

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Company Dog. BY LIEUT. F. P. FREMONT. "Talk about 'Dick,' did you say?" "Dick was a favorite! 'Dick' always counted one in the company; every man claimed 'Dick' as a comrade. Surprisingly young looking for his age, with his dark eyes, honest face, alert movements, and ringing bark. All this and more was told of "Dick," the company dog, way back in that summer of '69, out in the Indian Territory. "He came from the East with us; joined in Jersey City. "How did he come to join?" Well, to be honest, we were waiting on the platform for the train to back in, and when the handsome dog came up and made friends, soldier-like we just smuggled him on board. "Yes, I suppose he was somebody's pet. "No, it wasn't right, to take him. But, you see, the whole company took him—not any one man—that would have been stealing; "No, sir; he hadn't a collar. "There wasn't anything special for a long while. "Dick" was friends with everybody; even when some of the men got a little "off" "Dick" never got a blow. "Why did I say there never was a dog that had so much sense? Just this: Our post was down near the Wishita, and the Indians had been quiet for a couple of weeks, just time enough for the cavalry to get shod and rested and fixed up to go out and chase 'em some more when they got ready to be chased. "Our company was ordered to march to the next fort and bring down a supply train. Steam? Not much! Six mule wagons. So one morning off we started, Dick with us as usual. "To make a long story short, the next afternoon found us surrounded by four or five hundred Indians, our wagon animals killed, and we unable to move, intruded as best we might, with our wounded as comfortable as we could make them in the centre of our circle. "Safe? Of course we were; that is, some of us got hurt, of course; but they couldn't break our circle. And no more could we move. "There we were, out on a wide prairie, only a few drops of water in our canteens, and cut off from any way of getting more. That made it a question of moving and getting killed; staying still and dying of thirst; or getting aid from the fort. "Night came, and volunteers for water tried to steal through the Indian lines. "Get through?" No, sir. Those phony Indians knew just the kind of a box they had us in, and no man, white or red, could have got past them. Every man that made the trial came running back for his life. "Next day it was worse, hotter than ever, and what little water there was, was kept for the wounded. "And the meanest part of it was to look at the reds, some on horseback, some on the ground, stretched out enjoying themselves out of range, and all of them free to ride over to the stream, whose cotton covered banks were in plain sight a few miles off. "Night came again, and again some volunteers tried to slip through. "But it was no use. Things looked pretty rough. Only an occasional groan from the wounded broke the silence. "Along about 10 o'clock I heard somebody whistle; then "Dick" was called softly. After a bit every man got orders not to let "Dick" come inside the lines. "A message to the fort for aid had been rolled up in a piece of rubber blanket and tied around his neck. Our only hope was that he would start off for the fort and carry it, and that some one would untie the roll and read the message. "Every now and then "Dick" would try to come up to where I lay in the circle. But it was only to be met with clods of earth that drove him off to try to find some friend who would welcome him as of old. "But every man's hand was against "Dick" that night, and after a long time word was passed around that "Dick" was gone. Nobody could see him, at all events. "But we had to wait till daylight to make sure that the poor old boy was not lying down a little way from us, waiting for the dawn and the recognition we had never failed in giving him before. "Daylight came at last. Then every eye was strained to find "Dick." But he was not there. "And after the field glasses had searched in vain for him there rose a cheer on the morning air that brought the Indians to their feet, anxiously scanning the horizon all around for the cause. "Well, that little dog made his way to the fort, over the dark prairies, and swimming the streams, until, just after daybreak, about the time we were cheering him back there in camp, he trotted up to the stable guard at one of the cavalry company's stables, tired out. "Well, it wasn't long after that that we saw our relief coming. And they brought "Dick" with them! How we did pet him! "But I often wondered what the little fellow thought that night after we had driven him off, as he trotted along through the dark to the fort? For of course he don't know that he saved our lives."

