

THE JAILER'S QUERY.

"SIRS, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Converted Sheriff—A Question of Incomparable Importance—The Cry of an Agitated Soul—A Call to the Unconverted.

Our Weekly Sermon.

For the closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere—viz., the "Philippine Jailer." The text selected was, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

Inaugurated in the Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and leathesome and hideous, unillumined 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 comfortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the Government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridor of the dungeon save some movement of the rattle of a bird dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness, but suddenly crash go the walls! The two clerics pass out free. The jail keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and, flambé 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 stand now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accuse you from this crisis of your souls with your sins, that you might be more skillful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior 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 omnipotent gospel.

The Freeing of Paul and Silas.
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 going to destroy public property?" Back with him to your places, you vagabonds!" He said not such things. 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. 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, before the jailer.

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 want 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 nonessentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, with a serious question, ask of the light and heat of the sun, "What comes down in a coal-cell when he might go down 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 is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or baptism is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss and for me to discuss is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

A Personal Question.
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Twelve Open Gates.
My text does not answer the question. It only asks it, with deep and important earnestness, asks it, and, according to the rules of sermonizing, you would say, "Adjourn that to some other time." But I dare not. What are the rules of sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have, when perhaps this is the only time? This might be my last time for preaching. This might be your last time for hearing.

After the sermon, Dr. Talmage, his children gone, his church closed to die, and I read it; looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin written in lead pencil, "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remember saying it, but it is true, and I say it now, whether I said it then or not. The most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Twelve gates wide open. Have you not heard how Christ bore our sorrows and how sympathetic he is with all our woes? Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of the heart and all the agonies of hell upon his head, Christ, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." By his feet blisters of the mountain way, by his back whipped until the skin came off, by his death couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet, by his sepulcher, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruel world let him alone, and by the heavens from which he now bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace and life eternal to all his souls. I beg of you put down your all at his feet.

I saw one hanging 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 his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

Condemned to Death.

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 his daughter, Grizel, in the prison dock. He said, "Farewell, my darling child. I must die." His daughter said, "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the law is after me, and I must die."

The daughter said, "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mailbags 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 horse, and he fell dead. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane.

The second time the death warrant is on its way. The disguised wayfarer comes along and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out on such a stormy night. It is dark, and you will lose yourself on the moors." "No," he says, "I will not!" He tried on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mailbags containing the death warrant of Sir John Cochrane. The mail carrier entered 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 of firearms, 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 surrendered his arms, and the disguised wayfarer put upon the horse and sped away into the darkness, leaving for the four days for the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane. Even one day overfeeding will sometimes cause the mischief to start.

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 souls would be sounding in the hall, and soon their voices would be heard in the darkness, but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the blessed soul and bring it back. The soul of the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane, was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulated him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admire him right away."

Pardon from the Throne.

The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters. Read them, sir, and cast 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: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved me life?" Who is it?" and the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin, coak and the hat, and, lo, it was Grizel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane, "Gracious heaven," he cried, "my child, my savior, my own Grizel!" But a more thrilling story. The death warrant had come forth from the King of heaven and earth. The death warrant read, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die. We must die. But breasting the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle and going down and flung it back a foot of space between it and the wall and pack this with sawdust or straw as the wall of ice goes up. Place boards across the floor spaces to prevent too heavy pressure on the doors. When the house is full put a layer of sawdust or straw eight to ten inches thick over the top. The triangular windows at the ends provide thorough ventilation, which is an essential matter in keeping ice. Much cheaper temporary ice-houses can be constructed, or a stock of ice buried with sawdust or straw will keep ice far into the summer. Farm and Home.

Gum Cotton for Felling.

The lumbermen of Sweden, Norway,

TIMELY FARM TOPICS.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

A Neat and Permanent Ice-House for the Farm—Careful but Progressive Farming Wins—Wheelbarrow for Winter Use—How to Feed Ensilage.

Permanent Farm Ice-House.

The end view of an ice-house, designed for use on a farm, is illustrated below. The wall consists of boards standing perpendicular and nailed to a light frame of 8 or 12 inch scantling at the top and bottom, with a third one in the middle to stiffen the sides, with similar boarding on the inside. Fill

the 8 or 12 inch space with sawdust. Use the kind of lumber suitable to the builder's means, as the cost of the house will correspond with the quality of the lumber used. The foundation is fixed to drain thoroughly, and is filled to a depth of six inches with cobble stones and a floor of two-inch plank placed upon them. Have the floor boards an inch apart to allow drainage. Put ten inches of sawdust on the floor, or if not available use finely cut rye straw. Oat straw is not as good for this purpose as rye, for being soft it packs too closely. In putting in the ice, leave a foot of space between it and the wall and pack this with sawdust or straw as the wall of ice goes up. Place boards across the floor spaces to prevent too heavy pressure on the doors. When the house is full put a layer of sawdust or straw eight to ten inches thick over the top. The triangular windows at the ends provide thorough ventilation, which is an essential matter in keeping ice. Much cheaper temporary ice-houses can be constructed, or a stock of ice buried with sawdust or straw will keep ice far into the summer. Farm and Home.

Cutting Fodder by Hand.

Not many farmers nowadays use hand power for cutting fodder for their stock. It is well that this is so. Many a boy has become disgusted with farming because obliged to turn a crank to do what could be much more cheaply done with steam power. Up to recent times the farmer took less advantage of labor-saving steam power than the men engaged in any other kind of business. We look for the time when either the horse or steam power will do most of the hardest manual work, leaving to the master simply the duty of superintending and directing it.

A Wheelbarrow on Runners.

It would often be very convenient to use a wheelbarrow in winter were it not that a wheel does not roll in snow, especially if it be all soft. It is very



A Winter Wheelbarrow.

easy to put the barrow on runners, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The wheel is unshipped, and two runners that have been fitted by a blacksmith are screwed to the framework in the manner suggested. If the runners are firmly attached, the winter wheelbarrow should prove very serviceable about a farm.

Trees for Waste Ground.

Waste places and unused nooks and corners may be profitably occupied with trees. Where the soil is rich and fairly moist, fruit trees will be best in such places, even if cultivation cannot be given. But poor, dry and rocky locations are best suited for nut and timber trees. Chestnut sprouts can be grafted with scions which are claimed to be fully as profitable as apple or chestnut. Even the common small chestnut will sometimes yield as much per tree in value as will a good apple tree. Quite a variety of timber trees may be planted in such locations with good hope of profit in view of the growing scarcity of timber supplies.

The Henhouse Floor.

In many a henhouse the poultry-house would be a few feet above the ground is desirable, because the floor will always be dry and the chickens more liable to be free from croup and colds generally.

Rats cannot bother them easily, for they often steal the eggs from the nest and become bold enough at times to attack young, growing stock. A platform should be put opposite the entrance to the coop during the day, but, at night it should be removed and the entrance closed to keep out intruding rodents and cats.

Plymouth Rocks.

Trips through the country among progressive farmers show that the Plymouth Rock fowl is a great favorite. The city market shows also more checkers with Plymouth Rock plumage than any other kind. No breed has held as long its popularity with all classes as the Plymouth Rocks, and no breed is as extensively bred to-day as the Plymouth Rocks.

How to Feed Ensilage.

When commencing to feed cut the silage this fall keep in mind that to obtain the best results, it should not be fed alone. Combine it with clover hay, and you have an excellent coarse fodder. Then for young cattle and for making milk and beef use in connection with this bran, shorts, cornmeal, etc.

Beans and Peas for Seeding.

Beans and peas for seed purposes may be kept from the ravages of weevils by placing them in a coarse linen or cotton sack, then dipping the whole into a pot or kettle of boiling water, allowing them to remain for two or three seconds, and then thoroughly rinsing the seeds.

Pure Water for Stock.

Impure drinking water causes disease among stock almost as generally as among human beings, and it is possible often to trace numerous animal complaints to the filthy ponds, lakes, streams and mud where they have been accustomed to get their daily drink.

Experiment with Steamed Foods.

Of cooking and steaming foods for animals Dr. Allen says in the Philadelphia Press: Experiments abroad have indicated that cooking or steaming coarse or unpalatable food was only advantageous in inducing the animals to eat larger quantities of it. In fact, it has been shown that the digestibility of certain of the food ingredients, notably the albuminoids, was diminished by steaming, and the cooking of potatoes which was formerly believed advantageous, is of no advantage whatever in case of milch cows, although it was of some advantage to pigs.

Farm Philosophy.

The mistake that I have made in the past is in not cultivating a habit of enjoyment along with my work. From the time that I arose in the morning, it would be one continual drive until night, and then I would be too tired to do more than read a very little before bedtime, says R. B. Crosby, in the Rural New-Yorker. I know that when we have such things as notes to pay

it is hard to take pleasure; but it can be done, and it should be done.

Then, let us look at the other side: The whole world is dependent upon us for its food. We are the keystone of the arch, or rather the foundation, and when we cause a field of wheat to be where, without our work, there would be only weeds, it does not mean merely so many bushels of wheat, but bread for people who, without us, would go hungry. Adam Smith says that philosophers are a people whose trade it is not to do, but to observe. Now, what we want is that each of us should have a bit of philosophy in our make-up, especially that kind which will teach us to observe the higher things of life and its beauties.

Eggs for Scours.

We have tried pretty nearly everything in times past as a cure for scours in calves, which, try as we will, are sometimes unavoidable where it is not possible for one person to do the feeding every time, writes a correspondent in Hoard's Dailey. Even one overfeeding will sometimes cause the mischief to start.

Last spring we fed raw eggs three or four a day, to a calf which everything else had failed to relieve. She soon gained strength. She could not get up alone at first, and the disease was checked. To-day the calf is as strong and healthy as any. We fed very little milk while giving the eggs.

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