



summons, touched the different hands held out to guide her, sprang across, and stumbled down over the deck, with weeds, blood and dead to all other sights and sounds.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The night was as good as one as need have been, and the doctor had occasionally been known, there was on the present occasion, no call for consolation.

For she was not required to come down again. There was no more to be said, and she was left to her own thoughts.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. The morning dawned, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER X.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

REV. DR. TALEMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON. Subject: "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms."

The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the world's great orator, Ceylon was called the "Isle of Palms."

CHAPTER III.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER X.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

Two processes I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindu priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face discolored by lacrimations, his eyes closed, his hands clasped in prayer, his feet on a lotus flower.

The Episcopal church was here the national church, but the establishment has taken place, and in 1850 all denominations are on an equal footing, and all are doing mightily.

CHAPTER III.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling, the sky was black and drear. When the sun set, the stars brought the ship without a word.

CHAPTER III.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER X.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

Food for Thought.

- Love is life. Love is the root of creation. Patience is the art of hoping. A roge is a roundabout fool. No man becomes a saint in his sleep. He is the greatest coward who fears himself. Looking for trouble is one way to make it. Where is the man who loves his enemies. Praise when you can censure when you must. Every day you should learn some thing new. Gossip is generally a desire to get even. He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy. It takes the plow and the harrow to till good soil that it is good. Slander deserves almost as severe punishment as murder. People who won't believe anything but what they can prove are to be pitied. A man who does wisely should not indulge in foolish talk. Sin is not only God's enemy, but every soul's enemy. A full jail is better than an empty one. Unreasonable egotism is disgusting. Distrust of others is the result of distrust of self. The sublime in anything is a reflection of God. Crafty men condemn saints, simple men admire them and wise men use them.

FOOT OF THE SHAFT.

I was paying a visit to one of the largest coal-mining districts in the kingdom. As the friend with whom I was staying was engaged at business during the day, I was rowing on my boat on the river in the evening.

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The day passed quietly, and the sun shone brightly, but the air was still and heavy.

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