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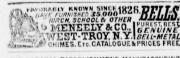
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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Narka was alone in her cell at St. Lazare. No one had been to see her. She had waited and watched all the day long. Every echoing step on the stone corridor made her pulses quicken with hope: it might be Marguerite, or Sibyl, or even Basil. But the day dragged on to its close, the bars and bolts of the prison were drawn, and no one came.

Narka had not slept the previous night, and she had hardly tasted food since her arrest; she was physically exhausted, and her nerves were strained and excited to the verge of delirium. When the night closed in she was in a state of one prepared to see visions. For a while the lamp burning outside sent a tawny light into her cell through the window above the door; but this was put out, and then all was black as the tomb, and a horror of great darkness fell upon her. She could not say how long it lasted; but suddenly the external blackness was pierced through by a vivid inward illumination. Her whole life, from childhood to the present hour, passed before her, with its sorrows, its blighted hopes, its pathetic failures; every circumstance became invested with a high prophetic meaning, every cruel and humiliating event was in stinct with a supreme significance, every incident pointed to momentous issues. very cruel and humiliating event was instinct with a supreme significance, every incident pointed to momentous issues. Her faith, hitherto a sort of dreamy mysticism, gradually kindled to a kind of frenzy, that she mistook for inspiration. She saw the divine scheme for the redemption of humanity unfolding before her life a scroll, and she read her own part distinctly written there. God, who had created and redeemed every individual soul, could not overlook the very least of His creatures; with Him there was neither greater nor lesser; the monarch on his throne and the moudjik in his hovel were of equal value in His sight; the same hand which fashioned the eagle and bid it soar and fix the mid-day sun, the same hand which issnioned the eagle and bid it soar and fix the mid-day sun also created the worm, and bade it craw upon the earth, and both were His creatures, equally entitled to His care. I was, nevertheless, in the order of His was, nevertheless, in the order of his providence that amongst men there should be higher and lower; that some should play a grand part in life, and some an obscure one; that some should command and enjoy, and even sin with impunity, while others were condemned to suffer for the sins of all. And these latter were His absence actuars in the plan of redemned to suffer for the sins of all.

chosen partners in the plan of redemp-tion. They were to enter into glory with Him through suffering, and become like unto gods. unto gods.

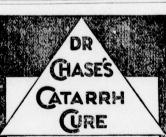
As the symbolism of her destiny revealed itself to Narka, her heart swelled with a sense of vengeful triumph. She exulted in her Christ-like mission, and in extitted in her Christ-like mission, and in spirit trampled under foot the Pharisees and tyrants who persecuted her. The night wore on in this frenzy of pride and hallucination. The prison clock told away the hours. The dawn broke, but in the cell all was still dark. Suddenly a gleam of light crept in through the winders above the deep and Narka looking dow above the door, and Narka, looking up as if something had touched her, saw the white figure of the crucifix, alone vis-

ible in the encircling blackness.

"Yes," she said within herself, "it is we who can look down from our gibbet on the children of this world, the fools who feast and revel, while we agonize with Christ in His Passion! To us, instead of ashes, He will give a crown and a garment of glory for an afflicted spirit. Those who have dwelt in the tombs shall rejoice and sing canticles, while those who have slept in palaces on pillows of down shall howl for grief and rend their

In the weird, shadowy dawnlight her thoughts grew concrete, and took tangible from She saw a long procession marching past — victors and saints who had blessed their generation, and left the world better than they found it; but they were not the prosperous ones whose course had been through flowery meads, full of supering and page; they were men who sunshine and peace; they were men who had suffered, who had known poverty, humiliation, and defeat. She saw that never since the beginning of the world had a nation's wrong been made right, or a people's sorrow consoled, by the rich and the satisfied, who had gone through life making merry, crowned with flowers, and sung to and smiled upon; these con-quests had been achieved by pilgrims who toiled through the desert in hunger

and thirst and nakedness, or by martyrs who walked over the fiery ploughshares. Narka had always vaguely held that suffering was in itself an agency of redemption, and meritorous apart from all merit or response in the sufferer. The old creed was now asserting itself with the passionate intensity which belongs rather to fanaticism than to faith. She looked upon herself as a victim for her people, an object of complacency to the court of heaven. Her mind, her senses, her heart, inflamed by these stern and sanguine orthodoxies, all shared the intoxication of the vision they had conjured toxication of the vision they had conjured up. Religious stimulants have a close and very terrible parallel with alcoholic ones, especially when, as in Narka's case, the passion of love finds itself mixed up with them. In this splendid apotheosis,



