

THE PHILIPPIN JAILER.

"Sirs, What Must I Do to be Saved?"

Features of the Agitated Jail-keeper.
Query of Paul and Silas.—A. To usage
Descendants on the Courteous, Practical
and Earnest Character of the Question.

Washington despatch says: The
closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr.
Talmage chose a subject which ap-
peals to the unconverted everywhere,
namely: The Philippin Jailer. The
text selected was: "Sirs, what must I
do to be saved?"—Acts xvi, 30.

Incarcerated in a Philippin peni-
tentiary, a place cold, and dark, and
damp, and loathsome, and hideous,
unilluminated save by the torch of
the official who comes to see if they
are alive yet, are two ministers of
Christ, their feet fast in instruments
of torture, their shoulders dripping
from the stroke of leathern thongs,
their mouths hot with inflammation
of thirst, their heads faint because
they may not lie down. In a comfort-
able room of that same building, and
amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid
officer of the government, whose busi-
ness it is to supervise the prison. It
is night, and all is still in the corri-
dors of the dungeon save as some
murderer struggles with a horrid
dream, or a ruffian turns over in his
chains, or there is the cough of a
dying consumptive amid the damp-
ness; but suddenly, crash! go the
walls. The jail-keeper, although fami-
liar with the darkness and the horrors
hovering around the dungeon, is start-
led beyond all bounds, and flambeau
in hand he rushes through amid the
falling walls, shouting at the top of
his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be
saved?"

I shall proceed to characterize the
question of the agitated jail-keeper.
And first, I characterize the question
as courteous. He might have rushed
in and said: "Paul and Silas, you
vagabonds, are you tearing down this
prison? Aren't you satisfied with dis-
turbance of the peace of the city by
your infamous doctrines? And are you
now going to destroy public property?
Back with you to your places, you
vagabonds!" He said no such thing.
The word of four letters, "Sirs,"
equivalent to "lords," recognized the
majesty and the honor of his mis-
sion. "Sirs! If a man with a captious
spirit tries to find the way to heaven,
he will miss it. If a man comes out
and pronounces all Christians as
hypocrites, and the religion of Jesus
Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating
questions about the mysterious and
the inscrutable, saying: 'Come, my
wise man, explain this and explain
that; if this be true how can that be
true'—no such man finds the way to
heaven. The question of the text was
decent, courteous, gentlemanly, defer-
ential. Sirs!

Again, I characterize this question
of the agitated jail-keeper by saying
that it was a practical question. He
did not ask why God let sin come into
the world, he did not ask how Christ
could be God and man in the same
person, he did not ask the doctrine of
the decrees explained or wanted to
know whom Cain married, or what
was the cause of the earthquake. His
present and everlasting welfare was
involved in the question, and was not
that practical? But I know multitudes
of people who are bothering
themselves about the non-essentials
of religion. What would you think of
a man who should, while discussing
the question of the light and heat of
the sun, spend his time down in a
cool cellar, when he might come out
and see the one and feel the other?
Yet there are multitudes of men who,
in discussing the chemistry of the
gospel, spend their time down in the
dungeon of their unbelief, when God
all the while stands telling them to
come out into the noonday light and
warmth of the Sun of Righteousness.
The question for you, my brother, to
discuss it not whether Calvin or Ar-
minius was right, not whether a
baptism of water in holy baptism or
a baptism of the Spirit, not whether
fore-ordination and free agency can
be harmonized. The practical ques-
tion for you to discuss, and for me
to discuss, is, "Where will I spend
eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question
of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal
to himself. I have no doubt he had
many friends, and he was interested in
their welfare. I have no doubt he
found that there were persons in that
prison who, if the earthquake had de-
stroyed them, would have found their
case desperate. The whole weight of his
question turns on the pronoun "I." "What
shall I do?" Of course, when a
man becomes a Christian he imme-
diately becomes anxious for the salva-
tion of other people, but until that
point is reached the most important
question is about your own salvation.
"What is to be my destiny?" "What
are my prospects for the future?"
"Where am I going?" "What shall I
do?" The trouble is we shuffle the re-
sponsibility off upon others. We pro-
phesy a bad end to that inebriate, and
terrible exposure to that defaulter, and
awful catastrophe to that profligate.
We are so busy weighing other peo-
ple we forget ourselves to get into the
scales. We are so busy watching the
poor gardens of other people that we
let our own dooryard go to weeds. We
are so busy sending off other people in-
to the lifeboat we sink in the waves.
We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's
house is burning down and seem to be
uninterested, although our own house
is in the conflagration. O wandering
thoughts, disappear to-day. Blot out
this entire audience except yourself.
Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death,
is it provided for? Your heaven, is it
secured? A mightier earthquake than
that which demolished the Philippin
penitentiary will rumble about your
ears. The foundations of the earth
will give way. The earth by one tre-
mor will fling all the American cities
into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces
and prisons, which have stood for
thousands of years, will topple like a
child's blockhouse. The surges of the
sea will submerge the land, and the
Atlantic and Pacific oceans, above the
Alps and the Andes, clap their hands.
What then will become of me? What
then will become of you? I do not
wonder at the anxiety of this man of
my text, for he was not only anxious

about the falling of the prison, but the
falling of a world.

Again, I remark: I characterize this
question of the agitated jail-keeper as
one of incomparable importance. Men
are alike, and I suppose he had a score
of questions on his mind, but all ques-
tions for this world are hushed up, for-
gotten, annihilated in the one question
of the text: "What must I do to be
saved?" And have you, my brother,
any question of importance compared
with that question? Is it a question
of business? Your common sense tells
you that you will soon cease worldly
business. You know very well that you
will soon pass out of that partnership.
You know that beyond a certain point,
of all the millions of dollars worth of
goods sold, you will not handle a yard
of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pen-
ny's worth. After that, if a conflagra-
tion should sweep all Washington
into ashes it would not touch you, and
would not damage you. If every ash-
ler should abscond, and every bank
suspend payment, and every insurance
company fail, it would not affect you.
Oh, how insignificant is business this
side the grave with business on the
other side the grave!

Oh, what a question, what an im-
portant question. Is there any ques-
tion that compares with it in impor-
tance? What is it now to Napoleon III,
whether he triumphed or surrendered at
Sedan, whether he died at the Tuil-
eries or Chislehurst, whether he was
emperor or exile? Because he was laid
out in the coffin in the dress of a
field marshal, did that give him any
better chance for the future than if
he had been laid out in a plain shroud?
What difference will it soon make to
you or to me whether in this world we
walked or rode, whether we were bow-
ed or mal-treated, whether we were
applauded or hissed at, welcomed in
or kicked out? While laying hold of
every moment of the future, and burn-
ing in every splendor or every grief,
and over-arching or undergirding all
earthly and all eternity will be the plain,
startling, infinite, stupendous ques-
tion of the text: "What must I do to be
saved?"

