

HER PHOTOGRAPH.  
In your little gilt frame,  
So life like and real,  
You are always the same,  
However I feel.  
From the little gilt frame  
Neither praises come, nor blame,  
Though I wildly appeal,  
You are always the same,  
In your little gilt frame,  
However I feel.  
—New York Times.

### The Return of Her Little Lad.

Every one on us has their trials,  
They say, and John Thomas is mine!  
That's my husband, mem; and mebbe,  
Ye met him shepherding as ye came  
down the hill?

"Asleep in the wattle bushes w' a  
lamb in his arms, say ye? Ay, that's  
John Thomas all over. Gie him a  
gilt o' sunshine, and he'll sleep the  
clock round. Terrible thing a hus-  
band! 'Honor and obey,' says the  
parson. I'll honor him for just his  
worth, no more, no less, says I; and  
for obey, I'll see to that when gies  
I commands. That's fifty years ago  
and a mint o' trouble he's been to I,  
but there's no talk o' commands  
atween us yet!

"How's my boy; ye arst? There  
now! If John Thomas was worth his  
salt he'd be to Tavistock to see for  
tidin' o' the little lad. He won't  
forget his poor old gran, for all  
his fine friends as he's gotten now!  
Sit ye down, mem, and I'll tell ye the  
tale fra' the beginning! Ye thought,  
mebbe, when ye saw him dressed so  
fine and smart, and lookin' like a  
little lord, that he was non o' ourn.  
But he is that; he's my own gran-  
son's son, and the son of a earl, as  
well as me one day, though I'm in no  
haute for that. A grand man and a  
real gentleman is Lord Fitz Maurice,  
for all Billy Gorman says he's a bloated  
aristocrat. I don't call him bloated;  
he's pale and thin—has heart dis-  
ease, they say—and that's how the  
matter come about.

"My son Thomas was a sailor, and  
in furrin parts he married his wife,  
a sweet young thing; but, like a hot-  
house flower, she never thrived on  
English soil, and died when her girl  
was three years old.

"Thomas was weel to do, and he  
gave the child the best o' education;  
but she was nobbut a slip of a thing  
when he was lost at sea, and she  
come home to live w' I. Think of it,  
mem! Three score year and ten have  
I lived here come Martinmas; but she  
had lived in gay cities and i' furrin  
lands.

"There was one young gentleman—  
he might be a matter o' eighteen or  
more—he war a fine lad and civi-  
spoken; he'd be up here for ground  
bait, as John Thomas prepares, and  
more nor once he'd leave his fish for  
we.

"Well, mem, ye guess what comes  
when there's a pair o' bonny young  
folks about and the spring is in  
air. I did not see it myself, for Jessie  
was a good girl, and I give no thought  
to her eddication bringin' her nearer  
him nor us. Her cheeks would flush  
and pale when he come near, and her  
e'en has gotten a stary light, but I  
wor blind. 'Twas John Thomas that  
spoke.

"They'd been married then a week!  
'Twas the day I sent Jessie to Tav-  
istock Market, and she bided out so  
late. He was an 'Honorable,' they  
tell me, but he didn't behave much  
like one. He had to finish his college  
education and he darad not tell his  
fayther o' the marriage for they were  
very poor, he said, and his fayther  
was weak i' the heart and must not  
be crossed. How'er, the lass had her  
bit of money from her fayther, and  
she bode w' us till he should come  
and claim her.

"Two years passed, and he had got-  
ten his 'degree.' He was to travel in  
France, and his fayther had given  
him three hundred pound a year for  
his own spendings. 'Twas too little,  
he said, to ask Jessie to share w' him;  
she had better wait.

"How'er, Jessie had a temper of  
her own for all her sweet ways. She  
would go w' him to France or be ac-  
knowledged as his wife in England.  
But that he said could not be. His  
fayther would break his heart w' the  
shock of it. So to France they went,  
and what passed there I never knew.  
Only one day there came a letter to  
say that Jessie had died, as her moth-  
er did afore her. There was a child,  
a boy, and 'knowing our true worth  
and generous hearts,' the fayther was  
sending him to us.

"I don't deny it was a shock, for  
I'm getting on in years, and John  
Thomas didn't earn as much as once.  
But there was the mother's money,  
and the Lord provides. Will ye be-  
lieve me, mem? When John went to  
Tavistock to get the bit o' money that  
had been our Jessie's, there was not  
a penny o' it left! All drawn, the  
lawyer said.

"We had a rare hard winter to  
modder through that year, for the  
habe was sick and John Thomas had  
the rheumatiz. But things mended  
somehow and when Spring came there  
was a banknote for twenty pounds  
sent through the post. There was  
no address and we never heard again.  
Why did I not seek out his folks?  
Nay, mem, the child war mine. I  
loved him well, and we ain't so poor  
we'd sell our flesh and blood.

"Then I heard the old Earl was  
dead and the boy's grandfather had  
gotten the estate. I tell ye, mem, my  
heart turned cold for very fear, for  
I knew that one day he must go. We  
are only common folk, and it is a  
right that an earl-to-be should grow  
up w' the likes of we. I'd be awake  
o' nights listenin' to the winds moan

ing o'er the moor, and thinkin' I had  
the beat of horses' hooves that were  
to bear him far away. They come at  
last. I wor sittin' w' my work here  
i' the porch when I see a carriage  
drivin' up the hill. There was a  
stranger gentleman in w' gray hair  
and gray mustache; but his e'en were  
black like my boy's, and some 'a  
told me who he was.

"Mrs. Byatt," he says, takin' off his  
hat and speakin' like as if I'd been a  
duchess; "Mrs. Byatt, I learn that my  
family has done you a great wrong.  
I come to ask your pardon, and—to  
do you a still greater."

"My lord—" says I, for I wur  
confused and did not rightly under-  
stand.

"My son has told me all," he said  
'For eight years he has owed the sup-  
port of his child to you. I now learn  
that I owe the honor of our name to  
your unselfish silence. I never met  
its equal. Yet I must add to the  
wrong, for—I must have the child."

"I mind his very words, mem, for  
he spoke slow and careful; not like  
the young folks do, clippin' their  
words and puzzling a poor body to  
follow them. But though I heard I  
couldn't answer, and thinkin', I sup-  
pose, I did na understand, he began  
explaining how my lad would one day  
be a great man and help govern the  
land, and he must have his eddica-  
tion to fit him for it.

"By then I'd gathered my wits, and  
I says: 'My lord, don't think as I,  
nor John Thomas here, 'ud stick i' his  
light; we're only poor common folk,  
and it stands to reason he must be  
bred up accordin' to his rank. If I've  
said or done anything as is unbecom-  
in', I humbly asts yer pardon, but I'm  
old body now, and it comes hard to  
part so sudden w' my little lad.

"And at that, if ye will believe me,  
mem, he takes me by the hand, and  
'Mrs. Byatt,' he says, 'I never knew  
of one woman who could do as you  
have done, and she—God bless her!—  
was my mother.'

"Then was his very words, mem,  
and then he axed us, me, John Thom-  
as, too, to visit him at Strathfield  
Park. 'And I'd have no more honored  
guests,' he says.

"But lor bless ey, what would the  
like o' we do there? Besides, hide it  
as I might, I knew that I must part  
w' the boy, mem, for his good. I al-  
ways says 'tis for his good. And  
twice a year he comes to see me. His  
lordship looks to that. But his fay-  
ther never comes; he like he thinks I'd  
say hard things. To be sure we don't  
want him. But we do want the little  
lad, and tomorrow he's coming.

"Yes, mem, it's tomorrow; only one  
more sundown and one uprising, and  
I clasps my child once again i' my  
old arms. That's why I says to John  
Thomas as he ought to be to Tav-  
istock for tidin'. But he says bide a  
bit, and you'll have your little lad.  
He's a-comin' tomorrow; only one  
sundown and one uprising now! And,  
oh, mem, I am a happy woman! That  
I am!"—New York News.

