

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BELOVED DOGS.

Writers prejudiced in favor of every thing "Anglo Saxon" are always telling us that the Latin races are cruel to dumb animals. This is a cruel falsehood. There are unfeeling exceptions among the lower classes, as there are in all countries, but the average Latin has affection and even respect for his four footed friends.

Sir Arthur Sullivan tells a characteristic story of Rossini, the great Italian composer.

"One morning when I called in to see him he was trying over a small piece of music as I entered. 'Why, what is that?' I exclaimed. He answered me very seriously: 'It's my dog's birthday, and I write a little piece for him every year.'"

Catch an English composer doing anything so "silly" ! But the Englishman thinks that he is a very fine fellow when he refrains from beating and starving his dogs.

In Paris there is a cemetery for the faithful friends of men. A French correspondent of Courrier des Etrangers says that the dog cemetery is a sort of large garden laid out with flowers. M. Harmons, a Parisian editor, accompanied the writer through the unique burial ground.

The principal monument is erected to the memory of "Barry," the famous St. Bernard life saver. The monument is as much an honor to the sculptor as to the worthy people who desired to glorify his memory. On a base of snowy rocks, surmounted by a reproduction of the famous convent of Mount St. Bernard, the valiant animal Barry is springing forward, bent beneath the gale, carrying on his back a child that he has just snatched from the avalanche. A short inscription sums up the merits and the history of the heroic creature.

"He saved the lives of forty persons. "He was killed by the forty-first."

Behind the symbolical monument the whole cemetery stretches away. It is divided into two parts—the first, still vacant, is all covered with sweet-smelling flowers; the second is re-divided into different quarters. In one place are the quarters of the big dogs; further on are those of the medium sized ones, and nearer is the place for the little ones. The spaces to the right and left are reserved for animals of different kinds.

"For since the place was opened," said M. George Harmons, "many persons have been bringing us the dead bodies of animals that had been their companions. See, over in that corner are the birds."

I came closer, pleased that he had thought of them. Do you know anything more melancholy than a little mass of feathers, with a half open beak, projecting from the midst of it, stretched out stark and stiff, with outspread wings, in the mud on the highway? How well off they must be under the big trees of the cemetery, sheltered from voracious beasts, those happy songsters of yesterday!

To perpetuate the memory of some of them the affection of their owners has devised, instead of heavy headstones, little cages of silver bars. And on them are touching and naive inscriptions: "To Pierrette," "To Fifi," "To Gazouill, our poor little Gold-finch. He was found by us with his eyes knocked out one day when we were coming from school two years ago."—Paul and Jeanne.

"Do not consider that any parody of human burial," said M. Harmons. "We are not engaged, as has been charged against us ignorantly, in luxuriously burying animals while there might be found so many poor people to be helped! No; that is not what we wanted to do. Our object was two-fold: first, a hygienic object, for you know the dangers from the decomposition of the bodies of animals thrown into the water courses or upon the public highways—when they are not buried by night in the cellars or what is more serious, just covered with earth in the squares. Even from the point of view of sentiment something is due to the dog that aids us, that serves us, defends us, consoles us and often saves a life."

Under a stone, dais sheltering a sculptured greyhound on a cushion with the arms of the Princess of Cecilia Pignatelli is this epitaph: "In memory of my dear Emma, from April 12, 1889, to August 2, 1900, the faithful companion and only friend of my wandering and desolate life. She saved me from death in May, 1891."

Further on is this inscription: "Lilina, 1870-1900. Two inseparable friends for twenty-one years."

And this: "I never had but one true friend; here he lies."

And again: "Bijou, September 3, 1889. He saved my life; I owed him a souv. snir."

A little further on was another: "To Miss Boalis. Run over in Tours, February 13, 1900. For ten years she had been a cherished friend."

While I was noting down these inscriptions M. George Harmons gave me new details. Everything is done with decency and modesty in the dog cemetery. Display of demonstrative regrets upon the manesolous is prohibited, and everything is excluded that might injure the religious sentiments or the just susceptibilities of visitors.

