## NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

#### BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA. CHAPTER XXVII.-Continued.

Ivan Gorff had not spoken, except that short parley improvised to screen Narka when she had nearly betrayed herself. He rose now, and said he had something to communicate before they separated. There was a general assent, and he pro-ceeded to read out, in his deep, metallic voice, Basil's pamphlet translated. The effect was electric. The language had seemed inepiring to Narka when she read-it alone; but, declaimed by Ivan to this excited and responsive audience, its elo-quence was like fire and dancing flames. The reading was all along punctuated by "bravos" and suppressed cheers; the meeting could hardly restrain its enthusi-asm within bounds, and the moment Ivan had done, the applause burst out like a torrent let loose. The pamphlets were seized upon as if they had been loaves of tration and exhaustion, creep upon a man slow-ly. A man overworks. Then he neglects his meals, and pays no attention to his di-gestion. His liver gets aluggish. His ap-petite falls off. The blood is improperly nourished and becomes impure. The brain and nerve tissues do not receive proper nu-triment and are befogged with the poisons in the blood. The man cannot sleep or eat. Then comes nervous prostration, and ex-haustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-covery makes the appetite hearty, the di-gestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the nerves steady. It makes pure blood and healthy flesh, mus-cle, brain and nerve tissue. It cures nerv-ous diseases. No honest dealer will urge an inferior substitute for the little extra profit there is in it. "About fourteen years ago," writes C. P. Wiltorrent let loose. The pamphlets were seized upon as if they had been loaves of bread thrown to starving men; the com-

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tal to both body and brain, like nervous pros-tration and exhaustion,

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and am enjoying good health." A good wife should be a good nurse and something of a doctor. Send thirty-one one cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Med-ical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buf-falo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Ad-viser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. One thousand and eight pages, over three hun-dred illustrations, some of them in colors. The best doctor-book extant.

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realize it.

seized upon as if they had been loaves of bread thrown to starving men; the com-pany embraced one another; they kissed the pamphlet; they made every demon-stration of wild delight. Under cover of the general hubbub Ivan said to Narka, "Let us slip away." Schenk, who was before her, moved on at once, and Olga Borzidoff, whose eyes had never left the group, pushed quickly toward the door and met them. "Present us to one another." she said Michol'substitute for the first CAR point there is in it. "About fourteen years ago," writes C. P. Wil-fians, Esq., of Perrows, Campbell Co. Va., "I had a severe attack of sickness. I became very despondent about my situation. I thought I was going to starve to death. I could not rest at night and could not describe my feelings. I employed three or four doctors and they pronounced my disease to be Nervous Prostration. I was weak-ened down almost to a skeleton, and every body thought I was going to die. I procured two bod-tles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and they made a perfect cure of me. My system built up rapidly. From a living skeleton I be-eame robust and healthy. I am 65 years of age and am enjoying good health."

"Present us to one another," she said to Schenk, putting her hand on his arm; but Schenk moved on as if he had not "Let us introduce ourselves," lga. "I am Olga Borzidoff. What heard. " ! said Olga. is our new sister's name

Narka Larik," replied the new sister,

coldly. Ivan pushed her gently on, remarking that it was later than he thought. It was pitch-dark on the stairs. Schenk strack a match, and nursed the little flame, that Narka might see where to step; but the

Narka might see where to step; but the light, after a moment, went out. "Take my arm," said Schenk. "I know the way. I will guide you." They were groping their way, Ivan fol-lowing, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a woman's voice said, "I want a word with you." He stood at her bidding. bidding.

Narka got safe down, thanks to Schenk's steady guidance. When they emerged into the court below, the moon was high and the dark blue heaven was During the coming School Term of 1897-8 we espectfully solicit the favor of your orders for he supplying of Catholic Educational and ther Text books, both in English and French ; .lso, school stationary and school requisites.

full of stars. "Here we are, a riveder le stelle !" he SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES. Sadiler's Domition Reading Charts, 26 Read-ing Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on la boards, size 23 to 32 inches Sadiler's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadiler's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadiler's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadiler's Dominion First Reader, Part II. Sadiler's Dominion First Reader. Sadiler's Dominion Third Reader. Sadiler's Dominion Furth Reader. Sadiler's Outlines of Canadian History. Sadiler's Grandes Lignes de l'Histoire du Canada.

