

OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION

Ray Comments of a Catholic Priest Upon the Relations of Irish Celts Toward It.

The Register to-day publishes the first instalment of a paper by Rev. William Dillard of Nova Scotia on the position of Catholic Celts in modern civilization. The views expressed will afford a large allowance of food for reflection.

At a meeting of the A. O. H., last fall in Bangor, a series of resolutions were proposed and carried, that reflected great credit on the A. O. H. as a body, and that special committee in particular, and gives us the whole scope and spirit of the society. The A. O. H., so to speak, "up-to-date."

The first of these resolutions says: "We pledge anew our humble submission to the church."

This attitude of a Catholic society is frequently misunderstood and often misrepresented. It is not an uncommon thing to find Catholic men, and even Catholic societies, instead of pledging a humble submission to the church, rather inclined to resent the interference of the church with their work in any shape or form—just as we find individual Catholics allowing themselves to criticize freely and unfavorably the attitude and policy of the church generally.

This is all legitimate enough when done in a proper spirit. The greatest men in the history of the church are the very men who criticized and protested most against abuses, local or general. But they never made the mistake of blaming the church itself, for the existence of evils or the continuance of abuses. That was the mistake of Luther, of Savanarola, of Wycliffe, who was called "the morning star of the reformation." They all began their reformations, no doubt in good faith, by denouncing local abuses, they ended by charging the church itself with the responsibility, and renouncing their allegiance.

PROPER ATTITUDE OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

This, of the A. O. H., is the proper attitude of a Catholic society.

It is freely said, though, that it is too great a restriction on the independence and liberty of a society, that a society stifles and paralyzes itself, which submits, without qualification, to the dictation of any church. Not if that church is the Catholic Church. Not if it can say, "My sons, I have seen the commencement of all the societies, political, industrial, benevolent and religious, that exist in the world to-day. I have seen the end of more of them than you can count. It was under my protection that such societies as yours first started. The merchant guilds and the craft guilds of the middle ages were some of my work for the protection of the toilers and Cardinal Stephen Langton stood with the Catholic barons of England at Runnymede when the great charter was wrung from John the King. The bishops of the church were the only protectors of the people against the brutal, plundering, drinking, dicing, debauching, spendthrift, forever fighting over-loads of the people.

The haughty Normans made villains and slaves of the conquered Saxons. The church kept the proud noblemen in order. That was / all those treebooters of land and sea feared. The bishops were the only men who recognized a higher right than the ability to take. In those days the law practically was

"The good old rule, the simple plan, That they may take who have the power, And they may keep who can."

AND DOWN THROUGH THE AGES

these bishops have fought the kings and princes of the earth, have ever been found directing and organizing and teaching the weak and the helpless against the strong ones of the earth. Leo XIII's proudest and most special name to-day, is the People's Pope. So great and continuous and effective has been his work and his love for the common people, as they are called in all lands, that the world practically recognizes him as the highest representative of divine truth and justice on earth. Pius IX. used to smile indulgently when he heard of himself as pictured in Exeter Hall, London, by the Pecksniffs of the day, or in cultured Boston by the imported Nova Scotian evangelist, as Antichrist, and the church "The abomination," the "Scarlet Woman." Those malicious and ignorant people were taken seriously up to a few years ago. Now, the man who could speak of the venerable, enlightened, loving and gracious Leo as Antichrist, can be regarded as a monomaniac.

The truth then is that instead of paralyzing its energies, and making an unmanly surrender of their independence by pledging anew their submission to the church, the A. O. H. of Bangor put on record their belief that there is no wiser guide or better friend of such an organization as theirs in the world to-day than the Catholic Church. Her whole history in the past is a guarantee that she is pre-eminently worthy of all trust, affection and respectful submission.

THE INDIVIDUAL.

As far as societies are concerned, then, we may say that, as a general rule, they recognize the wisdom and necessity of the church's guidance,

and accept it. But this cannot be so universally said of the individual members of such societies. You know as well as I that for the most part the men who have been at the head of our organizations in the past have regarded their position selfishly, they have looked to their own aggrandizement and nothing else. Those men, when you come to know them, present a uniform character of selfishness, impudence and ignorance. They inevitably wreck whatever organization they are connected with, if they are strong enough, but you never, by any chance, catch them under the ruins. They adopt the policy recommended by the poet in his biting satire,

"Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
'Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit."

