

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE.

A Legend.

BY (USA) MARY A. FORD.

Long years ago, an old legend says, Within a castle, quiet and gray, There dwelt a youth less of an honored line, His sire slept 'neath the turf of Palestine. Well trained in the art of maternal care, Each day at Mary's shrine he knelt in prayer; He heard his mother's accents in the night, Tell of the Virgin and the Holy Child— Of how the angels sang on Christmas night To greet the new born saviour of the world. Across Judea's mountains to the land Where dwells the Nile or Ahrif's yellow sand, His fancy saw the snowy lotus river, Upon the banks of that old-time river, And Egypt's graceful palms in reverence bow. At their Creator's coming, Off his brow Grew sad when thinking how the hallowed and O'er the life blood of a God, And of the anguish Mother, looking on The dreadful torture of her worshipped Son. Thus taught, in Philip's palace heart each year, The blessed name of Mary grew more dear, And days without some kindly action fraught. For Christ's dear sake, to him seemed less than naught. At last his mother's cheek grew thin and pale; As sick as a willow bent beneath the gale She drooped; for in a knighting tomb was Her heart in far Judaea olive shade. With her erudite vanished all life's joy; He had no life to cling to save his boy. Our Lady's altar in her silent room Each day was decked with flowers, whose Rich perfume, with thoughts of love, Raised to the glorious Queen of Flowers above. Young roses open their dewy lips and there Exhaled their sighs, like childhood's first pure prayer; The shy, sweet violets seemed blue infant eyes Roused to a mother's face in pleased surprise. The regal lilies, emblems of splendor, bright Of light, lifted up their white, Clear ivory curls, in which below The rim in golden circles, seemed to glow "Ave Maria," for the angel's word. The days went by—hot streams of molten gold Poured from the furnace of the sun, and rolled Aglow with splendid but oppressive light, To cool within the reservoirs of night. As at the blazing morning of August came, The morn of the Assumption robed in flame The gorgeous East, and Philip knelt beside His mother, in prayer, as she died. With pallid lips she pressed the orphan's brow "Sweet Queen of Mercy, be his mother now." She said, "and oh, my boy, in coming years, In all temptations, trials, doubts and fears, To Mary, pitying mother, ever pray, Whom Heaven crowns within its courts to-day." Her shining grew more faint, her voice more weak, "Jesus, Mary"—ceased to speak; As weary pilgrim rests, his journey o'er, She closed her eyes and slept to wake no more. Great was the orphan's grief, but boyhood's years Shake from their wings the dew of sorrows tears As leaves shake dewdrops. Then the heir of gold, Careless and courted by the world, grew cold To God and duty. Surely day by day His work within his soul its steady way, The wild ocean's waves, his midnight hours, Until he fled from his ancestral towers, Frolicsome and banished to the mountains there he roved, And scorned all the laws of man and God, Yet 'mid the grand and gloomy solitude No prayer went by, even in his fiercest moods, But heard him utter his fervent mild "Ave Maria" for his mother's sake when a child. His mad career was o'er, a deed of dread Had been committed; o'er his reckless head The murderer's doom impending. He was found, Condemned to die, and lodged, in iron bands, Within a cell whose entrance was to be For him the threshold to eternity. "Fare you to peace, my child," he had stood Beside the cross, his garments stained with blood. Misfortunes are but stars of light that lead The spirit up to God, and in his need Did Philip think of Him whose boundless love Is more enduring than the heavens above, And beg of Mary, merciful and kind, His spirit's weary burden to divide. Thus did he pray as through his prison bars He watched one morn the fading of the day; "Oh, Queen of Mercy! who didst stand Beside the cross, Beside the throne, When earth in kingly rapture reeled, And dark robes veiled the noonday sun, And through the lofty pail Above the shrunken stars seemed tears That washed, for his sake, our sins away, Oh, pitiful compassionate! Beside my anguish stand, My mother loved thee; for her sake I tender her erring child.