Again, I characterize this question
of the agitated jail-keeper as one
crushed out by his misfortunes, press-
ed out by his misfortunes. The fall-
ing of the penitentiary, his occupation
was gone. Besides that, the flight of
a prisoner was ordinarily the death of
a jailer. He was held as responsible. If
all had gone well, if the prison walls
had not been shaken of the earth-
quake, if the prisoners had all stayed
quiet in the stocks, if the morning
sunlight had calmly dropped on the
jailer's pillow, do you think he would
have hurried this restless question from
his soul into the ears of the prison
prisoners? Ah! no; you know as well
as I do it was the earthquake that
roused him up. And it is trouble that
starts a great many people to asking
the same question. It has been so
with a multitude of you. Your ap-
parel is not as bright as it once was.
Why have you changed the garb? You
are not like solferino, and crimson,
and purple as well as once? Yes, But
you say: "While I was prospered and
happy those colors were accordant with
my feelings; now they would be dis-
cordant to my soul. And so you have
plaited up the shadows into a garb of
pale. The world is a very different
place from what it was once for you!
Once you said: 'Oh, if I could only
have it quiet a little while.' It is too
quiet. Some people say that they
would not bring back their departed
friends from heaven, even if they had
the opportunity; but if you had the
opportunity you would bring back
your loved ones, and soon their feet
would be sounding in the hall, and
soon their voices would be heard in
the family, and the old times would
come back, just as the festal days of
Christmas and Thanksgiving—days
gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake
that startled you to asking this ques-
tion—the earthquake of domestic mis-
fortune. Death is so cruel, so devour-
ing, so relentless, that when it swal-
lows up our loved ones we must have
some one to whom we can carry our
torn and bleeding hearts. We need a
balm better than anything that ever
exuded from earthly tree to heal the
pang of the soul. It is pleasant to
have our friends gather around us and
tell us how sorry they are, and try
to break up the loneliness; but nothing
but the hand of Jesus Christ can take
the bruised soul and put it in his
bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of
heaven. O, brother! O, sister! the
gravestone will never be lifted from
your hearts until Christ lifts it. Was
it not the loss of your friends, or the
persecution of your enemies, or the
overthrow of your worldly estate—
was it not an earthquake that started
you out to ask this stupendous ques-
tion of my text?

But I remark again: I characterize
this question of the agitated jail-
keeper as hasty, urgent and imme-
diate. He put it on the run. By the
light of his torch he looked to look
for the apostles, behold his face, see
the startled look and see the earnest-
ness. No one can doubt by that look
that the man is in earnest. He must
have that question answered before
the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he
will never have it answered at all. Is
that the way, my brother, my sister,
you are putting this question? Is it
urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not,
it will not be answered. It is the ur-
gent and immediate question of the
gospel Christ answers. A great many
are asking this question, but they
draw it out, as if they do not mean it.
Make it an urgent question, and then
you will have it answered before an
hour passes, before a minute passes.
When a man with all the earnestness
of his soul cries out for God, he finds
him, and finds him right away.

DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing
Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours
Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney troubles
suffer acutely. When some kinds
of sickness can be borne with forti-
tude, it is no easy matter to exercise
this virtue when one is a sufferer
from kidney troubles. Hope may
sustain a person when a medicine is
being used that doctors say will ven-
tually effect a cure. But who wants
to continue an agonizing course of
treatment when a medicine like South
American Kidney Cure is within the
reach of everyone and that is so
speedy as well as certain in its ef-
fects? This new remedy has been
thoroughly tested by learned physi-
cians, and stands to-day ahead of any
medicine used for this purpose. It
does not pretend to cure anything
else, but it does cure kidney disease.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON—NO. II.
Jan. 12, 1896.

The Boy Jesus—Luke 2; 40-52.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text?
School.—Jesus increased in wisdom
and stature, and in favor with God
and man.—Luke ii, 52.

Supt.—What is the central truth?
School.—Cheerful obedience is pleas-
ing to God.

Supt.—What is the topic?
School.—A noble example.

Supt.—What is the outline?
School.—I. Jesus at home in Nazareth.
II. Jesus at school with the
doctors. III. Jesus obedient to par-
ents. IV. Jesus obedient to par-
ents.

Time.—A. D. S. Place.—Jerusalem.
Persons.—Joseph, Mary, Jesus, the
doctors.

Commentary.—40. The child grew.
etc. As other children, He grew in
stature of body, and the improvement
of understanding in His human soul,
that His natural body might be a fig-
ure of His mystical body, which,
though animated by a perfect spirit,
yet maketh increase of itself till it
comes to the perfect man. Eph iv,
13-16.—Where other children are
weak in understanding and resolu-
tion, He was strong in spirit. By
the Spirit of God, His human soul was
endued with extraordinary vigor, and
all His faculties performed their of-
fices in an extraordinary manner. When
other children show that the cor-
ruption of nature is in them, He made
it appear that nothing but the grace
of God was upon Him, and where
other children are by nature children
of wrath, He was greatly beloved, an
high in the favor of God.—Com. Com.

