ONE OF REY. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES

Subject: "The Philippian Jailer."

Text: "Sirs, what must I do to be sar-Acts xvi., 30.

TBET: "SITS, Wall, must 1 do to be sated the same of t one darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all sounds, 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 avoid?"

around the dungeon, is startied beyout anbounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through, and the falling walls, shouting at the top of bis voice, "sins, what must I do to behaved?"

Tetand now among those who are asking the hand question with more or less earnestness), and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those here who can diver the nor skillful in argument than I am, thee are those here who can diver knowledge, there is those here who can diver knowledge, there is the said should be a second to crist the additioner those before whom I would willingly bow as the iddriver to the superior, but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipoton gospel.

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 disturbing 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 their mission. Sirs! If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it.

Again, I charscterize this question of the agitated jail keeper by saying, the fail and asks irritating questions shout the mysterious and 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, genitemanly, deformatial. 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 own of the country of the gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their mission or baptistery of the ... I characterize this question of the init keeper as one personal to him-

Again, I characterize this question of the segitatet; jail keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many Irlends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he had many Irlends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he had their welfare. I have no doubt he had the tryet he had destroyed them, would have forther ease desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole welgit of his question turns on the pronoun "1," "What shall I do?" Of course when a man becomes a Christian he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation 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 responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inabriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighting other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy and welfing the poor gardens of other people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire" because our neighbor's heuse is burning down and seem to be unitarerested although un lown house is in the configgration. Oh, wandering the pond welf is parknowled. Your death, is it provided thoughts, disappear to-day! Blot out this international content of the provided to? Your death, is it provided for? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier searthquake than that which demolished the Philippian peniteatiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The foundations of the carth will give way. The foundations of the dust, Dathedrals and pelaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topole like a child's blockhouse. The suiges of the see will submerge the land and the Ateantic and Pacific Oceans above the Alps and the Andee olds their hand, What then will ing Oceans above the Alps and their hands. What then will What then will become of wonder at the anxiety of this an of my text, for he was not only anxious bout the falling of the prison, but the fallabout the taking of the prison, our the ling of a world.
Again, I remark, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one of in-

comparable importance. Men are allke, and spuppies he had soore of questions on the his hind, but all questions for this world are husbad up, lorgotten, annihilated in this hind, but all questions for this world are husbad up, lorgotten, annihilated in this con question of the text: "What must I do to be seved!" And have you, my brother, and the property of the property of the post of the property of the milities to do dollars worth of sood and the property of the milities of dollars worth of sood of sour will son passed until the property of the milities of dollars worth of source of the property of the milities of dollars worth of the milities of the property of the milities of the property of the milities of the property of the milities and dollars worth of sugar of a penny worth. After the property of the property

every insurance company full. It whose set affect you. Oh, how insignificant is businessed in the control of th mat will last forever? Are hing for time when you might be ing for eternity? Is there any qut broad at the base, so altitudinous, shadowing as the question, "What it to be saved?" Or, is it a domestic is it something about father or me husband or wife or son or "".

The common in the dress of a new marked, did that give himmany better chance for the future than it he had been leid 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 applicated or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked and the continuous marked over my marked or rode, whether we were applicated or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked and the continuous marked or rode, whether we were applicated or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked and the continuous marked or rode, whether we were applicated or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked and the continuous marked or marked or will be applicated or in the fatter and burntage on undergraum. It is the continuous marked or undergraum and the continuous marked or the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the early will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text. "What must I do to be save?" Again, I characterize this question of the strain of the fall keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the peniteriary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison wails had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quietly in the stocks, if the morning sunnight had calmy dropped had been shaken of the earthquake, if the prison had been shaken of the earthquake if the prison wails had not have hurled this red hot question from Ah, no. You know as well as it do not sak the same question. If has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not ask the same question. If has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not ask the same question. The world is a very different place from what it was one for you. One you said, "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is to quiet had you had the opportunity, but if you had the opportunity you would be given to the proper would be discord to my soul." And so yo their voices would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back just at the feetal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved one we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exunded from earthly tree to heat the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our riends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the lone-lines; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it his bosom, hushing it with the fulleby of heaven. O brother! O sister! The gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of the countries, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that startled you out to ask this stupendom question of you out to ask this stupendous question of

tate—was it not an earthquake that starried you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

But I remark again, I charactorize this question of the agitated jail keeper as hasty, urgent and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the aposites, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earneetness. No one can doubt by that took that the man is in earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stope 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 on the run? Is that sty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered. It is the urgent and immediate question of the gospel Christ answers. A great many are asking this question, but they drawlit out, and there is indifference in their manner, 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 earneesness of his soul cries out for God, he finds Him, and finds Him right away.