The throng amazed, burst forth with startled cry, "He's innocent! He's saved! He must not die!" And amid the tumult and confusion there, A deep voice rose, half terror; half despair, Repeating, "He is innocent; 'tis I! Who am the murderer! He must not die!" The conscience-stricken wretch thus forced to tell His guilt, was led to Philip's empty cell, While he, at Mary's shrine, with grateful tears Vowed that to God and her his future years Should be devoted. And his vow was kept. Beside his sufferer's couch, while others slept, He watched and prayed, and seldom failed to win The wandering soul from wretchedness and pain Through Mary's love to God. No day went by But saw some good by angels borne on high To weigh against the evil of the past. His step grew slow, his hair grew white; at last, One summer morn some early peasants found The old man prostrate on the hallowed ground Beside the wayside shrine, as if in prayer. The night dew glistening on his silver hair, But on his lip no breath. Down from her shrine The aged Madonna viewed, with look divine. The aged pilgrim's face bent on his breast, He seemed a weary child just dropped to rest. At that dear Mother's feet, whom from her Son Life here and life above for him had won.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. Mr. Garfield's efforts in behalf of Tighe had succeeded; owing to the quartermaster's intimate acquaintance with one of the chief officials of the jail, all had been admirably managed; by what particular means the soldier did not choose to say; and Tighe was too happy to ask for further information than that an unobstructed passage would be afforded the prisoner's three friends, provided they came at a certain hour on the ensuing night. Tighe was so delighted that he could hardly wait for the mail-car to bear him to Drommaochol. As he stepped from the car he met Father Meagher, who was just returning from his parish rounds; the clergyman's face brightened when he saw Tighe a Vohr, and he extended his hand in hearty welcome. "I have good news, father," he whispered, when they had gone beyond curfew observation; "to-night you will be let into the prison to see Mr. Carroll; and the young ladies."

occasion, who, knowing nothing of the success of the excitement, yet catching the infectious passion of the moment, shrieked and gesticulated as wildly as those who had come earlier upon the scene, fettered every step he attempted to take. At last with a sudden dash he cleared a passage, and darted with the speed of a hare to the door of Maloney's shop. The miser had not been deaf to the uproar almost at his door, and in trembling agony for the safety of his hoarded gold, which he imagined the rabble were seeking, he hastily barricaded door and window. With carbine in his shaking hand, he stood ready to intimidate the first who should force an entrance. On they came, Joe Canty, in torn and dilapidated plait, at full speed, and the whole motley, bowing crowd after him. By this time Father Meagher, having left the young ladies in care of Tighe, arrived at the scene, and his presence and voice restored sufficient order for him to learn that the stranger, on his peaceable way to see Mr. Maloney, had been surrounded by a number of people who acted as if they were mad, entering and praying him to return immediately to the place whence he came; indignantly refusing to do so, he had been set upon in this howling manner. The priest had not another moment to stop if he would catch the car, and with a hasty rebuke to the crowd, among whom he recognized all the scamps of his parish, he hurried away, and once that his reverence was out of the way, the position of the crowd who knew the cause of the "set-to" on Mr. Canty, and who were determined to keep their promise to Tighe a Vohr, began anew their entreaties.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. He was interrupted by Carroll hastily rising from his seat, and answering with a strange impetuosity: "Father, I beg of you to say no more; I know all you would tell me, and I implore you to spare me your recital." It was the priest's turn to rise in astonishment from the one stool which the cell possessed, and which he had taken, while the ladies had preferred to seat themselves on the pallet beside the prisoner: "My dear boy, how could you have heard I was told you?" "Ask me not, father, I implore you, it would be too harrowing; I could not bear it!" The priest was silent, convinced that Carroll, by some mysterious means, had discovered Carter's perfidy, little thinking that Carroll had resorted to this entreaty to spare himself the pain of hearing Carter defamed when he was not at liberty to defend him. The short half hour allotted for the visit was almost over. As the minutes drew to a close an insufferable weight pressed upon Nora's heart—a feeling that in all her grief she had never before experienced, and which she was utterly unable to explain; she clung to Carroll in an agony of sorrow. It was so unusual to see her thus—she, whose calmness, and strength, and heroic resignation fortified Clara, and even edified Father Meagher—that both pressed to her now, and besought to know the cause; Carroll himself, in the deepest distress, entreated her to tell.

