o " preach the Gospe

t be the effect of this on of "the Gospel" stant belief in the We have just heard of Canterbury under prompting of Chris-asking a vast audi-p, "while he offered in commemoration of Why special? There the prayer which the aposed which assured bility of its benefiting l, or of that soul being o be benefited. Like Services," which are on in England, the

nplate possible benefit uch a belief was ever e Church of England repudiated as "rank re is no such thing as on of Saints" for Pro dead are utterly cut ing. Prayer cannot ey cannot know of it: ned either to be saved but in either case to be on with the Church on as no voice for them,

rice is a disturbance of the re state, as Catholicity sitive assurance. The propagation of heretical therefore of the loosen istian faith—is as much e joy of the Christian ne strength of the Chris-The very base of Chrisreduces three fourths of creed to the level of or speculation, so fearthe foundations of the ne intellect being "at rt becomes sentimental, tenderness of Catholic omes impossible. Every o goes forth "with his dboxes," to discuss the an opinions with much an enemy of de-ving Christians, since he e communion of the two mount of earnestness on ssionaries-and scores of ood faith and full of zeal ne fact that all heresies are as, the Anglican alls them, "deadly sins." lly in their opposition to nity, to the unity of all one communion, to the grasp which depends on and to the sweet peace he individuality of the

pass to another aspect of bject, yet one which the of Canterbury has asked " to contemplate with all ess of their faith and deat Sunday in the present part by the Archbishop of for "universal prayer in ches for the reunion of "—by which is meant the Protestant sects? hbishop has so far noticed on, as to point out that to the authority of the rch ' is the only possible ining unity. terbury desires his clergy "unity" but, naturally, llusion to "submission." e, of whom we had hoped s, can only express his
"the time has not come as in organic laws, while ch useful work to be done pursued "-which is a sort might expect to find dur

aven, in Purgatory and

sion of the Corn Laws, or ableness of taxing landed The Non - conformists The Non - conformists eem to deplore divisions; udgment, it is hard to see principle be approved, its consequences can be de

ve put together the two propagation of divisions, fessed wickedness and des of such divisions, we are the inquiry, "What can propagation, in the face fessed wickedness and dess?" And in regard to the ch most interests us at this ow is it possible that living can be really united with rotestants (in such unity itute the "Communion of hen living Protestants are y divided upon matters of they require two hundred six sects for their varieot the Catholic doctrine of mion of Saints, with all olves in Catholic theology, from the Catholic doc-Church Unity; just as stant vagueness about te of the soul after inseparable from heresies sms? The Archbishor ury when he presided the The Archbishop t the meeting of the Society pagation of Heresies ought return to Unity before they
k of propagating "the
and must first become Cath-

prayers for the soul of the Episcopal missionary. All s together. And so long, A. F. Marshall, in the Poor ocate, as Protestants will not the Catholic Church, but will worshipping the idols of dgment so long must it reeathen to "the Gospel," or ap special prayer for the de-

DAN. A Story for Boys.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

One day last spring, just at that one day last spring, just a trial season of the sweet spring-time when everything seems loveliest and most welcome in the landscape around us, and when a certain little New Engand when a certain little New Engand when a certain little New Engand when the season well season we have the season when the season we have the season when the season we have the season when the season we have the season when the season when the season when the season we have the season of th land village was looking its very best in new, clean foliage, and rejoicing in the beautiful blue of its own especial part of the skies above, and the golden warmth and brightness of its own especial sunshine, a pretty young lady looked out of her window and said

"Oh, what a lovely day for sketching that charming bit of roadside over

there! I'll do it at once."
So she caught up her shade hat, her color-box and paper, and, with her little camp-stool in the other hand, started out merrily enough for a pleasant morning's work. Stretching for quite a distance along the road was a soft, green bank shaded by grand old trees through which the sunbeams flickered and fell softly. Under one of these trees the young lady seated herself and arranged her easel. Such a pretty, peaceful scene before her! It filled her heart with sweet content, and she hummed a happy little song to herself while her fingers were working busily with the brushes. It didn't seem as if anything discordant and disagreeable could happen to spoil the pleasure of that fair, bright morning.

