

dominate arrogantly the city that once bowed at their feet."

"It always seems to me pathetic," said Honeywood, "that a painful lie, one of those lies that never get unearthed, is walled up in these sumptuous graves. You see this monument, the most splendid of all? It is that of Can Signorio; and he is said to have murdered the brother whose tomb is next to his: but dates prove the story grounded on a mistake. The people will tell you that Can Signorio died early, stricken by a disease which fell on him in punishment of the fratricide, and they will not part with their tradition. There lie the brothers between whom such cruel malice has been put by a mere freakish blunder. Near neighbors, they sleep in their splendor; and aloft yonder they ride, like troopers in single file, following to some aerial battle in the blue. Each soul, locked within its own stone prison-house: have they ever come to an understanding while the stars have gone wheeling round their heads in the course of the ages?"

"With all their extraordinary and fantastic beauty," he continued, "a strange blight has fallen on the neighborhood of these wonderful tombs. By a strange fatality this graveyard round their base is now set apart for the burial of criminals. It seems as if that lie had wrought inward and made an evil thing of the entire place, attracting the wicked to its centre."

"I feel your idea deeply," said Kevin. "Hark! how near to us is the hum of life, and yet how deserted, how isolated are these shrines of death!"

"Before we go, look well at the resting-place of Cangrande," said Honeywood, "for you will find marks of him wherever you go in Verona. He was the greatest of this sovereign race. His monument forms the entrance to the church behind. See, the door opens within the columns that support his sarcophagus. The tomb is in three stages: first, the lower columns; then the sarcophagus, supported by great dogs, and bearing the sleeping lord, who even in his death-robes is girt with the sword of State. His shield is decorated with the famous ladder, and the mastiff's head crests his helmet. The third stage rises fifty feet aloft, and ends in a pyramid, bearing on its pinnacle the statue of the full-armed warrior on his warhorse. His, as being the entrance of the church, is the most central monument, though it is not so sumptuous in sculptured ornament as that of Can Signorio, surrounded by his warrior saints."

(To be continued.)

"GO YE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."

Speaking as chairman at the gathering at River-ton on the occasion of the farewell to Very Rev. P. Murphy, prior to his departure on a visit to the Old Country, Mr. H. McFeeley (Tuatapere) gave the following interesting example of the universality of the Catholic Church:—How wonderful is Mother Church. Here in the 20th century, how has that command been carried out. Just a little earlier than last year New Zealand soldiers knelt one day in a little French church in that old, old land of the Pharaohs. An English regiment was going into action, and this was their last opportunity of visiting a church. In those half a thousand soldiers were English Tommies, Scaforth Highlanders, Connaught Rangers, New Zealanders, Australians, French, Syrians, Arabians, Indians from Central India, Soudanese in their picturesque war dress—representatives of almost every race and colour under the sun. How truly and really has that Divine command been obeyed—"Go ye and teach all nations." As the missionary Irish priest, acting as chaplain, pronounced the Benediction over that varied congregation, one felt that the age of miracles was not past. I tell you this to show what the world does owe to those who travelled to the ends of the earth for their Master's sake.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS RICHARD OF ENGLAND AND HIS OVERWHELMING ARMY FAILED TO "DAZZLE" OR CONQUER THE PRINCE OF LEINSTER. CAREER OF THE HEROIC ART McMURROGH.

The close of the century which witnessed the events I have been mentioning, brought about another "Royal visit" to Ireland. The weak, vain, and pomp-loving Richard II. visited this country twice in the course of his ill-fated career—for the first time in 1394. I would not deem either worth more than a passing word (for both of them were barren of results), were it not that they inter-weave with the story of the chivalrous Art McMurrough "Kavanagh," Prince of Leinster, whose heroic figure stands out in glorious prominence on this page of Irish history.

If the McMurroughs of Leinster in 1170 contributed to our national annals one character of evil fame, they were destined to give two centuries later on, another, illustrious in all that ennobles or adorns the patriot, the soldier, or the statesman. Eva McMurrough, daughter of Diarmid the Traitor, who married Strongbow the Freebooter, claimed to be the only child of her father born in lawful wedlock. That there were sons of her father then living was not questioned; but she, or her husband on her behalf, setting up a claim of inheritance to Diarmid's possessions, impugned their legitimacy. However this may have been, the sept proceeded according to law and usage under the Irish Constitution to elect from the reigning family a successor to Diarmid, and they raised to the chieftaincy his son Donal. Thenceforth the name of McMurrough is heard of in Irish history only in connection with the bravest and boldest efforts of patriotism. Whenever a blow was to be struck for Ireland, the McMurroughs were the readiest in the field—the "first in front and last in rear." They became a formidable barrier to the English encroachments, and in importance were not second to any native power in Ireland. In 1350 the sept was ruled by Art, or Arthur I., father of our hero. "To carry on a war against him," we are told, "the whole English interest was assessed with a special tax. Louth contributed £20, Meath and Waterford 2s on every carucate (140 acres) of tilled land; Kilkenny the same sum, with the addition of 6d in the pound on chattels. This Art captured the strong castles of Kilbelle, Galbarstown, Rathville; and although his career was not one of invariable success, he bequeathed to his son, also called Art, in 1375, an inheritance extending over a large portion—perhaps one-half—of the territory ruled by his ancestors before the invasion."

From the same historian (McGee) I take the sub-joined sketch of the early career of that son, Art II. "Art McMurrough, or Art Kavanagh, as he is commonly called, was born in the year 1357, and from the age of 16 and upwards was distinguished by his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms. Like the great Brian, he was a younger son, but the fortune of war removed one by one those who would otherwise have preceded him in the captaincy of his clan and connections. About the year 1375—while he was still under age—he was elected successor to his father, according to the annalists, who record his death in 1417, 'after being 42 years in the government of Leinster.' Fortunately he attained command at a period favorable to his genius and enterprise. His own and the adjoining tribes were aroused by tidings of success from other provinces, and the partial victories of their immediate predecessors, to entertain bolder schemes, and they only waited for a chief of distinguished ability to concentrate their efforts. This chief they found, where they naturally looked for him, among the old ruling family of the province. Nor were the English settlers ignorant of his promise. In the Parliament held at Castledermot in 1377, they granted to him the

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