Bells of the Angelus.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music Still fills the wide expanse. Tinging the sober twilight of the Present With color of romance :

I hear you call, and see the sun descending On rock and wave and sand. As down the coast the Mission voices blend-ing Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incarnation No blight nor mildew falls; Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves reced-

ing I touch the farther Past,— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunest dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission

towers, The white Presidio; The swart commander in his leathern jerkin, The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting Above the setting sun; And pass the headland, northward slowly drifting The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses Recall the faith of old— O tinkting bells! that fulled with twilight music The spiritual fold ?

Your voices break and falter in the dark-

ness Break, falter, and are still; And veiled and mystic, like the Host des-conding, The sun sinks from the hill! —BRET HARTE.

THE LEGEND OF

FRIAR'S ROCK;

The thing long hoped for had come to pass (though, alas! by what a way of grief) and I was visiting my school friend, Anne d'Estaing, in Bretagne. It was six years since we had met, but we had kept up a constant correspondence : and by letter when absent, as well as by word when together, I had become so familiar with her home and her family that I did not go

begged for it, and she was ready to tell me. As I write, I seem to see and hear it all again—the rocking boat; the two girls should I not be as resigned as you!"

again-the rocking boat; the two girls resting on their oars and talking in their broad patois; the twittering, darting birds; the butterfly that fluttered round us; the the butterfly that fluttered round us; the solemn rock casting its long shadow on the water, that glittered in the light of a summer afternoon; Anne's pale, thin, sparkling face, and earnest voice. I see even the children at play upon the shore, acting out the old Breton superstition of the washerwomen of the night, who wash the shrouds of the dead; and their quaint song mingles with Anne's story:

" Si chretien ne vient nous sauver, Jusqu' an jugement faut laver; An clair de la lune, au bruit du vent, Sous la neige, le linceul blane;"

and the little bare feet are dancing through the water, and the little brown hands wash "nd wring the sea-kale for the shrouds and it all seems as yesterday to me. But

and it all seems as yesterday to me. But it was years and years ago. "You know that this is a very danger-ous place. Row out a few strokes, Tiphaine and Alix, and let Mile. Darcy see what

happens." A dozen strokes of the oars, and we were in an eddy where it took all the strength of our rowers to keep back the boat; and beyond Friar's Rock the tiderace was like a whirlpool, one eddy fight-

ing with mother. "We would not dare go further," Anne said. "No row-boats venture there, and large sailing-vessels need a cautious helms-man. In a storm it is frightful, and the man. In a storm it is frightful, and the men and the boats are not few that have gone down there. But never a board or a corpse has been found afterwards. There is a swift under-current that sweeps them out to sea. Now, Tiphaine, row back again."

she said. "Before it we had another and a better light, we Bretons. Where those together, I had become so familiar with her home and her family that I did not go there as a stranger.
They lived in an old castle partly fallen into picturesque decay. In the eastern tower was a small chapel once, and on the plains below the Head was a monastry. It was founded have become family that a service, and Anne found her greatest delight in decking the altar with fowers, and keeping everything in exquisite order and meatness with her own hands. They had great sorrows in the six years of our separation! Only Anne and her parents were left of the leving family that once numbered eleven. Two of the sons fell in battle, a contation disease swept off the three youngest childin on eweek ; Anne's favorite brother Bertrand became a missionary priest, and went to China under a vow never to return ; and her twin sister faded away is consumption.
It had seemed to mie, in my Irish home, as if such sorrows could scarcely be borne:
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

she exclaimed. "Joanne darling!" she exclaimed, "you are that much more than I am. Can't you see ! You feel-God causes you can't you see' I ou reci-God causes you to feel it-keenly. That is your great cross; and so, when you do not murmer, but say, 'God's will be done,' you are re-signed. But that is not the cross he gives to me. Instead he makes bereave-There is the intermediate the second the second the second term is th she comforted me so. I was always hungry then for visible love; but by degrees, and partly through her, he taught

to be content with a love that is invisible. "There was once a monk," she read, "the youngest of the brotherhood, who was left to keep the watch from mid-night until dawn. Through the windows ight until dawn. Through the windows visible the moonbeams fell, mingling with the light that burned before the tabernacle, and with the gleam of the monk's small taper. Outside, the sea was smooth like glass, and the stars shone brightly, and a moonbeams fell, mingling with the rock closed. thoughts and prayers were wandering far away-to sick upon their beds of pain, to travellers on land and sea, to mourners sunk in loneliness or in despair, to the sunk in loneliness or in despar, to the poor who had no helper, to little children, to the dying ; most of all to the tempted, wherever they might be. "He was intensely carnest, and he had

