

The Dream of Gerontius.

BY THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.
Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
And thou art calling me; I know it now,
Not by the token of this fading breath,

That I am going, that I am no more,
This I am going, that I am no more,
This I am going, that I am no more,

KNOCKNAGOW.

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LV.—CONTINUED.

The young girls gazed upon the woods
and groves and undulating meadows, just
as their grandfather had done. And the
expression in the bright eye of youth and
in the dimmed eye of age was the same.

"Ah," said the younger girl, as her
sister's eyes met hers, "isn't it beautiful?"
"Turn round," said the older girl, and
look through that arched gateway to yon
slipping hillside, speckled with white sheep,

There were many happy homes along that
green slope not many years ago. There
is not one now. You remember the last
of them—the old farm-house in the trees,

To be sure, his father, and grandfather,
and great grandfather, had lived there
before him. He was only fifty
years old, and he was willing
to go as many more if he were allowed
to go to the end of his days;

"What are you saying?" Eva asked.
"Nothing," she carelessly replied. She
was thinking of Hugh's "Good-by."

for a long time before. He saw Hugh
Kearney's fishing rod, which he had
repaired for him in "first-rate style," on
the wall with Phil Morris's own old rod,

"I wonder what sort she will be in a
few years," he thought, looking
again at the shining trees which he had
playfully cut from Grace's head the morning
of Ned Brophy's wedding. Then, a
la the Dean of St. Patrick's, he wrote the
words, "Only a girl's hair," and, folding
it up carefully, placed it in his pocket-

"I think," says Peg Brady, with that
sly look of hers, "you may take off your
jacket now."

"You have two good red trout there,"
said old Phil, "but the rest are no great
things. The river is not what it used to
be, any more than the people. Every-
thing is going to the bad. Hugh lost the
finest trout I see this many a day, the last
day he was over, an' all on account of not
taking his time. You'd think two an'
highly, placed them in a small basket with
as much bread as there was room for, and
walking off to the mill, he was so sure
that he'd never see them again."

"What is the matter with you, Mary?"
Ellie asked.
"Who says so?"
"Who says so?"
"Who says so?"

"You'll have Grace with you in the
convent."
"Will I be let bring my goldfinch?"
"Will I be let bring my goldfinch?"
"Will I be let bring my goldfinch?"

"You don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

CHAPTER LVII.
THE WHITE JACKETS.
The Sunday afternoon was growing
longer and longer, and Mat Donovan's
visit to the little house under the hill
was more frequent than they had been

two big rocks in the hill-field to mark
the throw again Captain French, an' Elmund
had the puerile stunts all thrummed thryin'
to put the sledge up to the captain's
mark. An' faith he's not far at all from
it. But as for Miss Mary, I don't say
they have any notion of my own."

"I never see her in better spirits," he
answered, readily. "Only for frettin'
at her Jimmy as the way her father is
sh'd be as pleasant as ever she was. I
believe her old sweetheart Tom Cary is
after her again."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

in conversation with a woman near the
gate.
"Och!" he exclaimed, after looking at
them for some time, "she has a light-
coloured gown on her. 'Tis Peg Brady."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

