

mother and doctor went without delay to the sick chamber.

Three hours later Doctor Morrow was back by the bedside of his son, flushed with his journey and its success. His first glance at the beautiful sick girl had told him that none but desperate remedies could avail, and boldly choosing the most desperate of all he succeeded beyond all expectation and left her in a calm and healthful sleep. And may be as a reward for leaving the son whom he thought was dying, to perform that act of mercy, he found on his return that there was a remarkable change for the better. Father St. John was still at his post of trust and was delighted to hear of the success of the doctor's mission and the joy and rapture of the duchess at what she deemed was little less than a miracle. At first his son did not seem quite to understand where the doctor had been, but on mentioning the name of Helene he looked around and blushed.

"Helene, did you say? Helene?" "Helene de Lille," replied Doctor Morrow, and noticing the blush and curious look upon his son's face, he added: "Did you think it was a Helene of your acquaintance?" "There is one I know," he answered, "but it is unlikely to be she."

That night seemed to be the turning point of the illness. The next morning he was better, and on each succeeding morning, until at last one day three weeks later, he was able, leaning lightly upon his father's arm, to take a turn or two up and down the street. As they were turning the duchess's carriage drove up to the doctor's door, and this time a radiant vision of youth and beauty stepped out with the duchess and blushed to find herself face to face with the doctor and his son. Or was it only on finding herself face to face with the son, who in his turn was blushing like a schoolboy?

But the duchess herself had noticed none but the doctor. For the hundredth time she repeated her gratitude, and the impossible debt she owed to his goodness, her gratification that his son was better, her thanks again and again to the cleverest man in the whole wide universe. He ought to be Court Physician; he was already talked of by half the nobility for fifty miles around; he would become as famous as any doctor who had ever lived.

And then for a moment she ceased her voluble flow of praise to notice that a few paces off Helene and the other newly recovered patient seemed, without introduction, to be on a surprisingly friendly footing.

"Helene, how forward!" she said. The young man raised his hat, and Doctor Morrow introduced his son.

"Your daughter and I have met before," the young man told the duchess.

"He forestalled my dear, dear doctor in saving my life," said Helene, and that was five years ago. It is true I had not forgotten it—and—and—well, he tells me he, too, has remembered."

"But what a romance," said the duchess. "Tell us how it was, Mr. Morrow. Why, my daughter's life really scarcely belongs to her if both of you have saved it."

"I was able to do a little service, that is all," the young man answered. "Your daughter's horse had overpowered her and was near a precipice. My own horse was the faster, and so, of course, the precipice was never reached."

"Helene, you never told me!" "I feared you might forbid me to ride again; that was why I did not tell you. But Mr. Morrow has done himself justice. It was not the simple act he says. He threw himself from his horse to catch my bridle, and brought my horse to its knees on the very edge of the cliff. He saved my life as certainly as you saved it the other day, doctor."

There seemed so much to talk about that the carriage was put up at the neighboring stables, and nothing would please the duchess more than a little cold luncheon, if it was not imposing on the doctor's kindness. And after lunch, when the carriage returned, she resolutely declined to leave the house until they both had accepted her invitation to stay at the castle for at least a week in the ensuing summer.

"My practice has already suffered," urged the doctor. "I dare not leave the remains of it to look after itself." But, noticing the disappointed look on his son's face, his business instinct succumbed and the promise was given.

"Shall I tell you, Frank, what is going to happen?" he said when their visitors had gone. "You have made me accept an invitation which will only bring you disappointment. You are in love with Miss Helene."

A blush and a denial on the part of the younger man contradicted each other.

"Oh, indeed you are, my boy. I should be in love with her myself if I were your age. Well, you will go there, fall deeper in love, propose, and very properly be declined because of your station in life is too humble. I warn you of the disappointment, for I should be sorry to think I saved the young lady's life merely to bring a great trouble into yours."

"A trouble, dad?" he answered. "Why, the greatest kindness you ever did me was going out that night to save her life—for me."

"For you?" "I think I shall succeed. I have only seen her twice, with five long years between, and yet, without knowing it, I think I have loved her all that time."

"How presumptuous is youth!" the doctor answered, "and yet not presumptuous altogether, Frank, for you are worthy of her in yourself, though your father's station in life will probably drag you back."