A white, modern lighthouse stands on a fock on the outer shore; its lantern was intensely earnest, and he had a strong ima-fock on the outer shore; its lantern was visible above the Head. Anne pointed to it. "That has been there only a century," mere form to him; he seemed actually to behold those for whom he interceded, actually to feel their needs and sore dis-tress. This was nothing new, but to-night

place; for the man whose life had been the only one preserved in that swift death-struggle had begged, awed and re-pentant, to be received into the number of these brethern vowed to God's peculiar service. But in village and in choir they missed him who had gone in and out among them since his boyhood, and under their breath the people asked. 'Where is he i' No definite answer was given, but men back from church if they wished to worship, but followed them there and elsewhere to darker deeds of sacrilege and revelry than even they had known be-fore. Yet in the gray dawn, when sleep overpowered the revellers, a few people crept to that hely hut round which the sinners had danced their dance of defi-ance and death and sin, and there sought for pardon and blessing, and knelt before the Lord, who shunned not the poor earth-altar where a priest pleaded daily for souls, as for so long he had done, except on the rare occasions when he would be gone for a night and a day, they knew not where,

mysteriously. Around it stood the brotherhood, chanting the funeral psalms very solemmly; and as the words, "De profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine," in-toned, one left their number, and, with steady step and a face full of awe and yet of thankfulness, entered the cleft, and the rack claced

long line of glory stretched from shore to shore. Lost in supplication, the monk lay prostrate before the altar. His in Friar's Rock the monk lives still, hearin Friar's Rock the monk lives still, hear-ing always the eddying flood about him, that beats in upon his memory the story of his sin : and they say that with it min-gles ever the cry of men in their last agony, and the cry in his name, thus kept con-tinually before the Judge. There, in per-petual fast and vigil, he watches and prays for the coming of the Lord and the sal-vation of souls, and the rock that forms

his prison has been made to take his shape by the action of those revengeful waves. What he knows of passing events -what added misery and mystery it is that now no longer the holy bell and chant echo above him-none can tell. chant echo above min-none can tell. But there, they say, whatever change or change shall come to Bretagne, he musi-live and pray and wait till the Lord comes. Then, when the mountains fall comes. Then, when the mountains fall and the rocks are rent, his long penance shall be over, and he shall enter into neare? peace.

Anne tooked at me. "Was it very hard --too hard ?" she asked. "O Anne !" I cried, "it is not true !" She smiled. "I have more to read," she said ; "more of fact, perhaps." So she

went on. "There is, in the archives of this domain,

an account of a settlement some twenty miles from here, where a horde of outlaws dwell in huts and caves, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against every han, and every han's hand against them. It was as much as one's life was worth to go among them, unless one was ready to live as they lived, and sin as they sinned. But it is recorded that in the s me year in which is also re-corded the loss of a Dutch vessel by reason

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.]

and nearer to me, than when, in days long past, we spoke face to face. For I knew we met in the sure refuge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that, with with that, with

saints on earth and saints in glory, and the souls beneath the altar, we pray to-gether the same prayer—"Thy kingdom REDMOND O'HANLON AND THE PEDDLER.