41. His parents went to Jerusalem.
The celebration lasted seven days,
from the fifteenth day of Nisan. Every
Israelite was bound to be present, ex-
cept such as were unable to perform
the necessary journey, viz., the sick,
the aged and boys under the age of
twelve years, who, as well as the
blind, the deaf, the lame, were per-
mitted to remain at home.

42. He was twelve years old.—At
this age He was put under a course
of instruction, and trained to fast-
ing and attendance on public worship,
besides being set to learn a trade.—
F. & B. 43. Had fulfilled the days
—Eight days in all; one was the pas-
s-over, and the other seven the days of
unleavened bread. Jesus tarried be-
hind—not because He was loath to go
home, or shy of His parents' com-
pany, but because He had business to
do there, and would let His parents
know that He had a Father in
heaven of whom He was to be ob-
servant, more than of them; and respect
to Him must not merely be the only
respect to them.—Com. Com.

Supposing Him to have been in the
company.—On these sacred journeys,
whole villages and districts travelled
in groups together, partly for pro-
tection, partly for company.—J. F. &
B. Went a day's journey.—Expect-
ing that He would join them when
they lodged for the night. His mo-
ther was accustomed to trust to His
obedience and wisdom, and would
not think it necessary to watch Him.

46. After three days.—We must allow
one for their departure, vs. 44; one
for their return, vs. 45, and the
third, vs. 46, for their search; and
that they found Him in the statu-
ary at the close of the latter.—Lange.

In the temple.—Probably in one of
the porches of the court of the rab-
bim, where the schools of the rab-
bim were held, and the law regularly ex-
pounded.—Lange. Doctors.—Teachers
of the law.

47. Were astonished.—His wisdom
and understanding appeared as much
in His questions as His answers. They
did not expect so much from a child.

They were amazed.—To find
Jesus among the teachers, and to
find He had such respect shown
Him. Thy father and I have sought
thee sorrowing.—Not merely the only
possible manner in which Mary could
publicly speak to her son of Joseph,
but also an indisputable proof of
the wisdom with which she brought
up the child.

49. How is it that ye sought Me?—
He appeared astonished that Mary
should think of Him as being in any
other place, or at any other work,
if she understood so well His real re-
lation and mission. Perhaps this very
question awakened His intuition that
He was the Son of God. About My
Father's business.—My Father's af-
fairs or interests. In this Jesus de-
clares God to be His Father.

50. They understood not.—How
Jesus was made aware of His real di-
vinity, since they had not made it
known to Him, neither had he learned
it from the doctors.

He went down with them.—and was
subject unto them.—This glimpse of His
glory was to be short; it was now
over, and He did not urge His par-
ents either to come and settle at Jeru-
salem, or to settle Him there, but
very willingly retired into Nazareth,
where He lived for many years in ob-
scurity.

His mother kept all these sayings
in her heart.—This visit to Jerusalem
marked a great change in the life
of Jesus. "From this time we have
no more mention of Joseph. The next
we hear is of His mother and brethren
(John ii, 12), whence it is inferred
that between this time and the com-
mencement of our Lord's public life,
Joseph died, having now served the
double end of being the protector of
our Lord's Virgin-mother, and afford-
ing himself the opportunity of pre-
serving Jesus the opportunity of pre-
senting a matchless pattern of sub-
jection to both parents."—Alford.

52. Jesus increased in wisdom and
stature.—Though the eternal Word
was united to the human soul from
His conception, yet the Divinity that
dwelt in Him manifested itself to His
humanity by degrees. In proportion to
His capacity; as the faculties of His
human soul grew more and more cap-
able, the gifts it received from the
divine nature were more and more
communicated.

