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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XXXVII.

In this manner that first meeting with Arminie, which Egerton had secretly followed her into the nave, where she knelt on a chair next to those already occupied by Mlle. d'Antig-

Every age," began the clear voice, "has its distinctive character impressed upon it by God, its divinely-appointed work to do, and its inevitable conflict with evil to wage.

No, the age has nothing to teach us which is new. It only distorts ancient and divine truths. We may go through article after article of the creed which is shaking the world to its centre, and find each article but a parody of the worship of God.

Such a mirage is the dream of human progress, the Utopia of human perfection, which intoxicates and deludes multitudes in the present time.

burning heart of the Church it is forming new saints whose chief characteristic is this spirit, and it is bringing forth new orders for the special purpose of inspiring Christ in His poor.

alone, who stood by the cradle of civilization, is here to-day in all the beauty of her perpetual youth. Do you persecute her? O blind and foolish generation!

It was a pleasant hour for such a promenade along the quays. On one side the river flowed, bearing the sun-set light on its breast; on the other were glimpses of narrow, picturesque streets lined with those tall old houses which still exist on the left bank of the Seine.

Well, for one thing, the spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which the preacher spoke, the girl replied a little sadly. "It would astonish you if you could know how sincere this is in many of those whom the world calls Positivists and Socialists.

There was a path from the main road, and from the road another path leading to the ruin and to the resting-places of poor dead women and dead men, which lay round it.

Time had impaired the inscription, but by the clear light of the moon could still be seen the words, "Nora, aged nineteen years."

He seemed heedless of time, but at last he knelt, and, stretching his clasped hands over the stone with a yearning gesture, he prayed silently.

He was younger by a number of years, and not yet acquainted with grief. He was pacing the sands, too, but by his side was a girl who wore a cloak which covered her head, as was the fashion then.

AS SPARKS FLY UPWARDS. BY JESSIE TULLOCH.

The moon was shining over a wild, desolate strand on the southern coast of Ireland, where high cliffs frowned darkly and rugged rocks cast weird shadows on the sands.

Above the cliff arose an arched doorway and window, the ruin of a church where God was worshipped in days long gone by.

There was a path from the main road, and from the road another path leading to the ruin and to the resting-places of poor dead women and dead men, which lay round it.

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