Oh, are there not in this house to-day those

all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds Him, and finds Him right away.

Oh, are there not in this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the one hundred death-bed repentances amount to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repeated in the last hour? Of 50? No. Of 40? No. Of 30? No. Of 30? No. Of 10? No. Of 30? No. Of 10? No. Of 10

the deathbed his repentance?

My text does not answer the question. It only selss it, with deep and importunate earnessness sats it, and according to the rules of sermonising you would say, "Adjourn that to some other time," but I dess not. What are the rules of sermonising to me wheel am after souls? What other time outdid have when perhaps this is the only time? This might be my last time for presching; this might be your last time for hearing.

now whather I said it then or not—the most usedess thing in all 600's universels that any share should petch. Twelve gates wide open. Here you not heard how their bound of the state of the share our sorrows, and how sympathetic file is with all our woes! Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of heart and all the significant of the significant of the significant of the significant has been supported by the second of the significant way, by His back whipped until the stin came of by His sepulcher, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruel world it; Him alond and by the heavens' from which are not and by the heavens' from which are not all your souls. I beg of you put down you all at your souls. I beg of you put down you all at he feet.

I saw one hanging on a tree

I saw one banging on a tree In agony and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me As near His cross I stood,

Oh, never till my latest breath Will I forget that look, It seemed to charge me with Hisdeath, Though not a word He spoke.

It seguped to charge me with His deeth,
Though not a word He spoke.

In the troubled times of Scotland Sir John
Cochrane was condemned to death by the
King. The death warrant was on the way.
Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to
bis daughter Gizela the prison door. He
said: "Farewell my darling child! I must
die." His daughter said, "the King is
against me, and the law is after me,
and the death warrant is on its way, and t
must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear
child."—The daughter-said, "Father, you
hall not die," as she left the prison cate. At
sight, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised
wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman
carrying the mallbags containing the death
warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the
horse came by, clutched the bridle and
shouted to the rider-to the man who carried the mailbags, "Dismount!" He felt for
his arms and was about to shoot, but the
wayfarer jerked him from his saddle, and he
fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbars, put them on his shoulder and vanished
in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus
galaed for the prisoner's life, during whice
the father confessor was pleading for the
parton of Sir John the death
as tormy night. It is dark and you will lose
yourself on the moors" "Oh, no," he says,
"If will not." He trudged on and stopped
amid the brambles and wated for the horseman to come carrying the mailbags contain-

The mail carrier spurred on his steed, for he was fearful because of what had occurred on the former journey, spurred on his steed, when suddenly through the storm and through the darkness there was a flash oil free-arms and the horse became unmanageable, and as the mail carrier discharged his pistol in response the horse flung him, and the disguised wayfarer put his foot on the breast of the overthrown rider and said. "Surrender now!" The mail carrier wayfarer that he mail carrier and the disguised wayfarer being he wayfarer than the mail of the disguised wayfarer than the mail to the darkness, adults fourteen more days for the poor prisoner. Sir John Cochrane, and before the fourteen days had expired pardon had come from the King. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing and his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared atthe gate, and he said, "Admit him right away." The disguised wayfarer came in and said, "Here are two letters; read them, sir, and oast them into the fire." Sir John Cochrane read them. They were his two death warrants, and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane. "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is til?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak and the hat, and, lof it was Grizel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gractous heaven!" he oried. "My child, my savior, my own Grizel!" But a more thrilling story. The death warrant had come forth from the King of heaven and arth. The death warrant read, "The soult hat sinneth, it shall die." The death warrant coming to the bases was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the concoming doon and flung it back, and put His wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Howawhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Gofree! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free! And to-day your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguise of this earthly humiligation and the d former journey spurred on his steem and suddenly through the storm and ough the darkness there was a flash

chain: Go free! And to-day your liberated soul stands in the presonce of the disguised wyfarer, and as He pulls off the disguise of His earthly humiliation and the disguise of the coaming the stands of the coaming the pulls of the power of

Be Thou my strength and righteousness. My Jesus and my all.

outles of the Military Commander

at Palermo Reduced.

Rome, Dec. 30.—Prime Minister Crisi has issued an order revoking the deree giving the military commander at alermo direction of both the police Paterno direction of both the police and military forces of the island of Sicily. The revoking of the decree is due to the fact that the authorities have at lass succeded in improving the condition of affairs on the island and life and property are now everywhere secure, and no further trouble is apprehended from the machinetics of prehended from the machinations of the Farci dei Lavoratori and other eret socialist societies, which

and 1894. For the Blair Statue.