And much of what the doctor then predicted soon came to pass. It seemed cruel of the duchess to tacitly encourage what was so palpably going on during the visit which followed, for she certainly did not spoil the many opportunities her daughter found for being in her young rescuer's company. Day by day, just as Doctor Morrow had warned him, he fell deeper in love. At last only a few days remained, and the doctor knew from the electric state of the atmosphere that the culminating point was at hand. Young Morrow himself had little doubt of the result. It was the doctor who most feared what the duchess would say when she heard the avowal.

In the twilight when blushes could be less seen, they stole into the room one evening later, and the fact that they came hand in hand foretold something of their story. The young man told the rest of it simply and bravely, "Rightly or wrongly," he said, "remembering my position, I love your daughter with my whole heart. Did I do wrongly in telling her, and hearing from her lips that, however unworthy, she loves me in return?"

For reply the duchess crossed the room and kissed his forehead.

"I should not do that, Frank," she said, "if I did not approve. Helene loves wisely in loving Dr. Morrow's son."—Couteux Leader.

INCONSISTENCIES OF ANGLICANISM

(By Canon Barry)

"Doubtless," wrote Dr. Newman in his "Apologia," just half a century ago, "the national Church has been hitherto a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors, more fundamental than its own. How long this will last in the years now before us, it is impossible to say, for the nation drags down the Church to its own level." What, let me ask, has befallen the Establishment since these rather ominous words were printed? I look round my library, and I find on its shelves the "Encyclopaedia Biblica," edited by Canon Cheyne, gorged with German, Swiss and Dutch criticism of Scripture, tending constantly to ruin the historical truth of inspired narratives, and to make of Christian creeds a mere misunderstanding perpetrated on the data supplied to Greek converts by Hebrew apostles. Canon Cheyne himself lays waste the recorded story of Israel with an unsparring hand. But he remains, none the less, a dignitary in the Church whose credentials are thus transformed, in no small measure, to legends without a substance.

I am reminded by other works, from the pen of Bishop Gore (once the head of Pusey House, Oxford) that when "Lux Mundi," which owed its force and fame chiefly to him, was under discussion, a great Anglican preacher is said to have remarked that this new view of inspiration and of our Lord's human knowledge was "the end of the Oxford movement." Its end, because its reversal. There is another well-known name connected with the University, Dr. Rashdall, of New College; and Dr. Rashdall cannot accept the Virgin-birth of Christ—but he remains an English clergyman. So much for the past, by way of specimen merely; for these are samples from a great heap. But the last word is a word of religion, dogma, metaphysics all in one. It is Modernism.

THE NATION IS THE CHURCH

Not only on shelves of the past, but on tables of the present-day literature do I perceive a range of documents, every one Anglican, yet in a struggle as to which shall overcome the other. So loud is the noise of battle that our commercial daily papers have thought to make merchandise by juggling theology—a new and unexplored possibility to them. And so they advertise the Bishop of Zanzibar's letter to the Bishop of St. Albans under the rubric, which will take many readers, of "Heresy Hunting." That is how they would have ticketed the "Orations" of St. Athanasius, had newspapers circulated in the Nicene period, with a strong feeling for Arius, who was only a "heretic," consequently on the side of progress and enlightenment, being himself, moreover (as is related by historians), a journalist.

The Bishop of Zanzibar defends orthodoxy; then he must be in the wrong, for orthodoxy is unpopular. Englishmen of the twentieth century care nothing about dogma; they want their clergy to be liberal, that is to say free-thinkers, in a quiet respectable fashion—"neither saints nor humbugs," as the Dean of St. Paul's described them lately. No party shall drive another beyond the pale of a church that by law is identical with the nation. When Bishop Weston inquires in alarm, "What does the Ecclesia Anglicana stand for?" he is told "It stands for the English people." Not for the antiquity, or the faith once delivered to the saints, or Fathers, Councils, Prayer-Book, Articles; not even for the Bible or the Reformation. The significance of all these may be changed out of knowledge by critics and philosophers; but the Church would remain so long as the Royal Supremacy kept it together. That supremacy of the layman over all causes spiritual or ecclesiastical is a "breakwater," not against errors in doctrine, but against dogma.

"The constitution of the English Church," says a writer to whom I shall presently call attention, "is fortunately such that it is impossible for her to commit herself by a binding decision in any subject-matter. That great safeguard of liberty and religion, the Royal Supremacy, preserves her from this danger; it ties the hands of her clergy, if it does not bridle their tongues."

