

DON'T INVITE SORROW.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Powerful Sermon on the Insanity of Borrowing Trouble—It Has Wrecked Many a Life. The Lord Will Look Out for You.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 16.—Dr. Talmage has returned from his western tour rejuvenated in health and cheered by the hearty and enthusiastic greetings he has received in the numerous cities he has visited.

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of trouble in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune, but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary.

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. One thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune. If he prays, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered."

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup.

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that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a heaving down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on.

Why bring new sorrows? The shadows of today are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come and bring out more gall into the bitterness?

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Rapid Transit. Old Bob Keyworth and Gilhooley were discussing scientific topics a few days ago. "Light travels at the rate of 20,000 miles a minute," remarked Gilhooley.



One of the Finest—Do you know how to play checkers? Corner Loufer—Yes. One of the Finest—It's yure move, thin.—Truth.

A Duck Hunting Story. Old Captain Prout, for whom Prout's Neck, was a well known summer resort, is named, was a noted gunner in the days when waterfowl were plenty in that vicinity.

Comparisons. "Mamma," said Phil, walking gravely out of the study evidently bearing a heavy mental load, "when you smile at me like that your expression is as sweet as—as saccharine."

Red Tapes. The widow of an English army officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing her pension. She presented the usual certificate of the clergyman of her village to the effect that she was still alive.

An Annoying Mistake. Stranger (at Delmonago's, to distinguished looking person)—Excuse me, sir, but have I the honor of addressing Mr. Ward McAllister?

A Lesson in French. "Johnny Barkins, what is the meaning of ouf?" "Egg, ma'am."

The Way It Happened. Ethel—Mamma and I were attacked by the tramp, and I threw a stone and knocked him flat.

Thought She Was Shot, but She Wasn't. Even the saddest accident is pretty sure to be the moving cause of one or two more or less amusing incidents, and Tuesday night's gasometer explosion was no exception to the rule.

A Galleic Find in Denmark. An antiquarian find, which will excite interest all over Europe, has lately been made in Ruvenomee peat bog, near Hobro in Jutland, Aalborg Amt.

Where the Line Was Drawn. "What a mystery is woman! How tender, how gentle, how forgiving! Like a moss rose, her love sheds its delicious perfume over her husband's heart and home."

Considerate Johnny. Mrs. Yeger—Johnny, what became of the berries Mrs. Peterby gave you for me yesterday?

No Leisure. "I'll wait until you are at leisure," said a caller to the editor.

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Ladies' Paragon



Gents' Paragon



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