But, oh dear! how mistaken she was! Presently a bunch of boys appeared, lounging along together with no especial object in view save the killing work

of time. Now the killing of time is a most unprofitable employment, my dear little folks, for you know—or, at least, grown people do—that time flies away and beyond our reach fast enough, no matter how well we treat it, and there isn't a bit too much of it in this beautiworld. It comes and passes rapidly, dragging little people along with it, and hurrying them into the time of young womanhood, young manhood, and at last, before we know it, into old age. I think the wise thing to do is to fill every minute which time allows us for opportunities, with kind words, and deeds, and thoughts, and efforts, and we will find them much pleasanter travelling companions in our flight with Father Time than if we have to go side by side with a bad conscience, and neglected opportunities, and naughtinesses which can never be undone, or kept back from their travel towards eternity. (Please excuse this long digression and little ser-

mon. I won't do it again.)
Well, the boys came lounging along, as I have said, ready for any kind of mischief which would seem to them to deserve the name of fun. Just before they reached the spot where our young artist was sitting so quietly and so peacefully, there was some dispute about a ball, and their loud, angry voices reached her ears disturbingly.

She looked around at the boys with a shade of reproach in her glance, and hoped they would pass by and be gone with another moment. Again she was mistaken, for a new way of "killing Bill. time" suggested itself to one of the rude fellows. His name was Bill, and, being the tallest of the group, and the very worst as well, he was a sort of leader in all they desired to do.

"Say, fellers, let's shy this at her an' make her hop!" was Bill's suggestion, as he glanced towards the young

girl and winked his eye. ball, while she "hopped" to the entire and then stammered out his tha ball, while she hopped and cried out the young lady who had rescued him in dismay. "Where are you going, my little

in dismay. Their rude shouts convinced her that the aim had been quite intentional, and there was a spice of anger in the motion of her arm as she threw the ball far over a fence into a field of high to clear away the tears.

grass.

The boys drew near, and crowded around to criticise the sketch, and signed to each other to "pay her off"

for flinging their ball away.

They jostled her arm, and pressed against her camp stool and easel, and annoyed her until human nature could tolerate no more of it, and, rising from her seat, she sternly ordered the boys

"Got as much right to this yer tree's you'te got!" exclaimed Bill. "Ain't we, fellers?"
"All the same, you will have to

leave," was the quiet reply, "or I shall take means to compel you to do so."
"Oh, ho! who's 'feared o' you! You

can't handle us nohow!"
"Maybe not," she answered; "but
I think I know who can, if I choose to call for help, and I advise you, my lads, to save yourselves some trouble while

She glanced across the way as she spoke, and the boys followed her eyes.
"Come on, fellers," whispered Bill,
beginning to move away; "it's Fred,
the gardener over there, an' he licked

me like sixty one day. Come long!

They were in no mood for delay having more or less experience with the might of Fred's hands; so presently our young lady was alone again, and resumed her painting with a triumph

ant smile about her pretty lips.

But, after all, the boys did not go far. They seated themselves under the next tree, a short distance away

the artist's ears, but she ignored them,

"Hey, Bill ! see, there's Dan a-com- sick, an' we fin'ly came

young lady sat sketching.

"Good! let's ketch him, an' have some fun, I say!"

"Good! let's ketch him, an' have some fun, I say!"

"Bravo, Dan!" cried the girl, clap-

"Good! let's ketch him, an' have some fun, I say!"

"All right; an' fun it'll be, won't it, eh, fellers?"

