## Dinnat Forget

LIGHT OUT OF


## N:

## by the sight of the other fellow philain dering after the girl he had loved a  In the meantime Dick Aylmer went

## 

 5馀



| which set Dick wondering what itcould mean.Well, after this it very soon becamsan estabilished custom that Diek should | TALMAGE'S SERMON. "THE FIELD OF BLOOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUEJECT. | of this country reeks with sin. in some of those eftics every third or fourth Louse in many of the streets is a gam- |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |
| find his way over to Gravelelgh at least twice in every week, and sometimes Miss Dimsdale asked him |  |  |
|  | Yrom the Test, Aets 1. verie 19, an |  |
|  |  |  |
| ture, though she was quiet and somewhat stiff in manner, and a little oldfashfoned in her tdeas. And although David Stevenson bad all her wishes on | of the Gamester Folnted Out. <br> The money that Judas gave for sur- |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| David Stevenson bad all her wishes on hils slde, she really grew to like Dick the better of the two, for Diek was | The mone that Juass gave for sur- |  |
|  |  |  |
| the better of the two, for Diek was gentle and kind in his manner to each and all allke, content to let his |  |  |
| wooing do itself-if the truth between you and me be told, happy in the present, and a little inclined to leave |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| present, and a little inclined to leave the future to be as long the future as |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | and every gambing saloon, a men and able, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnadined with the life of innumerable victims- | But anything that first gratifes this |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | rough mustictan, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument! God never made a man |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village sation in one night be makes and loses the value of |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | cut garments and weigh sugar, when in a night's game he makes and loses, snd makes again and lcses agaln, the protIts of a seazon? |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | John Borack wes sent as a meran-tio arent rcom wrament |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | It was foumed that be bard street, London, \$29,000; in Fuiton street, New York, $\$ 10,000$, and in New Orleans *7 000.- He was imprisoned |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | a lunatic axylum. This crime ts get. |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | down will come the great ertasish: |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | fort and immortal souls. How it dfverts and sinks capttal may le fnferred from some authentic statement before |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | us. The ten gaming houses that once were anthorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly $325,000,000$ frances. |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | A young man in iondon, on coming of age, recelved a fortune of one hundred and twenty thouzand dollars, and through gambling in three ycars was |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to New Orleans. He was rich, intellectual and elegant in |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | his departure from home, their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of bim. They flattered him. They furcd |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | $\mathrm{h} / \mathrm{m}$ to the eaming table and let $\mathrm{h} / \mathrm{m}$ win almost every time for a good whtle and patted him on the back and sald, |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | and patted him on the back and sald, "First rate player." But fully in their grasp, they fleeced him, and his thirty |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | thousand dollars was lost. Last of all, he put ap his watch and lost that. Then he becan to think of his home, |
|  |  |  |
| 19. <br> Oh, a drive," repeated the other.解 | rectly or indfrectly this evil atrikes at the whole world. |  |
|  |  | and of his oId father and mother, and wrote thus: <br> My beloved parents, you will doubt- |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | My beloved parents, you will doubtless feel a momentary foy at the reception of this letter fron the chill of rour bosom, on whom you have lay- |
|  |  | Your bosom, on whom yout have lavy |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | when you hhatd have reectived thlis |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | deep, nevor to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroy- |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | er, but. ol. may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the anwary, in a way that shaly best |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | please him! This, my Gear pareats, is the last letter yon will ever receive from me. I bumbly pray your forgive. |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | (trom ne. It isumby pray your forgive |
|  |  | me, the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to tae is insupnortnble I samnot, nay, I will mot, sut- |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | The olf father came to the postoffice, got the letter, and fell to the |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | floor. They thought hie was deat at flrat, but they brushed back the whete hair from his brow and fannad him. |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | He bad only fainted. "Aceldama, the Aeld af blood"." |
|  |  | table they shout: "Foul! fout"" Over all tho eraming-tabiess of the worid I cry |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | out the ectacry, Wrth a bobla or knife, <br> or seswins-machhus, or coat, or cartiage. <br> there goes a puiza. At these stores peo- |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | ,tmuene ton |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |

