

fuse me, then, then am I desolate indeed. Give me your hand, give me your voice. Why do you turn away, why do you tremble?"

"There was a deathly pallor in her face. She was violently agitated. She drew her hands from mine. There was a look of the most infinite tenderness in her eyes, and then they became suddenly cold. They were like ice indeed. With stately dignity she repelled me.

"You must leave me," she said.

"Leave you! Why?" said I. "This is too cruel. Give me some explanation."

"There is no need of any explanation," she said. "Be a man, I pray you. If you are a hero, show it now, more than when the cannon roared about you."

"There was a dreadful silence for a while. A gentleman was approaching. She laughed a little and burst out, 'This is fortunate, Mr. Burnham. A merry meeting once more. Allow me to make you acquainted with my husband, Mr. Raymond.'

"It seemed as if I should fall to the ground. Only by sheer will did I force myself to greet her husband. I would not for the world have him suspect my agony. I gayly laughed with Lorena.

"A happy meeting. This is one of the freaks of fortune. Mrs. Raymond and I just shook hands in the midst of the war and parted by the red flame of battle; unexpectedly we strike hands again where the voices of peace make the air musical."

"This is a pleasure indeed," said Mr. Raymond, with gracious dignity. "I hope we shall know each other better."

"The acquaintance of an hour must become the friendship of a lifetime," said Lorena.

"I shall do my best in that direction," I answered.

"The 'small-talk' flowed. With tremendous effort I did my share of the conversation until we parted at the hotel steps.

"Mr. Raymond was a fine-looking man of noble culture, several years older than Lorena I should judge, and every way fitted to make her a happy companion.

"I staggered to my room. The cup of bliss so suddenly presented was as suddenly dashed to the ground, and darkness was over my soul. If ever any man was tempted to commit suicide, I was. For a while, I was actually insane. The very horrors of hell leaped and burned within my brain.

"What should I do? I felt as if I could not tear myself from her side. She was the loadstar of my life. All my passion was centered in her. All my happiness was at her feet. I would be her slave if she would only let me rest within her smile.

"In the morning I received a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE TORCHES.

By W. E. Johnson

Some have lost the knowledge of God; they have gone back to the state of terror, or of indifference, or of hostility. If they have become afraid of Him, "sin lieth at the door."—The Christian Advocate.

But your whole theology teaches us to "fear God." Now you reprove us because we are afraid of him. What are you driving at anyhow?

Neither patriotism, religion, morality, intelligence nor common decency can be placed to the credit of Catholicism. It is full of putrifying sores, and a mass of rottenness. The American Baptist, Fla., September 16.

Now let some Catholic paper tell the truth about the Baptists. It will be another scrap between the pot and the kettle—each calling the other "black."

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."—Florida Evangelist, September 18.

We suppose, therefore, that it is only an indication of conjugal affection when a husband thrashes his wife.

Those who want to be paid for being good are generally good for nothing.—The Midland, Omaha, September 25.

That is one of the great objections to the Christian theology. We are exhorted to be good so as to reap a reward in glory. We are offered bribes of wings, harps, halos, solid gold pavements for the celestial streets, emeralds, pearls, sapphires, eternal life and jewelry without end as payment for our faith here below. A soul which requires such boodle to induce it to be decent is scarcely worth saving anyhow.

Q. How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in His Church?

A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation; that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.—The Church Catechism, Page 11.

We suppose that all who have died without receiving the holy bath and without eating of the Lord's free lunch are now frying in the eternal furnace prepared by our loving heavenly father for his children on earth.

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