NO ANGLICAN "DECREEES ABSOLUTE"

A striking comment on this somewhat uncivil observation is supplied in the very letter of the Bishop of Oxford to the Times, where he might seem to be threatening secession if more dissenters were admitted, as recently by the Bishop of Uganda, to the Anglican Sacrament. Dr. Gore cannot mean any such thing. For he reckons it an evil sign that the various parties, High Low, and Broad, should be displaying a lack of tolerance one towards another, instead of living and letting live within the ample borders where since the Elizabethan settlement they have dwelt side by side. The conclusion I would draw is not a difficult one to grasp. If no "binding decision in any subject-matter" can be made by the Ecclesia Anglicana, none ever has been made. There is not, there never was, a decree absolute on any single clause, article, or interpretation of the creed which does not lie open to revision.

The Royal Supremacy protects those who would revise, against those who abhor and detest novelties in faith. How far the innovators shall go without losing their station depends on the temper of a people daily more inclined to let experiments be tried in every direction, in ethics, as in economics, in religion as in science. Prescription is nearly dead, criticism in full swing. The answer to the Bishop of Zanzibar will be "non possumus" in another than the Roman sense, not "We cannot approve," but "We cannot condemn." Or in the more lively French, "Vogue la galère." For, to quote Newman a second time, "The great mass of educated men are at once uneasy, impatient, and irritated, not simply incredulous, as soon as they are promised from any quarter, some clear view of the original and apostolic doctrine, to them unknown, on any subject of religion. But how do the Bishops act, who should enforce that 'clear view'?" The Bishop of Zanzibar replies by telling us of the "exceedingly chaotic system of truth" now prevalent in the "Church at home." He laments that "we out here can no longer appeal to her voice, or rest upon her witness," for "she has no voice; she offers no single Witness." In short, all dogmatic questions for the Establishment are, and from the nature of the case, must be, open questions.

TRACTARIANS A PARTY, NOT THE CHURCH

When the Oxford movement started, was this the goal that it proposed to reach? To be a party in the Church, one of several voices, all equally free, none authoritative? To "let it remain an open question whether the old or new be true?" To minister holy things under any conditions of unbelief or mis-belief to those who came. Unitarians, Methodists, Seventh Day Adventists, and now full-fledged Modernists? From the Tractarian platform these would all be proclaimed, in Newman's language, "troubled of the Christian community," and "in a healthy state of things be silenced, or put out of it." According to the old High Church doctrine, assent unfeigned to the creed held by Christendom, by East and West, was the necessary pre-requisite to sharing in English Catholic, that is to say, in Anglican privileges.

The Tractarians fought against Hampden, the Gorham Judgment, Essays and Reviews, Colenso, on these lines; and had they succeeded, the Broad and the Low sections would have been compelled to give up their opinions or their livings. But in every such assault the "Apostolicals" failed. Those terms which they declared essential terms of communion were by the ruling of the courts and the submission of the Bishops seen to be party terms, nothing more. Orthodoxy was a school within the "comprehension," not the Church's mind, but an allowed, though to many an intolerable, reading of the Reformed faith. Newman identified Catholic tradition with what he held to be the "Prophetic office" exercised by the Church of England. But the Bishop of Zanzibar cries aloud "If to Protestantise the world, and modernize the Faith, be the works that she officially undertakes, I, for my part, have no longer place or lot within her borders. Let the Ecclesia Anglicana declare herself."

NO JUDGE SAVE THE CROWN

A touching appeal, certainly; all the more that, in the sense postulated by this good African Bishop, it can draw forth no response. Who is to make the declaration he solicits? Who could enforce it, if made? Kingsley used to say, "The Church is by Law established; I know of none other." He was quite right, true to history, true to actual fact. But "Law" is the province of Parliament, in which the Anglican hierarchy has its place and voice, as an estate of the realm, conjoined to Lords and Commons under the Crown. There is no law besides Parliamentary law (which includes all admitted ecclesiastical enactments) that can or does bind the members of the English Church, clergy and laity alike. No Bishop, no convocation, no Pan-Anglican synod has power to exact more than this from benefited

clergyman or lay communicant. The "Catholic tradition" is a gloss, not a law; not even a judicial pronouncement on the law. While a man keeps the words of the formularies he may construe them as he will. But a creed has a meaning, or else it is a dead letter.

