

howing their heads they, with greater audacity than ever, employ all their intellectual resources and all their energy to the carrying out of the program they have mapped out for themselves. They voluntarily adopt these tactics for two reasons. First, because they hold that one must stimulate authority, not destroy it and, secondly, because they wish to remain in the bosom of the Church and work for the gradual change of the common conscience, thereby unwittingly conceding that the common conscience is not with them, and that they have no right to claim that they are its interpreters.

CONDEMNATIONS.

Thus, Venerable Brothers, the Modernists are trying to propagate the doctrine that there is nothing stable and immutable in the Church. They have had precursors, of whom Pius IX., Our predecessor, wrote: "These enemies of Divine Revelation exalt human progress, and with an insolence and audacity truly sacrilegious pretend to introduce it into the Catholic religion, as if this religion were not the work of God, but the work of men, a philosophic invention, susceptible of being made more perfect by human efforts." (Encyc. 1846)

As regards Revelation and especially Dogma, the doctrine of the Modernists has nothing new to offer. We find the Modernist doctrine condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX. in which it is enunciated in these terms: "Divine Revelation is imperfect and is consequently subject to a continuous and indefinite progress corresponding with the progress of human reason." (Syllabus, Prop. 5.) The doctrine was still more solemnly condemned in the encyclical of the Vatican Council. The doctrine of the faith which God has revealed was not given to human intelligences as a philosophic system which they might perfect, but as a divine deposit intrusted to the Spouse of Christ to be faithfully guarded and infallibly interpreted by her. That is why the meaning of dogmas at any time defined by our Holy Mother the Church should be retained, and we must never abandon this meaning under the pretext of a more profound comprehension of the truth. (Const. Dei Filius.) Nor is the development of our knowledge even concerning the faith impeded. On the contrary it is aided and promoted. That is why the Council of the Vatican, dwelling on the same subject, adds: "Let therefore, intelligence, science and wisdom increase and progress abundantly and vigorously in individuals as well as in the masses; in the individual believer as well as in the whole Church, throughout the ages and the centuries but let this take place in conformity with the same dogma, the same sense, the same acceptance." (Soc. cit.)

THE MODERNIST HISTORIAN AND CRITIC.

After having studied the Modernist as philosopher, believer and theologian, it now remains for us to consider him as historian, critic, apologist and reformer. Some Modernists who devote themselves to the study of history appear to have a great dread of being taken for philosophers. They profess not to have the slightest knowledge of philosophy and in so doing they display remarkable astuteness. What they really fear is that they may be suspected of injecting into history preconceived philosophical theories which would not be sufficiently objective, a word now being in use. Yet it is an easy matter to prove that their historic criticism is essentially the outcome of the philosophical principles. Their history and their criticism are simply works of philosophy. Their first three laws are embodied in the three principles of their philosophy already dealt with, namely, the principle of agnosticism, the principle of the transfiguration of things by faith, and finally, the principle to which we have given the name of disfiguration.

Agnosticism declares that history, like every other science, deals wholly with phenomena. Consequently God, and all intervention by God in human affairs, should be relegated to faith which is their exclusive province. If something should prove the contrary, namely, the divine and human co-mingle (for instance, Jesus Christ, the Church and the Sacraments) it would be necessary to resolve it into its elemental components in such a way that what is human will be allotted to history and what is divine will be assigned to faith. Hence the distinction, so much in vogue among the Modernists, between the Christ of history and the Christ of faith, between the Church of history and the Church of faith, between the Sacraments of history and the Sacraments of faith, and so on. Then again this human element itself as it is found in documents which furnish material for the historian has evidently been transfigured by faith. In other words, it has been raised above its historical conditions. It is therefore necessary to eliminate also all the accretions due to faith and assign them to faith and the history of faith. Thus in the case of Jesus Christ all must be eliminated which transcends the man and which is not in keeping with His natural condition, with the conception psychology makes of Him, with the country in which He was born and with the age in which He lived. Finally, by virtue of the third philosophical principle, matters which belong to the province of history should be subjected to a thorough sifting. In the judgment of the Modernists there should be eliminated from history and assigned to faith all that which, as they express it, is not in harmony with the logic of facts and in keeping with the characters of the persons of whom it is narrated. Thus the Modernists allege that Our Saviour never uttered a phrase which could not be understood by the multitudes that surrounded him. They therefore draw the inference that all the allegories one meets with in His discourses, must be eliminated from His real history and be assigned to faith. The question suggests itself,

what criterion do they adopt to make these divisions? The answer is that they are based on the character of the man, his social condition, his education and all the circumstances under which the facts took place. All this, if we understand it aright is reducible to a criterion which is purely subjective. Their method of procedure is to assume the personality of Jesus Christ and that done they do not hesitate to declare that what they would have done in certain circumstances Jesus Christ would have done. Thus absolutely a priori and in the name of certain philosophic principles which they affect to ignore, but which constitute the basis of their system, the Modernists deny that the Christ of real history was God and that His acts had anything divine in them. As to Christ the man, He has only one said what they, taking into consideration the time in which He lived, will allow that He has said or done.