Even the poor French people are very fond of their dogs. While the correspondent was listening, a group of people appeared in the central alleyway. There were three women and one man. The man was in the lead. In his hand he carried a valise covered with cloth.

"He is in this," said he. The formalities of entry finished, all proceeded to the burial place. Duval stated that he desired the common lot. That cost only five francs, while a private plot would be too weighty a charge upon a laborer's budget.

Before the open trench the poor laborer's wife opened a sob. Then she said timidly: "Couidn't he, sir, be left in the valise, at least?"

But the rules of the common plot prescribe strictly that the animals must be buried in a hole containing quick-lime.

The gravedigger, therefore, took Bijou out of the valise, pulled off the blue apron out of which they made him a shroud and deposited him upon the fresh earth. He was a completely black dog of silt make. The gravedigger then emptied over him a sack of lime, and the curly hair of the dead animal suddenly became white.

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed one of the women, and her eyes became mist.

All three seemed to be sincerely moved. "You were very fond of him, then?" asked M. Harmons, very gently.

"Oh, yes, sir!" she answered in such a transport of feeling that her grief burst out in sobs. "The poor creature loved us well, too! I used to caress me so gently whenever I was suffering!"

The writer concludes. "I confess that in the presence of the grief of those humble people and also those touching effusions of sorrow and tenderness for the little animal. I no longer felt like smiling at the idea of a dog cemetery."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When a youth begins to leave boyhood behind him and to think the thoughts of a man, he is confronted with these three questions: (1) Whence did I come? (2) For what purpose am I here? (3) Where is my future to be?

Then he sees the necessity of living above the brutes, who have no purpose in existence except to gratify their appetites. He wants to make a right use of his life, and for that object he perceives that he must adopt some principles, some rules of conduct, that will help to make his stay in this world successful, so that he will reach the end of his being for which he was created. Then he meets this other question:

(4) What is a successful life? The answer to that question must be universal—one that will satisfy the young man whose lot is on a farm, in a mill, in a store, in a shop, in an office, in a profession, or on "Easy street" among the "leisure class" who have neither to sew nor to spin, but who yet have to go to judgment and give account of their stewardship of so many years of life.

What is a successful life? The answer to that question must help the poor to be contented, and the struggling to keep up their courage, and the vanquished to bless Providence for their defeats, and the prosperous to look on their riches as a thing for the use of which they must give an account that must be strict to the very last cent.

A successful life is one that is lived in accordance with its vocation and so ending that it will lead on to life and not to perdition in the world to come.

In the measure, therefore, in which that life is passed in the place, at the work, among the people, amidst the circumstances, and in the manner designed for it, it is successful.

In the measure, therefore, again, in which that life acts up to the right and the grace and the opportunities granted to it, it is successful.

It does not matter, in that high conception of what constitutes a successful life, whether a young man is rich or poor, handsome or homely, well bred or uncouth, in city or country, he can make the best use of his life and achieve the noblest success, if he will, for that success is within him, and no extraneous force or condition can affect it against his consent.

In these times and in this country, money is taken as the supreme good. "Get rich, honestly if you can, but—get rich!" is the advice that the wisdom of the world gives. For money, it says, can procure nearly everything else—honors, public position, rank in society, luxuries, polish, opportunities for travel and almost every other earthly good.

Now, only a fool or a saint like St. Francis of Assisi or St. Benedict Joseph Labre would despise money. It has a tremendous power. It is worth striving for. It is worth striving for in the right way, by persons free to seek it and resolved to make good use of it.

But Cincinnati at the plow is more worthy of honors than Russell Sage and his millions! Money can not buy virtue nor purchase grace, and these are the means to the highest success. Money can not procure happiness. Money drops out of the hand at the hour of death, but the character formed and the deeds done in the flesh follow the soul beyond the grave and are eternal in their consequences.

To be, therefore, is better than to have in riches, for the most precious wealth is a virtuous soul, a cultivated mind, and a sympathetic heart.

With that first principle adopted—

that a successful life is one lived according to its vocation—the young man has a motive that will idealize the most sordid surroundings, that will elevate the lowest position, that will brighten the darkest prospect.

