

The Trest at Dawn.

By ADA A. MORRIS.

Written for the Catholic Mirror.

Jesus, dear, Thy last night's blessing Didst give me in Thy arms...

And I come this morning, Jesus, Ere the sun, to greet Thee Love...

May not fade and leave Thee lonely In the first sweet hour of dawn...

Then I leave Thee for the labor, For the duties of the day...

Lay Thy hands upon me gently, Give me as Thy Father's own...

But forgive, forgive and bless me, For my evening's prayer...

May I be no idle dreamer, Wean of will, of struggle free...

And when, during some temptation, Bound, Thou standest meek and still...

May my love, at least more tender Than was Pilate's, kiss Thy side...

When around my temple crying, Forgive Jesus, forgive through me...

For the rabbi's hate and malice, Having written, with its seal...

Let the world cry out against Thee— Vain its hatred, vain its call...

Once they scourged Thee, scourged Thee Jesus, Who art ever Thyself didst shield...

Once with thorns they gird Thy forehead; Their Thorns, their nails, and again...

Once they pierced Thy hands, sweet Jesus, Hands so eager in their touch...

Once they pierced Thy heart, sweet Jesus, And so eager to release its soul...

Ab! my Christ, Thou wilt not let me These betray to them to-day...

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAT DONOVAN AT HOME.

"G'd a'we all here," said Billy Heffernan...

"God save you kindly," replied Mrs. Donovan...

"What news?" she asked, as she opened the wick of the candle...

"Nothing strange," replied Billy, looking around the house...

"Faith, Billy," said Mat's sister Nelly, "it is a cure for sore eyes to see you in this direction..."

"As soon as I have this cuppen filled I'll stop," she replied.

"And Nelly returned to her wheel—to the hum of which the grating of the wire-toothed cards was added...

"I would be time for you to stop," said her mother...

"As soon as I have this cuppen filled I'll stop," she replied.

"No, 'tis a'ate blue," rejoined Mrs. Donovan in no civil tone.

"The slatternly woman took a black bottle from her pocket, and after holding it between her and the light...

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possible to convey by means of the English alphabet the only name ever given to potatoes in Knocknagow.

"Patience" would be laughed at as a vulgarism only worthy of a spalpeen from Kerry...

"See if them potatoes is goin' to bile," said Mat Donovan: "it would be time for 'em."

Billy Heffernan snatched Nelly before she could stop her wheel, and raised the wooden lid from the pot.

"The white horse is on 'em," said he. Nelly now having filled the cuppen—that is, spun as much thread as the spindle could carry—placed her wheel against the wall, and drew a very white deal table to the middle of the floor.

Upon the table she spread a cloth as clean, but as carefully smoothed over her temples, she wore a small, yellowish shawl pinned over her dark brown stuff gown, and a white cotton kerchief round her neck...

"What news?" she asked, as she opened the wick of the candle with the darling needle, to give herself more light.

"Nothing strange," replied Billy, looking around the house. "I thought Phil Luby was here."

"I wasn't here since I was below," replied Mat, who was cutting a strip from a piece of horse skin to make a gad for his flail.

"Faith, Billy," said Mat's sister Nelly, "it is a cure for sore eyes to see you in this direction. Here, card a few rows up this for me."

"I would be time for you to stop," said her mother. "Where is the use of killing yourself that way?"

"As soon as I have this cuppen filled I'll stop," she replied.

"And Nelly returned to her wheel—to the hum of which the grating of the wire-toothed cards was added, as Billy Heffernan went on counting the wool into rolls to sell and light at the sudden opening of the door drew some of them from the bunch down upon the hearth.

"The door was opened by a slatternly woman, smelling of soap suds and snuff. After thrusting her dishevelled hair under a very dirty cap with borders that flapped backwards and forwards without any visible cause, and pulling up the heel of a man's brogue, which she wore as a slipper upon her stockinged foot, she announced the object of her visit to be "a squeeze of the blue rag."

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the herring, which they took in minute pinches, as if they were merely trying how it tasted.

Billy Heffernan left his bench and sat upon a straw-bottom chair in front of the fire, so that his back was towards the table—the Irish peasants always considering it rude to stare at people while eating.

And as he was turning the "roasters" with the tongs, a laugh from Nelly, clear and musical as ever rang through the hall, made him look round. Mat, it appeared, was making great inroads upon the herring, the backbone of which was well nigh laid bare from the head to the tail. He had his hand stretched out to help himself to a second pinch, by way of supplement to an unconscionably large pinch he had just taken, when his sister snatched away the plate. Mat, sitting his finger and thumb close upon vacancy, opened his mouth, not to add the applicable mental pinch to his contents, but in blank amazement; and, as he stared at his sister, she laughed till she was obliged to wipe the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron. Even her mother's sad face relaxed into a smile; which, however, was followed by a forced look of reproach, as she requested Nelly to "behave herself."

Mat now rested the handle of his knife on the table with the air of a man who had made a good meal, and was pretty well satisfied. All three, in fact, paused as if the work in hand were completed. But Nelly, going to the first took up a "roaster," which served the purpose of a second course, and placed three of them before Mat and two before her mother, reserving one for herself. These being done, she set the manner of eating, and some such delicacies, Mat Donovan leant back luxuriously in his straw-bottom chair for a minute or two. Then hastily making the sign of the cross, he stood up, and dipping a cup into a pail of spring water which rested on a stone slab under the little window, Mat Donovan took a draught with a relish that speaks of a hungry stomach not of a fastidious one. He then placed the little from candlestick on the window, while his sister set about clearing away the table, and joined Billy Heffernan at the fire.

