird awake to dispute with her. She had hoped to sing herself to sleep, but suddenly down came the thought that she had been trying to sing and dance out of countenance.

"An uneducated laborer toiling with his spade, with a peasant wife and children—you will not find him one with whom you bear to associate."

As the terrible words came ringing through her mind, Fan's heart gave a wild throb, and she buried her face in the pillows. It was no longer that she was angry at the words having been said, but she had begun to feel afraid they might be just.

Lost in a dream of her childhood's ideal, silent upon a subject that was displeasing to all around her, she had never confronted the fear of such a possibility before. But now she admitted that there was more than a possibility that such a disastrous state of things as had been pictured by Captain Rupert might be true.

Shy, slow, without a cultivated friend, how could Kevin have worked himself higher in the scale of education and refinement? What proof had she that he had come out into the world in search of her, had been wrought up into something nobler than the noblest of the earth? Living at Killeevy, he would naturally do as others did, and go on earning his bread as his father had done before him. Could it be that he had forgotten all his early aspirations; or had he developed into such another as Shawn Rua (called the book-learned man)? Or even if he had followed her (according to her faith), reamed for her sake out into the world's wide high-road, could she feel sure that, even in this case, he had been met by a happier fate? How could he have procured any but the rudest tasks to do; who would have given him the advantages that had been so freely poured out upon her?

Travel-soiled, worn, weary, and poor, she had often pictured him to herself: but coarse and uncultivated, never. Oh! why had she not been left upon the mountain among her friends, to grow up and remain a peasant to the end of her day? She would thus never have been aware of anything wanting in those she loved, whereas, now, she realised that she might live to be only more unhappy through attaining the desires of her heart.

Sensitively and artistically alive to refinement, she was appalled at the probabilities presented to her. Sitting up on her pillow, and staring at the brightening dawn, her eyes grew red with weeping, and her heart felt like to break. Where was the use of the day if Kevin's beautiful soul were a dream? What was the object of the existence of such a creature as herself, if he were to prove one with whom she could not bear to associate?

(To be continued.)

It's quite true, as philosophers say,
That where there's a will there's a way.
'Tis the secret of business success,
And it comes to our aid in distress,
When illness or danger assails,
Or when we've hard times to endure,
Firm will in our trouble avails,
Like Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXV.—HOW THIS BRIGHT DAY OF INDEPENDENCE WAS TURNED TO GLOOM. HOW THE SEASONS FOUGHT AGAINST IRELAND, AND FAMINE FOR ENGLAND.

The Anglo-Irish power was almost extinct. It would probably never more have been heard of, and the newly-revived nationality would have lasted long, and prospered, had there not been behind that broken and ruined colony all the resources of a great and powerful nation. The English monarch summoned to a conference with himself in London several of the Anglo-Irish barons, and it was agreed by all that nothing but a compact union amongst themselves, strong reinforcements from England, and the equipment of an army of great magnitude for a new campaign in Ireland, could avert the complete and final extinction of the English power in that country. Preparations were accordingly made for placing in the field such an army as had never before been assembled by the Anglo-Irish colony. King Edward of Ireland, on the other hand, was fully conscious that the next campaign would be the supreme trial, and both parties, English and Irish, prepared to put forth their utmost strength. True to his promise, King Robert of Scotland arrived to the aid of his brother, bringing with him a small contingent. The royal brothers soon opened the campaign. Marching southwards at the head of 36,000 men, they crossed the Boyne at Slane, and soon were beneath the walls of Castleknock, a powerful Anglo-Norman fortress, barely three miles from the gate of Dublin. Castleknock was assaulted and taken, the governor, Hugh Tyrell, being made prisoner. The Irish and Scotch kings took up their quarters in the castle, and the Anglo-Normans of Dublin, gazing from the city walls, could see between them and the setting sun the royal standards of Ireland and Scotland floating proudly side by side! In this extremity the citizens of Dublin exhibited a spirit of indomitable courage and determination. To their action in this emergency—designated by some as the desperation of wild panic, but by others, in my opinion more justly, intrepidity and heroic public spirit—they saved the chief seat of Anglo-Norman authority and power, the loss of which at that moment would have altered the whole fate and fortunes of the ensuing campaign. Led on by the mayor, they exhibited a frantic spirit of resistance, burning down the suburbs of their city, and freely devoting to demolition even their churches and priories outside the walls, lest these should afford shelter or advantage to a besieging army. The Irish army had no sieging materials, and could not just then pause for the tedious operations of reducing a walled and fortified city like Dublin, especially when such a spirit of vehement determination was evinced not merely by the garrison but by the citizens themselves. In fact, the city could not be invested without the co-operation of a powerful fleet to cut off supplies by sea from England. The Irish army, therefore, was compelled to turn away from Dublin, and leave that formidable position intact in their rear. They marched southward as in the previous campaigns, this time reaching as far as Limerick. Again, as before, victory followed their banners. Their course was literally a succession of splendid achievements. The Normans never offered battle that they were not utterly defeated.

The full strength of the English, however, had not yet been available, and a foe more deadly and more formidable than all the power of England was about to fall upon the Irish army.

By one of those calamitous concurrences which are often to be noted in history, there fell upon Ireland in this year (1317) a famine of dreadful severity. The crops had entirely failed the previous autumn, and now throughout the land the dread consequences were spreading desolation. The brothers Bruce each day found it

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