Teachings.—Children should be
taught to attend public worship, and
instructed in the ways of salvation.
If we would find Christ we must seek
Him earnestly. Our first business

should be to serve God. Obedience to
parents is an important lesson. We
can be all that God wants us to be
even in our homes. We should become
stronger Christians daily.

Illustration.—A colporteur in Spain
was traveling on foot, selling Bibles.
At the close of a long and weary day's
journey he approached a village
where he met a Roman Catholic
priest, who asked him what he had in
his pack. He replied, "Bibles and Tes-
taments, and I shall be happy to sell
you one." "Can you sell me a real
Bible?" "Yes, a real Bible for real
money." He unsaddled his pack
and he purchased a Testament
just as he was about to depart he
said to the colporteur, "You seem to
have travelled far to-day?" "Yes, I
have," was the answer. "But is it
about my Master's business?" "You
are, to-day and wayward." "Yes, but
it is about my Master's business."

"Your Master must have a very faith-
ful servant in you," said the priest.
The colporteur, not liking to speak of
his own merits, prepared to pursue his
journey. The priest urged him to
lodge with him all night. "No," said
the colporteur, "I cannot accept your
hospitality, for I must be about my
Master's business." But you must
come with me, and you may as well
go with me. Having spent a useful hour
or two together, they retired for the
night. The priest was an early riser,
and at six o'clock in the morning he
called to his housekeeper to know
whether the stranger was up yet. "Oh,
yes; he has been gone from here this
three hours, and the last words he
said were 'I must be about my Mas-
ter's business.'" This was earnestness.
—Bible Illustrator.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

The childhood home of Jesus as con-
sidered from a worldly standpoint
would appear anything but helpful to
Him. It was in a remote and con-
quered province of the Roman empire,
in the darkest district of Palestine,
in a little country town of provin-
cial insignificance. He was accus-
tomed to poverty and manual labor. His
work was in the obscurity of a car-
penter shop. In that obscure
home God was ripening for the
world its greatest gift, yet all un-
known to man.

The first passover of Jesus mark-
ed a new page in His history. Until
that time He had not known any
place but Nazareth. Then He was to
become a son of the law.

The first separation between Jesus
and His parents brought out the fact
that He was more than human. It
became the time when Jesus discerned
His divine origin and Sonship to God.
His presence with the doctors ac-
quainted them with His wisdom and
understanding in the things of God.
For the first time He became a
teacher unto His parents, speaking
such words as baffled their under-
standing.

The ready submission which Jesus
manifested in leaving the temple to
go home with His parents, proved
that He had not come to destroy the
law (the fifth commandment). His
duty was to them yet. His did not
suggest any way of escape, but went
to the quiet home in Nazareth, where
He was to be developed for His future
work for God. He did not need the
instruction of the Rabbis to fit Him
for His grand work. "For we have not
an high priest which cannot be touch-
ed with the feeling of our infirmities;
but was tempted in all points like as
we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4, 16.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGA-
TIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Beecher
—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nicholls,
Prominent Toronto Congregational
Minister, Has to Say on an Important
Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's
religious faith was colored largely by
the condition of his health. He had
said from the pulpit that no man could
hold right views on religion when his
stomach was out of order. It is quite
certain that no preacher can preach
with effect if his head is stupefied
with cold, or if he is a sufferer from
catarrh. It is not surprising, there-
fore, that we find the leading clergymen
of Canada speaking so highly of
Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for
cold in the head or catarrh. They
know the necessity better than any-
one else of being relieved of this trou-
ble. Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Con-
gregational Church, Toronto, is one
who has used this medicine, and over
his own signature has borne testimony
to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through
the flower, supplied with each bottle
of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, ef-
fuses this powder over the surface of
the nasal passages. Painless and de-
lightful to use, it relieves in ten min-
utes, and permanently cures catarrh,
hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat,
tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.
Sample, with blower, sent for 10c. in
stamps or silver. S. G. Deitchon, 44
Church street, Toronto.

SEEN IN A BALL ROOM.

White satin slippers with red heels.
Long black gloves with a gown of
scarlet tulle.