For the Blair Statue.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 30.—Gen. R. A.
Alger of Detroit and Dwight S. Smith
and Gen. W. H. Withington of this
city; comprising the Blair memorial commission appointed by Gov. Rich last spring to contract for a memorial statue to Austin Blair, Michigan's war governor, have closed the contract with Sculptor Potter of Enfield, Mass., for the work.

Justice Brower Denies the Report. St. Louis, Dec. 30.—Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States supreme time? This might be my last time for presching; this might be your last time for hearing.

After my friend in Philadelphia died, his children gave his church Bible to me, and I read it, tooked over it with much interest. I have margin, written is lead pencil.

"Mr. Taimage said this morning that the most usbless thing in God's universe is that any single read it, but is is true, and I say it. 100,000 TONS GO UP.

Siggest Blast Ever Attempted in a

The stupendous blast at Long Cove, on Penobscot Bay, went off with great scenic effects at precisely 1.58 P. M. and 5.000 saw the upheaval, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. The excaand 3,000 saw the upheavit, says the Eewiston (Me.) Journal. The excavation of the mine was a long and tedious job, begun December, 1894. By means of a steam drill and judicious use of dynamite the laborers began to delve a tunnel three feet in width and deive a tunnel three teet in which are four feet in height, straight into the side of the granite hill, towering seventy-five feet over their heads. When this tunnel had attained a lengh of fifty-six feet the course was altered, two arms of similar dimensions of the state of the course was altered. altered. two arms of similar undersions being built at right angles, the one to the right being thirty-six feet long and that to the left thirty feet. At the end of each a small cavern was constructed as a receptacle for

the explosive, the object of this T shape being to lift the mass back into the quarry. Five hundred and fifty kegs of powder and four pounds of dynamite were used, and in total darkdynamite were used, and in total darkness—for to work by the aid of artificial light meant taking dangerous chances—this explosive was, poured, one bag at a time, into the compartments. Charles Shuler, of Granite-ville. Mo. an expert in big blasts, came on purposely to superintend the discharge, and the cells, under his careful supervision, were cemented water-tight after they had been filled, as well as the outer tunnel, the object of these preparations being to concentrate the force of the explosion.

Nothing of the sort had ever been attempted east of the Mississippl

attempted east of the Mississippi River, and just what might happen no-body could guess. At 1 o'clock pre-cisely-every road and avenue of ap-proach was closed to the public by a mounted horseman, who departed on his errand with something of the thrill pervading him that Paul Revere must have felt on his famous ride. Half an hour later the shrill quarry whistle gare utterince to three prolonged shricks, when all who had not pre-viously deserted the little granite hamlet hastened to the woods on the

Whole families of Russian Finis whose famines of Russian Finns were seen hastily seeking seclusion from danger, mothers carrying little babes and followed by animal pets, the two forming the most precious treasures of their households. Anxtreasures of their households. Antiiety was written on every countenance and a babel of voices arose; but
this was gradually hushed as the hour
drew nearer. and, when it lacked but
five minutes of the appointed time, a quiet entirely new to the thriving village pervaded.

The ensuing moments were fraught with the deepest suspense, and with the deepest suspense, and watches indicated just two minutes of two o'clock when the superintendent's son, from his station of safety a

thousand feet away, pressed the but-ton that operated the battery.

The first intimation that came to the people assembled on the hillside was the rocking of the ground beneath their feet. All eyes turned at once upon the quarry, where a puff of smoke suddenly became visible, and even at the distance of a half mile, which was not considered too far for safety, the immense bluff was seen to rise from its foundations, and 100,000 tons or more of the best Maine granite thundered back into the quarry, its echoes reverbeating for several moments among the hills. So finely had the thing been planned that hardly a rock was seen to fit, and the thin skin of ice on the ponds was not cracked by

the powder found opportunity to vent itself on weak seams, there was every appearance of visitation from an earthquake. Crevices varying in width from six inches to two feet were caused, some extending back into the woods 200 fet. From these gigantic cracks, which seemed to be utterly bottomless, came the sickening odor of humat provider.

burnt powder.

The explosion cost the owners of the quarry \$3,000, and was a success in every repect.

Science and Longevity.