which the tender-hearted priest was not ashamed rapidly coursing down his cheeks, and Clara's and Nora's grief flowing in unison. Clara, after her first wild embrace, would bring the lamp close to her brother to note the ravages of his imprisonment; though the latter did not completely acquiesce in the marks of that close and solitary incarceration were many and deep. Lines of suffering were worn in his face, which had become so thin and so white as to be almost transparent, while, mixed with the golden locks that waved upon his brow, Clara fancied she detected the gleam of many a silver hair. He smiled at her fond survey—the old-time smile that was so wont to kindle his face, but which now, despite his effort to the contrary, had a sadness about it more touching than a surer evidence of grief would have been.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. "I am not changed," he answered, striving to speak gayly, and drawing to a tighter clasp the hand of Nora, which he had already fondly seized. Clara put the lamp down without answering, but her passionate eyes told the opinion she placed on the words of the prisoner. "Tell me how this good fortune has happened," resumed the prisoner; "I have been solitary so long that I feared I should see none of you until we should meet in the court-room on the day of my trial." "It is due to Tighe a Vohr," responded the priest; "but what means he would not say; but we owe to him the privilege of this visit!" "My dear Tighe!" murmured Carroll; "my heart is broken to see the faithful fellow. Knowing his affection for me, and his ability to accomplish almost anything upon which he determines, I had expected to see him before this; but he has given sufficient proof of his solicitude for me in contriving to bring about this visit!" and a smile of tender affection beamed on his visitors, resting longest, however, on pale, silent Nora. Father Meagher was silently debating the propriety of making some communication; at length he decided. "Carroll, I have something to tell you about Morty Carter; I would put you on your guard."

morning Tighe a Vohr, accompanied by his constant companion, Shaun, was on his way to the stable of "Brian Boru." There were four days yet before that appointed for the race, and thus far all his plans had succeeded admirably; still he was tormented by one fear, that Carter might return home from Dublin in time to discover the imposition that had been practiced, and to spoil all Tighe's cunningly contrived schemes. Trusting, however, to the singular good fortune which rarely entirely deserted him, and which so often produced something in his favor at the very last moment, he resolved to yield no more to his fear. His resolution was strengthened when shortly after, mounted on the back of "Brian Boru," and flying over the country in true racing style, he felt all that elation of spirits which is due to a fine morning, a magnificent thorough bred, and a stretch of open, delightful country. Shaun, with an enjoyment of his own, entered into the sport; he could not keep up with the racer, but he gambled through the fields, and at last waited on the road for his master's return.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. Arty Moore was as civil and obsequious as Tighe could wish, and the latter dropped shrewd remarks calculated to impress Arty with the fact that Mr. Maloney had been visited by himself since the latter had brought up the horse, and how satisfied the old miser was with all arrangements. On his return through the town with a determination of dropping in upon Cory O'Toole, he sauntered into the hall of "O'Sullivan Arms," knowing the place to be the headquarters of much of the sporting gossip. An excited group surrounded one of the tables, but they were talking so rapidly, and so many voices together, that for a time Tighe could not catch the drift of the eager conversation. At last he was convinced that the subject was Joe Canty. "He is so sore about this affair that he will not ride, I tell you." "Oh yes, he will; his indignation is somewhat spent now, and for the sake of the backers he will not withdraw at this late date." "I doubt it; why, I tell you I never saw a more violently inflamed man than he was; good Heavens! when I think of it—" and the speaker paused to laugh loud and immoderately. "Tell us about it!" echoed a half dozen voices; "give us the true version of the affair; there are so many stories afloat about it that it is difficult to pick out the right one; one rumor is that he was set on by this Mr. Maloney and beaten almost to death; another, that the people of the confounded village, or whatever it is, threatened to devour him, body and bones, if he did not immediately return; and still another says that the horse, which is reported to be Mr. Maloney's bedfellow, thrust his head through a hole in the door, and so frightened poor Canty that he had to run for his life."

out pincettes upon the floor, supposed to be the difficult steps of an Irish jig. "Faith, Corry, if me mother could only see that, her heart'd be taken intirely!" Whereupon Mr. O'Toole's ungainly feet executed new flourishes, until Tighe, catching the spirit of the movement, joined in the jig, snapping his fingers to the motion of his feet, and frequently giving utterance to a cheer expressive of his feelings, and the neighbors, attracted by the noise, began to collect outside the door. "Well done, my boy!" said Tighe, stopping at last and shaking Corry's hand vigorously; and then both, tired and breathless, threw themselves into seats, while the neighbors, hearing no more jingling, passed on, entertaining stranger opinions than ever about the old little man, Corry O'Toole. "You'll be to the fore on the mornin' of the race, Corry?" said Tighe. "Of course, my boy; if it was only to see how that knave of a Canty will take his disappointment!" "But what, Corry, if old Carther should come back afore the day of the race; what'd become of me?" "Tighe, my boy, Heaven always protects its own; and you, the dutiful son of so respected a mother as Mrs. Mollie Carmody, and the truthful, upright, noble boy that you are, Timothy Carmody, who ought to be Timothy O'Toole, are the object of its constant and special protection."