Mat Donovan's house was on the top of a hill where two roads met; and the candle in the little window was a beacon-light to many a splashed and weary wayfarer during the dark winter nights. In fact, his latch was often raised not only by his neighbors, who came in for a "shanty" half of an evening, but travellers who were accustomed to pass the way made it a point to light their pipes at the bright turf fire, or in the hot summer days to take a draught from the pail under the little window, which was sure to be found at all hours and seasons as fresh as in the well under the white thorn in the "rusty" near the bridge.

"Have you the flute, Billy?" Mat asked, as he sat in the chair which Billy had again left for the bench in the corner. "No," was the reply; "I left it at home."

"I'll engage he hasn't," said Nelly. "It seldom be a use for us."

"B'gore, you can't say that, Nelly. Will you give disappoin't you win ye have a tune?"

"Well, that's three enough, Billy," returned Nelly. "You're a good warrant to play for us whenever we ax you. 'Tis jokin' I was."

"That's what you're always doin'," said her mother, shaking her head.

"The better be merry than sad," she replied, with a laugh.

"The latch was here raised and the door pushed open; but no one came in. Mat leant backwards and peered out into the darkness. By shading his eyes from the fire-light he was able to see that some one was fastening a horse to the back-sick in the door post; and after a little delay—more perhaps than a perfectly sober man would require—a tall, broad-shouldered man turned round and addressed a staid-looking man in the house.

"Is that Ned?" Mat asked.

"That's the reply, as she took off his hat and swung it downwards to shake off the wet with which the fur—for it was a heaver or "Caroline"—was dabbled.

"Is it raining? It is?" Mat enquired, in some surprise.

"No, but the wind whipped id off my head as I was passin' the quarry."

"A fine new Caroline," said she, as she gave it back to the other; "take care and don't rub the outside till 'tis dry."

"Faith, Ned," she added, taking up the candle and viewing him all over, "I'm thinkin' I could make a good guess where your come' from."

Ned smiled and looked rather sheepish, as she held the candle down almost to his shoes and then slowly raised it till she came to the "fine new Caroline," and then dropping the light on a level with his waistcoat, moved her hand as if she were describing a circle in the air, till the little glass buttons on the waistcoat twinkled like so many little bright black eyes winking at her. Ned's riding coat was that which he usually wore, but everything else about him was brand new, even to the black silk cravat with a scarlet border, the bow knot of which happened to be under his left ear; till Nelly pulled it back to its proper position.

"Tell us something about her, Ned," she began, laughingly. "What sort is she? Shawn na match says you're bringin' a pattern to the parish. But far-away cows wear long horns, you know."

"Go about your business and they ax you a little some," said her mother rising from her place in the chimney-corner. "Sit down Ned, an' never mind her."

"No, Nelly, no; 'tis too late, and I'm in a hurry. Take a walk down as far as the bridge," he added, turning to Mat, "I would to speak to you."

There was something in his voice and manner that made Mat apprehend that he had unpleasant news to communicate, so he at once stood up, and making the bride from the jamb of the door, set back the horse and desired the owner to mount.

"No, I'd rather walk," said he, taking hold of the bride and leading the horse out upon the road.

They walked on in silence for some time, and at last Ned Brophy—for it was the same Ned Brophy of whom mention has been made more than once—said: "I believe this business is settled."

"Is the day appointed an' all?" "All is settled," was the reply.

"Well you're gettin' a fine fortune any way," said Mat Donovan.

Ned Brophy made no reply, but walked on in silence till they came to the bridge; and then he stopped and looked down at the little stream as it rushed under the bridge, and as if he were the coter semblance.

The humility, the devotion, the greatness, the learning, the genius of the man are all displayed in this incomparable work. In producing it he evidently labored under contribution the principal libraries of Europe and Asia, and invested the knowledge garnered from these sources which exhibit the genius of the poet, the acuteness of the philosopher, the comprehensiveness of the statesman, and the holiness and purity of the saint.

His Comptium, or The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church, was published in seven duodecimo volumes, 1848-54. A second edition of this excellent work with additions appeared in 1855.

From this time forward until his death he wrote and published the following works: I. The Lover's Seal—Katherine or Common Things in Relation to Beauty, Virtue and Faith. London, 1852.

II. The Children's Bower; or, What you Like. London, 1853.

III. Evenings on the Thames; or, Serene Hours and What They Require. London, 1854.

IV. The Chapel of St. John; or, a Life of Francis the Nineteenth Century. London, 1851. Second Edition, 1853.

V. A Short Poem. London, 1853.

VI. A Day on the Muse's Hill. London, 1857.

VII. The Sales and Transfers of Shares in Companies, etc. London, 1853.

presented so completely, so felicitously from every point of view, the claims of the Catholic Church to the veneration, love and obedience of every existing human being. It may be said to be a picture of the life of the Christian world so accurately photographed that no feature is wanting that could be required to give due expression to the whole, in which the portraiture is so faithful that the inner life is expressed as well as the outer semblance.

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