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where she was the central figure, she was not alone—Basil Zorokoff was by her side, he was whispering in her ear; every fibre of her heart was thrilling to what he whispered; she felt his breath upon her cheek, she felt the warm clasp of his arm round her. Ah! let fate do its worst upon her; with that arm clasping her she could never be wholly miserable. But suddenly the smile of rapture that trembled on her lips died away. What fool's paradise had she wandered into? She was in prison, and so perhaps was Basil, for all she knew. There was that box containing the articles in his handwriting! If the writing should be traced? Narka shuddered, but quickly dismissing the horrible thought, she remembered the norrible thought, she remembered that Basil was in France, and that his own government could not touch him, and the French police were not likely to be able to identify the writing of a Rushorrible thought, she remembered

The great clock struck 5, and the pro found stillness began to be broken by those sounds which announce, even in a prison, that the immates are awakening to the activities of life. Warders came or the activities of life. Warders came and went along the flagged passages, doors were opened and shut, the bell summoned the prisoners to the scant morning meal. Narka was not in the category of those who had to obey its call. Her food was brought to her. She was too faint and feverish to feel any appetite, but the knew that this was partly the but she knew that this was partly the effect of hunger, so she ate a few mouthfuls, and went back to her visions. The morning wore on. It was near noon, and she was still sitting on the edge of he bed, listless, tired, her mind strained be tween something like ecstasy and stupor, when the door of her cell opened, and some one pronounced her name. She started, stood straight up, and felt herseif

clasped in Sibyl's arms.

"Basil?" she said, in a frightened whisper, and disengaging herself, she fixed her passionate, yearning eyes on

byl.
"He has told us everything."
"You forgive me? You forgive

us both us both?"
"Forgive you! My brave, generous
Narka, what have I to forgive?" And
Sibyl kissed her again, tenderly, clingingly, and then she drew her to the bed, and

hey sat down together.

Narka was crying; it was an immens relief both to her nerves and her heart and Sibyl let the tears flow on, wiping them away gently with her own little cambric handkerchief, and kissing the white lids betweentimes. was not one to indulge long in the v of emotion. She drew a deep luxury of emotion. She drew a deep breath, and then, lifting her head from Sibyl's shoulder.
"Tell me what has happened," she

said. "Has he been arrested?"
"Who? Basil? No. Did you hear
that he has been?" "I have heard nothing. I have seen

nobody. I thought Marguerite would have come." She has been trying to get to see you

from the first, but they made difficulties. Gaston saw the president of the Peut Parquet this morning." Ah! And what did he tell him

About the articles in that box? Do they know who wrote them?"
"They have not got the box. It seems that just as the detective was carrying i

off, a man fell upon him and knocked him down, and seized it and made away with it."
"Oh! Who was the man, did they

say?"
"He was a rebel, who had been wound-

"It was Antoine Drex!" Narka exclaimed, with sudden elation.
"Oh, Narka!" said Sibyl, shocked at what seemed to her like cynical complac-

what seemed to her like cynical complac-ency in the disreputable circumstances what could have induced you to mix yourself up with those low men and their politics?"

"I did not mix myself up with them," protested Narka. "I have never meddled in their politics here. Why

"But you have meddled in Russian politics. They say you have been associating with the worst revolutionists, and politics. frequenting their meetings. They say you were at one on the 10th where a plot was discussed for murdering our Emper

"That is a lie. I was not there. And "That is a lie. I was not there. And if I had been, I should certainly have not voted for such an insane crime as that. What stupidity! What good could it do to murder the Emperor? Who could have said I was there? Not that it matters. Even if I had been, I am in a foreign country, and beyond the reach of Russian tyranny. Their slanders can't touch me here."

touch me here. "Dear, you are mistaken," said Sibyl, with a certain tender hesitation; "if it is proved, or even asserted on good authority, that you have been mixed up with the revolutionary movement, the Russian

law will reach you here just as surely as if you were at home."
"How so?" Narka started percept-

ibly.
"If the Russian authorities demand it,

"If the Russian authorities demand it, our ambassador will be obliged to claim you as a Russian subject."