The voices roused the girl from her revery amongst the colors on her block of paper, and she raised her eyes to see if "Dan" were dog, cat, or horse, pitying either animal should it fall into the hands of those terrible boys. But her pity grew deeper and boys. But her pity grew deeper and turned into solicitude when she beheld the some fall into the lands of those terrible boys. But her pity grew deeper and turned into solicitude when she beheld the some fall into the fallers on, turned into solicitude when she beheld the some fall the solicitude when she beheld the solicitude when she solicitude when she beheld the solicitude when she solicitude turned into solicitude when she beheld a little fellow of about ten years of age coming towards her, and dragging a small cart which contained a bundle of something white. As he drew nearer, she saw that he had a round, goodnatured face, from which glowed a pair of beautiful dark eyes, shaded by long, black lashes. From under his hat brim a mass of tangled black hair seemed to be struggling for freedom, and clustered about on his forehead very prettily. His complexion was dark and smooth, his features regular, and he held his head straight up in the air in a manly sort of way that impressed her favorably, and made her jump at the conclusion that "Dan was no mean-spirited lad, nor a bad one

for him farther down the road. He came along whistling merrily, and meeting her gaze as he passed, returned her smile, though shyly, and went on to the fate in store for him.

"Poor little chap! I do hope he will have the spirit to give those as good as he gets, and stand up for his rights, if they try to tease him," she thought, turning again to her

"Hello, Injun!" shouted Bill, suddenly pouncing down upon Dan.
"Hello, yourself," retorted Dan,
pleasantly, though not without an in-

ward dread of Bill's nearer approach. "Ye're lookin' kind of down in the mouth, Dan," continued Bill, as he winked to his mates. "Here, fellers, Dan wants to be cheered up, let's do it for him; it'll be a real kindness now,

won't it? " He looks like he ain't smiled in a year," added another boy, as he jumped down the bank to assist Bill, who was hauling poor little Dan off from the

Dan's struggles were all in vain, and the "cheering up" was begun in short order. Dan was held down by one or two of his tormentors, while the others pulled off his old shoes and tickled his little bare feet; and the more he squirmed and laughed nervously, the more they shouted and en-

joyed the fun. The noise increased, and presently the young lady, whose back had been turned all this time, and who at first had not heeded the affairs about her, was startled by a scream from Dan which held more of pain than of laughter, and so she started up quickly to find out what it was all

about Running hastily along the bank, she seized Bill by the arm and pushed him down the slope, where he rolled over into the dust of the road. To another boy she administered a rousing box on the ear, and sent him headlong after

By that time the other scamps, real izing that trouble was after them, flew, like the cowards they were, beyond the reach of those dainty white hands, and Dan scrambled to his feet, covered with dust and crying with rage and

He picked up his wagon, which had irl and winked his eye.

An eager nod was the reply, and—

been overturned in the road below, and replaced the white bundle,—now plump into the girl's color box fell the not so white as it had been before,-

man?" she asked. "To carry home Mis' Howe's washin', ma'am," he replied, drawing the sleeve of his shirt across his brown eyes

"In any hurry?" questioned the

girl.
"Not partickler, ma'am, 'cause started good 'n' early, so's to take it

"It tasn't been so very easy, has it, poor child?" said the girl, smiling. "Well, if you're in no hurry, come and talk to me a little while I am paint ing.

Dan followed her to the tree where her easel was waiting for her in the restful shade of green and gold, and eated himself on the grass beside her, looking with great interest at her work, and speedily forgetting his recent sufferings.

"Now, there, what's your name, my boy i

"Dan. "Dan what? what's your real name your whole name?" 'Seem's if I didn't have any whole

name, 'cause I never goes by any 'cept jus' Dan," he replied; "but I'm Daniel Carmen, I am, an' mammy she knows "I heard one of those wretched boys

call you an Indian; why did he?"
"'Cause dad was part Injun, an'
mammy says his skin was dark like mine is, an' so I s'pose I'm Injun too. " Is your mother part Indian?"