What does it matter to him, after all, whether or not he accumulates dollars—he is laying up treasures daily where thieves do not enter, nor rust destroy, nor moths consume, by offering up his prayers, works, and sufferings every morning to his Creator and gilding them with supernatural merit by forming the intention to go through them that day for God's sake.

What does it matter to him whether he is sick or well, in the stums or in "society," toiling in a factory, or on a railroad, or in a warehouse, he is making daily deposits in the Bank of Eternity, he is heir to a Kingdom, he is having his name writ in the Book of Life.

A century will go by, and then it will not matter where he lived, or what he worked at, or with whom he associated, or how finely he was clothed, or what fame he acquired, or what rank he achieved. What will be important then will be what he is, for that will depend on what he has done with his life, and on that will rest whether or not he is successful.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

To appreciate fully the blessedness of the hope of heaven one has only to realize the awfulness of being lost forever. Almighty God, for wise purposes, sometimes allows even His faithful servants to be tempted to despair of salvation. For the time being the devil seems to have complete control of their minds and thoughts. He brings before them, in battle array, all the sins of their past lives; he fills their minds with the most awful apprehensions of the judgments of God, and they are led to contemplate, for a time, the horrors of the damned spirits in hell; offences their minds are filled with the most abominable imaginations.

Of even so great a sinner as St. Catharine of Siena it is said that after three years of delightful contemplation and communion with her beloved Lord in her cell, "The old serpent, seeing her angelical, set all his engines at work to assault her virtues. He first filled her imagination with the most filthy representations, and assailed her heart with the basest and most humiliating temptations. Afterwards, he spread in her soul such a cloud and darkness that it was the severest trial imaginable. She saw herself a hundred times on the verge of the precipice, but was always supported by an invisible hand." But she persevered in her devotions and was finally delivered from the power of the enemy of her soul. This, of course, was an intense relief to her, and being assured by Our Lord that He had been present with her during all the fearful temptation, aiding and sustaining her, she rejoiced greatly and took courage.

No one can possibly realize the terrible mental suffering of such a temptation. All hope is gone. The mind irresistibly dwells upon the fire of hell and the misery of the damned, and what adds intense poignancy to the grief and pain is the idea that it is to be eternal—forever and forever—without hope of cessation or mitigation.

Then, to have that cloud pass away and the light of God's reconciled countenance shine upon the soul in the face of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Oh, what intense relief, what joy and thanks giving fill the soul to overflowing! "Thanks be to God, I am not lost—I am saved. Through the infinite mercy of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of perseverance, I may at last reach the happy abode of the saints in heaven."

What a change! Yes, the whole universe has been changed as if by magic. The very face of nature has been transformed. Before, the very heavens were shrouded in a solemn and melancholy gloom. God appeared in the light of a severe and angry judge. The world seemed given up to the dominion of the devil. Everything seemed to wear a threatening aspect. Prayer and ordinary devotions appeared useless, or were forced and dry work. A secret terror of death and coming judgment dried up the very fountain of peace and contentment in the soul. The devil had probably taken advantage of some physical derangement to fill the mind with these horrors. By and by, improvement in health brings returning sanity, and hope begins to dawn. The timid soul dares to address its Saviour with pleading intensity, and perhaps in some happy moment all at once the black cloud is dissipated, deep gratitude and a trembling joy fill the soul, and a peace that passeth understanding takes possession of the bruised and broken heart.

Behold all things are changed. Even nature has put on her holiday dress, and the world, with its infinite variety of beauty and loveliness, speaks of the goodness and love of God. Ordinary prayers and devotions are resumed with greatly increased zest. His Saviour appears to him as the chief among ten thousand, and alto-gether lovely. Next to Him appears His own Blessed Mother, transcendently beautiful above all the daughters of men; the saints appear as sympathetic friends and companions; the fear of death is taken away, and the soul, humbled but joyful, truly penitent but hopeful, looks forward with bright anticipation to the joyful day when, through the infinite mercy of its Saviour, it shall leave this world of sin and sorrow, and soar to the bright regions of bliss beyond the skies.

