VOL. 30

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

2:00 a YEAR.

SIN AS A TASKMASTER.

NOW THE WORLD'S TROUBLES ARE BORNE BY MEN.

Wonderful Sermon—The Pendulum of the Soul Swinging—The Pendulum Are Now Without Hope—What Makes Home for Man on Earth.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 16—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's discourse today was entitled, "Lifted from the Brickkilns." His text was: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Psalms lxviii. 13. He said:

They made bricks. Amid the utterances of the text there were the clay, the straw, the brick kiln, there were the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when the day was over slaves, tired of the day's work, the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work found their companionship in the clay and the smoke and the dust. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Psalms lxviii. 13. He said:

Why, my friends, this world is all down in Egyptian slavery. Look at the brick kiln, there were the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when the day's work was over, the slaves, tired of the day's work, the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work found their companionship in the clay and the smoke and the dust. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Psalms lxviii. 13. He said:

Look at the brick kiln, there were those bricks for them to make. Look at those poor slaves into a hard bondage. Look at those poor slaves, tired of the day's work, gathering around their pots and pans to prepare their daily food—and when the day was over, tired of the day's work, the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work found their companionship in the clay and the smoke and the dust. Look at those poor slaves into a hard bondage. Look at those poor slaves, tired of the day's work, gathering around their pots and pans to prepare their daily food—and when the day was over, tired of the day's work, the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work found their companionship in the clay and the smoke and the dust. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something that will be to you like the wings of a dove covered with silver, and my feathers shall be yellow gold. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Even our vicious moments come to us in the form of a dove covered with silver, and our feathers are yellow gold. Even our vicious moments come to us in the form of a dove covered with silver, and our feathers are yellow gold. Even our vicious moments come to us in the form of a dove covered with silver, and our feathers are yellow gold. Even our vicious moments come to us in the form of a dove covered with silver, and our feathers are yellow gold.

Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us in the brick kiln of sin, and makes us pick up our straw, and makes us do our work, and makes us do our work, and makes us do our work