### TEACHING CHINESE CHILDREN.

#### A School in Mott Street Similar to Those in Canton.

So many of the residents of China-  
town have raised little almond-eyed  
families that not long since they found  
it advisable to start a school similar  
to those in Canton. After some  
trouble a schoolmaster was obtained,  
and the institution was opened in  
Mott street. Here the young Chinese  
idea is taught how to shoot in the  
most approved style. The system is  
very different from our own, and in  
some respects compares quite favor-  
ably with the latter. When the  
school was opened each child was en-  
tered under the name of its father and  
its own milk name, as the first appella-  
tion of a youngster is termed. There-  
upon the schoolmaster bestowed upon  
each the school name which will re-  
main until it is twenty-one. This is  
in itself a high compliment, because  
the milk name is grotesque or effeminate.  
Each child on being named  
kneels and bows, and thanks the  
schoolmaster for his courtesy. Kneel-  
ing and bowing are repeated  
every day on entering the class-room.  
Books are very seldom employed the  
first two years in the Chinese school,  
a blackboard, slate, or a piece of  
writing paper being the first educa-  
tional instruments. The teaching is  
effected by putting facts into poetical  
form, one generally if not universally  
employed being the rhymed couplet.  
The schoolmaster recites it slowly  
once, then the children repeat it. Af-  
ter the third time, any child who can-  
not repeat it is rattanned. In the be-  
ginning, two or three couplets a day  
are a formal lesson. The number is  
increased to five, ten, and twenty a  
day, according to the quickness of  
the scholars. The children recite in  
chorus, and at times the noise is deaf-  
ening. In our own civilization there  
are traces of this ancient system of  
teaching, which will give a good idea  
of the Chinese method. Such bits of  
doggerel as:

A was a marcher, and shot at a frog.  
B was a butcher, and had a big dog,  
or the rhythmic chant:  
Thirty days hath September, April,  
June and November,  
are illustrations in point.—New York  
Post.

Jack and the Bean Stalk.  
Here's a true story which bears  
such a close resemblance to certain  
tall corn fakes that some people may  
disbelieve it. Willie Fenual, a Car-  
rington small boy, climbed a castor oil  
plant in his father's garden a few  
days ago. When he got near the top  
the branch he was standing on gave  
way, and he fell and broke his arm.—  
Kansas City Journal.

### WEE THINGS BALK CUPID.

#### Stories Showing That Love Does Not Always Find a Way.

A tragedy in a Pennsylvania vil-  
lage early last year was due entirely to  
tobacco. Miss Mabel Duncan had de-  
veloped a taste for cigarettes, which  
her fiance, Herbert Keidar, strongly  
disapproved of. She gave her word to  
abandon the habit, and after one or  
two relapses kept the promise faith-  
fully for many months.

On the morning of the wedding,  
which was to take place in her father's  
house, one of her bridesmaids offered  
the young lady a cigarette, and dared  
her to smoke it. She took a few  
whiffs and then quickly threw it away.  
As the clergyman commenced the  
ceremony the bridegroom sniffed sus-  
piciously. Then he leaned over.

"You have been smoking again," he  
whispered.

Miss Duncan did not reply. With-  
out another word the young man  
turned and walked out of the house.

George Ricketts spent his early  
years in the service of the Hudson  
Bay Company. He married a Toronto  
young lady, and took her with him to  
Fort Golden, in the far Northwest.

One winter day in 1883 Indians raid-  
ed the place during his absence, and  
he returned to find the girl he had left  
so full of life a few hours before with  
an Indian tomahawk in her brain.  
Knowing the red men would come  
back he buried the body and rode for  
his life. In the spring he returned to  
visit the grave. To his amazement  
he found the body turned to stone. It  
is a most perfect and beautiful spec-  
imen of petrification. Ricketts took it  
with him and returned to his home in  
Sunderland.

There, a couple of years ago, he fell  
in love a second time. All went well  
until one fatal day, when he asked the  
young lady and her mother to tea,  
and showed her the relic he had been  
faithful to for fifteen years, and told  
her its story. The girl turned white  
and left shortly afterward. Next day  
she wrote and declared that she could  
not marry a man who had such terri-  
ble memories in his life.

An angry father and a dye vat be-  
tween them put a sudden stop to the  
courtship of Wilfred Galt. It was the  
daughter of a manufacturer that this  
gentleman honored with his attentions,  
but the father had higher matrimonial  
views for his daughter, and warned  
young Galt off his premises.

