

passed away. Then, as she hesitated, gazing at him with half-blind eyes, he moved, still with upraised face, and, turning his glance aloft, hither and thither, he passed before her and out of her sight. "Kevin!" she tried to call, but her voice refused to obey her. Had he glanced towards where she stood, he would only have noticed a slight, elegant young figure clothed in a black dress, the drooping head draped in the usual black lace mantle. No unusual sight in Milan; and what was there about it to suggest the idea of Fanchea?

After he had been gone a few minutes she overcame her weakness, and, starting up, hurried as fast as she could in the direction he had taken. "My friend! my friend!" she murmured, "have I found him only to lose him again? Oh, who could have believed it of me? Who would have dared to say it?" She could not see him anywhere; crowds were coming into the cathedral, the morning was advancing, and she ought to be at home at her work. Sitting down to watch the people go past, she was suddenly stricken by a fear that after all she might have been mistaken. Had it been Kevin, surely he must have seen her, have felt that she was there, and would not have passed her by like one of the stone images upon the walls. And yet, with his eyes so full of light, how could he have seen anything so slight as she? A silver bell tinkled, and she knelt in the crowd and breathed a few fervent prayers. She thought of the bare white-washed church of Killeevy, of the islands lying in the sunshine, the white birds flying off out over the world, the story of the princess, and Kevin's voice telling it to her. The princess had received her prince dead at her feet; but Fanchea's was here, alive. Ah, was it indeed Kevin, or some other?

(To be continued.)

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

June 11.

The mission conducted by the Marist Missioners (Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy) was concluded on last Sunday evening. The success of the mission has been most gratifying to Father Lane (pastor of the district) and also to the zealous missionaries. The closing sermon was preached by Father Ainsworth, in the presence of a crowded congregation. After the renewal of baptismal vows, the papal blessing was given, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Lane, on his own behalf, and on that of the parishioners, very sincerely thanked the missionaries for their untiring labors. The fact that 1135 members of the congregation had approached the Holy Table was eloquent proof of the good work accomplished in Gisborne during the course of what was, undoubtedly, a memorable mission.

Addington

During the recent opening ceremony of the new Catholic school at Addington, a handsome enlarged photo of the late Daniel Campbell was unveiled. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, referring to the deceased, said his memory was honored by clergy and people alike, and the late Mr. Campbell would ever be remembered for his kindly acts by the people of Addington. The Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., also spoke of the deceased gentleman's goodness to the Church and school, and he presented to Mr. Campbell's widow and children a photo similar to that which his Lordship had just unveiled.

Mr. P. J. Campbell, on behalf of the family, thanked his Lordship and the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy for the feeling words they had spoken regarding his late father, and also for the portrait presented to them, and added that if his father had been spared it would have been one of the happiest days of his life to have seen such a magnificent building opened.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Art a few months afterwards followed, according to invitation; but he had not been long in Dublin—where Richard had by great exertions once more established a royal court with all its splendors—when he found himself in the hands of treacherous and faithless foes. He was seized and imprisoned on a charge of "conspiring" against the king. Nevertheless, Richard found that he dared not carry out the base plot of which this was meant to be the beginning. He had already got a taste of what he might expect if he relied on fighting to conquer Ireland; and, on reflection, he seems to have decided that the overreaching arts of diplomacy and the seductions of court life were pleasanter modes of extending his nominal sway, than conducting campaigns like that in which he had already lost a splendid army and tarnished the tinsel of his vain prestige. So Art was eventually set at liberty, but three of his neighboring fellow-chieftains were retained as "hostages" for him; and it is even said that, before he was released, some form or promise of submission was extorted from him by the treacherous "hosts" who had so basely violated the sanctity of hospitality to which he had frankly trusted. Not long after, an attempt was made to entrap and murder him in one of the Norman border castles, the owner of which had invited him to a friendly feast. As McMurrough was sitting down to the banquet, it happened that the quick eye of his bard detected in the courtyard outside certain movements of troops that told him at once what was afoot. He knew that if he or his master openly and suddenly manifested their discovery of the danger, they were lost; their perfidious hosts would slay them at the board. Striking his harp to an old Irish air, the minstrel commenced to sing to the music; but the words in the Gaelic tongue soon caught the ear of McMurrough. They warned him to be calm, circumspect, yet ready and resolute, for that he was in the toils of the foe. The prince divined all in an instant. He maintained a calm demeanor until, seizing a favorable pretext for reaching the yard, he sprang to horse, dashed through his foes, and, sword in hand, hewed his way to freedom. This second instance of perfidy completely persuaded McMurrough that he was dealing with faithless foes, whom no bond of honor could bind, and with whom no truce was safe; so, unfurling once more the Lagenian standard, he declared war *a la mort* against the English settlement.

It was no light struggle he thus inaugurated. Alone, unaided, he challenged and fought for 20 years the full power of England, in many a dearly-bought victory proving himself truly worthy of his reputation as a master of military science. The ablest generals of England were one by one sent to cope with him; but Art outmatched them in strategy and outstripped them in valor. In the second year's campaign the strongly-fortified frontier town and castle of Carlow fell before him; and in the next year (July 20, 1398) was fought the memorable battle of Kenlis. "Here," says a historian, "fell the heir-presumptive to the English crown, whose premature removal was one of the causes which contributed to the revolution in England a year or two later." We can well credit the next succeeding observation of the historian (McGee) just quoted, that "the tidings of this event filled the Pale with consternation, and thoroughly aroused the vindictive temper of Richard. He at once dispatched to Dublin his half-brother, the Earl of Kent, to whom he made a gift of Carlow castle and town, to be held (if taken) by knight's service. He then, as much perhaps to give occupation to the minds of his people as to prosecute his old project of subduing Ireland, began to make preparations for his second expedition thither."

(To be continued.)

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.