

## All Ireland Review

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Honor (Continued)

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Fraught with the wisdom of a nobler sphere.  
It is the Man of Genius!—See him stand—  
A lordly grandeur in his mien and eye,  
Lit up with riches from a treasure-land  
That in the mystery of the brain doth lie.  
It is the man of Genius. Hear him say,  
“I see my aim.” Some hope as yet unborn.  
Doth hindrance rise? He says, “Let there be  
day.”

Like night, it flies before the breath of morn.  
Oh, Genius, Genius, thou bright Day Star, lit  
With rays effulgent from a source Divine,  
In favoured intellects 'tis thine to sit,  
And over duller destinies to shine.  
Thou crystal effervescence of a stream  
In God head-sprung, fraught with a magic power  
To heal, and with a potent charm redeem,  
From nothingness the transitory hour.  
A great Excalibur at Faith's command,  
To wield the “ever” in a People's right.  
Thy brave work done, up stirs a fiery hand  
Of praise to draw thee down into a Lake of Light.

Not tempered with the fiery lust of gain,  
Not prone with philosophic pride to scan,  
Not stained with avarice for man's great name,  
Not sharp to look contempt on lesser man.  
Who wield thee thus, we give him love and trust,  
He sits among us in a Father's place,  
And we, as children all, we feel we must  
Look up and love him for his kindly face.

#### “HE IS DEAD.”

And when they told us he was dead then we  
In breathless wonderment all paling said—  
It cannot—cannot be.  
And then we felt that he was dead—  
We felt that he was dead. For it is so  
Affliction coming from the high God falls  
So quick, so cruel in its blow  
Belief and the repulsive duty calls  
Until Reality's grey dawn doth break  
On lonely ruin, and a chill cold wind  
Calls on the sleeping senses to awake  
And seek surcease of sorrow for the mind.

These verses, carelessly written or carelessly transcribed, are redeemed somewhat by the sincerity of the emotion. Isaac Butt was the most loveable Irishman of his generation.

#### A MATTED TEAR!

Will you kindly permit me to draw the attention of readers of last week's “A.I.R.” to a printer's error in my little poem on Page 6, where, in stanza three, I am represented to have used the word “matted.” This, besides being nonsensical in its application to a tear, makes havoc of the rhyme. What I actually did write was “melted.”

C. GEO. LYSTER.

A matted tear is certainly an awkward article to deal with, especially in the midst of a fine poem. Mr. Lyster will, however, be good enough to remember that the readers of the “All Ireland Review” are a singularly intelligent body of men and women, and that every one of them, on arriving at the “matted tear,” instantaneously made the necessary correction.

If I were not so busy I could shed a matted tear myself over this affair, which, at my expense, is so calculated to afford gaiety to the nations.—ED.

#### A PLEASANT FORECAST!

You have handicapped yourself in every possible way, and I greatly fear you will come a cropper. I sincerely hope not, but fear you will.

ALFRED NUTT.

No, I shall come no cropper, always provided that, wilfully or inadvertently, I do not displease my Heavenly Master. Otherwise the man is not made who can destroy, or even appreciably injure this little paper, which, however humble, is, nevertheless, the voice of a nation, the voice of a race.

Let friendly Englishmen have no fear—for us—but look at home for their own croppers, which so far as I can understand, are about due. I thank Mr. Nutt nevertheless, who, since the start, has been a very good friend to the Review.

## “HONOR.”

BY META PATTON.

(Continued.)

Her dress was, perhaps, a little too elaborate for her station, but then, as Honor explained to my mother, depreciatingly:

“Kathleen has to dress like that in a big Dublin shop. Pat and she are great friends,” added Honor happily. “They go out together every evening, for Kathleen likes the sea-breeze.”

“Oh, I stay in and get the wee bit supper.”

Poor Honor. Before the beautiful Kathleen had been there a fortnight the fact was patent to all on-lookers that Pat Cleary was in love with her to the point of almost hating true-hearted Honor.

She alone never seemed to see. When my mother gently hinted at Kathleen's love of admiration, Honor fired up.

“An' she's worthy of it, ma'am. Her skin is as fair and her manner as good as any lady's, only she's a bit dull here.”

So, night after night, in the gloaming, Kathleen and Pat would stroll over the sands, while Honor stayed at home to mind the supper.

At last matters came to a climax.

One morning Honor came up to our house and asked to see my mother. The moment we saw her white drawn face we knew what had happened.

“It's all over betwix't Pat an' me,” she said, in answer to my mother's exclamation of sympathy. “He's found one who'll make him happier. He eye liked beauty.”

“Did you not suspect, Honor?” asked my mother, gently. “He was never wortny of you.”

“At times, ma'am, I thought he seemed hard and cold, but last night there was a grand sunset, an' he and Katie went off to look at it. When I had all cleaned up I followed them, it was so long since I had a walk with him. Just beyond the Black Rocks I came on them unawares, and hidden by a rock I heard what they said.

“She was in his arms, and her face was lit up with the gold of the sunset till she looked like one of the pictures over the altar in the chapel. He said—

“I never loved till I met you, Katie; you are my life. I wonder what came over me to ask Honor, but what's not done can be undone.”

“It might break Honor's heart,” said Katie (bless her!) ‘and she has been so good to me.’

“Honor's strong,” said he ‘and she'll get over it. I'll tell her to-night, my Katie, and then I'll work my fingers bare to keep you the lady you are.’

“I listened no more, ma'am. I turned and fled over the sands to the near rocks; there where nobody could see, I had a little battle with myself. I loved her dearly, and I loved him, God knows how much. The two I loved best loved each other, so what was I to do?

“Up in the sky, the stars were coming out over the sea, they seemed to say, ‘Be strong, Honor, and do your duty,’ and sure enough God did give me strength.”

“Pat stammered out something shamefacedly, but I could see the joy in his face, and Katie threw herself into my arms, saying how happy I had made her.

“I got home before them. They came in dull and silent.

“‘Katie, astore,’ I said, ‘you're a great deal better suited to Pat than me; you can keep on the shop; the boat will be my present to you, and my blessing on you both.’”

My mother said nothing, she only took Honor's rough hand in her's.

“But your heart will mend,” I cried out childishly, “You won't die, Honor.”

“No, Miss Nora, but a mended heart is never the same as one without a break.”

“When do you sail?” asked my mother.

“Just when I get them settled, ma'am. Kathleen is not used to work, but when they are comfortable my work will be done, and over there all never forget what you and yours have done for me.”

“Honor,” said my mother, with tears in her eyes, “I think there are some heroines the world never hears of worthy of the Victoria Cross—there are some saints not in the calendar.”