What meaning, then, of the Christian creeds, the Prayer-Book, the Thirty-Nine Articles, is an Anglican bound to hold? We can answer without hesitation, if we are asked what a Catholic is bound to hold, under pain of condemnation by the Holy See—not merely the words, but the facts and dogmas which they imply Rome is always declaring herself; where is the corresponding action in the English Church? Can it be detected? She keeps her institutions, of course; but her Prophetic office, touching the very "Foundations" of Christianity, is in abeyance. There seems to be neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regards. True enough Bishops write, clergy dispute, laymen look on with amusement or indifference. But the voice for which we listen is that of a judge deciding controversy, who has power to make his decision respected. The judge who could do this thing is not Canterbury; it is the Crown in Council, or the Supreme Court of Appeal. Against that Court the whole Oxford Movement was directed, from first to last intendency, again and again by unavailing protests, when one or other judicial sentence left articles of faith to be denied or explained away.

THE GERMAN CONQUEST

We have now come to a turning point in the long decline from orthodoxy, to a German invasion of ideas and a rapidly approaching conquest by them of the pulpit and the Sunday school, as they have already conquered much Anglican literature in and out of the universities. I will take, by way of illustration, in a succeeding paper the volume called "Foundations," by seven Oxford men, ministers of the Establishment they set out to defend. Another book equally significant, though not possessing the same authority, and more recent, comes from the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, a convert who has returned to the Anglican Church. It is dedicated to the Bishop of Hereford, and bears the title of "Studies in Modernism."

With these I will compare Mr. R. J. Campbell's "New Theology." And I will show this whole movement delineated in outline, with its inevitable issue foretold, as far back as the year 1874, by Edward von Hartmann, the philosopher of the Unconscious, when he wrote on "The Self-Destruction of Christianity." The real question for Anglicans is whether any power now existing within their Church can keep it from falling a prey to Modernism and Monism. If there is none, what remains except Rome? The "serviceable breakwater" has become a wreck, drifting on the waves of German illusion. The Establishment can no longer guard Churchmen against errors more fundamental than its own.—London Universe.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN

THEIR STORY AND ITS MORAL

Most people have heard of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus, and Pariander, says Ave Maria. Here is their story; and the moral of it is worth remembering, if the names are not. As some Coins were fishing, certain strangers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were brought in they were found to contain a golden tripod. A dispute arose among the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and as they could not agree, they took it to the Temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess there. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him. Thales sent it to another one, and so on until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the Seven Wise Men; and as each one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the Temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

YEARNING

Touching and full of yearning for the one true Church are the words of Rev. Ronald A. H. Knox, Chaplain Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, as quoted by the Irish Monthly. The following is the conclusion of one of his sermons:

"It is not for us, the glamor of the Seven Hills, and the confidence of membership, living and actual, in the Church of the Ages; we cannot set our foot upon the Rock of Peter, but only watch the shadow of Peter passing by, and hope that it may fall on us and heal us. We shall bear the reproach of the Catholic name, without enjoying the full privileges of the Catholic heritage. And yet, even now, we are not left without hope. Our needs have still a place in the compassionate heart of Mary, where one sits by her Father's side; she has not forgotten her children, just because they have run away from their schoolmaster, and unlearned their lessons, and are trying to find their way home again, humbled and terrified in the darkness. Some of us have forgotten her, nay, blasphemed

her; but she does not pray the less for them."

What we wonder on reading these pathetic words, can prevent the writer, and those similarly disposed, from returning at once to that Mother whose arms are outstretched to receive them? Why wander in the darkness without when confessedly they have no other goal than final return to her? There can be no peace, no fullness of joy, until that union has been effected, until they rest once more, like truant children, upon her mother's heart. Why then delay the time of the reunion? The way to her is clear and open, her love for them is as ardent as it is sincere.—Exchange.

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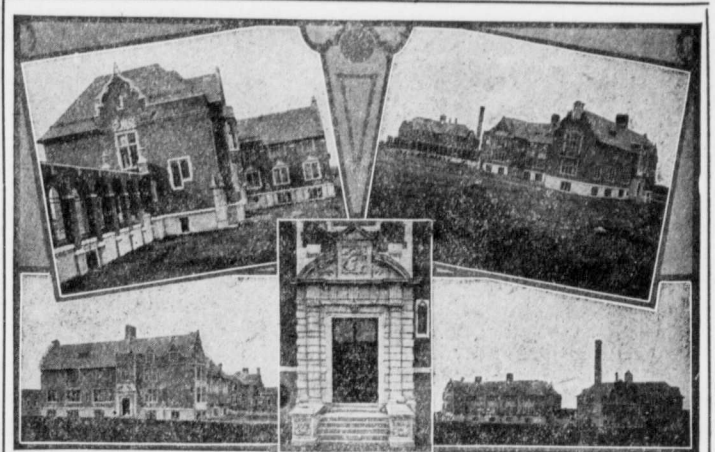
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