"What do you mean?" said Narka, turning a white face to her.

"Dearest, did you not know? As a Russian subject, guilty of high-treason, you will be handed over to our ambassador when the beginning the same technique in Russian subject.

or and taken back to be tried in Rus-

Narka stared at her, every feature con-

vuised, while a cold chill of horror stole the heat out of her blood. "They will send me back to Russia?"

"They will send the back to Aussa: she murmured, in a voice that sounded like a whisper in the dark.

"Is it possible that you did not know? Oh, my darling, what blind folly you have been guilty of in meddling with politics and conspiracies! And what was Ivan Gorff about that he did not warn you? He knows the perils and the

warn you? He knows the perils and the risks of it all. It was unpardonable of him not to have warned and protected you. But perhaps you did not tell Ivan? If you would but trust your friends, Nar-

But Narka did not hear what she was But Narka did not hear what she was saying. Her lips had fallen apart; there came a blackness under her eyes as if they reflected suddenly some invisible spectacle of woe or horror; her hands opened and closed nervously, and then crept slowly up and coiled round her neck; she presented an image of terror and despair awful to behold. Sibyl watched her with intensely curious but not unpitiful eyes; she pitied her sincerely, but she pitied herself more; she wanted to save Narka, but she wanted first to save Basil and the pride of the

Zorokoffs. The moment had now come, she thought, for proposing the only ex-pedient which might do this. She laid her hand on Narka's tense arm; it shud-

dered under the touch.

"This is what I have dreaded from the moment I heard of your being arrested, she said. "I lay awake all last night thinking how I could save you, and pray ing to God to show me a way. For, Nar-ka, there is no use in trying to deceive ourselves: you will be handed over to the Russian government and taken to St Petersburg, and then— But, darli there is one chance still of saving you. But, darling, know not how to propose it, for the sacri-fice will be almost worse than the sacri-tice of your life."

Narka did not make a sign, but sat staring at vacancy, her eyes still riveted on that unseen horror. "Beloved," continued Sibyl, in her soft,

caressing voice, "if you are sent back to Russia, it means Kronstadt"—a tremor ran through Narka—"or Siberia; in either case a fate as cruel as death—and you are parted from Basil forever. If you give him up voluntarily now, you will remain free, and you will be still his sister and mine." sister and mine.

Narka did not speak, but she moved her head imperceptibly toward Sibyl; the movement seemed to say, "What do you

Sibyl stole one arm round her neck, and speaking rapidly, "Oh, my darling," she said, "if I could take the sting out of the sacrifice for you! . . . but the alternative is so horrible it will give you courage. Renounce Basil; tell him you have ceased to care for him : that you will not marry him because you don't love him. He will then be free to go and offer him-

self to Prince Krinsky's daughter, ask her to obtain your release."

Narka at last was moved from her stony immobility. She slowly drew away her hands from about her neck and looked at Sibyl. "Tell dropped them, and looked at Sibyl. "Tell him that I do not love him?" she re-peated. "He would not believe me; he

peated. "He would not believe me; he would know that it was a lie."

"He knew it once, dear; but you may have changed since then. How many women would! Remember it is nearly

two years since you have met."
"It is not three days! I saw him here before you did. He came to me the moment he arrived in Paris, and he knows whether or not I have ceased to love him. Yes, he knows—he knows that I love him with my whole soul; that to give him up would be to me worse than death, worse than Kronstadt!" Her eyes, a moment ago fixed and lifeless, grew sud-denly incandescent as they met Sibyl's, glittering with fury.

glittering with fury.