"No; mammy's got Scotch in her, she says, an' she's only brown 'cause she's tanned with the sun an' wind, you see. I never saw dad much; al! I know of him is what mammy tells me, only, and waited for a chance for more and when I was little—oh, a good deal littler than I am now-he got killed on Their coarse jests and voices reached a railroad track, an' my mammy an' me, we ain't been livin' very comf'table and soon became quite absorbed in her since, 'cause we got turned out of our house, an' mammy was poor an' 'most here an' got a teeny little house, an' she washes an' Bill stopped throwing stones at the does cleanin' for folks, an' I totes the birds, and turned his bold eyes towards; washin' about, an' I help her all can,

the bend in the road beyond where the 'cause I've only got her. an' she's only

for me. He leads the other fellers on, an' they think I'm only a *Injun*, so they can plague me all they like, 'cause I ain't got any big brother to pay 'em for it. But sometimes I get a chance to hit 'em back, an' I do it, too, though mammy's always tellin' me it's better to be patient, an' try not to do

wrong by fightin' 'cause they do."
The young lady laughed.
"I wouldn't mind a little teasing,
Dan, if I were you, but when it comes to cruelty and deliberate hurting, why, then, I think you might rightly

save the hard-working mother, who was all he had to love in the wide world. He thought this new friend who was talking to him so kindly was either, such as they who were waiting a beautiful lady, and he wished he dared tell her so. Presently he asked

shyly:
"What's your name, ma'am?" " My name is Viola Carew" was the smiling reply, "and you may call me Miss Carew, or Miss Viola, either you

Dan gave the matter serious thought for a moment, then he said, "I think I'll call you Miss Vi'la sometimes, an" Miss C'rew other times, for a change, you see. I like 'em both very much. They're lots prettier names than only

Viola laughed, and patted the curly head at her side. Then there was a few moments of silence, during which with hi

Presently a gentle voice broke the

"Dan, little boy, what were the boys doing to you a little while ago, do you remember?" The child stopped playing with the miserable little bug, and looked up in

surprise.

He thought the young lady must be joking, surely; but no, her face was quite too serious for that, so he replied:

"Why, you ain't forgettin', are you,

miss, how they teased an' hurt me? 'cause if you forget, I don't, I tell

you!"
"That's just it, Dan," said Miss Viola. "I knew you wouldn't forget how they made you suffer. I was only wondering if you enjoyed teasing that poor bug as Bill enjoyed teasing you. I wonder if the bug will forget it, or remember how a little boy named Dan Carmen teased and hurt it one fine day when it was peacefully walking along and minding its own little affairs, without a thought of troubling any.

body. Dan's beautiful eyes opened widely, and the bug, taking wise advantage of a pause in the movements of the twig, crawled away rapidly, and hid under the largest leaf it could find, while the

boy exclaimed:
"Bugs don't feel things, do they, ma'am? Doesn't seem's if they minded about things. Only jus' bugs, you

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CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Cardinal Vaughan responded as follows, to the toast "The Cardinal and the Bishops of England," at the banquet which was given on one of the five days, from the 14th to the 19th ult., devoted to the celebration of the

Centenary of Stonyhurst, College of the Jesuits :-Cardinal Vaughan, who was received with enthusiasm, said he was at Stony-hurst on that occasion in a threefold They had heard already he was a great grandson of the founder of that college—he was one of several there present (laughter)—and it was only natural, therefore, that he should find himself there that day. They were there that day very willingly, to declare to those who might be present and those who might follow them that their testimony was that the property was well bestowed. The gift was put out at large interest, and many stand up for your rights. I hate to see them had richly participated in the anybody hurt and teased, and the boys blessings that flowed from that gift Dan's big brown eyes regarded the girl curiously. Nobody had ever shown so much interest in him before, save the hard-working mother with the save the save the hard-working mother with the save the hard-working mother with the save th love Stonyhurst whatever his ex-periences might have been? For the periences might have been? For the life of man, as of all institutions, was made up of varied experiences, and the time would come when the boys who received too much sugar every day would want a little of the ferula (laughter). He could most heartily endorse the expression made use of by Father Galway the previous day when he referred to the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as it was celebrated within the walls of Stonyhurst. He most truly said that many, and perhaps every, boy who had made his profession on the 8th of December, would carry away a memory that would never die cut either in this world or the next He was here in another capacity, continued the Cardinal. He was here in an official position, with his brethren of the Dan was poking a small beetle with a piece of twig, and turning it over on its back, greatly against its inclinathe Bishop of Plymouth, who was also a student at Stonyburst, and the Bishop of Southwark, both of whom