THE CRITICAL METHOD OF THE MODERNIST.

Just as history receives its conclusions ready made from philosophy, so does criticism derive its conclusions from history. The critic with the data furnished by the historian divides his documents into two parts. The documents which remain after the sifting are eliminated described above constitute real history, the rest belong to the faith, or as it is called internal history. The Modernists very carefully distinguished between these two kinds of history: It should be carefully noted that they contrast the history of faith with real history precisely because it is real. We have therefore the two Christs of whom we have spoken. One is real, whilst the other, the Christ of faith, never existed in reality; one lived in a given time and space; the other never existed except in the pious meditations of the believer. Such, for instance, is the Christ presented to us by the Gospel of St. John. That Gospel from beginning to end is pure contemplation.

The guardianship exercised over history by philosophy does not end here. After the historical documents have been divided into two parts, the philosopher with his principle of vital immanence, again makes his appearance. Vital immanence, he declares, explains everything in the history of the Church. Since the cause or condition of every vital emanation resides in some need, it follows that no fact can antedate the need producing it; it is therefore it can only be posterior to the need. Here is how the historian goes to work, guided by this principle. Availing himself of documents taken from the Sacred Books or from elsewhere, he draws up from them a list of the successive needs the Church has experienced. When the list is completed he submits it to the critic. The latter takes it and compares it with the series of documents dealing with the history of faith and distributes them period by period so that they correspond exactly with the list of needs always guided by the principle that the narration must follow the facts, as the facts follow the needs. It is true that some parts of the Sacred Scriptures, as for instance the Epistles, constitute the fact created by the need. Nevertheless the rule holds that the age of the document is determined by the age in which the need manifested itself in the Church. Furthermore a distinction must be made between the beginning of a fact and its development. For what happens to be born some day needs time for growth. The critic divides his documents into two parts, one dealing with the origin, the other with the development of the facts. The latter set of documents he will spread over different periods in a definite order. The principle which will guide him in this will be supplied once more by the philosopher who tells us that one law dominates and governs history, namely, the law of Evolution. The historian then proceeds to study his documents again, examining carefully the circumstances and the conditions affecting the Church during the course of her existence with the view of determining what has been the conserving force she has put forth, what have been the internal and external that have stimulated her progress, what were the obstacles she had to encounter, in a word everything which will inform us of the manner in which the laws of evolution have been carried out in her case. This done he finishes by giving an outline of the history of the development of the facts.

Then follows the critic who fits in this sketch with the rest of the documents. He takes up his pen and in a brief time the history is completed. Now we put the question who is the author of this history? Is it the historian? Is it the critic? As a ready answer is a priori and a priori that reeks of heresy. These persons are to be pitied. Of them the Apostle might well say, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." (Rom. 1. 22)

TO BE CONTINUED.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

"May we ask," says the Catholic Advance, "by what authority did the Masonic grand lodge lay the cornerstone of Denver's new public library? By what right did this organization presume that Masonry has any more right to lay a cornerstone of a public building than the order of the Knights of Columbus? For many years the Masons of the country have laid the corner-stones of most of our public buildings, until now they have come to think that they are especially commissioned to do such honors. If Masonic lodges wish to erect public buildings with their own funds they may lay the corner-stones of such buildings, but we think they are unwelcome to the taxpayers when they presume to set at all such public functions when other people furnish the money for the buildings."

THE HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY MARKETS.

American religions are like the Dingley tariff: they have one scale for Americans and another for foreigners. We have only to glance at what is published in the daily press and in the religious pamphlets to get a notion of the difference between what is intended for home consumption and what for the foreign market. We enter reluctantly into a consideration—a very limited one—of the subject, because the task of retelling any set of people who profess to speak in the name of the Divine Redeemer for the gaining of souls is a sorry one. But when we find that in speaking to the foreigner the only means these know are defamation utterly unscrupulous and calumny most vile concerning the Catholic Church, its doctrines, its practices and its ministers, it is our bounden duty to brand it as it deserves to be, and defend the honor of our Church as we would the honor of our mothers.