little home-kingdom sweet and attractive." Since the dawn of the Christian era, it has been a labor of love with authors, as well as, with painters and sculptors, to embody in their artistic conceptions the great heroines of the Bible and the church—illustrious women who had providential missions to fulfil, at certain important epochs before and since the coming of Christ. After having perused many exquisite portraits of Christian womanhood, I have selected for the theme of this little article, "St. Margaret," whose name remains as a legacy of blessedness and heavenly beauty in the land of her adoption. This attempt at reproducing her beautiful life history will indeed be to me a labor of love, attended by one only fear, that this portrayal of my ideal woman may not be true to its inspired original. St. Margaret, one of the brightest blossoms in Caledonia's beautiful garland of saints, was born and reared in Buda, Hungary. Her father, the noble Edward Atheling, had been for many years an exile in Hungary, under the protection of its saintly King Stephen, and her mother was Agatha, daughter of the German Emperor, Henry III. In 1058 our saint's father, who was the lawful heir to the English throne, was, by his uncle, Edward the Confessor recalled to England, with his wife and three children, Edgar, Christina and Margaret. Shortly after their arrival, death carried off the pious parents and her uncle, leaving the three precious little ones to the mercy of the Court. During the Norman invasion, which followed, the child, Edgar, and his sisters were guarded jealously in London till the triumphal entrance into that city, of William the Conqueror. During these sorrowful years, Margaret watched over her brother and sister with that preternatural tenderness and wisdom, which spontaneously flow into the soul of an elder sister when she is suddenly left to fill her parents' place. To avoid the danger of these troublous times, Margaret secretly set sail for the continent, with her brother and sister, purposing to seek an asylum for them in the Court of Buda. Their voyage began most favorably; the sea, calm and quiet, playfully rolled its rippling waves on the sandy shores, and their ship, like a giant swan, glided peacefully and rapidly over the surfaces of the water. In an instant, the whole tranquil scene was changed; a violent storm arose, which turned their ship from its course and drove it to the shores of Scotland, where the long-tried and large-hearted Malcolm received the tender fugitives with a magnificence, that testified to his grateful remembrance of the welcome once given himself by Edward, the Confessor, their uncle. The wind that bore their ship to the Scottish coast was laden with priceless blessings for that hospitable land, Malcolm, who had known Edward Atheling, only to love him many kindly qualities, espoused the cause of his orphans, as if they were his own relatives; however, he could do little else for his protegee, Edgar, than effect a compromise with William; Christina, whose young life had been one of angelic innocence and holiness, sought the sweet seclusion of the cloister, while Margaret, by her beauty of soul, much more than by the extraordinary graces of her person had so endeared herself to the chivalrous and affectionate Scottish people, that the king, deemed their warm admiration for the lovely stranger an indication of the Divine Will that she should become his queen. Once raised to the throne, Margaret felt herself, sent by God to the wild, turbulent and generous clans, for the sole purpose of devoting her life to their good. Providence had reserved this lovely young exile, whose soul had been chastened by the fires of sorrow, to complete the apostolic work of St. Columba and his followers. At this time, Scotland was distracted by a long series of Danish invasions, frequent wars with England, and perpetual feuds between the native clans. Margaret, like a true descendant of King Alfred, instead of cowering alarmed amid the turmoil round her, set herself to accomplish most assiduously all her queenly duties. The first to feel the charm of her holy influence was Malcolm himself, whose never-ceasing wonder, that he should have been chosen to possess this treasure, too precious for earthly love. By her magnetic influence, Margaret tamed the wild warrior King till she made of him the gentlest of men. Like many another "power behind the throne," she devised plans not only for reform in the Church, but also for reform in Court and State; in the former she caused culture and magnificence to reign side by side, blended and sanctified by the cross; in the latter, she strove to lighten the burdens and brighten the homes. She also inspired Malcolm with a desire to benefit his Kingdom by means of commercial relations, with the most favored countries of Christendom. The all embracing charity of Margaret strove to mitigate, when it could not arrest, the horrors of "border warfare," ransoming Scottish captives carried to England or purchasing the liberty of English prisoners made by the Scots. What wonder, that both nations vied with each other in claiming as their own, one whom both equally worshipped. That such a woman proved as admirable a mother as she was wife and ruler, was to be expected. The most learned and exemplary masters were employed to form the hearts and minds of her children. They did but assist,