This renouned outlaw, the terror and delight of the North, was a gentleman by birth. Though the beginning of his reign coincided with the termination of Cromcoincided with the termination of Crom-well's wars, he could not allege his loyalty as an excuse for despoiling the Sasenach enemy, for he got one trial, at least, to test his good behavior, and was not able to live quietly till his time of probation ex-pired. He was as popular as any highway robber could be. He was averse to blood-shedding, would relieve distressed people, and kindly treat any single soldier that fell in his way. He levied blackmail like any night and a day, they knew not where, a night and a day, they knew hot where, and return with fresh vigor and courage. "Thursday in Holy Week he kept his watch with the Master in the agony. Round him the storm of evil deeds and words rose high. In the midst of it the rioters thought they saw a vision. It was a moonlight night, and marvellously still; no wind moved the trees, and the water was like glass. But all the silence in his way. He levied blackmail like any highland chief, half a crown per annum being the ordinary tariff, and his written protection exempted his tenants from all harm at the hand of robber or thief for a of earth was broken by hideous shout and song, and all its brightness turned to

steeped in sin, wanowing in it, one stood suddenly, haggard, spent as beneath some great burden, wan as with awful suffer-ing. The moonbeams wrapped him in unearthly light, he seemed of heaven, and yet a sufferer. He did not speak; how could he speak, who had pleaded with The travelling peddlers supplied O'Han-lon with a fair proportion of his yearly on whith an proportion of ins yearly revenue. As he was taking the air one day, he found one of this body not per-sonally known to him, crying bitterly. "What's the matter, my good man?" "Ah! that terrible Redmond Hanlon has taken could he speak, who had pleaded with them again and again by day, and spent then again and again by day, and spent his nights in prayer, for such return as this; He lifted up his eyes, and spread his arms. He looked to them like one upon a cross. 'The Christ! The Christ!' they a cross. 'The Christ! The Christ!' they murmared, awe-struck. And then, 'Slay when I was asleep, for I remember nothing of it. Which way did I go after punish-ing you?" "Ab! sir, I see the vagabone took your name in vain. He is gone that mad." him is some one should frantically. There came a crash of stones, of wood, of jagged iron, and in the midst a distinct, intense voice, 'O Lord Jesus forgive us.' They had heard the last of the prayers that that road.

The rogue was soon overtaken by Redhad heard the last of the prayers that vexed them. The rogue was soon overtaken by Red-mond's men, and confronted with his vic-mond's men, and confronted with his vic-tim. "I'll teach you," said Redmond, after the property was restored to its own-er, "to avoid personating me another time." He bound the peddler over to ascarcely intelligible dialect--come to the prosecute at the next asizes, and then maltreated man and three of his own fol-maltreated man and three of his own foleace." Anne looked at me. "Was it very hard too hard "she asked." O Anne!" I cried, "it is not true!" She smiled. "I have more to read," ne said; "more of fact, perhaps." So she rent on." took at me. "Was it very hard took at me. "I have more to read," he said; "more of fact, perhaps." So she rent on." took at me. "Was it very hard took at me. "I have more to read," he said; "more of fact, perhaps." So she rent on.

broke forth into groans like the groans of a beast, and beat his breast, and cried, "My father, my father! My sin, my sin," the body of —, who was this day brought before me and examined for robbrought before me and examined for rob-bing Mr. — on the king's high road, re-quiring of you to hold him in safe custody till the next general assizes to be held for the said county; and for your so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1675. REEMOND O'HANLOX." ⁴ They saw hovels and caves, deserted ; among the poorest, one still poorer ; about it, men, women, and children wrung their it, men, women, and children wrung their hands or sobbed and tore their hair, or lay despairing on the ground. Entering, four bare walls met their view ; then a pallet, where an idiot grinned and pointed. Following his pointing finger, they saw an earth-altar where the light still burned. Before it one lay at rest. Wrapped in his tattered robe : his hands clasped, as themeh he prevend but above the queiffy