A gown with Medici collar and no
sleeves at all.

A cincture of silver braid, with an
oval clasp of pearls.

A tiara of turquoises with a lace-
like decoration of diamonds.

Yellow canary birds on either
shoulder of a black-haired maiden.

A gown of white satin covered with
white tulle and trimmed with sable.

Very thin white satin slippers with
a rosette on the instep made of er-
mine tails.

A girl of 20 with powdered pompa-
dour coiffure, dusted with diamond
frothing.

A fan of point lace with silver
sticks, the latter studded with tur-
quoises, the former spangled with
diamond dust.

HE WOULD LEAVE IT.

Magistrate—Will you leave the town
if I let you go?

Flippant Culprit—Sure thing, I don't
believe real estate in this section is
worth carrying away.

LOVERS STILL.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light,
Her cheeks their rosy glow;
Her hair has lost its tints of gold,
His voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea
O d d the daisies blow,
And out across the trackless sea
D d swallows come and go,
O d d the gold arrayed;
O d d the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their shares of hopes
and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ear
A lover's tender tale.

Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November
hours
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and
woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through white's gloom, through sum-
mer's glow,
Their faith and love have been.
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard
grass
May hold them lovers still.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To bake good biscuit, cake and bread;
To handle delfy brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and
mend;
To care the sick, the baby tend;
To have enough of style and taste
To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time;
A picture hang; a ladder climb;
And not to almost raise the house
At sight of a little harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with
speed,
And hold tight-lacing 'gainst her
creed;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet,
In fact, above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word,
To spread no further gossip heard,
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathize,
To be reliant, strong and wise;
To every patient gentle be
And always truly womanly.

A girl should learn to fondly hold
True worth of value more than gold;
Accomplished thus, with tender men,
Reign, crowned with love, home's
cherished queen.

THE FADED YEAR.

Weep who will the faded year,
I have weaned mine eyes from weep-
ing;
Drop not for the dead a tear;
Love her, she is only sleeping.
And when storms of wild unrest
O'er the frosted fields come sweep-
ing,
Weep not; 'neath her snowy vest,
Nature gathers strength from sleep-
ing.

Rest and labor, pleasure, pain,
Hunger, feeding, thirsting, drink-
ing,
Ebb and flow, and loss and gain,
Love and hatred, dreaming, think-
ing,
Each for each exists, and all
Binds one secret mystic tether;
And each is best as each may fall
For you and me and all together.

Then clothe thee or in florid vest,
Thou changeable year, or in livery
sober,
Thy present wear shall please me
best;
Or rosy June, or brown October,
And when loud tempests spur their
race,
I'll know, and have no cause for
weeping.

They brush the dust from off the face,
To make thee wake more fair from
sleeping.

—John Stuart Blackie.

LANGUAGE OF MY LADY'S VEIL.

Sometimes my lady wears a veil;
She wore the thing to-day—
Her eyes shone through it like twin
stars

From out the milky way.
'Twas all of white, and when she
wears

That veil too well I know
I may not dare approach the maid—
She's like a queen of snow.

But when my lady wears a veil
Of lace, with dots and dashes,
Through which the warmth of her
dear smile

Can penetrate in flashes,
She looks like some old-time mar-
quise,

Brimful of wit and folly,
And then I know there's fun in store—
That black veil is so jolly.

Sometimes she wears a veil of brown
Or dreary autumn yellow,
And then I know that she is bent
On lecturing a fellow.

Ah, how I hate that thick brown veil,
Her winsome face quite hiding,
For then there's nothing but her voice
To mitigate the chiding.

Sometimes she wears no veil at all;
Without its shrouding mist
She's at her best—for that's the sign
She's ready to be kissed.

HER MITE.

Within the contribution box
She drops her offering small;
It isn't very much, 'tis true,
But then it is her all.

She's bought a lovely cape, a hat
That's fashionably strange,
And various other things; and now
The heathen gets the change.