One evening he caught the ardent  
suitor pleading his cause through an  
open window. He made a rush for  
him. Galt ran, and would have got  
safely away but for the unseen dye  
vat that yawned in his path. Into this  
he plunged headlong. His pursuer  
fished him out and led him back to  
the house in a half-drowned condi-  
tion. As he entered, the young lady  
met him, and after a moment's strug-  
gle gave way to a wild fit of laughter.  
The luckless swain was a lovely blue  
from head to foot—face, clothes,  
boots, and all. He had to spend the  
next three weeks in seclusion, endeavor-  
ing, with the aid of soap of various  
brands, to restore his natural com-  
plexion. But his dignity was beyond  
soap. He never called again.

It is a great mistake to be too dig-  
nified. The stiffness and solemnity of  
a young clerk in a bank were a stand-  
ing temptation to "take a rise out of him."

One day the two made an expedition  
to a wishing well which lies not far  
from their home. He stooped stiffly  
to fill the cup. As he did so the girl  
yielded to an almost irresistible tem-  
ptation and give him a tiny push. He  
lost his balance and toppled in. It  
was only three feet deep, and the only  
things hurt were the young man's  
hat and his pride. He slowly picked  
himself up, jammed his dripping straw  
upon his head and, without a word or  
a moment to listen to the girl's apolo-  
gies, stalked away. Perhaps she was  
well rid of him.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Romantic Foundling Story.

The Evreux correspondent of the  
Temps states that a few days ago a  
auto-car, without any number of reg-  
istration, and carrying three men and  
a woman, passed along the road from  
Cherbourg to Paris. When near a  
farmhouse at Louvet the car stopped  
and one of the men de-  
scended with a bundle which he de-  
posited on the roadside. Two farm  
laborers on their way home from work  
arrived on the scene and approached  
the bundle, whereupon the car went  
toward Paris at a great speed. The  
bundle was removed to the farmhouse,  
where it was opened, and was found  
to contain a newly born child in a  
cradle. On the pillow there was a  
roll of fourteen 1,000 franc notes and  
a letter, which read as follows:

"Whoever will bring up this child  
until his majority will never want  
for anything all their life, on the express  
condition that they never seek to pen-  
etrate the secret of the birth of the  
child, the issue of one of the  
the noblest families of England." The  
matter was reported to the local  
authorities, who are now trying to  
trace the course of the mysterious  
auto-car.—London News.

### Gardening Superstitions.

In Somerset we plant cabbages with  
the waning moon, certain that so they  
will grow and be lusty. If we put them  
in, or set any flower or fruit tree  
when her white ladyship was gibbous  
in the attenuating scale, our labor  
would be in vain, for that which we  
plant would but waste with Diana.  
Just so, when horseradish needs, as  
this enraging plant generally does, to  
be eradicated, the right time to begin  
is in the moon's eve of the veil. An-  
other West Country tradition forbids  
lilies of the valley to be set in a bed  
under pain of not distant death to the  
operator.—London Garden.

### WESTERN WILD HORSES.

#### FIERCEST ANIMALS FRONTIERSMEN HAVE TO FIGHT.

They Display a Surprising Amount of  
Savagery and Endurance—Carnivorous  
in Taste—Horses Very Fond of  
Mutton.

"Hunting wild horses is great  
sport!" exclaimed the man who walked  
into the council committee room,  
writes a lover of the wild, and asked  
for Alderman John Conlon. He threw  
down a gun and a horse's tail.

"I'm Eastman—Otto Eastman, from  
Salina, Kan. I've come to visit John  
—he's my third cousin."

"But what's that you said about  
horses?" asked Mr. Allen, looking at  
the horse-tail in amazement.

"Ah, yes—horses—I've been out at  
Pinto, Utah, hunting wild horses; but  
it's exciting—beats buffalo shoot-  
ing."

"But you don't shoot them, do you?"  
asked the dumbfounded committee  
clerk.

"Bet yer life—these are sure enough  
wild horses. Attack you, bite, kick  
and fight like tigers. Long, woolly  
hair, great yellow teeth and stronger  
than any two domesticated beasts in  
America except elephants.

"You see, it's this way; I was with  
a lot of irrigation experts looking over  
the country with a view to establishing  
a system of reservoirs not far from  
the Santa Clara river when the natives  
got up a crowd to wipe out wild  
horses. The beasts, some of them,  
never saw a man, and those that have  
are wild as mountain lions. They eat  
flesh, too, in winter, when grass is  
scarce, and the sheep are their best  
prey. For a long time the ranchmen  
thought gray wolves were killing their  
sheep, but the carcasses were never  
left almost whole by the wolves. The  
horses drink the blood and quit. There  
aren't any mountain lions in that sec-  
tion—at least not enough to make any  
trouble, and until six months ago it  
was not known that wild horses were  
killing the sheep.

