|  |  | ening now. Ycang men of the atrong | went home | ior |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | ging the songs of your childhood. there are those here who have their | and of the stout heart and of the |  |  |  |
| EE. Pr | second dwelling place. It is your a |  | frivolity and sin, he samk |  |  |
|  | you established the first fan | bath. Tell me how a young man | lower. He lost his businces porition, lost his morals. He lost his soul. | 隹 |  |
|  |  | spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you | died a dreadful death, not one |  |  |
| ate, Indutaty nna | death angel. Under |  | today," said that minister, "to th | in Penim | - |
|  |  |  | ${ }_{\text {git }}^{\text {goo }}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  | ot |  |  |
|  |  |  | ob, your |  |  |
| to the osual crowded andience, ${ }^{\text {a }}$ ak ap |  |  | pent on. The |  |  |
| II | ${ }_{\text {md }}^{\text {mid }}$ | for the feeding and clothing of the immortal sonl? | busi |  |  |
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| jatre |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { mo } \\ & \text { yo } \\ & \text { ho } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
| vas |  |  | hollow. Yc grand and |  |  |
| that he had smch a luxarintt thock of |  | and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sab- | the religion that can do ft. God arve yout |  |  |
| Whar mas cout of weig bed over threo |  |  |  |  |  |
| peande Sut notwithtanding all his | stor |  | My maid I would find a barber shop |  |  |
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| his father's govermment. The day of | stand back from that thremola ctone- crate some ppot in that room with the |  | 1 |  |  |
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| kntes of the palaco waiting for the tid. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| - $u$ pen the congratulations of the nation |  |  |  |  |  |
| and went ap the stairs of his palace, his | ${ }_{\text {in }}$ |  |  |  |  |
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| ing them againet his temples as ihough |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | bad business. I gave my heart to God, |  |  |  |
| gers in your father's house. God pity <br> you, young man; you never had a |  |  |  |  |  |
| n |  |  |  |  | by Carriag |
|  |  |  | thells, in Century. |  |  |
| roct, ,ut yon camot think of it now withouta dash of emotion. You have |  |  | neesponding to the nusie. |  |  |
| your ronl A tranger pasaing alone |  |  |  |  |  |
| place might see nothing remark |  |  |  |  |  |
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