I have a mental picture of just such a man at this moment. He is no myth, either, and probably you have met others of his kind. If you have, size him up and shun him. He is no more or less than a leper, besides being an ignoramus, or, as it is so expressively said in the Gaelic, an "amadán," a "bosthoon."

This man I speak of occupies a prominent political office. He was given that office because he is a Catholic, understood to be, and several thousand Catholic voters think that he represents them.

I have heard him say deliberately that the church is behind the times, that she is continually finding fault with the great men of science, and consequently discouraging it, that she is not in touch, in harmony, with the ideals of our most great and most wonderful civilization, that in consequence she is a drag on all progress.

ANGLO-SAXON CIVILIZATION.

Now, this man, and men of his kind, do an immeasurable amount of harm. First and foremost, they are not Catholics at all. No Catholic can, for a moment, admit that the church could possibly be found, under any circumstances, a failure. It would be simply denying the wisdom of her Divine Founder, or putting a limit to His omnipotence. In the second place, and in the third and seventeenth, he is only repeating the jargon he hears around him, and doesn't know what he is talking about.

"Anglo-Saxon civilization" is the cry to-day. It is practically the religion of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he is. A clergyman in Boston preached on it to a meeting of his conferees the other day, and said it, and it only, was to prove the salvation of the world. Grecian or Roman or French or German were not to be mentioned with it in one breath. Anybody who didn't believe in Anglo-Saxon civilization and progress was sure to be damned. And Michael Davitt says of this Anglo-Saxon civilization, re the South African war, "It is made up of a goddess culture, refined vice, divorce courts, immorality, drunkenness and prostitution."

Well, the Catholic Church, which has seen all sorts of civilization, is not at all in love with the Anglo-Saxon product. And in Ireland the men and women of brains and true patriotism are working for all they are worth to shake off the last rag of Anglo-Saxonism, and dress themselves, their minds and their souls, in the once grand and glorious garb of the Gael.

The church tells us that the world is mad over this idea of progress.

She says we are continually calling attention to the thousands of miles of railway we own, the merchant and

MAN OF WAR FLEETS

that swarm on every ocean, the net work of telegraph wires in which the many girdled earth swings, the millions and millions of money in our factories and our forests and our mines and in the pockets of our millionaires. And we want. We shout out, "Look at our public schools; see all the money we put into them. Let your imagination picture the millions of gold and silver those we educate there will produce. Are we not the most wonderful people the world has ever seen? This is progress! This is the new revelation! This is the one only way of salvation! If you don't take a seat at once, you will get left, or probably run over, we don't care a continental when. Hurry up!—we are the greatest people on earth!"

The church does not regard that shouting, noisy, crazy, rushing, trampling, drunken, famished, blood-thirsty, landthirsty, goldthirsty, ravenously murderous mob as the highest possible product of true civilization. She sees and acknowledges all the excellent things they have succeeded in doing, and is very far indeed from speaking of them as one of their own pet philosophers (Carlyle) did: "A generation of so many millions of men, mostly fools," or, as the poet forcibly puts it,

"Of fools the world has such a store,
That he who will not see an ass
Must stay at home and bolt his door
And break his looking glass."

But, says the church to the man who urges her to join the glorious procession of progress, to apply for admission to the Anglo-Saxon club of Anglo-Saxony with Teddy Roosevelt and Joey Chamberlain and Schwartz Mesiter and Martin Dooley and all the other luminaries of Anglo-Saxony—the church says to such "Yes, your millions are as the sands on the sea shore,

THEY CANNOT BE NUMBERED or counted for multitude. And side

by side with your wealth, there is such poverty as mine eyes have not beheld for nineteen hundred years, and one of your own great thinkers (Ruskin) says that "our poorhouse system alone, considered ethically or philosophically, would convince a Pagan that you are only a step or two in advance of those savage tribes who destroy the aged and infirm when they are no longer of use at the feast or in the chase."

"Yes, you have great armies and sea-sweeping navies, and your power is irresistible. But it is taking bread from the toiler and grinding the faces of the poor in taxes." And another of your wise men has called attention to the fact that the self-styled Christian nations of Europe are just so many armed camps all at a fever to be at each other's throats. (Lecky). Yes, you live high and your luxuries are more than Epicurus or Alcibiades ever dreamt of; yet I hear many of your wise men say, "All this adds nothing to the sum of human happiness, that real true happiness is to be sought for not in the multiplicity of luxuries, but in the being conscious of not needing or desiring the." Yes, I have heard all about your wonderful

PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

and the millions you spend on it and the perfection you claim for it. And I have also heard one of the great ones among you, president indeed of the institution that is supposed to crown your unique, national, educational achievement, whose name is Eliot, pronounce deliberately that the average product of your schools is commonplace, that it does not and cannot civilize, that it is a failure.