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. Either the great and unwonted exertion which Mr. Toole had so recently made, or the effect of a potato that he had taken before Tighe's arrival, conspired to make his voice less steady than usual, and, as if conscious of that fact and desirous of making up for it, he nodded his head at his visitor with every word that he uttered, until at last, entirely overcome, he dropped forward on the table and went fast asleep. TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD BY THE REV. ANAS M'DONNELL, F. R. S. It pained him, moreover inquiring of his friend, the portrait of Baron Merz which was in the recreation Scotch college, together with portraits, all the English boys of the class in every language sold by the late rector, in Navona. No wonder if the every exertion to have audent appointed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. As a warning to all Catholics of political agitation the Dowrie, a member of the Eccegration, comes now to the principles of the French were spreading all over all of Europe. Scotland was from the contagion. At Edinburgh was formed an association itself "Friends of the People" believed to be in correspondence with French convention, perhaps advised by it. This society, of the year, fell into the hands of the ring-leaders, and among them a Unitarian minister of Dundee and transported. This was upon the association. It set its treasonable designs. A circle was made when plighted were whose wretched combined the principle, an axe and a small very wine merchant, in whose boat first found, was arrested, to blacksmith named Orock, who them. At first these parties give any information concerning employees and associates. A more strict imprisonment, duced them to speak. The records of England were by David Dowrie, a good for many months had been as the "Friends of the People" fortunate man was a member Catholic congregation. He character and had been advpost of treasurer of the company. He could not eluded for his treasonable proceedings of youth, for he sixty years of age. Some the man was arrested Bishop denounced the "Friends of the from the pulpit, insisting, at on the duties of loyalty a This denunciation excited radical enthusiasm, and he bishop has turned recruiting King George, and I will more to do with him." He, of his throat, gave up at the bishop's chapel. Wait and Dowrie were lives and sentenced to death now came to a better state wrote a penitent letter to praying forgiveness and bishop to send a priest to death. Mr. Alexander C succeeded his uncle, Bishop of the Faculty of Valldia, for this service. There tenacious circumstances in the jury had recommended a memorial in his behalf and London. Bishop Hay visited while, and did all in his power Mrs. Dowrie and her family of the condemned man was in St. Margaret's chapel to the people on the Sunday preceding the day fixed for his execution. He was, however, replied month; and, afterwards, his committed to transportation. The bishop was now preparing annual meeting at Gibraltar. He wrote to the agent at Rio him of the success of his visit. He had satisfactorily settled Douglas regarding the Catholics of England, to the loss of the college at D. It gave him much pleasure the English gentlemen were part in the "Catholic Co afterwards in the "de Alphin succeeded it, had given up ideas and declared entirely He mentions his most friendly with Mr. Burke and adds to out their studies, so that of the intention to have a land and recommended the apply to Government for letters patent in order to ment, giving them to the same time, that such a be refused. The bishops st court would meet with no ment. There was no bishop's friendship with the group of English, who show attention, and, shortly before city invited him, together lish bishops, and some other to dine with him. The spent with the utmost cor bishop's great satisfaction, the French, but too success dangerous to send st Bishop Chabrolin, in the m out their studies, so that possible should be caused. The letter is dated August When at Seilan the honor of a visit from His of Gordon and Mr. Mez On the following day arrived from the Highlan introduced to the potentat From Seilan the two bisho Boston, where they meeting. The greatest vided. Bishop Hay left a new Procurator or administrators of the having first laid b circumstances which he determine them. He th presence should be a deliberations, and left with their election. They mously to ask him to ret three years longer. He declared, both publicly an he would perform no duties of the procurator's tion, however, was charge mous request of the abn would accept the chan period on certain conditio

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CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. A GLORIOUS EPITAPH. On a gravestone in New London, Conn., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism: "On October 6th, 1781, 4,000 British troops fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was laid by them from the magazine of the fort to the sea, that it might be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hotman, who lay wounded not far distant, heard it and said to one of his companions: 'Let us endeavor to crawl to this line; we will wet the powder with our blood. Thus with the little life that remains to us, we shall save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. He died on the powder he had damped with his blood. His friends, and seven of his wounded companions, by that means had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative are these words in large characters: HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN, ON CONNECTION OF THE COAST, WHEN WAS NEW LONDON TOWN. While America's fate hung suspended—Stead by British forces of warlike renown, And saw the brave who defended. With fire and with sword both by land and by sea, By four thousand soldiers surrounded, Here he seemed as hopeless as any could be—His bravest defenders lay.