"So you have been deceiving me to the very last!" Sibyl said, with a light laugh that sounded horrid; "while I have been watching and praying, and straining every nerve to save you, you have been playing the hypocrite, spreading your toils round my brother, and acting a living lie! a false friend! a companion of men who plot murder! You are a base, guilty woman!"

guilty woman! "Guilty?" repeated Narka, and she se slowly to her feet, no longer the rose slowly to her feet, no longer the cowed, terror-stricken creature of a mo-ment ago, but a grand, passionate woman, ment ago, but a grand, passionate woman, strong in her innocence, and conscious by her sufferings of being set high above this proud daughter of princes—"guilty? Look at that symbol." And she pointed to the white Figure on the wall. "We shall both of us be judged by It, condemned or acquitted according to the likeness we bear to It. Which of us, you grand here, most resembles I, as we stand here, most resembles im? Is it you, with your wealth, your Him? Him? Is it you, with your wealth, your splendor, and your high place in this world, your feasting and purple and fine linen, your pampered ease; or I, in humiliation and poverty, in my body seamed with scars, marked and cut with the hangman's lash?—Sibyl uttered a low cry, and hid her face—"with my heart pierced by the murder of my kindred, with my soul made sorrowful to death by the sufferings of my people, and the signt of the wrongs inflicted on them by you and your caste? Is it I, in my nakedness of this world's goods, in imprisonment and persecution, in the martyr's death that perhaps awaits me? Let the Christ perhaps awaits me? Let the Christ speak, and say which of us two is guilty, which of us two deserves that glance of recognition reserved to those who here be-

Narka had begun in a husky, agitated voice, but as she went on it rose, under the stress of irrepressible emotion, to high vibrating tones. As she stood pointing to the Figure on the cross, Sibyl almost expected to hear a voice resound in the dark cell, uttering the awful sentence of acquittal and denunciation "Come, ye blessed! — Depart, ye ac

'Narka! Narka!" she cried, cowerin before the terrible wrath of the woman before the terrible wrath of the woman she had scorned a moment ago, and who now stood like the avenger of the breth-ren, accusing her before the judgment-seat; "why do you curse me? I have not done those things; I had no hand in the murder of your kindred or in the sorthe murder of your kindred or in the sor-rows that have come upon you. I have loved you always; but you broke away from me; you turned against me, and took part with those who hate us. Why did not you trust me? I wanted to serve you—God knows I did!—and you upbraid me as if I had been seeking to destroy

But Sibyl, too, had had her hour of exaltation. Her nerves, taxed to their utmost by the strain of the last three days, broke down, and she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Narka seemed hardly conscious of her presence. Her whole soul, was torn

presence. Her whole soul was torn asunder by this choice that was thrust upon her, of renouncing Basil or going back to encounter again those horrors of

which she had never spoken to any human being.

The hour struck without either of them The hour struck without entire to dreim hearing it; but it was a relief to both when the warder came and said it was time for Sibyl to come away. When the door had closed upon her, Narka flung herself upon the bed, and her bursting heart once more found relief in a passionate flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When Basil went in search of Ivan on the morning of Narka's arrest, he heard that his friend had left town, and, as usual, without saying where he was going or when he would return. Basil went every day to the house to inquire, and on the fourth day, late in the afternoon, he walked into Ivan's room, and found him smoking a pipe and reading the news-You have not heard what has hap-

said Basil, guessing from his

quiet air and occupation that he knew "What?" said Ivan, removing his

pipe, and opening his eyes in hilarious

"Narka has been arrested. She has been four days in prison."

Ivan dropped the newspaper with an

osth.

Basil related all he knew of the event
Then he said: "Who has done it? Car Then he said: it be Schenk?"

Ivan did not answer. He laid his Ivan did not answer. He laid his clinched hands on his knees, and bent forward, as if lost in perplexity. He knew of Schenk's passion for Narka, and Olga Borzidoff knew it; she had complained bitterly to Ivan of Schenk's unfaithfulness, and she was a violent, vindictive woman, whose jealousy would be unscrupulous. If Schenk had let out the fact that Narka had documents in her possession. Olga would not have hesitated possession, Olga would not have hesitated to use the knowledge in order to destroy her. There was no use, however, in con-fiding these suspicions to Basil.

fiding these suspicions to Basil.