We have before us a document—one of millions—sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church from its literary bureau—a department into whose coffers millions of dollars are annually poured for this vile purpose of defamation. Its author is the Rev. G. E. Strobridge, D. D., of New York City. It is a wee pamphlet bearing the title, "Our Opportunity in Italy." After opening in the hour from four to five at prayer in his chapel, and after his breakfast sought his life-long pursuits in his own little world, dreaming, no doubt, as he watched the sport of his English kingfisher, of toucans and toucanets, campaneros and cayman, forests far away and vanished days.

And when the last summons came the old naturalist, whose life had been a constant preparation, was ready to answer the Master's call. In the whole range of literature I know of no manlier death. Let his biographer tell us of it:

"After breakfast we went with a carpenter to finish some bridges at the far end of the park. The work was completed, and we were proceeding homeward when, by crossing a small bridge, a bumble caught the Sciro's foot and he fell heavily upon a log. 'He was greatly shaken, and said he thought he was dying. He walked, notwithstanding, a little way, and was then compelled to lie down. He would not permit his sufferings to distract his mind, and he pointed out to the carpenter some trees which were to be felled. 'He presently continued his route, and managed to reach the spot where the boat was moored. 'Hitherto he had refused all assistance, but he could not step from the bank into the boat, and he said, 'I am afraid I must ask you to help me in. He walked from the landing-place into the house, changed his clothes and came and sat in the large room below. The pain increasing, he rose from his seat after he had seen the doctor, and though he had been bent double with anguish, he persisted in walking upstairs without help and would have gone to his own room in the top story, if, for the sake of saving trouble to others, he had not been induced to stop half-way in Miss Edmonstone's sitting-room. Here he lay down upon the sofa, and was attended by his sister-in-law. The pain abated, and the next day he seemed better. In the afternoon he talked to me a good deal, chiefly about natural history. But he was well aware of his perilous condition, for he remarked to me, 'This is a bad business,' and later on a bad case. He was more than self-possessed. A benignant cheerfulness beamed from his mind, and in the fits of pain he frequently looked up with a gentle smile, and made some little joke. Toward midnight he grew worse. The priest, the Rev. R. Browne, was summoned, and Waterton got ready to die. 'He pulled himself upright without help, sat in the middle of the sofa, and gave his blessing in turn to his grandsons, Charlie, to his grand-daughter, Mary, to each of his sisters-in-law, to his niece, and to myself, and left a message for his son who was hastening back from Rome. He then received the last sacraments, repeated all the responses, St. Bernard's hymn in English, and the first two verses of the Dies Irae. The end was now at hand, and he died at 2:27 a. m. of May 27th, 1895."

"The window was open. The sky was beginning to grow grey, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was croaking from the Oxley, and a favorite cock, leaped out from some hollies, and gave his accustomed crow. The ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublime summons, and had woken up to the glories of the Eternal World. He was buried" continued his biographer, "on his birthday, the 3rd of June, between two great oaks at the far end of the lake, the oldest trees in the park. 'He had put up a rough stone cross to mark the spot where he wished to be buried. 'Often on summer days he had sat in the shade of these oaks watching the kingfishers. 'Cock Robin and the magpies,' he said to me as we sat by the trees one day. 'I will mourn my loss, and you will sometimes remember me when I lie here.' At the foot of the cross is a Latin inscription which he wrote himself. It could hardly be simpler. 'Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose tired bones are buried near this cross.' The dates of his birth and death are added."

Are not all painful labors to be endured for everlasting life? It is no small matter to lose or to gain the kingdom of God. The Lord can bring the greatest evil from the moment when we catch a glimpse of the Saviour through the light veil of men and events, our griefs still cause us to suffer, but they have lost their sting.

the ranks of the non-Catholic clergy, nor will they blame a system for the men whom it produces, because that system is after all, like the men, only human.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

LAST HOURS OF A GREAT NATURALIST.

[The eminent English Naturalist, Waterton, was a devout Catholic. For the following interesting account of his last hours, we are indebted to Walter Lecky's "Impressions and Opinions," Ed. C. P. B.]

It is pleasant to know that when this sunny-hearted traveller no longer cared to wander, that he was enabled to pursue at Walton Hall, his boyhood home, the studies he so fondly loved; that at his bidding and for his love, owls and goshawks, ("Whip-poor-Will") herons, wild ducks and cots, etc., and singing birds came to the green fields and groves of beautiful Walton Hall for his observation and delight. He often quoted these lines in speaking of his little park:

"No bird that haunts my valley free To slaughter I condemn; Taught by the power that pities me I learn to pity them."