"Then the men declared war on the  
beasts. It isn't often one can get a  
glimpse of the horses; they have a  
keen scent and run up wind like the  
deer. In spang range is as close as  
any one often gets.

"But this isn't telling about the hunt-  
ing. The folks organized a sort of  
vigilance committee to wipe out the  
critters and invited us to go along.  
There were twenty in the party, and  
all well mounted. The night before  
we started there was two inches of  
snow on the ground, and Cal Hayden,  
the ranchman we were stopping with  
wanted to watch for horses. I stayed  
out with him until midnight, when we  
heard a snort at the gate of the corral,  
which we had left open.

"In the moonlight we saw a small  
mustang, with mane and tail dragging  
the ground. He trotted into the corral  
among the frightened sheep, threw up  
his head, snuffed and reared up in the  
air. When he came down with both  
fore paws like a stamp mill, one of  
the Ramboulet ewes was under him.  
With a vicious snort he grasped the  
ewe with his jaw over the back of  
her neck, and her bleat of anguish im-  
pressed on Hayden and me terrible  
pain.

"Pop! went Hayden's rifle; the  
mustang reared again and ran out of  
the corral. Reeling over the table-  
land for about 200 yards, he fell and  
died.

"Next morning we inspected the car-  
cass more closely and found it a gen-  
uine curiosity. The mustang was a nut  
brown, with hair two inches long,  
kinked and crumpled by burrs and  
cacti; his hoofs were wide and cracked  
by running over rocks. Judging by his  
teeth, he was about fifteen years old;  
they were yellow and lined black as  
if to crack and very dull.

"Well, that day we rode eighteen  
miles before we caught a glimpse of  
the first bunch of horses, although we  
saw hoof tracks in plenty on the sandy  
parts of the soil.

"Away in the northwest, toward the  
mouth of the Santa Clara, we saw about  
forty or fifty mustangs galloping away  
like the wind. They had seen us be-  
fore we got sight of them and were  
going up wind.

"The only thing for us to do was to  
mill on 'em. We split, circled around,  
traveled about nine miles, and met  
again, finally getting down wind of  
them, so we could get closer. We  
were within 100 yards before the  
horses discovered us, but five of the  
party who were in the lead got shots  
at the bunch. One horse fell dead  
as a door nail and three others were  
brought down, so we could dispatch  
them in short order.

"Two of the dead mustangs had bits  
of wool between their teeth. One of  
them had a clot of blood on his hip,  
but we never could figure out where  
it came from, as there were no marks,  
unless he slipped down on a dead  
sheep.

"Well, we found horses—wild ones—  
twice more and had much thrilling  
excitement. We tried to trail a bunch  
we had just started, but our mounds  
were getting a little fagged, and as  
we hadn't yet got another glimpse of  
the running herd we started home-  
ward.

snorted defiance and ran toward us.  
The bunch followed. We were pretty  
chucky.

"All fire at once!" cried Hayden,  
leveling his rifle. We did likewise, and  
as Hayden gave the word we all  
pulled.

"One little mare threw up her tail  
and ran off at right angles, but the  
bunch kept right on coming at us  
madly, with heads down and thunder-  
ing over the rocky soil. We could  
see three of them were wounded.

"Click-clack went our rifles, and we  
fired again. Two of the leaders fell,  
and the stallion sprang onto one of  
Hayden's herders—a fellow named  
Ballou. He was knocked down, but  
fortunately the horse didn't tread on  
him. The whole bunch was on us, and  
how we kept from being trampled to  
death I can't say. We all escaped ex-  
cept Harry Jarvis, an Englishman  
who belonged with the irrigatorists.  
He was kicked over a cactus and  
scratched and pricked pretty badly  
but it all right now.

"We could hear the great yellowish  
teeth of the horses snapping as they  
literally ran over us. The bunch  
wheeled off and started back up wind  
but the ferocious black stallion tried  
hard to come down on some of us  
with his fore paws.