A list of the losses which the Royal Society has suffered by death during the past year shows that the pursuit of science is not unfavorable to long-evity. The list comprises nineteen fellows and seven foreign members, and the average life-time of these twenty-six men was a fraction over seventy-six years and a half. The average age of the seven foreign mem-bers was seventy-nine years and five months, the oldest being Franz Ernst Neumann, ninety-seven, and the youngest, Henry Ernest Baillon, sixtyseven. The bineteen fellows had an average life-time of seventy-five years and seven months, the oldest being Blaset Hawkins, ninety-eight, and the youngest George Edward Dobs forty-seven. The fellows were not al scientific men, one of them being Lord Aberdare, eighty, and another, the Barl of Selborne, eighty-three; but states mauship and law also seem to favor length of days.

In Mexico the theives and robbers are put to work in the stone quarries.

adage—ber the the world is came

> Rabbi I. M. Wise, of Cincinnati that during the last forty years officiated at 10,000 Jewish we and only three counter who

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Remember, the water must be cold and the griddle be

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FIRING A SNAKE'S DEN

of Busing Creek ruins of Old Hampshire Fur-depression between the hills Rattlesnake Hollow, bears out the idea hy its cognomen, as a greater face of the earth.

of the gorge the moul her suc of the succession of t monster rattlers may be g in the sunlight. The mountain covered with dense masses of erry bushes and tangled vines which the reptiles lurk, ready helf deadly fangs into any obd enough to invade their rethe bites of these poisonous and within the past dozen less than seven persons have their death from the same

the present season several During the present season several profile have been bitten, and the akes hecame so numerous and bold at the inhabitants decided that mething must be done to thin out prests or they would be forced to the country to the serpents. solution the country to the serpents, short time ago a caucus was held, d after a great deal of consultation, novel means of dealing with the rep-se was adopted. It was thought, that firing along the entire crest of the iring along the entire crest of the ntain surrounding the hollow the annum surface of the could be driven down the rectorist mouth. With this object view a trench four feet in width and feet in depth was dug across the

x fiet in depth was dug actors the onth of the gorge.
Everything being in readiness last useday was decided upon as the time tr the great round-up. A dozen men, the with a pocketful of matches, discreed themselves around the crest of mountains, at intervals of a few-undred yards, and at a given signal and according the leaves began. process of firing the leaves began. he process of firing the leaves began, here had been no rain for nearly the weeks, and the brush leaves and rad brush upon the grounds were ry as tinder. Lighted matches were copped every few yards, and in the purse of twenty minutes a wall of me encircled the gorge on all sides, we a space a couple of rods in width its mouth, where the trench had sen cut and where the men soon all llected to witness the success or fail-

od stiff breeze was blowing digood still breeze was blowing driving down the hollow, and the roar-crackling wall of fire rapidly ad-red, the circle gradually narrowing all sides as it approached the mouth. ore long a few startled hares and fleeing like the wind bethe advancing flames, and with a the detend the ditch and soon dis-cared. As the fire approached her several blue racers glided up fell plump into the ditch.

no tell plump into the difch.

The fire was now within 100 yards of
the mouth of the gorge, and the men
t once climbed into the trees which
nod close by. Presently the rattlers,
egan to arrive. A few great, repulin to arrive. A few great, repul-looking fellows, with heads erect. relooking fellows, with nears erect, it is upon the feet longues darting out and their half eyes sparkling wickedly, tumed into the trench and lay there tiling viciously.

Presently a shout was ruised, and all

and their eyes in the direction of when a sight met their gaze used their hearts to leap and ir to stand on end. A few front of the fire came an army giant rattlers, apparently gliding g upon their tails, with their heads ated three feet above the earth, looking back at the advancing en-from which they seemed loath to It was a grand and majestic sight magnificent serpents, like a fleeing soldiers, came gliding perches to view the scene. The h was half full of serpents, strik-

and struggling in their vain envors to escape.

fter gazing at them in bewilderor a time they began to fill the with stone and dirt, and soon the was hidden from sight. It is addently predicted that it will be any years before the reptiles again are so firm a foothold in that local-

The Safest Place in Bettle

icheral Lee told an amusing story Charlottsville Chronicle reporter en he was about to deliver his ad-1988 at the Confederate reunion in him and asked him if he would man who shed to speak to him. The General mented, and the old man whose me was "Sam," and who had fought traighout the war, came and reject the proferred hand. General or at once began to put questions to gold fellow, who answered with underful skill. The General then keet him where he had seen the best mind during the war.

At Chickemetry, at once where the him where he had seen the best with the during the war.

At Chickemetry, at once where the him where he had seen the best with the him during the war.

At Chickemetry, at once where the him where he had seen the best with the him during the war.

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