

were intended for herself alone, and that told the story of their early comradeship, their parting, and his continued, fruitless, but never hopeless search. An exquisite sense of happiness settled on the young girl's heart as the mysterious union of their lives, long believed in, became so suddenly proved to her. The history of the princess, related to her on the island long ago, had its place in the poem; but not in death would her prince be restored to her: the ending of the real life story would be the fulness of joy. Had she, indeed, been his inspiration, his genius, the cause of his attaining the heights he had reached? Overwhelmed with bliss, she lay back in her chair to dream over what she had read, and the first sunbeam found her fast asleep: a smile on her parted lips, her small face bleached by an intensity of gladness.

While dressing in the morning, she considered about how she was to communicate with Kevin, concluding to write him a letter, for which Herr Harfenspieler would supply the address. She laughed to think of her two old letters of long ago, and how they failed to reach him, of course, because he was not there where she sent them, but gone out into the wide world to look for her. Herr Harfenspieler was an early riser: she would find him in the garden by this time; and she went forth to look for him. The old musician was already airing himself among the flowers, humming melodious ditties to himself in a broken voice, and when he saw her approach his heart smote him for the love he was hoping to exclude from her young life. He could have wished she had been one of the more robust-tempered, strong-minded sort of women who stand in little need of love, and only borrow its sentiments occasionally to give plaintive meaning to their artistic work.

"And yet, in spite of her tenderness, there is something hardy about the creature," he reflected, studying her firm elastic movements as she hastened to meet him. "She might weather a gale as well as the strongest, and her song be all the fuller, enriched by a note from the storm. Certainly his lordship had me there; for I believe the crown of art is for those who have suffered."

"Meinherr, I want to speak with you."

"Willingly, my pupil, but after we have sung. We will give the freshness of the morning to our work."

And he led her out of the sunshine into the music room.

Overwhelming joy seemed to have given a new power and sweetness to her voice, and having heard her with pride and delight, the professor paused in the lesson and gazed into her young face with a strange, uneasy, half-angry expression in his eyes.

"Can we suffer her to fail us?" he asked himself. "Shall we bear to lose her, having brought her so far as this? I cannot—I will not have it."

"Now I have earned the right to speak, meinherr. I am writing to my friend, Kevin. Will you give me his address?"

Meinherr frowned. "My pupil, I do not know it."
(To be continued.)

The strength of Christian teaching lies, above all, in example united to prayer and sacrifice.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE

ST. PATRICK'S, RAETIHI.

On 19th of March, 1918, St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi, was burnt to the ground in the terrible bush fire that swept over this district. We are now making an effort to raise money to build another Church so that our people may have a proper place of worship.

Who will help us in this good work?

Who will honor St. Patrick by raising a Church to his name?

We are holding a Bazaar in May. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Address—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVI. HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH LORDS LEARNED TO PREFER IRISH MANNERS, LAWS AND LANGUAGE, AND WERE BECOMING "MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH THEMSELVES." HOW THE KING IN LONDON TOOK MEASURES TO ARREST THAT DREADED EVIL.

But a new danger arose to the English power. It was not alone fresh armies and a constant stream of subsidies that England found it necessary to be pouring into Ireland, to insure the retention of the Anglo-Norman colony. Something more became requisite now. It was found that a constant stream of fresh colonisation from England, a frequent change of governors, nay, further, the most severe repressive laws, could alone keep the colony English in spirit, in interest, in language, laws, manners, and customs. The descendants of the early Anglo-Norman settlers—gentle and simple, lord and burgher—were becoming thoroughly Hibernicised. Notwithstanding the ceaseless warfare waged between the Norman lords and the Irish chiefs, it was found that the former were becoming absorbed into or fused with the native element. The middle of the fourteenth century found the Irish language and Brehon law, native Irish manners, habits, and customs, almost universally prevalent amongst the Anglo-Normans in Ireland: while marriage and "fosterage"—that most sacred domestic tie in Gaelic estimation—were becoming quite frequent between the noble families of each race. In fact, the great lords and nobles of the colony became chieftains, and their families and following, Septs. Like the Irish chiefs, whom they imitated in most things, they fought against each other or against some native chief, or sided with either of them, if choice so determined. Each earl or baron amongst them kept his bard and his brehon, like any native prince; and, in several instances, they began to drop their Anglo-Norman names and take Irish ones instead.

It needed little penetration on the part of the King and his Council in London to discern in this state of things a peril far and away more formidable than any the English power had yet encountered in Ireland. True, the Anglo-Irish lords had always as yet professed allegiance to the English Sovereign, and had, on the whole, so far helped forward the English designs. But it was easy to foresee that it would require but a few more years of this process of fusion with the native Irish race to make the Anglo-Irish element Irish in every sense. To avert this dreaded and now imminent evil, the London Government resolved to adopt the most stringent measures. Amongst the first of these was a Royal ordinance issued in 1341, declaring that whereas it had appeared to the King (Edward III.) and his Council that they would be better and more usefully served in Ireland by Englishmen whose revenues were derived from England than by Irish or English who possessed estates only in Ireland, or were married there, the King's Justiciary should therefore, after diligent inquiries, remove all such officers as were married or held estates in Ireland, and replace them by fit Englishmen, having no personal interest whatever in Ireland. This ordinance set the Anglo-Irish colony in a flame. Edward's lord-deputy, Sir John Morris, alarmed at its effect on the proud and powerful barons, summoned them to a Parliament to meet in Dublin to reason over the matter. But they would have no reasoning with him. They contemptuously derided his summons, and called a Parliament of their own, which, accordingly, met at Kilkenny in November, 1342, whereat they adopted a strong remonstrance, and forwarded it to the King, complaining of the Royal Ordinance, and recriminating by alleging, that to the ignorance and incapacity of the English officials, sent over from time to time to conduct the

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