In spite of the horror with which his speech had so lately inspired her, Narka for a moment felt in sympathy with him; the beautiful quotation seemed to strike a sursum corda that lifted her spirit out of the dense atmosphere in which she had heen morally and physically stifting. had been morally and physically stifling. They stood and looked back, expecting

they book and took back back of the second back of Schenk. "Come on, and I will put you into a cab."

They went out, and he hailed one. he was closing the door upon Narka, he said, " It is very late for you to go such a long drive alone; you had better let me long unversion of the state of the set of th alone in the starlight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The meeting in the Quartier Latin had one good effect on Narka: it forced her thoughts into a new channel and made thoughts into a new channel and made it easier for her to obey the doctor's in-junction of thinking as little as possible about her lost voice. That extraordinary scene, and the sudden and dangerous cur-rent it had introduced into her life, ab-sorbed her so completely that all other thoughts were for the moment crowded out of eight. But she foll more along since her solitude had become peopled by this multitude of unbidden presences. A

the dead painter in being so deeply moved by his inspired renderings. She lingered long before them to-day, and though tired physically from standing about so many hours, she felt refreshed and rested in spirit when she left the place. place. She was turning into the Tuileries gar-

dens when a gentleman, hurrying out, met her. It was Dr. Schenk. Narka had not seen either him or Ivan Gorff since "I am so glad to meet you !" he said, "I am so glad to meet you !" he said, cordially. "Shall we sit down and chat

for a moment ?' There was a bench close by, under the

There was a bench close by inder the broad shade of a chestnut-tree. Narka was not sorry to sit down and rest a little. " I need not ask what you thought of the company the other evening," Schenk said, entering at once on the subject. Narka's level brows went up expres-sively. " It was not so much the com-pany avan as the destrines that took was

sively. " It was not so much the com-pany, even, as the doctrines, that took me by surprise," she answered. "You were not prepared to find them so advanced? Ivan ought to have been

more outspoken and explicit with you. You were hardly strong enough to bear the shock of being brought in contact with the reality so suddenly. I took for with the reality so suddenly. I took for granted that you had come there with your eyes open, and I was surprised to see you, I confess. However, as you have dismay. "I went off at once to the commissaire been taken behind the curtain, you must just accept the fact that there is an ugly just accept the fact that there is an ugly side to patriotism when it has to work in secret. But though the patriotism that goes forth to the roll of drums and the braying of trumpets looks a more respect braying of trumpets looks a more respect-able thing, it is far less worthy in reality than ours, that gets no reward but scorn and stripes; we at least despise the con-ventional fallacy that goes by the name of honor; we trample that cant and the rest of the world's jugglery and caricatur-ing under our feet, and we bring on our-selves the odum of the result for a purely serves the other of the result for a purely impersonal gain. I perceive you have a great deal to learn as to our principle of action," he added, reading, with his hab-itual intuition, on **Na**rka's features the conflict between utter revulsion and re-luctant admiration that he was exciting in her. " you have taken a perilons step in her; " you have taken a perilous step in joining us, but you will trust me and let me be your friend—"

"I hope our new sister will trust us all as friends," said a woman's voice behind them. Before turning round to see who it was

Narka had recognized Olga Borzidoff. She started and colored. Schenk stood up. "What brings you here?" he said, in a low tone that had

something dangerously fierce in it. " Precisely what brings you here," she replied, in a high, insolent key : " the de-sire to converse with Mademoiselle Lar-

to stare at something; presently an open carriage with liveried servants drew up before her door. Flushed and excited, she went to receive Sibyl. "I had business to discuss with ma

demoiselle. " So have I. Perhaps you won't mind

our discussing it together ?" "Good-morning, monsieur," said Narka and quivering with anger and wound