"Schenk has never done it," he said;
"he is not capable of it; but he may
have been fool enough to let out something that compromised her. If he has,
he deserves the knout!" Ivan ground
his teeth with a sinister sound. "But
the thing is, what is to be done for her!
Your sister must have interest at court.
She will use it, won't she? Napoleon, She will use it, won't she? Nap for all he is a despot, has a man's and can be pitiful, and the empress is

woman. "That won't help, if it can be proved that Narka has been mixed up in ou work. If they accuse her of off-ending against the French law, well and good; the people here may help; but if not, there is no one but Krinsky who could do

"That will be the devil to pay !" said

"That will be the devil to pay!" said Ivan, savagely.
"Yes, that will be the devil to pay," repeated Basil, and he got up and walked to the window, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "You see," he said, still looking out of the window, and speaking with his back to Ivan, "as those infernal papers, which I believe are at the bottom of it all, have been rescued, they have no material proof of her having worked with us; they may accuse her, but if they can't prove anything, they will have to iet her go. The French law would protect her so far, would it not?"

far, would it not?"
"If the Russian government say they have proof that she has been conspiring
—and they won't stick at saying it if it suits them-the French law can't refuse to give her up," said Ivan.

In that case, my sister must go at one to Krinsky. "She can't go to him to-day, nor to-morrow either; he left Paris last night for Berlin."

"Confound it! did he?" said Basil turning suddenly round. "And when is "I don't know. He is to stop at Berlin two days, and then, unless his business is arranged at once with Bismarck, he will

go on to St. Petersburg."

"Have you any idea when the trial is likely to come on?" asked Basul.

"I don't suppose before a month at

And they will keep her in prison all that time untried

"Yes. They have got their prison preventive here like us, for all their boasted liberty and justice. But it will serve a good purpose for once by giving Krinsky time to be back before the trial comes

on."

Basil said nothing for a moment. Then, "We can't wait for Krinsky to come back," he said. "I must start after him at once, and secure him before he leaves for St. Petersburg. If I take the express to-night, I am safe to catch him at Berlin. I shall be able to get to see him through Z.—, of our embassy there. He is not a bad fellow, and though my father made a mess between him and me. father made a mess between him and me I don't believe he is as savage against me as they made out. Anyhow, there is nothing else to be done. I will drive now to Sibyl's, and tell her I am off." He pulled out his watch. "It is now 5 o'clock. I have a couple of hours to do a few things and eat a mouthful before l

"I will go out with you," said Ivan; "I must see Schenk if he be in town; I must find out something about this devilish business.

The two friends went down stairs to gether; then they parted. Basil hailed a cab, and drove to the Rue St. Dominique. Sibyl was out. She had lett home three hours ago, the servant said, so was likely to be soon back. But Basil could not wait. He went into the library, and wrote a note to M. de Beaucrillon, telling him of his departure for Berlin, and the notive of it.

Sibyl meantime, had gone to make a sipy, meantaine, had gone to make a call at the Russian embassy. She had not carried out her intention of appealing to Marie Krinsky on behalf of Narka Both Basil and M. de Beaucrillon were of opinion that it was better to make sure, in the first instance, whether the interference of the Prince was necessary. But ference of the Prince was necessary. she had her own scheme to forward, and a visit to Princess Krinsky was likely to do this. She learned to her disappoint-ment that the Prince had left the night before for Berlin, and the ladies for Fontainebleau that morning.

As she drove in under her own gate way, M. de Beaucrillon's brougham was moving away from before the steps of the house. He met her in the hall with two

Marguerite tells me the trial comes on on Monday. It may be all over before Basil will have seen Krinsky. Though, for the natter of that, we don't know yet whether

Krinsky can be of any use. Sibyl took the two notes from his hand without speaking. There is an electric, instantaneous comprehension that comes to the brain in moments of supreme excitement, and enables it to seize all the points of a question and arrive at a con-clusion without any process of argument. Such a moment had come to Sibyl now. With one glance she saw the whole situation, the circumstances, the possibilities. Basil's absence at this crisis was providential. The trial would be over, perhaps, before he heard it had begun, and there was an end of the terror which had

the motive of his wife's silence. "There is no time to lose. I will go at once to Maitre X—. If I am late for dinner, don't wait for me." TO BE CONTINUED.

A BRILLIANT DISCOURSE BY BISHOP CLANCY.

