

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dark Side of City Life."

TEXT: "And the darkness He called night."—Genesis 1, 5.

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one of everything glad and beautiful, the other of everything sad and gloomy.

There are two men passing up and down the street. The one a city missionary who has been carrying a bundle of coal to that poor family in the tenement house.

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THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1893.

From the wheezing witness, a man in a rum grocery up to the millionaires in the stock market.

In the afternoon, four days passed the streets of our American cities, and you hear the clatter of the wheels and the rattle of the wheels.

All these things are done in the name of the law, and the law is the same for all.

In the morning, when that city was the greatest of the greatest places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning in the woods around that city to find the suspended bodies of men.

On the other side of the pulpit sat the man who had ruined him. They were the men who had ruined him.

At the Second—The marriage altar. Full of light, bright lights, long white veils.

At the Third—Three graves in a dark place, the grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of grief.

At the Fourth—The man who had ruined him. They were the men who had ruined him.

At the Fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light, no music, no hope.

man as that into the church, I said: "You bring him in the church. He stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead."

On the other side of the pulpit sat the man who had ruined him. They were the men who had ruined him.

At the First of the Tragedy—A young man starting off from home, parents and family weeping to have him go.

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How Some Men Propose. One Person Who is Interested in the Subject.

"I am a crank," said the club man, "on the subject of proposals. I would rather hear a story of how a man asked the woman he loved to marry him than to take a trip to Europe."

"I cannot say that I do," said Nutting. "I reckon not—as you never see me before. I am Mrs. Allen—Bathsheba Allen—and my boy, he's Rufus Allen."

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal.

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Facing a Bear. One foggy morning the sleepers in a hunters' camp on the bank of a Florida river were roused by the "geow-out-oo" of the dogs, roaring in chorus.

"There was a noise, and the prolonged 'Oo-ooo-ooo' of the hounds showed that the bear was at bay. In a close thicket of cedars, the bear on his haunches, with his back against a bank, his eyes red, his mouth open, shedding foam.

"The doctor" sat in front of the bear, six steps off, his feet buried in sand, his coat and vest wide open, and his head in both hands, directing the men to the muzzle of the rifle in the ground, and the blade pointed at the bear. He had tumbled down the bank in front of the bear, who was rampant.

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THE TOTTING BABY.

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A SOUTH KN SALE.

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THE LADIAN SELF-MURDER AND S-H-TORTURE.

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THE NEW SUBMARINE CABLE.

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THE SEWING MACHINE AGENT'S TALE.

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CONSUMPTION OF TIMBER.

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