ed pride, she walked away. That bold, bad woman's stare was like the touch of an unclean thing. She could not forgive I van Gorff for subjecting her to the humiliation of such a contact Why had he entrapped her so treacher a contact ously into this secret congregation of disreputable men and women? What sort of good were such people capable of effect-

of good were such people capable of effect-ing for their country ? And Basil was working in common with them ! All the way to La Villette, as the om-nibus rolled along, Narka protested in-wardly against this unworthy comrade-ship, and upbraided Ivan Gorff. But on reaching home she found that Ivan had called and left a sealed parcel for her. She opened it and saw Basil's handwrit-ing. In an instant all her anger van-ished, and she could feel nothing but gratitude toward the man who had brought this joy into her life. brought this joy into her life. She sat down and devoured the manu-

script. It was just what she wanted to restore her bruised self-respect and reconcile her to the irreconcilable. The article was a powerful and impassioned piece of writing; but it remained, like the this multitude of unoidden presences. A piece of writing; out itremained, nice the degrading effect of tyranny upon the moral nature of a people. Here was the wishow she could trust, and who would understand, whose sympathy or whose the gold in the dross. Narka set to work at constraint denuncia.

noticed that men who habitually met her with a bright kindly word now turned round the corner when they saw her in the distance, or, if they came up with her unexpectedly, hurried on with a curt salutation. Clearly they were fighting shy of her, and she read the reason in their sullen averted faces and in the troubled

de police, and he went to the Prefectur

"Oh, my darling, what a funny place rou have come to!" exclaimed Sibyl ooking round her like a person bewil

of wondering what my horses thought of

Narka laughed again. "Yes," she said to herself, "horses and servants are the same sort of cattle to you, only with dif-

They sat down, Sibyl glancing round

her with a kind of half-alarmed curiosity

" Do you know, I am very angry with you," she said. 'What business had you

to steal a march on me and come off to

this outlandish place the moment my back was turned ?" "I was obliged to come away ; I could

"You might have gone down to Beau-crillon and waited there. Have you made a vow never to come and stay with

Narka made no answer for a moment

not remain where I was.'

dered.

erent prices.

me

have blown up!' "But it didn't explode ?"

about your voice, dearest?" she said, anxionsly; "I have been haunted by the thought ever since I heard from Marguer-ite that you had lost it. How I did long to fly to you that moment and hold your hand while you were passing through that terrible anguish of the first discovery! But it is sure to come back. Have you tried it since then?" Before Narka could answer, there was a quick tap at the window, which was only a few feet from the ground outside, and something like a great white wing fluttered past. sullen averted faces and in the troubled eyes of the women. Madame Blaquette, whom Narka fre-quently met coming in and out, seemed much alarmed, and hinted at some great impending catastrophe; but Madame B.aquette was so well known as a croaker and an alarmist that no one paid any heed to what she said. One afternoon she came against Narka in the entry, and clutched her arm in great excitement : "Oh, mademoiselle, we have had the nar-rowest escape ! Just think ! The house opposite is watched by the police, and such odd-looking people have been hang-ing about ! Three days ago a box was brought io a man who lodged there a fluttered past. "It is Marguerite," said Narka; and, loubly

to let her in. The cornette seemed to bring in the unshine with it.

sunshine with it. "I guessed who was responsible for the scandal of a powdered flunky in this re-spectable neighborhood," said Marguer-ite. "Who ever thought of your lady-ship's being in town at this time of year? Business? Well, Narka is not so badly off, you see?" and she glanced admiring-ly round the room, to which, in spite of its tiled floor and whitewashed walls, the grand plano under its rich embroidered ing about 1 infee cays ago a box was brought is a man who lodged there a month back. They wouldn't take it in, so the porter carried it over here, and said if I kept it for a couple of days it would be called for. I, never suspecting anything, took it into my room, and this morning it suddenly occurred to me that it might be an infernal machine !" grand piano under its rich embroidered over, and flowers and books about, gave gracious, home-like air. "If the outside were only as good as the "Oh !" cried Narka, with a gesture of

inside. But what an awfal neighborhood it is?" said Sibyl, lifting up her hands. "As I drove up here the wickedness of the people's faces, the way they scowled at me made me shudder."