On Sunday, Sept. 26, the new church of the Holy Augels, Chicago, was solemnly dedicated amidst imposing ceremonies. The occasion was ren-dered specially remarkable by the presence of Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, Lord Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, who preached the sermon of the day. We ake the annexed report from the

Chicago New World: At the conclusion of the singing of the Gospel, the Right Rev. John Clancy, formerly professor of rhetoric and sacred elequence in the national College of Ireland, St. Patrick's May. nooth, now Lord Bishop of the ancient and historic See of Elphin, ascended the pulpit to preach the dedication sermon. His amiability of expression, his dignified carriage, his episcopal bearing, which seemed written more clearly in every line and lineament of his features than in the official garb with which he was clothed, at once associated him in the minds of the congregation with our illustrious Archbishop. As he paused to survey the magnificent and inspiring scene before him-the church resplendent and gorgeous with light and color, the thousands of eager, reverent and admiring faces, the ecclesiastics of world wide celebrity that thronged the sanctuary-the whole subject sermon must have seemed to his gifted mind and fancy to materialize before him and must have substan tially assisted him by its inspiration in the many extemporaneous concep-tions which were among the most sparkling gems in his brillant address. He could not have a more vivid object lesson in the pomp and solemn of a dedication ceremony, in the power and vitality of the Catho lic Church in our land, in the spiritual mission of the Irish race, in the undying loyalty of his compatriots to the faith for which their fathers died. The sermon in its logical ground plan was elaborate and exhaustive, in its rhetorical arrangement symmetrical and artistic, in its language elegant and picturesque, in its delivery a masterpiece of subdued eloquence. Bishop Clancy is an orator of great power, but he never allows the luxuriance of his fancy to get the better of his judgment. His hearers are carried away irresistibly yet almost uncon-sciously by the force of his logic, the His hearers are carried charm of his elequence, the spell of his rich, flexible voice. Seldom incandescent, never using the well-known trick of meretricious orament or gestures calculated to distract the attention of his hearers from commonplace ideas, he is above all things a great preacher for a cultured congregation who appreciate polish and refinement. His graceful references to his Alma Mater, our illustrious Archbishop and Father Tighe are deserving of special quotation. "But one word more and I have done. With your illustrious Archbishop I make bold to claim the relation of brotherhood, for we both received our intellectual nourishment at the breasts of the same Alma Mater, the nursing mother of the Irish priesthood, the great ecclesiastical College of Maynooth. I may be permitted, therefore, to congratulate His Grace on the magnificent church which has this day been added to his diocese. With your zealous pastor, through whose energy this church has been built in a comparatively short time, I claim the relation of a life long friendship, based on cting us native neighborhood and same cemented by frequent manifestations of mutual interest and good-will. I therefore congratulate him on the completion of a work which will conduce

much to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The following is a full report of the sermon:

"And the Lord said to Solomon : "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication; I have sanctified this house which thou hast built, to put my name there forever, and my heart shall be there always." (3 Kings ix. 3.

My Lord Archbishop, My Lords, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers and Dearly Beloved Brethren in Christ:

There are few rites in the beautiful and elaborate ceremonial of the Church more instructive and edifying than that which has been witnessed here to-day. Art and religion often walk hand in hand; but rarely is their union so productive of abiding spiritother was from Marguerite.

"Come in here a moment," he said, and they went into the library. "Here is a slate on our heads!" he exclaimed. slate on our heads!" he exclaimed. slate of God. The material structural principles, is dedicated by public prayer and solemn ecclesiastical ceremony to the structural principles. service of God. The material structure with its artistic embellishments is itself beautiful in its suggestiveness. Its cruciform design recalls the mystery of Redemption; its sculptured capitals and stencialed walls storied windows reveal sym d windows reveal symbolic-the secrets of God's merally the secrets of God's mer-ciful dealings with humanity; its capacious bell tower and tall tapering spire, soaring above the shrines of wealth and commerce in its immediate neighborhood and pointing, like the index finger of some human hand, to the azure skies above them, reminds the most thoughtless that man is called on earth to a life of faith and prayer; that haunted her of his appearing in court and publicly compromising himself from a sense of chivalrous loyalty to Narka.

"I must see at once about getting counsel," said M. de Beaucrillon, too selilessly absorbed in Narka's trouble and the impending crisis to stop to consider gions of the atmosphere, so the Church OCTO:

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