"Ballou brought him to his knees  
with a rifle ball. He fired while he  
lay flat on his back. The rest of us  
were up and at our guns. In an in-  
stant the stallion was struggling to  
rise, kicking and snapping, fire gleam-  
ing in his whitish eyes.

"It seemed that everybody fired at  
once—at close range—and Mr. Stallion  
lay dead.

"That's his tail there."—Chicago  
Chronicle.

### SECRET OF DIGESTION.

Experiments on a Dog Produced Cur-  
ious and Interesting Results.

Some experiments on a dog con-  
cerning the effects of personal liking  
for various foods on the digestion were  
recently made by a well known scien-  
tist. The results are curious and in-  
teresting.

It was found that the articles of  
diet which the animal was particular-  
ly fond of met with a great flow of the  
gastric juices, and were accordingly  
digested better and more quickly. For  
purposes of observation the gullet of  
the dog was cut in sections and fixed  
to the neck, so that the food it ate  
fell through; the stomach of the ani-  
mal was also divided into two por-  
tions, into one of which no food was  
allowed to enter, the other being sup-  
plied only with the food necessary to  
life.

If some tempting dainties was held  
before the dog and he evinced the  
usual signs of pleasure in the expected  
treat, it was noticed that at once the  
stomach juices sprang into play, al-  
though the food when swallowed did  
not reach the stomach at all. On the  
other hand, if he was fed with some-  
thing which he evidently did not have  
any preference for there was no ac-  
tion of the gastric fluid.

Also, more curious still, when food  
was introduced, unknown to the ani-  
mal, into the working half of his stom-  
ach it lay there absolutely dry and  
untouched by the digestive juices for  
several hours, even though the food  
were of the most digestible sort.

All of which proved conclusively  
that mere thought or favorable brain  
action of any sort concerning the food  
eaten not only assisted the digestion  
but partly caused it. Professor Paw-  
low, who made the experiments, thinks  
this partly, at least, explains why men  
of letters are often dyspeptic. Their  
minds are busy with things far re-  
moved from their dinners when they  
are eating. The connection between  
the nerve which sends the important  
message down to the digestive ma-  
chinery below for more oil and the  
patient engineer of nutrition is cut  
off! So when unexpected orders for  
deglutition come piling in upon them  
they are not ready and the work is  
bungled.—New York Herald.

### Iceland Fish Are Thriving.

The Danish Government is investi-  
gating the fishing conditions of Ice-  
land and neighboring waters and has  
surveyed waters near the Faroe Is-  
lands, Iceland, and the regions in the  
vicinity of the Polar circle. It has  
been discovered that immense quanti-  
ties of fish, especially cod and her-  
ring, are to be found in those waters.  
On a recent trip the Danish ship,  
Danica, sometimes plowed through  
shoals of these varieties for a long dis-  
tance, when they could be scooped up  
without any fishing tackle. New  
banks were discovered, some of them  
of great extent. These appear to be  
new homes for the fish and they pos-  
sess the necessary requisites for feed-  
ing them and rearing their young.  
The eyes of English, French, German  
and Norwegian fishermen have been  
turned to Iceland and they are begin-  
ning to go there in large numbers.

### A Statue from Memory.

There is an interesting history  
attached to the statue of the murdered  
Empress of Austria, which was re-  
cently inspected by the Emperor  
Franz Josef at the studio of Profes-  
sor Klotz.

Some twenty-three years ago, states  
the Neue Freie Presse, at a garden  
party at which the Emperor and Em-  
press were present, the Empress be-  
came separated from the Emperor and  
was detained by a loyal crowd for  
some time close to the professor, who  
carefully observed her features, and  
going straight home drew from mem-  
ory a sketch now first utilized for the  
statue. The Emperor expressed him-  
self struck by the likeness.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL

#### International Lesson Comments for January 4.

Subject: Paul and Silas at Philippi, Acts xvi,  
22-34—Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31—Mem-  
ory Verses, 29-32—Commentary  
on the Day's Lesson.

I. An evil spirit cast out (vs. 16-19).  
The missionaries made their first house  
of Lydia (see v. 15) while they con-  
tinued to preach the gospel at Philippi.  
They had good success, and in this city the  
first Christian church in Europe was found-  
ed. But their great victory did not come  
about without great opposition. There  
was in the city a certain damsel who was  
a fortune-teller, who brought her masters  
great gain. This slave girl followed the  
missionaries and cried after them. Paul  
was grieved because of this, and command-  
ed the evil spirit to come out of her.