glad of the interruption, she went

and three men came just now and carried it into the back yard, and took all sorts of "You need not have shudder." "You need not have shuddered," said Marguerite, with a little toss of her head. precautions in opening, for if it had ex ploded, you know, the whole street would "The worst of our people up here is they are not hypocrites; they wear their wickedness outside instead of in; but 1 & If "Oh, no; it was a sewing-machine But only think if it had been the other!" the time it is pain that makes them scowl, poor creatures! When hunger is scowl, poor creatures! When hunger is griping a man's inside, it is enough to "But it wasn't the other," said Narka, half amused, and half vexed at having make him scowl. I'm sure it would me.

been so taken in. "All the same, we have been most mer-"You always stand up for your people here," said bibyl, "but you know very weil, dear, they are the scum of the city." " I know nothing of the sort; they may cifully preserved," insisted Madame Bla-quette, "for it might have been the other, and I might have been buried at this mobe the dregs, but they certainly are not the scum—the scum is at the top. You must look to our monde for that. ment under the ruins of my own roof. We ought to be on our knees thanking

"We don't get drunk, at any rate." "Humph!" Marguerite remembered certain traits de mœurs she had heard at Narka, with an impatient shrug, passe on, laughing, into her room. As she tool off her things she looked out at the house Yrakow, and admired Sibyl's impudence opposite. It was a dingy, disreputable-looking house, with a battered face, and windows so crusted with durt you could not have seen through them — a house "Perhaps it would be better for them if they did," she said, defiantly. "I know a few respectable Pharisees whom I a few respectable Pharisees whom I should love to make so drunk that they would roll under the table. That might take the pride out of them, and send that looked as if it might want watching but probably there was as much founda tion for its bad character as for the provi dential escape from the sewing-machine She was turning from the window, when she observed as unusual movement out

them up to the Temple to strike their breasts and get justified." Narka burst out laughing. "The Phar-isees get no quarter from Marguerite," she read side; a number of gamins were rushing said

Sibyl looked half inclined to be angry. "Well, if she is fond of publicans, I should think she is satisfied up here. The shouts and yells from the wine-shops as I came along were perfectly awful. It re-minded me of the shricks of the damned.

damed." "That can't be a pleasant noise," said Marguerite; "but I would rather hear that than the laughter of the damned." "I did not know they ever laughed in heal!" dered. "Yes," said Narka, with a constrained laugh, "it is a funny place for you to come to pay a visit. I wonder what your serv-ants think of it?" "My servants? I should as soon think of mondaring what my horse thought

hell." "I fancy they do now and then; I "I fancy they do now and then the Pharisees are fancy that when the Pharisees are stripped of their shams and shown up naked at the judgment-seat, their coun tenances on finding themselves in that predicament must be a sight to make even the poor devils laugh." "The poor devils? Well, if you are

"The poor devils? Well, if you are going to stand up for the devils !" "It would be a good thing for us if we had their zeal and their perseverance,"

retorted Marguerite. "You need not envy them their spirit of contradiction, at any rate," said Sibyl, good-humoredly, feeling that she had made a bit made a hit.

made a hit. "Give it up, Sibyl — give it up," said Narka, triumphing with Marguerite, who had had the best of it up to this. But Marguerite had not thought of triumphing; she only thought of defend-ing her poor people. "What news have a shead ing her poor people. "What news have you from St. Petersburg?" she asked, urning the conversation.