"He usually went to bed early, and slept upon the bare floor with a block of wood," says his biographer, "for a pillow. He rose for the day at half past three, and spent the hour from four to five at prayer in his chapel, and after his breakfast sought his life-long pursuits in his own little world, dreaming, no doubt, as he watched the sport of his English kingfisher, of toucans and toucanets, campaneros and cayman, forests far away and vanished days."

And when the last summons came the old naturalist, whose life had been a constant preparation, was ready to answer the Master's call. In the whole range of literature I know of no manlier death. Let his biographer tell us of it:

"After breakfast we went with a carpenter to finish some bridges at the far end of the park. The work was completed, and we were proceeding homeward when, by crossing a small bridge, a bumble caught the Sciro's foot and he fell heavily upon a log. 'He was greatly shaken, and said he thought he was dying. He walked, notwithstanding, a little way, and was then compelled to lie down. He would not permit his sufferings to distract his mind, and he pointed out to the carpenter some trees which were to be felled. 'He presently continued his route, and managed to reach the spot where the boat was moored. 'Hitherto he had refused all assistance, but he could not step from the bank into the boat, and he said, 'I am afraid I must ask you to help me in. He walked from the landing-place into the house, changed his clothes and came and sat in the large room below. The pain increasing, he rose from his seat after he had seen the doctor, and though he had been bent double with anguish, he persisted in walking upstairs without help and would have gone to his own room in the top story, if, for the sake of saving trouble to others, he had not been induced to stop half-way in Miss Edmonstone's sitting-room. Here he lay down upon the sofa, and was attended by his sister-in-law. The pain abated, and the next day he seemed better. In the afternoon he talked to me a good deal, chiefly about natural history. But he was well aware of his perilous condition, for he remarked to me, 'This is a bad business,' and later on a bad case. He was more than self-possessed. A benignant cheerfulness beamed from his mind, and in the fits of pain he frequently looked up with a gentle smile, and made some little joke. Toward midnight he grew worse. The priest, the Rev. R. Browne, was summoned, and Waterton got ready to die. 'He pulled himself upright without help, sat in the middle of the sofa, and gave his blessing in turn to his grandsons, Charlie, to his grand-daughter, Mary, to each of his sisters-in-law, to his niece, and to myself, and left a message for his son who was hastening back from Rome. He then received the last sacraments, repeated all the responses, St. Bernard's hymn in English, and the first two verses of the Dies Irae. The end was now at hand, and he died at 2:27 a. m. of May 27th, 1895."

"The window was open. The sky was beginning to grow grey, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was croaking from the Oxley, and a favorite cock, leaped out from some hollies, and gave his accustomed crow. The ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublime summons, and had woken up to the glories of the Eternal World. He was buried" continued his biographer, "on his birthday, the 3rd of June, between two great oaks at the far end of the lake, the oldest trees in the park. 'He had put up a rough stone cross to mark the spot where he wished to be buried. 'Often on summer days he had sat in the shade of these oaks watching the kingfishers. 'Cock Robin and the magpies,' he said to me as we sat by the trees one day. 'I will mourn my loss, and you will sometimes remember me when I lie here.' At the foot of the cross is a Latin inscription which he wrote himself. It could hardly be simpler. 'Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose tired bones are buried near this cross.' The dates of his birth and death are added."

Are not all painful labors to be endured for everlasting life? It is no small matter to lose or to gain the kingdom of God. The Lord can bring the greatest evil from the moment when we catch a glimpse of the Saviour through the light veil of men and events, our griefs still cause us to suffer, but they have lost their sting.

INTENSIFIED FRUIT JUICES AN IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE

A Discovery that is Revolutionizing Medicine.

Remarkable Success Attends the Finding of a New Medicinal Compound by Combining the Juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes.

Fruit helps to keep one healthy. Fruit, in itself, will not cure disease. The medicinal principle—or that part of fruit which has a curative effect—is in such infinitesimal quantities, that it is unable to overcome a diseased condition of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or skin.

Just here is where science stepped in. An Ottawa physician did what nature could not do. He first found that some fruits were stronger medicinally than others—and that apples, oranges, figs and prunes contained all the healing properties of other fruits. There are two principles in fruit juices—bitter and sweet. After extracting the juices of the four fruits mentioned, this physician succeeded in replacing one atom of the sweet principle by one of the bitter. This resulted in an entirely new combination being formed. This new compound was many times more

active medicinally than the fruit juices. Where eating fruit only helped to keep one well, this compound actually cured disease.

To make it more valuable still, this physician added the finest tonics and antiseptics, and then, by evaporating the entire compound to a powder, made it into tablets.

This, in short, is the method of making "Fruit-a-tives"—these wonderful tablets—the most reliable cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles, Kidney and Bladder Diseases and Skin Affections. Being made from fruit, "Fruit-a-tives" may be taken by women and children without fear of ill-effect.

