

no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He, for eighteen hundred years, has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shared himself to all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable; and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophesies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of his Church. . . . From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and according to the need of the day, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain.'

'There is not,' said a Cardinal of the Roman Curia to the correspondent of the London 'Tablet,' 'the least doubt about Newman's loyalty to the Church. . . . There is no suspicion as to his orthodoxy. . . . And take it to be absolutely certain that neither in the decree of the Holy Office, nor in the Encyclical (against Modernism) is there the most distant allusion to any of the works of Newman.' Further (adds the other writer in our Wellington contemporary), 'quite recently the "Osservatore Romano" (the official organ of the Vatican) expressly declared that Newman was not condemned by the Encyclical and surely the best interpreter of the intention of a document is the party who issues it.'

There the controversy came to a sudden halt. Frederick Bayham, in Thackeray's 'Newcomes,' said of an acquaintance of his that, 'on the whole, he would rather lie than not.' It would be obviously unfair to lay that imputation of conscious error to those who spun in the 'Dominion' the fairy tale from a far-off land which practically places Newman under the ban of the Church. They were in all probability the honest and well-intentioned echoes (or echoes of echoes) of more hot-headed and impulsive Modernists who, in this, as in certain other matters, have been evolving argumentative matter out of their inner consciousness against the late Encyclical, in the spirit of the man who first gave to the world the motto, 'Tant pis pour les faits'—'so much the worse for the facts,' if they stand in the way of our theories or our convenience.

Revising the Vulgate

A vast deal of work has to be done on the floor of the sea and beneath the tossing waters before pier or breakwater appears above the surface and is visible to the eye of the casual beholder. And in like manner a great amount of preparatory work has to be done before so great an enterprise as the revision of the Vulgate—the Church's official version of the Sacred Scripture—stands before the general reader in the form of a printed volume or series of volumes. The Anglican scholars who were responsible for the Revised Version of the Bible, for instance, began their sittings at Westminster in 1870. It took eleven years of thought and toil before they were able to issue the New Testament (1881); four years more before the Old Testament appeared in book form; and twenty-five years elapsed from the date of their first sittings before a number of other books, included by Catholics in the canon of the Sacred Scriptures, were placed before the world by the Anglican scholars and divines in 1895.

In the course of a recent interview with a representative of the Philadelphia 'Catholic Standard,' Abbot Gasquet—the learned Benedictine who has been appointed by the Pope to superintend the Commission for the revision of the Vulgate—gave some idea of the vast preparations that are being made for this great work. Thus far, the undertaking is in its preliminary stages. 'But,' said Abbot Gasquet, 'this much can be stated plainly: The Holy Father could have chosen no

more opportune moment than the present for this work. Many have got it into their minds that Pius X. is inclined presently to condemn everything savoring of modern research and new methods. This arises from the recent Papal documents. Now, we have orders to pursue our labors according to the very newest methods of research. Our work shall be based upon purely scientific methods, and those of the most modern type.'

MODERNISM

(By His Grace THE ARCHBISHOP OF WELLINGTON.)

(Continued from last week.)

III.—PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MODERNISTS.

As a rule the Modernist is a good man, a sincere, nay, practical, Catholic, generally a layman—young, intelligent, and educated; sometimes a priest—young again, shining more for his university success than for the extent and soundness of his theological learning. Erudite, fairly well up in sciences, criticism, and history, with a lively imagination, often at the service of a degree of warm and stirring eloquence, he is charming to listen to when he unfolds the enchanting social perspectives which he dreams for his religion and his God in its most scientific and modern glorification. He has two splendid loves in his heart, and in his mind a lamentable ignorance which sorely mars its perfect balance. He is passionately fond of his faith and his Church; passionately also addicted to modern civilisation and science. It never enters his thoughts that the modern mind is not something admirable and excellent, any more than he imagines any blemish or imperfection in his faith of a loyal Catholic. His fixed idea is to wed, at any cost, these two beauties, at the risk of exacting from each sacrifices, the importance of which sinks into insignificance compared with the grand goal to be reached. Such is his day-dream—and also his mistake. The moment comes, indeed, when the two consorts present their reasons for disagreement. There lies the danger. With a correct mental balance, he would have rightly judged the weight of the arguments pro and con. But that is just what he lacks.

He has no Philosophy, or so little—unless he has too much of a kind, which is the same thing, and still less theology. If he has had beforehand a solid habitual formation of a Catholic mind, the supernatural instinct of his faith will stop him on the brink of the precipice. Unable to have a sufficient insight into the problem, he will let it alone, and will not consider himself bound to furnish his contemporaries with the solution. He will give up the project of union and keep his faith and fidelity to his Church untouched. He will have been only tempted by Modernism.

Has he, on the contrary, a daring mind, less Christianity tempered, he will risk a judgment in the dispute. The language of his faith is unfamiliar; scathingly brought to his fascinated eye is the apology of the modern mind. The cause is judged. The Church is wrong. She must apologise and show a better temper, be more supple for conciliation, more eager to please the modern mind, less tenacious to keep the old ways of being and thinking which he deems the great obstacle to the blessed alliance he contemplates. The following in softer language is a specimen of his argument: Progress is a fact, so is the modern mind, a fact henceforth intangible, like civilisation itself, and proof against any attempt to destroy or reverse it. On the other hand, the social triumph of the Church is a necessity, the goal of a Catholic's holiest aspirations. Now, if the Church is ever to hold a place of honor, the first place, in a civilised world, she surely will not (he contends) achieve that most desirable consummation, by showing hostility to the modern mind. Therefore she must become its ally. But how? By exacting from science such sacrifices as would lead it to faith? Impossible.

Science and Progress

evidently cannot stop their career, cannot admit suppression or distinction, which would be a breach of truth, an insult to the absolute rights of reason itself.

There remains but the Modernist alternative. The Church must move in a different plane. She must modify herself, transform and modernise herself at last in a 'rational' and triumphant fashion in the midst of civilised society. And lo! the man is stumbling right and left in the quagmires mentioned in the preceding

DEED eye! A box of "Cook o' the North" Tea makes just a splendid Xmas present. The flavor's delicious.

WHAT about a Box of "Hondai Lanka" Tea for a Christmas present to Grandma? She would be delighted.