Narka made no answer for a moment. Then looking at Sibyl with an expression half grave, half comical, "Do you remem-ber," she said, "how we laughed over that remark of Mademe de Stael's, that a woman who was unhappy with her hus-band ought never to leave him for a day, heavener u made it so much worse for her Sibyl slowly lifted her shoulders, and with a sigh slowly let them down. "I'm afraid my father is growing weak. Basil SEPTEMBE 2 25, 1897.

don't believe God ever meant to place the majority of His children in jeopardy to that choice." There was a passionate vibration in Narka's voice that reminded Sibyl how

Narka's voice that reminded Sibyl how cruelly the choice had been used against her kindred. The remembrance smote Sibyl's heart, if not her conscience, There was an awkward silence, when Marguerite exclaimed: "Good gracious] is that 3 o'clock? I had only meant to say ten minutes, and you have beguiled meinto wasting twenty! Dear Sibyl, you will be interested to hear that Lear me into wasting twenty! Dear Sibyl, you will be interested to hear that I am as poor as a rat, and ready for any spare cash you may want to get rid of. eash you may want to get rid of. I just mention it in case you should not like to ask me. Now I must be off!" She kissed her and hurried away. "Where is she going in such a hurry?" inquired Sibyl, when Narka returned, after having closed the door. "She is yong to dress the wound of a

"She is gone to dress the wound of a "She is gone to dress the wound of a carter whose leg was smashed under a stone, and then amputated. It is a frightful case. Marguerite dresses the wound twice a day." Sibyl shuddered. "It is extraordinary how hard Marguerite has grown; she can stand by without wincing, and look on st

stand by without wincing, and look on at those horrors, while the very sight of blood makes me sick ! But it is much better for one's self and others not to be

better for one's self and others not to be so tender-hearted. I should think the atmosphere of this place, with such misery all about as Marguerite describes, must be very bad for you, Narka, it is so de-pressing? And you want to be cheered up. Now I look at you, my darling, you seem very tired. I am sure you are over-working yourself. You want rest. You ought to be lying down this minute. I wish I could stay and put you on the sofa and read to you for an hour. Have you and read to you for an hour. Have you any nice books?"—she glanced round at the table. "When I come back I will in-sist on your letting me take care of you." She stood up, and looked into Narka's great pathetic blue-black eyes, and then opened her arms. Narka let herself sink into the loyed

embrace which had so long been her haven of sweetest rest, but suddenly she recollected how that soft little hand had clutched an imaginary knout and cut open in desire the flesh of the woman whom Basilloved. The recollection made her blood run cold, and she drew herself

away from the classing arms. All this time a crowd of gamins were collected at the door outside, staring at the grand equipage and chaffing the fine flunky. When the owner of this splendor came out they ceased their chaffing, and

stood in silence, watching the ceremon of her getting into the carriage and sinh of her getting into the carriage and sink-ing back on the cushions, while the fine flunky arranged her silken skirts, the glossy thorough-breds meantime tossing their heads and pawing the ground, and giving every sign of impatience and dis-gust. Finally they moved on, spurning the stones contemptuously, and striking sparks with their steel hoofs—a comical paredk on human impudence and concel

parody on human impudence and conceit admirably performed by well bred beasts. As the carriage with its liveries and emblazoned panels jolted lightly down the roughly-paved street, the pageant drew gazers to doors and windows, and Sibyl again passed under the fire of those sullen glances which to her betokened the excess of wickedness. Clearly these people needed to be held down with a hand of iron.

Narka watched the carriage out of sight from the door-step. As she was turning in she saw Madame Blaquette standing in the middle of the street, and earnestly gazing into the palm of her hand. "God direct me!" ejaculated the land-

lady, in a voice evidently intended to reach Narka. Then, looking up. "Oh! it is you, mademoiselle! I was just consid-ering whether I ought to bestow an alms on this poor woman or not; she looks de-serving, but I may be deceived." "As you have taken out the penny, I think I would bestow it," replied Narka.

"That is precisely what I feel about it. Then, in God's name, I will risk it!" She presented the penny to the beggar, who had been patiently waiting while her fate was discussed. dis

cussed. Narka glanced at her and noticed that she wore green spectacle, and a bandage over one side of her surprisingly red face. "I should not have said that she looked deserving, was Narka's reflection as si turned indoor; "but I don't suppose Madame Blaquette's penny will do her much harm.