Don't take a substitute. If your druggist does not handle them, send 50c for a box to Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

You May Never Know What You Have Missed

CARUSO, Scotti, Eames, Plancon, Sembrich, Journet, Gadski—have you heard any of these great singers? If not, there is great joy in store for you.

Caruso gets \$3,000 for each performance, and you would say he was worth it if you could hear that glorious voice.



The Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone brings Caruso and all the other great ones right into your home at a very small expense indeed. Hard to realize, isn't it?

Think of the difference such music would make in your home. It would make life more worth living.

There are Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phones from \$12.50 to \$120 and these instruments will last a life time. The records are round flat discs (not cylinders). They take up little space and are almost indestructible. Send for booklet of 3,000 records. Then go to the nearest dealer and ask to hear some of them. You will want to take a Gram-o-phone home with you at once.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Co.
of Canada, Limited
MONTREAL

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

William Henry Thorne, who died recently, was well known to the American Catholic public as editor of The Globe, a magazine devoted especially to telling the hierarchy how to govern the Church. Now that Thorne is dead it is best to let his works die with him. However, the following paragraph from the Church calendar is to the point:

"Among those who passed recently from the scene of life was Mr. William H. Thorne, for some years proprietor and editor of The Globe. The late Mr. Thorne unfortunately was of a pessimistic trend of mind, and was among that class of writers who were always trying to tear down and never build up. He was always hunting for what was weak among the human element in the Church, and could never raise himself to the noble or grander side. There are fortunately very few like him who are ever criticizing and seldom encouraging, who can always see faults but seldom virtues."

HAIR SWITCHES BY MAIL

Send us a sample of your hair and the amount you wish to pay, and we will forward to you by return mail, a Switch, Pompadour, Bang, or Wave, of better value than any other firm in the Dominion. Marcel waving, hairdressing, manicuring, etc.

Catalogue mailed free to any address.

DAY & MOHLER
The King's Hair Specialists.
115 King St. West,
Toronto, Ont.

J. J. M. LANDY

Diamond Setter,
Watchmaker and
Jeweler

Religious Goods

Importer and
Manufacturer
MISSIONS SUPPLIED

416 Queen St. West
TORONTO, Ont.
Long Distance Phone
Main 728
Res. Phone M 4136

MONUMENTS

ROBERT M. GULLETT
CELTIC CROSS SPECIALIST

740 Yonge St. TORONTO

INFORMATION WANTED.
Tidings of Anthony O'Connor who left Montreal for Upper Canada about forty five years ago, will be gladly received by his brother Frank Hamburg, Iowa, U.S.A. 15124

Delightful Reading Beautiful Illustrations
25th Year—JUST READY—25th Year

Catholic Home Annual
FOR 1908

Charming Frontispiece in Colors and a
Profusion of other Illustrations
Price, 25 cents (Silver or Postage Stamps)
FREE BY MAIL

Per Dozen, \$2.00
Stories and Interesting Articles by the Best
Writers. Astronomical Calculations—Calendars
of Feasts and Fasts—A Household
Treasure—Reading for the Family

CONTENTS OF THE 1908 ISSUE

Commodore John Barry, the Father
of the American Navy. By HOS. MAURICE FRANCIS ROAN, LL.D., Historian.

God's Business. By GRACE KEOB. A simple,
touching story.

The Cure d'Arcs. By VERY REV. A. A. LINGS,
V.P. The story of the Life of the Great Wonder-worker. With 14 Illustrations.

The Chivalry of Ah-Sing. By MAUD
ROAN.

Through Catholic Spain. By MARY F.
NIXON-ROULET. With 9 Illustrations.

His Mother. By MARION AMES-TAGGART.

The Land of the Bicentennial. By ELLA
LORENE DORSEY. Pictures of our land in
early days. Six Illustrations.

Love is Young. By JEROME HARTY.

A Corner of the Green Isle. By P. G.
SMYTH. Five Illustrations.

A Daughter of Erin. By E. M. POWER.

In the Footsteps of Father Marquette.
By CHARLES JOHNSON. With Illustrations.

A Daughter of Heroes. By MARY E. MAN-
KIN. A true story.

Wild Animals of America. With Illustrations.

The Diamond Cross. By SHEILA MAHON.

Notable Events of the Past Year. With
Illustrations.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL
FOR 1908

STORIES AND PRETTY PICTURES
FOR THE YOUNG
10 cents a copy. \$7.50 per 100 copies

BENZIGER BROTHERS
New York: 36-38 Barclay Street
Cincinnati: 343 Main Street
Chicago: 211-213 Madison Street