[FRIDAY, AU

Written for the Catho OVE

OGDEN TO

LETTI This is the junct Central Pacific R. 1 miles from Omaha San Francisco. At cars, and the mails change also. Those get them here, thro Near the depot is Central and Utah too, passengers hol tickets, get transfe cars, I spoke abou They are very in charges for meals, and plenty of time The city is not si but is two miles di Ogden Canon, one pierce the Walatch Weber and Ogden 1 seat of Weber Co., tion of 6,500. tabernacle here, a other denomination This place is gover there being a majo would make it a p of the ungodly to g of the *ungoily* to g This city, when cars, has the appea den, and on wall gardens and orchail trees, are met with from one of th through the streets ing the fields, etc. base of Wasatch n hundreds of feet a a good protection Having got thro to the station, we are now on the Co which was compl to Sacramento, 609 chase of the Wes mento to Sán Fra line into the latter tance from Omah

miles. Leaving Ogden lands, much of wh and have the Web the Wasatch mour gradually leave th give way to alkali sun like snow. T we run along the b channel along the tion, is filled by water. But one will last a person About fifty mi station named Pro where the last sp two ends of the re made the occasio that time. It too Leaving Promo and after going a along the edge of distance further n words about the g in here. The Lake is 1 width and is dot islands, some of sorts, bathing pl make the fashion

the lake it is an keep above water be very buoyant. for the waters c it from the B other rivers. Ev the surplus water since the territo waters of the la and are some two they were twenty explain this if the

As Salt Lake p the great Ameri it is, for as far as ing is to be seen

It covers an are miles. As there only what I expla it and finally we vegetation, and until large herds which is an indi is the business of

we see more mol very long befor again. In the r Utah into the sta

As we pull up of the Salt Lake ning of the Hum altitude of over 200 miles we wil when we will co and finally land in Wells is a town and is noted as th

for miles around ; yet, much as we loved that view, we were oftenest to be found at the base, where we satisfy while the boat rocked on the water, which lapped with hulling sound against the rock. It was a pretty sight, the face of that cliff, where wild vines crept and delicate wild flowers bloomed, and an aromatic odor rock from the holes that gran these and rose from the herbs that grew there, and some small, weather-beaten firs found footing in the crevices. On the summit were a few ruins. But the chief natura point of interest, and that from which the Head derived its name, was a curious rock which stood at its base. It was called the Friar. At first I saw little about it which could lay claim to such a name ; but the more I watched it, the more its likeness grew upon me, till it became at times quite startling. It was a massive stone, some startling. It was a massive stone, some thirty feet above the water at low tide, like a human figure wrapped in a monk's robe, always facing the east, and always like one absorbed in prayer and meditation yet ever keeping guard. One day I asked $\begin{array}{c|c} \text{receiver keeping guard. One day I asked} \\ \textbf{Anne if there was not some legend about} \\ \textbf{it, and she replied that the country people} \\ \textbf{had one which was very interesting, and} \\ \textbf{partly founded on fact. Of course I} \\ \end{array} \right| \begin{array}{c|c} \text{nearted } f \mbox{--ottenest I} \mbox{ do not miss them at } \\ \textbf{ls} \mbox{ God so makes up for every loss.''} \\ \textbf{I was crying by this time, for my choir, while} \\ \textbf{and kissed me and looked distressed. ''I'} \\ \end{array}$

to night, and I am going to give myself a treat to night, and I am sure it will be one to you. Betrand wrote the legend after he you. Betrand wrote the legend after he made the sketch. Will you care to hear it?

"Indeed I would." I answered ; and Anne unfolded her precious paper. "It is only a fragment," she said, "be-ginning abruptly where I left off this afteroon ; but perhaps it will show you more

noon; but perhaps it will show you more of what Bertrand is." "Anne," I asked suddenly, "don't you miss him-more than any of the others?" "No-yes," she answered, then paused thoughtfully, "Yes," she said at last, "I suppose I do. Because, so long as I know he is living somewhere on this earth, it seems possible for my feet to go to him and my eyes to see his face. But, after all, none of them seem far away. We are brought so near in the great We are brought so near in the great Communion, in prayers—in everything. In fact, Joanne-does it seem very coldhearted ?-oftenest I do not miss them at

whirlpool and hidden rocks. Only one man escaped, and, trembling, told the story. He had been the only sober man on board : and when he warned the captain of their danger, he was laughed and mocked at for his pains, and told that all true mariners would stake the monks' light against the eyes of any man on earth. It was not the Holy Cape that they were nearing, but Cape Brie, they