A GREAT EVENT—TOMMY LAHY'S ACCOM-
PLISHMENTS—ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
A great event has happened in Knock-
nagow this still summer day. Nearly all
the men, and most of the women, are out
in the meadows mowing and "savin'" the
hay; or cutting and "footin'" turf in
the bog. There is a drowsy silence over
the hamlet, only broken by the ring of the
blacksmith's anvil, or the occasional shrill
crowing of a cock, filling the heart with
an oppressive sense of loneliness. If not
with forebodings of evil. Mrs. Donovan
is sitting at the foot of the cherry tree
watching her bees. She has had no less
than four swarms within the past week,
every one of them so considerate and
accommodating as to lodge within the
bounds of the clipped hedge, not following
the example of the earliest swarms this
year, which swept away like a cloud over
Tom Hogan's farm, never stopping till
they passed Attorney Hanly's grove, and to
the great delight of Miss Rose—who, in
common with all the world, looked upon
such a visit as a sign of good luck—pre-
cipitated themselves into a rose bush under
the drawing-room window. And when
Nelly Donovan came out of her breath,
making a faithful and accurate census of
an old kettle and a poker—Nelly was
keen of eye and swift of foot, and never
lost sight of the truant till they dipped
beyond the fir grove—Rose ran out to
show her where they were all in a lump
in the middle of the rose tree. Joe
Euseb was despatched for the new hive,
which Mrs. Donovan had already swarmed
with honey on the inside, and fixed peeled
sally switches across it to keep the new
combs from falling down; while Lory
brought a sieve from the barn to place
under the hive when the bees were shaken
into it, and Rose produced a white table
cloth to wrap around it; and Nelly Do-
novan went home rejoicing with the swarm,
which her mother had given up for lost.

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

mother followed her; and Kit Cummins
all her neighbours forget the force war
they were waging, and exchanged friendly
words of mutual joy and thankfulness;
and Brummagem grinned; and every face
from the cross to Mat Donovan's was
lighted up with gladness; and Norah,
sitting in her straw chair under the beech
tree, saw it all, and, bending down her
head, wept tears—happy tears—of grati-
tude.

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.
The Dream of Life.
BY K. A. SULLIVAN.
Two cooling, helpless, loving babes—
Two chattering toddlers small—
Two young ones, 'neath the cooling shades
Of roses, elm and tall.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.
A CHARMING NARRATIVE OF THE
FIRST AMERICAN EVER CANON-
IZED.
In the year 1536, and on the feast of
the holy Virgin Agnes of Montepulciano,
a child came into the world at Lima,
town in South America. Her parents
were of Spanish origin. The child was
baptized on Pentecost, which the people
in those parts call the "Easter of Roses";
and she received after her grandmother
the name of Isabella or Elizabeth.

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

CHAPTER LVII.
A GREAT EVENT—TOMMY LAHY'S ACCOM-
PLISHMENTS—ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
A great event has happened in Knock-
nagow this still summer day. Nearly all
the men, and most of the women, are out
in the meadows mowing and "savin'" the
hay; or cutting and "footin'" turf in
the bog. There is a drowsy silence over
the hamlet, only broken by the ring of the
blacksmith's anvil, or the occasional shrill
crowing of a cock, filling the heart with
an oppressive sense of loneliness. If not
with forebodings of evil. Mrs. Donovan
is sitting at the foot of the cherry tree
watching her bees. She has had no less
than four swarms within the past week,
every one of them so considerate and
accommodating as to lodge within the
bounds of the clipped hedge, not following
the example of the earliest swarms this
year, which swept away like a cloud over
Tom Hogan's farm, never stopping till
they passed Attorney Hanly's grove, and to
the great delight of Miss Rose—who, in
common with all the world, looked upon
such a visit as a sign of good luck—pre-
cipitated themselves into a rose bush under
the drawing-room window. And when
Nelly Donovan came out of her breath,
making a faithful and accurate census of
an old kettle and a poker—Nelly was
keen of eye and swift of foot, and never
lost sight of the truant till they dipped
beyond the fir grove—Rose ran out to
show her where they were all in a lump
in the middle of the rose tree. Joe
Euseb was despatched for the new hive,
which Mrs. Donovan had already swarmed
with honey on the inside, and fixed peeled
sally switches across it to keep the new
combs from falling down; while Lory
brought a sieve from the barn to place
under the hive when the bees were shaken
into it, and Rose produced a white table
cloth to wrap around it; and Nelly Do-
novan went home rejoicing with the swarm,
which her mother had given up for lost.

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."

"I don't know what it is to be fond
of a girl," said Peg.
"Will, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but
I'd fear the heart of my body before I'd
fear the girl I'd be fond of, an' makin'
her the talk of the country, as he's
doin'."