All the shouting of the captains and the fan faranade of your brazen trumpets cannot hide the running sores and the rags and the ragged edges and the robberies and the tyrannies and the monstrous Babel of ignorance and hypocrisy and injustice you seek to erect on the necks of men—the "Caesar's column" of "blood and reeking bones" as another of your wise men calls it, under the name of Anglo-Saxon civilization and progress.

No; I certainly do not believe this is the only way of salvation—or the best possible way, by any manner of means, and the best thinkers and the ablest men among yourselves will tell you the same, if you will only hear them. And this is why the so-called Catholic we have referred to, makes such an unqualified donkey of himself when he talks glibly of civilization and progress and complains that the

CHURCH IS BEHIND THE TIMES.

Yes, she is as far behind the times as our friend Mr. Dooley of Archy Road, Chicago, was behind the civilizing gun of the Philippines, seven thousand miles. She is reluctant to touch a civilization that marches to the music of military fife and drums, the roar and the rattle of Krupps and Krag-Jorgensens. She doesn't believe that sort of civilization will ever save the world. In the train of all this violence and injustice, this devotion to false ideals, with the divorce mills working overtime to fill rush orders, crowd and jostle the ever increasing thousands and thousands who fill the jail and penitentiaries and the insane asylums and the mysterious slums of our large cities, thousands who have had the advantage of a compulsory education act, but whom it has helped only to a greater proficiency of crime. It was made painfully apparent in St. John, only the other day, that the police were utterly powerless to control the elements even amongst the boys, who can organize a dozen burglaries and carry them out successfully under the very noses of the officers of the law.

(To be continued.)

NO MORE PAIN IN THE BACK

Chas Gilchrist, of Port Hope Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ex-Fishery Overseer in Splendid Health at Seventy-Four—What He has to Say of the Matter.

Port Hope, Ont., Jan. 26 — (Special)—Everybody in Port Hope knows Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, for fifteen years Chief of Police and afterwards Fishery Overseer of the Dominion Government. He is seventy-four years of age now and a healthy man. But he has had his share of suffering. For ten years he was afflicted with Diabetes and Kidney Disorder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

Speaking of the case recently Mr. Gilchrist said: "I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills for about five years off and on. When I get a pain in the back and my urine is full of brickdust I take a couple of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am all right. I generally keep them on hand, for there is no medicine like them.

"When I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in a fearful state. They have made me a new man. I have about one-quarter acre in a garden. I dug and planted it last spring. When I first took Dodd's Kidney Pills I could not have done it to save my life.

"I believe I would have been dead only for Dodd's Kidney Pills. It is cures like this that are giving Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity.

AN INDIAN STORY

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, one of the most entertaining and reliable of writers on American Indian subjects tells a lively little legend about the coyote (pronounced "coy-oh-ty"), the prairie wolf.

Once upon a time Too-whay-shur-wee-deh, the Little-Blue-Fox, was wandering near a Pueblo town, and chanced to come to the threshing floors, where a great many coyotes were hopping. Just then the Coyote passed, very hungry, and while yet far off said: "Ah! how the stomach cries! I will just eat Little-Blue-Fox." And coming near he said: "Now, Little-Blue-Fox, you have troubled me enough! You are the cause of my being chased by dogs and people, and now I will pay you. I am going to eat you up this very now!"

"No, Coyote friend," answered the Little-Blue-Fox, "don't eat me up! I am here guarding these chickens, for there is a wedding in yonder house, which is my master's, and these chickens are for the wedding dinner. Soon they will come for the chickens and will invite me to dinner—and you can come also."

"Well," said the Coyote, "if that is so, I will not eat you, but will help you watch the chickens." So he lay down beside him.

At this Little-Blue-Fox was troubled, thinking how to get away; and at last he said: "Friend Too-whay-deh, I think it strange that they have not before now come for the chickens. Perhaps they have forgotten. The best way is for me to go to the house and see what the servants are doing."

"It is well," said the Coyote. "Go, then, and I will guard the chickens for you."