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contradiction, whose indignant denunciacontraction, whose indignant denoted tion even, might help her to adjust the balance of things, and bring them to their true proportion. It is so much harder to battle through these spectral crowds

Narka tried to escape from her beleag uered solitude by occupying herself, and being as much as possible out-of-doors. One of the few helpful recreations within her reach was a visit to the Louvre. She ok the omnibusone morning and drove ere. The serene atmosphere of the gal ies soothed her, the brooding presence f the dead masters, who were still so liv ng, exercised the evil spirits and scared hem away. Narka had never held a yrush, but her delight in the art was gentime. She loved some of the pictures as if they were living persons who felt her enthusiasm, and might be touched by it. The Murillos were her chief delight; cometimes it almost seemed to her that she might awake or trouble the sleep of

Good Is essential to health. Every nook Blood system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ do pends. Good blood means strong nerves good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrotula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates s good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

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at once on the translation, happy in the consciousness that she was putting her hand to the plough with Basil, and driv tting her ing the share through the smoking soil, while he cast the seed into the furrow.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

Narka had not been to see Marguerite since the meeting. If any one had asked her why, she, would have said it was beher why, she, would have said it was be-cause she had been busy, or absent at Margnerite's convenient hours for seeing her. But the true though unacknowl-edged reason was that she shrank from the contact. Margnerite's pure and un-compromising orthodoxies somehow always rebuked her like a living con-science; and now that her mind had be-come tained with white knowladee and come tainted with guilty knowledge, and was tacitly, half-consciously, conniving at it, she did not dare intrude herself on a life that was filled from morning till night with placid sanctities, sweet and common as daisies in the grass, and wholesome as a field of new-mown hay. She was afraid to meet those true, inn cent eyes that were bubbling up with happiness and trust in God and man, like with happiness and trust in God and man, fike clear fournains in the sunlight. She avoided Marguerite since she had set her foot upon the downward path. For Nar-ka knew that it was a downward path. Those articles of Basil's had fanned the lame of her love and fired her imagina-ion, but they had not blinded her reason. She saw clearly enough the logical link between those blood-stirring appeals and the doctrines enunciated at the meeting. Marguerite, meantime, was too busy to go to people who were able to come to her. She heard from Madame Blaquette that Narka was well and out every day, and this was enough. She had, morever, heavier cares than usual pressing on her for the moment. La Villette was "nervous;" in other words, it was mak-ing ready for a revolution. The elders of the community, enlightened by past ex-periences, recognized signs and symbols which Marguerite's quick intuition could not have failed, even without this warn-ing, to notice. The district echoed with sounds and silences that were not to be

bala ought never to leave thin for a two because it made it so much worse for he when she had to come back to him?" "Where is the bad husband here?" said Sibyl, glancing round as if she half expected to see him hiding somewhere. "Have you gone and married unbeknown "The husband is only a figure," replied

"The husband is only a figure," replied Narka. "The fact is, the contrast be-tween my life and yours is too great, the charm and splendor of your home make the hurry-scurry and sordid vulgarities of my own look worse to me. I have made up my mind not to risk it, not to try to snatch at what has been so com-pletely taken from me. It is much better for me to stay in my own corner and toil and moil and never try to sease, and and moil, and never try to escape, and put on my silk gown and sit idle like a lady. I feel such a sham when I go to

you and play the lady "What nonsense you are talking! You

"What nonsense you are talking! You are a sham when you try not to play the lady, as you call it. Your ladyhood is as inalienable as the shape of your eyes or the color of your hair. I don't know what you mean by sordid vulgarity; a life of intellectual labor is not sordid or vulgar. It has always seemed to me a grand thing to owe everything to one's self. I should have been very proud if I could have earned my own living." The sentiment was sublimely absurd in Sibyl's mouth, and yet it did Narka good to hear her speak so. It raised her

in Sibyl's mouth, and yee it out starks good to hear her speak so. It raised her in her own eyes to hear Sibyl say that working for bread was a grand thing. There was still a virtue in Sibyl's touch

They was like nothing else. They talked about other things, and then Sibyl said : "And Marguerite? You see her often ?" How is she?"