on earth. It was not the floty Cape that they were nearing, but Cape Brie, they said, and every one knew it was safe sail-ing there. With jests and oaths instead of prayers upon their lips, with sin-stained souls, they had gone down into that whilpool tide, which had swept hem off in its strong under tow to sea. There in its strong under-tow to sea. There were homes that would be desolate and hearts broken; there were bodies drowned, and souls launched into eternity -perhaps for ever lost-for lack of on little light, for the fault of a single half halfhour. And still the stars shone brightly, and the long line of glory stretched from shore to shore, and the night was mar-vellously still; but upon one soul there had fallen a darkness that might be felt—

almost the darkness of despair. "Monk Felix they had called him, and had been wont to say that he did not belie his name, with his sweet young face "In the monastery none saw an empty

like some fortured creature, to cease from sin. What they did was to bim as if he did it. He was so of them that their temptations were his also, till he often seemed to himself as sunk in sin as any of them. "Yet, one by one, souls went to God

"Yet, one by one, sours went to God from that fiend-beleaguered place ; babes with the cross hardly dry upon their fore-heads ; children taught to love the God whom once they had only known to curse ; some of those sick made for ever well, some of those lepers made for ever clean. The priest set up crosses on their graves, and sacrilegious hands broke them down : but no hands could stop his prayers and praises for the souls that by God's blesspraises for the sould that by credits breas-ing he had won. He tried to build a little chapel, and they rent it stone from stone; but none could destroy the temple of living stones built up to God out of

"A Lent came when as never before he strove with and for these people. It was as if an angel spoke to them. An angel? Nay, a very man like themselves, as tempted as any of them, a sinner suffer-ing from bis sin : yet a man and a sinbelie his name, with his acceler voice in and happy smile, and his clear voice in choir. He was Monk InFelix now and ner who loved God, believed in God, ing from his sin ; yet a man and a sin-ner who loved God, believed in God, knew that he would come to Judge, yet Anne. La Mere Angelique is more to me,

and with him plentiful redemption.

his iniquities."

his imputties." It was years ago, as I have said, that Anne d'Estaing told me this legend. Since then, her parents have died, the chateau has passed into other hands, she is head of a convent in Bretagne, and I—I lie here, the last of my name, a hopeless invalid, with not a penny to call my own. Rich once, and young, and fair, and proud ; sad once, and doutting how to bear a lonely future, I know the meaning of Anne's story now. "I have waited for thee, O story now. "I have waited for thee, O Lord! And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

at once represents and records the derful progress of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States."

Friar's Rock speaks to me, and this is what it says: "If thou, Lord, wilt mark iniquities, Lord, who shall stand it ?" "For with thee there is merciful for-"For with thee there is merciful for-"For with the there is merelul tor-giveness; and by reason of thy law I have waited—for thee, O Lord. "From the morning watch even until night, let Israel hope in the Lord. "Because with the Lord there is merey, I be in the morning the morning watch were and the second term is the second term in the second term is the s a with him plentiful redemption. "And he shall redem Israe from all iniquities." to their old teachers, and follow them from the public schools to these newly-establi hed Catholic schools. Who shall say after this that Paris is not Catholic, whatever its rulers may be?

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the course of a very able and interesting article on the Catholic Church in the United States, the Catholic Church in the United States, the Saturday Review, one of the best and most enjoyable of English journals, says that the opening of St. Patrick's. Cathedral "is the outward and visible symbol of a great fact in modern religious history ; it

grants, in times grants, in times g that Humbolt w are about twenty of which the rai supply. There in the shape or l they look just do, but unlike do. can be found to which they are s long by three wi farming districts stock raising is t there are also so in this valley. black loam, alw purposes, it requalso watered b which takes it: mountains at W station we stop Shoshone Indian ging bread, toba gers. These say out of work, b don't seem to be On down the passing a herd hen thunderin last we stop at habitants. To located mines iron. Proceed

Carlin for some

greet us, which tains, which clo

ting out the v