Such is the blessedness of the hope of heaven.—Sacred Heart Review.

BAPTISM AND THE EUCHARIST—THE NEW VIEW.

Some idea of the "comprehensiveness" of the Church of England and of the "elasticity" of her formularies may be gained by comparing the doctrine of Baptism and the Eucharist as held by the Rev. Mr. Pullan, lecturer in Theology at St. John's Oriel and Queen's colleges, Oxford, with the doctrine of baptism and the Eucharist as set forth by Dean Freemantle of Ripon in his recent lecture at Harvard college. Mr. Pullan holds that "Holy Baptism was instituted by Our Lord Himself" and cites the familiar text from St. Matthew xxviii-19, according to which Christ, before ascending to His Father, commanded His Apostles to teach all nations, "baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Dean Freemantle—if the Boston Herald and the Transcript report him correctly—says that "baptism was not instituted by Christ." Harnack himself does not go so far as the Dean. The Berlin "theologian," though he asserts that it cannot be directly proved that Christ instituted baptism—for he denies that the above-cited text from St. Matthew is a saying of Our Lord—admits, nevertheless, that it is possible with the help of tradition to trace back to Him "a Sacrament of Baptism."

The Dean's theory seems to be that Christ borrowed and modified the baptism of St. John, which in turn had been borrowed by the Precursor from some rite of initiation ordained by Jewish law, and sanctioned its use as a condition of initiation among His followers. John's baptism was a mere symbol, figurative of the cleansing of the heart which he preached, and Christian baptism is nothing more.

Of course this is not the view of St. Paul, but such trifles as that do not trouble modern "theologians." The Apostles, for reasons which were not merely ritual, as the context shows, conferred the baptism of Christ on certain Ephesian disciples who had received the baptism of John and had never heard whether there be a Holy Ghost. From his Epistles to the Romans and to Titus, as well as from St. Peter's words in the Acts of the Apostles, it is abundantly evident that, from the first, baptism was not regarded as a mere symbol—the common means of entering into the new sect." But, after all, granting that Christ borrowed the ceremony of baptism from His Precursor, it does not follow that He did not constitute the sacrament of baptism. The institution took place when Christ by His power attached to a previously purely symbolic rite, the power of effecting spiritual regeneration in those who received it in the spirit of faith and penitence.

The Dean's views on the Eucharist will be a revelation to those who are ignorant of the havoc that modern "scholarship" has wrought in the domain of old-fashioned Christian belief. Mr. Pullan teaches that, in the Apostolic age, it was customary, in some places at least, for the faithful to partake of a social meal known as the agape or a solemn and religious act—by way of preparation for the celebration of the Eucharist, and that this custom was a memorial of the Paschal Supper. He furthermore says that as early as A. D. 95, the love feast was associated with serious abuses—which amounted "to an impious disregard of the Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament." His position is sufficiently clear.

Dean Freemantle, on the other hand, hints that the Eucharist was "a family meal"—an exercise of "social religion." It regards it as a symbolical rite based on the Jewish Passover, and designed to bind Christ's followers to-gether. For the common meal is a fitting expression of the brotherly unity of a community. Evidently, the Dean derived his notions in this subject from Harnack and from the work of Prof. Allen of Cambridge. The traditional view is that the Eucharist was originally associated with the love feasts, but not in any way identified with them—as it is fair to conclude from St. Paul's stern rebuke to the Corinthians—and from the separation which, at an early date, was made between the love-feast, and the sacramental celebration. The former was observed before sunset every Sunday. The latter took place habitually before daybreak, according to the testimony of Tertullian. We should like to know how Dean Freemantle looks upon his own Anglican, priestly powers, if he contends that the traditional conception of the Eucharist as "a sacrifice offered by a priest on behalf of the rest" is a corruption only partially remedied at the Reformation. How can he honestly go on using the Anglican Liturgy? Is not his ministry a hollow pretense and a blasphemous deceit and is not the Church which retains him as one of her dignitaries well styled the "City of Confusion?"—Providence Visitor.

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