however; for, to no one would she commit what she considered her own indispensable duty—the care of forming these young souls to God. The beautiful life of Margaret ended as it had begun, in dark storm and bitter trial. Whilst she lay dangerously ill at Edinburgh, news reached her that Malcolm and Prince Edward had been treacherously killed in a English war. She lingered but a few days, inspiring all who beheld her angelic countenance—made still more lovely by the light of approaching eternity. Margaret's son, King David I, erected a chapel in her honor in the Castle of Edinburgh. Desecrated and ruined during the religious wars of the sixteenth century, it has been restored under the enlightened patronage of Queen Victoria. But Margaret needed not this restoration to live forever in history as one of those valiant women, whose deeds reflect the secret of woman's greatness and undying glory. O may the noble example of Scotia's holy patroness ever burn bright like unextinguishable fire, guiding our path to acts of self-sacrifice and warning our hearts to emulation of heroic virtue. CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Golden Advice to Young Men by Rev. F. H. Wall, D. D. It is indeed a very great pleasure for me to be here at the annual religious celebration of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, Philadelphia, this evening on the invitation of your spiritual director to extend to you cordial greetings on behalf of the fifty thousand young men of our National Union, and to say a few words of advice to you regarding the duties incumbent upon you as Catholic young men. Today throughout this country an edifying spectacle is presented to our brothers of the faith, and a lesson of mainly piety to those outside of our faith when societies are seen in a body approaching the table of the Lord to partake of the Bread of Life, the Body and Blood of their Redeemer. It is with joy and gratitude that the Catholic priesthood realize that we can produce such men. "I came not to preach a sermon, but to give a few words of friendly advice, to try to impress upon your minds that it is of supreme importance that you should understand how to frame, form and fashion your character, as it depends upon yourselves alone whether your life is made a success or failure—whether you perform your mission in life. Every one is sent forth by the Creator to perform some special work. This design is evident, and can you regard as unimportant the mission and destiny of an immortal soul? In fulfilling this mission with honor and success it is of the highest importance that you possess energy of character. There are other talents and other qualities that you must possess, but there must be executive force to put these qualities into action and to give them quickening life. There is no one that cannot acquire this energy by using his judgment and Godlike reason. Many are endowed with admirable talents, but for want of this fall of success. They are always fluctuating. A purpose is formed to day and abandoned to-morrow. They are misguided by the advice of friends or the taunts of enemies, and suffer themselves to abandon their purpose. "Let youth have at all times confidence and faith. Among the constituent elements that enter into the formation of character I would place a strong self reliance. I do not mean a dogged obstinacy or determination in spite of the advice of well-informed friends. I would not have you believe all the brains in the world are within the confines of your own head. These qualities excite disgust. I do mean, however, that you should have a just confidence in your ability to do work. A young man need not flatter himself that he is a human genius or that he has talents of a superior order, but he must believe that God has given him facilities to accomplish his mission. The youth may have but one talent. Let him rely on that and cultivate it. Because he has not five talents let him not go and bury the one in the ground. The inquiry for him is not Why did God give me but one talent? but What shall I do with it? "Many a great intellect is brought to the dust because of this fault. One relies on the honesty and respect of his father; another on the wealth of his father; still another on this or that quality in his ancestors. In this country of ours this is calculated to excite ridicule. To claim respect because of our ancestors is to present a draft to the American people which they are not likely to honor. Wealth may impoverish rather than enrich a man and may drag him down. Many a young man can look back and trace all his miseries to the fact that he was born of wealthy parents. To an earnest soul bent on self-culture wealth may be of service to improve his intellect and to enable him to do good, but to rely on wealth is different. It cannot be substituted for self-reliance. It cannot take the place of virtue in self. Perseverance is another essential element in the formation of character. Self-reliance must be continuous in order to promise success. The eye must be concentrated on the goal before you. Steadiness of purpose, decision in adversity and prosperity are indispensable to success in life. There are those who say the ranks of the different professions are overcrowded, that it is almost impossible to obtain a foothold without wealth and influence, but there are means by which we can conquer