were compelled to remain away owing to ill-health. But with these excep-tions all the Bishops of the English hierarchy were present to show their appreciation of the occasion, and to offer their congratulations to those of the religious order to which that college belonged. The Bishops of England knew and recognized to the England knew and recognized to the full that the religious orders and congregations were their most power ful auxiliary in the grand campaign against heresy and evil which they had to conduct. They felt that their hands were strengthened by the cooperation of the religious orders. They knew that the religious orders were not necessary to the essence of the existence of the Church but that they were necessary to her well-being and to her successful prosecution of the great mission which Jesus Christ had entrusted to her. And they found that wherever a persecution was directed against the Church the first attack was made upon the religious orders, and the first order to be attacked was usually the Society of Jesus (cheers). It was not until the religious orders in England were pillaged and destroyed that the king was able to set up his own authority in place of that of the Pope, threereligious orders in England were pillaged and destroyed that the king was able to set up his own authority in place of that of the Pope, three-hundred years ago. Had the example

not been followed even in the present century in those countries that had waged deliberate war against the Catholic Church and against our holy religion? Spain, France, Germany and Italy all bore witness to this: that the remarkable service rendered by the religious orders of the Church called attention to their existence, and inspired hatred in the minds of those who had determined to overthrow, if they could, the Catholic Church. There was no Bishop who did not rejoice in having within his diocese one or more or many religious houses of men as well as of women, and every Bishop felt that his work was forwarded by the co-operation of these religious men For what were they? Members for the most part of the clergy who were set for special work to carry out special works, teaching, preaching, nissionary work-and a great variety of other interests with which the heart of the Church was bound up. They were men trained to fulfil these special duties, to carry out this special work, and the Bishops knew that these auxiliaries had rendered to the Church the greatest possible services. Of the religious orders the most numerous though not the oldest, was the Society of Jesus (applause), and it was inextricably bound up with the history of the Catholic Church in this land during the last hundred years. And the Bishops of England, in coming to the celebration of the centenary celebration of this college, had come to recognize, to encourage, aye, and to bless, the labors of the Society of Jesus (cheers). On the Zambezi, China, Africa, India, every part of the missionary field, they found godly priests in the midst estab lishing schools and going on with the most important work of to-day—the work of education. They were present, then-the Bishops and himself-to rejoice in the centenary of the Stony

hurst College, to praise God for the

richness far above any that had graced

the years that had gone before (ap On the Centenary of Stonyhurst College. England. had known Stoneyhurst during the first half of the century, and he had been able to watch it, not from mere hearsay, but from personal contact and inspection, and had been able to meas-ure the powers that were to be found in the Order of Jesus, and the way in which that college had grown, changed in discipline, and in its domestic arrangements — changed and improved decade by decade, until it had reached the crowning point that it occupied to day (cheers England during the last fifty years had changed in a most marvellous manner, and Stonyhurst and Ushaw, competing neck and neck, were at the head of all the growing educational establishments in this country for the honors and the successful examinations of the London University (ap plause). But while education was well developed they would see greater de-velopments in the future, and whereas during the last fifty or sixty years the Catholic colleges have increased at least ten-fold, Stonyhurst, nevertheless, not only maintained the numbers she had during the first half of the century, but they had increased, so that during the last decade, in spite of other colleges that existed, the numbers at Stonyhurst had been larger than ever before (cheers). were hopes—well-founded hopes for the future. The past was gone, and they looked back at it with gratitude, and their hearts must goforward : they had yet a long and arduous work to accomplish before they could let down their hands and say the struggle was over. If they wish to see that work accomplished in the future, it must be by the strength of their unity, by the

unity that had existed, that would exist to grow daily stronger and stronger, where Bishops, clergy and mon co-operation in respect to each the content of other's position, and he was glad to think this good and noble and true understanding existed among them al (cheers). He was deeply joyed and gratified at his connection with Stonyhurst, not only as a boy, but as Bishop of the diocese where he had watched its progress, and had noted especially the regard in which the college and its work was held by all in that neigh-borhood. His Eminence was loudly cheered on resuming his seat.

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