"I hope she is well, for she works like a little pony. She is goodness itself to

"I am so glad, darling! But Marguer

ite is an angel." "I knew that already ; but I have dis-"I knew that already ; but I have discovered here that she is a genius. She would have made a first-rate queen. She has a genius for governing. If you could see how she manages the roughs and the drunkards! The people positively wor-ship her; there are all sorts of stories abroad about the miracles Sour Marguer-

which Marguerite's quick intuition could not have failed, even without this warn-ing, to notice. The district echoed with sounds and silences that were not to be mistaken. The wine-shops were crowded doors there came reverberations of that alcoholic oratory which to the Parisian ouvrier is like a lighted match put to pou-der. A more significant sign to Marguer-ite was that the orators avoided her. She

has persuaded him to wait and give him time to live down his foolish passion. I fear Basil has entangled himself deeper, and in more ways than we suspected. And he has broken through all restraint with my father, and rails against the tyranny of the emperor and the miserable condition of the people, and goes on like a lunatic. The wonder is that my father bears it. But the wonder of all is that any one so clever as Basil can be such a tool! As if our moujiks wanted to be free! As if they would know what to do fool: As if our moujiks wanted to be free! As if they would know what to do with themselves if they were sent adrift to morrow like English or French peasants! Togive them perfect freedom would be to make them miserable." "My dear Sibyl," Narka protested, with a ringing laugh, " would a lark be miser-

a ringing laugh, " would a lark be miser able if you opened its cage and set i

free?" "Yes, it would, if it had been born in a cage. That is what you and Basil don' consider." (How that "you and Basil' made Narka's heart leap !) "Humar " Human beings, like animals, are only happy in the conditions they are born to. A savage is happy in savage conditions; our civilized ways would be misery to him. Fancy a red Indian, roaming through his forests in a bead necklace, suddenly trapped, and his free limbs packed into pantaloons and

top-boots ?" "We Russians are not quite red In-dians," said Narka." "We have been slowly educated up to top-boots these fifty years past."

years past. "Unfortunately!" said Sibyl, with in-tense emphasis. "Our people were much happier before they ever heard of top-boots. They were content with their lot, just as the camel that toils all his life through the desert is content; but if you bring a camel un as a net to eat and drink bring a camel up as a pet to eat and drink and lie in the shade, and then load him and turn him cut into the desert to tramp dis-without water under a vertical sun, do you she think he would be content?"

"He would be a great fool if he were. But what does that prove ?—that the majority of human beings ought to be treated like camels ?

like camels ?" "They ought not to be unfitted for their allotted work." "Allotted? Who allotted it? When God created the world did He allot the millions as camels to the tens? Did He authorize you to treat the people as cathe?" cattle

cattle ?" "I don't think we ever treated our people as cattle," said Sibyl, surprised and resentful. "You did not; but others around you

did, and you might if you had chosen. I For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Friendly to Catholicism.

Dispatches from England state that staunch Protestants are greatly alarmed by the claim put forward by a leading Catholic journal that Qaeen Victoria was baptized a Roman Catholic. It maintains that the Queen cer tainly was not baptized in the Anglican church ; that the Duchess of Kent (her mother), whose Catholic tenden cies were well known, had her bap-tized by a Catholic priest; and that at the coronation both baptism and confirmation were conferred as the easiest way out of a difficulty.

The Queen herself is certainly friendly to Catholicism, and just now she has given striking proof of her re-gard for the Catholic religion. The Rev. Jacob Primmer, a fierce anti-Catho lic preacher, sent the Queen a copy of book he had just published, giving a characteristic account of a visit he made to Rome. The Queen returned the volume immediately, with a curt intimation that she could, not possibly accept it. Mr. Primmer thereupon made a violent, insulting attack upon her from a Scotch pulpit, accusing her of Roman tendencies. The Queen, of course, has ignored the onslaught.

After a Severe Cold.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated and Hood's Sarsaprilla built me up and made me strong and well. Atter a severe cold I had catarrhal fever. I again resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla which accomplished a complete cure." SARAH E. DEVAY, Annapolis, Nova Scotta.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathar-tic, easy to take, easy to operate.



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