"And he came out the same hour" (v. 18).  
Why was Paul grieved? 1. Because her  
presence was troublesome to him. 2. Be-  
cause it might appear that he was in al-  
liance with her. 3. Because what she did  
was for gain and was a base imposition.  
4. Because her state was one of bondage  
and delusion. 5. Because the system un-  
der which she was acting was then holding  
a large part of the pagan world in bondage.

II. Paul and Silas arrested (vs. 19-21).  
After the evil spirit had left the girl she  
no longer had power to make money for  
her masters by fortune-telling. This made  
her masters angry, and they seized Paul  
and Silas and dragged them before the  
magistrates into the market place, where  
legal business was transacted. "The Phi-  
lipian magistrates were excited against  
the missionaries by the accusation that  
they had attacked the religion of Rome."

III. Paul and Silas beaten and im-  
prisoned (vs. 22-24). 22. "Multitude rose  
up." An excited mob. This was done  
without any form of law. The very magis-  
trates who were affecting such great zeal  
for the law were among the first to disre-  
gard it. "Rent off their clothes." They  
violently tore the clothes off of Paul and  
Silas. "Beat them." The words mean to  
"beat with rods" (2 Cor. 11: 25). The Ro-  
man custom was to inflict blows upon the  
naked body.

23. "Many stripes." The Roman pun-  
ishment was not limited to "forty stripes  
save one," like that of the Jews (vs. 22).  
24. "Thrust them." All sore and bleed-  
ing. "Inner prison." The dungeon, a  
deep, damp, chilly cell, far under ground,  
opening only at the top, without fresh air  
or light.

IV. A great deliverance (vs. 25, 26).  
25. "Prayed and sang praises." Their  
wounds were undressed; filth and vermin  
added to their pain; their position was one  
of torture. Sleep was out of the question.  
They passed the night in devotions. It is  
a significant fact that the most joyous  
of Paul's epistles is that written to the  
church at Philippi, born out of his experi-  
ence of suffering.

26. "An earthquake." Thus did God  
answer prayer and prove His presence and  
protection. No doubt all Philippi heard  
the sound and felt the force of the earth-  
quake. "Doors were opened," etc. The  
chains were made fast to the wall, and the  
shock which burst asunder the bolts of  
the doors also released the fastenings  
which held the chains in the masonry. A  
symbol of the spiritual deliverance they  
were to effect for the heathen (Isa. 42: 7).  
V. The jailer converted (vs. 27-34). 27.  
"Awaking." The praying and singing did  
not awake him, but the earthquake did.  
He evidently slept in full view of the pris-  
on doors. "Drew out his sword." The  
Roman laws transferred to the jailer the  
punishment due to an escaped prisoner.  
He decided at once to save his own life  
and thus avoid a worse fate. He supposed  
that all in the prison had escaped.

28. "Paul cried." Anticipating the jail-  
er's fear for his own safety, Paul seized  
his voice to secure attention at once. His  
purpose of suicide was a great sin. "All  
here." "Strange for a prisoner to be so  
sollicitous about his keeper. But Paul was  
passionately trying to save the man, and  
the whole gospel is an appeal to men to do  
themselves no harm."

29. "Called for a light." Which could  
be carried in the hand. This care for his  
welfare begot a tenderness in the heart of  
the keeper. It was the arrow of convic-  
tion which had reached his soul. "Came  
trembling." Not for his life or his office,  
but for his soul, which he felt was in dan-  
ger of eternal loss. A moment later he  
was ready to destroy his life to escape the  
wrath of man, but now he was eager to  
find the way of life.

30. "Brought them out." From the  
inner prison, where they were confined in  
the stocks, into the court of the prison, or  
into his own apartments, having no fear  
that they would escape, but rather con-  
vinced that God was overruling Jesus Christ  
for them. "Sirs." The Greek word im-  
plies an acknowledgement of great superi-  
ority. Those who had been his prisoners  
were now his lords. "S'ved." He had  
called for a light to look for his prisoners.  
He now calls for the true light, to go forth  
out of his own prison.

31. "Believe," etc. The sum of the  
whole gospel; the covenant of grace