So the Little-Blue-Fox started toward the house, but getting behind a small hill he ran away with fast feet. When it was a good while and he did not come back the Coyote thought: "While he is gone I will give myself some of the chickens." Crawling slyly to the threshing floor he gave a leap. But the chickens were only crows, and they flew away. Then he began to say evil of the Little-Blue-Fox for playing a trick upon him and started on the trail, vowing: "I will eat him up wherever I catch him."

After many miles he overtook the Little-Blue-Fox and with a bad face said: "Here! Now I am going to eat you!" The other pretended to be greatly excited and answered: "No, friend Coyote! Do you not hear that toby?" The Coyote listened and heard a drum in the pueblo.

"Well," said the Little-Blue-Fox, "I am called for that dance, and very soon they will come for me. Won't you go, too?" "If that is so, I will not eat you, but we will go to the dance." And the Coyote sat down and began to comb his hair and to make himself pretty with face paint. When no one came the Little-Blue-Fox said: "Friend Coyote, I think it strange that they do not come. It is best for me to go up on this hill, whence I can see into the village. You wait here."

"He will not dare to play me another trick," thought the Coyote. So he replied: "It is well. But do not forget to call me." So the Little-Blue-Fox went up the hill, and as soon as he was out of sight he began to run for his life.

Very long the Coyote waited, and at last, being tired, went up on the hill—but there was no one there. Then he was very angry, and said: "I will follow him and eat him surely! Nothing shall save him!" And finding the trail, he began to follow as fast as a bird.

Just as the Little-Blue-Fox came to some high cliffs he looked back and saw the Coyote coming over a hill. So he stood up on his hind feet and put his fore paws up against the cliff and made many groans and acted as if much excited. In a moment came the Coyote, very angry, crying: "Now you shall not escape me! I am going to eat you up now—now!"

"No, no, friend Too-whay-deh!" said Little-Blue-Fox; "for I saw this cliff falling down and ran to hold it up. If I let go it will fall and kill us both. But come, help me to hold it."

Then the Coyote stood up and pushed against the cliff with his fore paws very hard, and there they stood side by side.

Time passing so, the Little-Blue-Fox said: "Friend Too-whay-deh, it is long that I am holding up the cliff, and I am very tired and thirsty. You are fresher. So you hold up the cliff while I go and hunt water for us both, for soon you, too, will be thirsty. There is a lake somewhere on the other side of this mountain; I will find it and get a drink, and then come back and hold up the cliff while you go."

The Coyote agreed, and the Little-Blue-Fox ran away over the mountain till he came to the lake, just as the moon was rising.

But soon the Coyote was very tired and thirsty, for he held up the cliff with all his might. At last he said: "Ah! how hard it is! I am so thirsty that I will go to the lake, even if I die!"

So he began to let go of the cliff slowly, slowly—until he held it only with his finger nails, and then he

made a great jump away backward and ran as hard as he could to a hill. But when he looked around and saw that the cliff did not fall, he was very angry and vowed to eat Too-whay-shur-wee-deh the very minute he should catch him.

Running on the trail he came to the lake, and there the Little-Blue-Fox was lying on the bank, whining as if greatly excited. "Now I will eat you up this minute!" cried the Coyote. But the other said: "No, friend Too-whay-deh! Don't eat me up! I am waiting for some one who can swim as well as you can. I just bought a big cheese from a shepherd to share with you, but when I went to drink it slipped out of my hands into the water. Come here and I will show you." He took the Coyote to the edge of the high bank and pointed to the moon in the water.

"M—m!" said the Coyote, who was fainting with hunger. "But how shall I get it? It is very deep in the water and I shall float up before I can dive to it."

"That is true, friend," said the other. "There is but one way. We must tie some stones to your neck to make you heavy so you can go down to it."

So they hunted about until they found a buckskin thong and some large stones, and the Little-Blue-Fox tied the stones to the Coyote's neck, the Coyote holding his chin up to help.

"Now, friend Too-whay-deh, come here to the edge of the bank and stand ready. I will take you by the back and count weem, wee-si, pah-chu (one, two, three). And when I say pah-chu, you must jump and I will push—for now you are very heavy."

So he took the Coyote by the back of the neck, swaying him back and forth as he counted. And at "pah-chu!" he pushed hard and the Coyote jumped and went into the deep water and—never came out again!

KIDNEY COLIC OR GRAVEL

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DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

The strongest imagination can scarcely picture more acute and agonizing suffering than that caused by kidney colic, or gravel, as it is more commonly called.

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It is when these stones pass into the ureter on the way to the bladder that the dreadful sufferings begin, for the ureter is a small quill-like passage, and is extremely sensitive.

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