A convent girl of moderate means marries into extreme wealth. She moves in her non-Catholic husband's exclusive clique, which she regards with awe and respect. Religion is seldom discussed among her friends.

That is a break, she thinks.

They all get along well together, drink about the same quantities and mixtures at the same parties, hurl at each other the same sort of badinage, spend about the same kind of dizzy lives.

Her religion has "evolved" since she left the convent. Why does she still call herself Catholic, attend 12:30 Mass on Sundays, refrain from meat on most Fridays, go to Confession and Communion at least once a year?

Because it gives her great consolation. That is the new, post-graduate foundation of her religion. This doing your duty as God wills it, because He wills it, that's jejune, old-fashioned.

She gets more consolation out of her religion than her non-Catholic friends get out of theirs. That proves her religion to be better. It is the strong point of her new apologetics.

"My dear Father, these questions about the existence of God and His personality, about the divine inspiration of the Bible, about the divinity of Christ and the infallibility of the Church, why talk about them, why worry about them, since we can never know for sure?"

This is not a manufactured case; it is an actual, living example of the modernistic attitude towards religion. And it illustrates the two essential elements of modernism: agnosticism—we can never know about religious matters for sure; and, irmanentism—because of this uncertainty, the criterion of truth must be, whether or not religion satisfies our needs, gives us consolation.

Logically, modernism leads to the popular one-church-as-good-as-another idea. Since we cannot know with certitude which church is really true, we should not be intolerant of the other fellow's church. It may be right. The Mrs. becomes broad-minded.

It leads to indifference: if we can't know for sure whether there is a God and a church empowered by Him to teach and to command, why stickle about fulfilling commands, about "observance"? The Mrs. becomes a good sport.

Since the result of all attempts at truth is a mere opinion, modernism leads to the kind of "tolerance" that two gentlemen show each other when guessing on the outcome of a future world's series game. Only an intolerant rowdy would deny to another the right to his guess, since neither knows for sure what the outcome will be.

When a law—as, for example, the law governing the limitation of the family—is inconvenient to observe, does not "satisfy", the modernist falls back upon irmanentism and decides that the law must be invalid. It does not matter that nature clearly reveals the law, that God and His Church unmistakably teach it. The Mrs. becomes truly modern.

These are the modernistic fallacies condemned by Pope Pius X. Our Modernistic Mrs. may keep on insisting upon her own construction of her religion, but she must know that her religion is not that of Jesus Christ now of His Church.