all difficulties, and we should never forget the words of the great Henry Clay that 'there is plenty of room at the top.' True, there are difficulties of the most discouraging character, and at times the heart sinks in despair and we are tempted to ask to what purpose is all this toil. But remember, courage and perseverance can do all things. Read the biographies of great men. They all had some difficulties to overcome. They had the same cold, selfish world to battle against. Had they yielded, had they given up, we would never have heard of them. "The principle of perseverance is impaired by the great desire to grasp success at once. Man wishes often to grasp the prize before he reaches the goal. The law of the social as of the natural order demands slow progress. It is a long time before the acorn becomes an oak. The student must spend many years in patient toil. You know Sir Isaac Newton said that he merely excelled in the patience of waiting. Energy must be combined with other qualities. Every one of them must be founded on a good moral basis. It must be based on sound, honest principles. In this country there is a great desire for wealth which pushes many on without regard to honesty. All adversity and the greatest calamity in life is summed up in not making money. All through life the greatest misfortune is not to be a millionaire. Hence the one idea is to become wealthy. They may have other advantages, but this is the great desideratum. They must make a fortune, and under pressure of this desire if an honest course does not bring it, they are tempted to reach it dishonestly, pursuing with an eagle eye the phantom ever before them. They may accumulate dollars and yet be moral bankrupts. "In this country a great many blessings belong to us. We have civil and religious liberty, and we ought to rise up and thank God who has blessed us with it. There is a great responsibility upon us—a result of the toll of our long-suffering ancestors. The millions who in future years will people these cities and states will be influenced by your lives. You may think it is of little importance what stand you take on public questions. Never was there a greater mistake. Men are continually battling for on while there are men with hearts to feel, with intellects to think with tongue to utter. We must close the schools and churches and muzzle the press to stop this conflict of minds. It depends upon you to answer every public question as to what is right and wrong—not enquiring what way public opinion tends or what will give you the most wealth or popularity, but What is right. If true to your faith you will answer rightly. "I repeat, therefore, your opinion is of the greatest weight. You have your influence. As you tarow your influence you will help the cause of justice and truth. The gospel of iniquity is preached every day that 'a young man must sow his wild oats,' that 'youth must have its fling.' Remember the inexorable law of nature, 'as you sow, so shall you reap.' If you sow the wind you must reap the whirlwind. Will you wreck your manhood to give the dregs to an out raged God? Will you give up all good here and hereafter in order to do these base things? You cannot make the American people believe your religion is the true one unless you live up to it. It is your greatest gift after your creation and redemption. As a recent convert said, look about you and see the great procession of honest men passing into the Church of Rome. When men like Newman enter, it is your duty in this country to uphold its honor. If every Catholic young man would rise to the occasion, the whole world would be impressed with the truth of the faith. Young men gathered here to-night, remember your leaders can do nothing unless you roll up your sleeves and help them. The general can do nothing without his army. They may make a beautiful display with helmets, plumes, etc., but unless there is bravery in the bosom of the soldiers nothing can be accomplished. "In conclusion he appealed to them to live honest lives and to keep before them the fact that they possess immortal souls, and then he begged that Mary Immaculate might send down upon them the choicest blessings from the heart of her Divine Son. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Archbishop Ryan, assisted by Father Monville and Rev. Joseph C. Kelley, rector of the Immaculate Conception and spiritual director of the Archdiocesan Union. In the same way were Mgr. Loughlin, Rev. Joseph F. O'Keefe, rector of the Cathedral, and Rev. William J. Higgins, S. T. L., vice rector of the High School. To Cure Catarrh and Stay Cured You must use the most up-to-date and most approved method of treatment. 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